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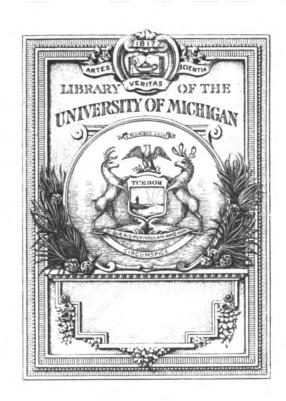
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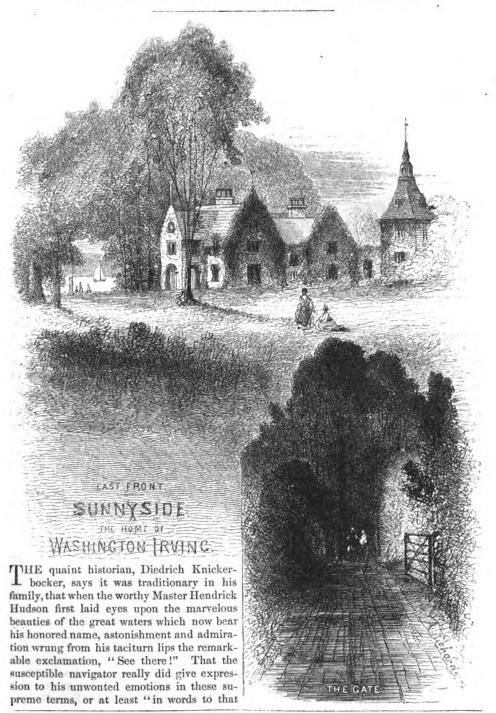


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effect," there is very little doubt; inasmuch as | wold. the echo thereof has never ceased to be heard among the hills, through all the two and a half centuries since gone by. Indeed, it has rung, and is ringing, more audibly and more eloquently every passing day; for enchanting as was the vision which dazzled the eyes of the drowsy skipper of the Half-Moon, when the prow of that adventurous craft was first turned toward the waters of the unknown river, yet from that hour to this, still has the wonder grown. The mountains yet stand in their ancient dignity and grandeur, the valleys and glades wear their old sweet smile, and the floods roll on in the same "simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow;" while about all there has gathered many an added grace.

Time has embellished the scene, until the silent river and the desert shore are now alike musical with the ceaseless hum of busy, happy life; and the rose blooms and breathes every where in the once trackless forests. Poetry and romance have bewitched it with the enchantment of song and story, and history with thrilling memories of great and gallant deeds; while at this day there is rapidly growing around it a newer and yet sweeter charm, in its close association with the actual life, the daily joys and sorrows of many of those gifted ones whose genius and works have endeared their names to our imaginations and hearts.

It is amidst these charmed scenes that our venerable ex-President Van Buren has exchanged the uneasy chair of state for the snug

It was in a beautiful home, directly overlooking the Hudson, and commanding the grand panorama of the Catskills, that the lamented painter Cole lived, and labored, and died; and where these noble hills first bless the sight in the ascent of the river, are the broad lawns and slopes of Placentia, where that veteran pioneer in our literature, Paulding, is passing a kindly and genial age in elegant seclusion among kindred and friends. Not far below him is the pleasant abode of Morse, who has snatched the lightning to bear his name and fame through the world. Lossing, the amiable historian, is near by. Yet below, among the Highlands, a whole flock of singing birds have built their dainty nests. Here, in the village of Newburgh, lived the landscape gardener, Downing, to whose genius the river owes so much of its horticultural and architectural adornment. A little distance southward is his own favorite creation, the picturesque villa at Cedar Lawn, the residence of Headley. Poor Downing, who was an ardent lover of the Hudson, was gazing upon its moonlit charms with even more than his wonted delight, as he sat on the piazza here, on the very eve of the fatal day which gave him so early a grave beneath its waters. Between Cedar Lawn and Newburgh there is a charming retreat—once the home of the painter Durand—and in the immediate vicinage of the village, on the other side, Mr. H. K. Brown, the sculptor, is now setting up his household gods. His gifted brother of the chisel, Palmer, lives above at Albany. On his broad and elevated fireside seat in his peaceful retreat of Linden- mountain terrace, guarded by the ever-watch-



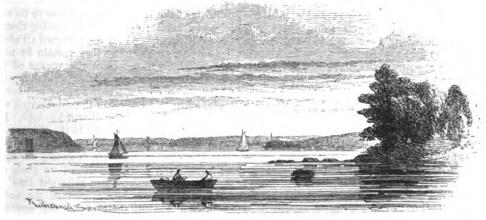
DOWN THE HUDSON, FROM ABOVE SUNNYSIDE.

ful Storm-king, and peering down, down upon crag and cascade, Willis holds intimate and loving companionship with Nature at Idlewild; while on the opposite shore, in the heart of the Highland group, is beautiful Undercliff, the abode of his friend Morris. The quiet studio of Weir stands upon the grand esplanade of West Point, and within the same evening shadow of the crumbling walls of old Fort Putnam is the island home of the fair sisters of the "Wide, Wide World." Hereabout, too, lives the polished scholar Gulian C. Verplanck. Yet further below, and looking far down upon the broad waters of the Tappan Sea, is Cedar-Hill Cottage, the savory cusine whence come the dainty viands of the Knickerbocker "Table;" while yet nearer to the city, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowgrass live and recount the pleasant incidents of their simple lives.

Lower yet, at Manhattanville, within the limits of the great city, but as yet unprofaned by its touch, is the revered resting-place of that devoted friend of the feathered world, Audubon.

Last, and perhaps the dearest to us of all these household names which come so gratefully to our remembrance, doubling the charms of the scene as we journey up the fair river, is that of Irving, who, of all our authors, here fittingly finds a home amidst the altars upon which he has devoutly offered up the love and worship of a long life, and upon which he has reverently placed many of the sweetest fruits of his genius.

The Hudson, he says, has ever been to him a river of delight; and here, after many wanderings, he has "set up his rest," thanking God that he was born upon its banks, and brought up in



POCANTIOO POINT, FROM IEVINGTON.





THE PALISADES, FROM IRVINGTON.

that companionship with its glorious scenes, from which has come so much of what is best and most pleasant in his nature. It is, he says, in a manner his first and last love, and after all his seeming infidelities he has returned to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers of the world.

Through a varied life passed in many climes, he has ever treasured the fondest and most enthusiastic remembrance of the scenes which brightened his dawning life, and which now shed a mellow radiance upon its decline; and eloquent expressions of this noble attachment are to be found every where throughout his works, though written afar off, now in one land. now in another.

Mr. Irving has laid his hearth-stone upon the site of his boyhood's haunts, and amidst the early inspirations of his muse; on the very spot, indeed, which long, long ago he said he should covet, if he ever wished "for a retreat, whither he might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remainder of a troubled life." Happily he has not reached his sighed-for haven, wrecked upon the rocks of trouble and disappointment; for, later, we find him writing thence in a spirit of glad content: "Though retired from the world, I am not disgusted with it."

Sunnyside, the apposite and familiar name of Mr. Irving's charming cottage, lies hidden among the jealous trees, some twenty-two or three miles up the Hudson, on the eastern shore of that first and greatest of its famous expan-stretches the seemingly interminable Island

sions, the Tappan Bay. It is a region scarcely less beautiful, though not so striking in its character as the more renowned Highlands. In historic story it is equally rich, and far more so in romantic association.

In an hour's ride, and at almost any hour, the railway will convey you from New York to the station at Irvington, a little walk below the Sunnyside Cottage; or to Tarrytown, the distance of an agreeable ride above. To see the setting of this sparkling little jewel of a home properly, though, you should make your approach by water, which is at all times, in the river travel, the most enjoyable way. One gets but a very inadequate glimpse of the beauties of the Hudson by the railroad route; indeed, it seems to us that in process of time the popular estimate of the landscape must grow to be very false and unjust; every body imagining that in their railway glance they have learned all about the subject, when really they remain in most profound ignorance. Even the voyage of the steamer fails to give one a fair idea of the scene. This is to be obtained only by long and loving study, afloat and ashore, in the neighboring valleys, and on the near and distant hill-tops. Every new visit which we make to the Hudson assures us that we have it yet to see.

It is a glorious sight which greets our eyes, as, leaving the noisy city wharf, we push our way through the crowding sails out into the broad waters, and onward toward the vailed meeting of the distant shores. On one side



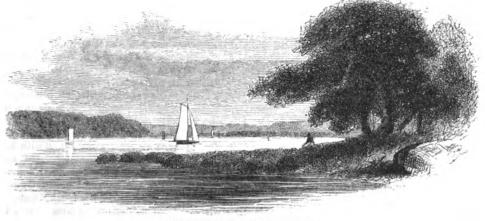
City, and on the other lie the suburban villages | and villas of New Jersey, now crowning rocky heights, and now nestling by the river's narrow marge, until we reach those grand columnal walls, the famous Palisades, happily contrasted, in all the journey of twenty miles to the Tappan Bay, by the village and cottage-dotted slopes of the opposite shore. 'The Palisade rocks form the speciality of the landscape in this part of the Hudson; and so, still, in all the views looking south from the vicinage of Mr. Irving's dwelling. They are admirably seen from the shore at Irvington, and again, over a richly cultivated intervale, from the hill terraces above. Both situations give equally attractive glimpses of the river, overlooking that topographical will-o'-the-wisp Point-no-Point, the villages of Irvington and Tarrytown, and the mystic precincts of Sleepy Hollow. Three miles away across the wide bay are the busy little towns of Nyack and Piermont, with their background of bold hills, led by the brave Tower Rock. Piermont is the river terminus of the great Erie Railway, and it was in the sanguine expectation of advantage as a lighter to the freights of this road that the opposite village of Irvington, once Dearman, was laid out. came to pass, however, that the Erie highway found an outlet elsewhere, and Irvington remains to this day but little more than it was at first-a capital beginning. The neighboring village of Tarrytown has drawn off all its springs of local business, insomuch that it possesses only one small store, and not even an apology for a hotel.

Tarrytown, in the reckoning of this fast age, is an ancient burgh, mossed and lichened with old traditions and historic reminiscences. Mr. Irving tells us, in his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," not, he says, to vouch for the truth, but to be precise and authentic, "that there is a story that in the olden time its name was given to it by the good housewives of the adjacent country from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days."

Tarrytown, and all the country round, was a

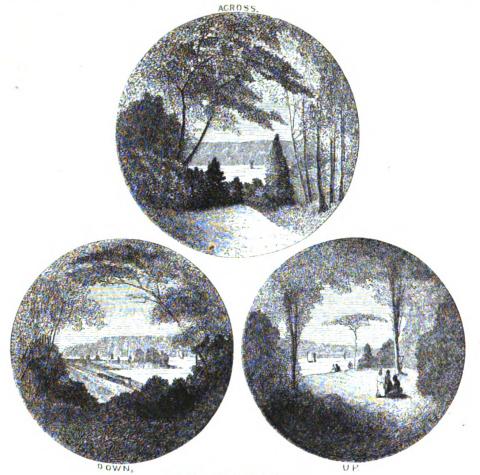
region of stirring incident and interest in the days of the Revolution. Then it was scarcely less bustling, both river and shore, than now, when it has become the environs of a metropolis and the crowded highway of commerce. It lay between the territory of the enemy, who occupied the city and island of New York, and the patriot forces encamped under the Highlands at Peekskill, and was the ill-fated Africa into which both parties carried the war, under the marauding banners of the chivalric Skinners and Cow Boys, claiming to serve respectively under carte blanche American and British commissions; and with such zeal, says Mr. Irving, with his characteristic pleasantry, "as often to make blunders, and to confound the property of friend and foe, neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, having time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off into captivity; or when wringing the neck of a rooster, to trouble themselves whether he crowed for Congress or King George."

Here, in the quiet bay, lay the armed ships of the foe, stealthily watching for an opportunity to slip through the guarded pass of the Highlands, and thus gaining possession of the river, to open a communication with their forces in Canada. With what anxious hearts must not Washington and his brave men, from their threatened position above, have watched the moves of this deadly game-so nearly lost through Arnold's treacherous play. It was in this immediate vicinity, the very spot now marked by a monument in the heart of Tarrytown, that the possession of the river was secured to the patriots by the timely arrest of Andrè. This region was the theatre also of theclosing scene of the sad drama thus opened. Here, just across the river at old Tappantown. hidden from view by the intercepting hills of Piermont, the unfortunate soldier was tried and executed. The house from which he was led tothe gallows is still in good condition, and is now a wayside inn, under the name of the "Old Stone House of '76." We visited it last summer on the occasion of a ball given in commemoration



POINT-NO-POINT, PROM INVINGTON.





RIVER VISTAS, FROM THE LAWN.

of the "capture." Of the troubles and trials of the people of this portion of the river when the enemy's ships anchored in their bays, and of other revolutionary incidents of the vicinage, Mr. Irving gives us detailed and graphic accounts in the second volume of his "Life of Washington."

In "Wolfert's Roost" our author narrates an ancient legend of the Tappan Sea, so pleasant in itself, and so marked with the quiet humor with which he tells such a story, that we are tempted to repeat it. "Even the Tappan Sea," he says, "in front (of Sunnyside), was said to be haunted. Often in the still twilight of a summer evening, when the sea would be as glass, and the opposite hills would throw their purple shadows half across it, a low sound would be heard as of a steady vigorous pull of oars, though not a craft was to be descried. Some might have supposed that a boat was rowed along unseen under the deep shadows of the opposite shores; but the ancient traditionists of the neighborhood knew better. Some said it was one of the whale-boats of the old waterguard, sunk by the British ships during the war, but now permitted to haunt its old cruising grounds; but the prevalent opinion connected it with the awful fate of Rambout Van Dam, of

graceless memory. He was a roystering Dutchman of Spiting Devil, who, in times long past, had navigated his boat alone one Saturday the whole length of the Tappan Sea, to attend a quilting frolic at Kakiat, on the western shore. Here he had danced and drunk until midnight, when he entered his boat to return home. He was warned that he was on the verge of Sunday morning; but he pulled off nevertheless, swearing he would not land until he reached Spiting Devil if it took him a month of Sundays. He was never seen afterwards; but may be heard plying his oars, as above mentioned, being the Flying Dutchman of the Tappan Sea, doomed to ply between Kakiat and Spiting Devil until the day of judgment."

With this peep at the surroundings, let us now look for the cottage itself; for it must, like its occupant, be looked for, lying, as it does, like "modest violet in hedge-row hid," and venturing to peep out from its timid seclusion only, as Mr. Irving himself describes it, "with half-shut eyes." When once congratulated upon the absolutism of his jealously-vailed domain, "Yes," said he, in his pleasant way, and straining his eyes to take in the whole wide compass, to wit, the little tree-encircled farm, "yes, I'm monarch of all I survey!"



intimated, it is not the cue of Sunnyside to be imposing) is that of the east side, seen in our initial picture, and approached by a shady lane, through the simple but characteristic gateway beneath. This is the only carriage access. The nearest way to reach it from the station at Irvington is on the railroad track, up to the foot of the lawn upon which the cottage stands. Among our pictures is a view of this approach, also of the little glimpse of the south end or porch, which it once afforded and still would, if a few obscuring boughs were to be trimmed away. We have preserved, too, a sketch of the rustic stile and path which leads from the railroad up the bank, and opens upon that part of the lawn where we picked up our picture of the north and west side of the cottage, and the group of vistas up, down, and across the river.

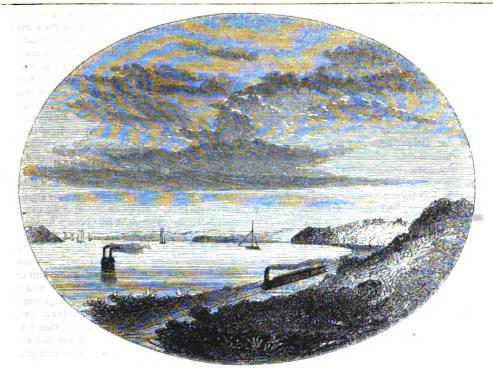
It is a sweet scene of rural simplicity and comfort which is disclosed to us by either approach; as the open sunlit lawn, so affectionately embraced by its protecting trees and shrubbery, which, though permitting little peeps here and there from within, deny all vagrant observation from without. One can scarcely believe himself as thickly surrounded as he really

The most imposing view (though, as we have | tire is the repose and seclusion of the spot. Years ago, when Mr. Irving first took up his abode at Sunnyside, he was all alone by himself, yet now every inch of the adjacent country is gardened, and lawned, and villaed, to the extreme of modern taste and wealth; yet all so charmingly under the rose, that you always stumble upon the evidences unexpectedly, as you dreamingly pursue the thicket-covered and brook-voiced wood-paths. It is like the discovering of birds'-nests amidst forest leaves. Seen from the opposite shore of the river, the whole hillside is glittering with sun-tipped roof and tower, but like the Seven Cities of the Enchanted Island, it all vanishes as you approach.

The cottage, with its crow-stepped gables and weathercocks overrun with honey-suckle and eglantine, with the rose-vine and the clinging ivy, is a wonderfully unique little edifice, totally unlike any thing else in our land, but always calling up our remembrances or our fancies of merrie rural England, with a hint here and there at its old Dutch leaven; in the quaint weathercocks, for instance, one of which actually veered, in good old days gone by, over the great Vander Heyden Palace in Albany, and another on the top of the Stadt House of New Amsterdam. A is here by crowding cottage and castle, so en- lady would be apt to call the Sunnyside cottage



NORTH AND WEST SIDE OF THE COTTAGE



BAILWAY APPROACH TO SUNNYSIDE.

"the dearest, cosiest, cunningest, snuggest lit- | naturally transform the humming-birds and the tle nest in the world." Mr. Irving describes it as "a little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat." "It is said. in fact," he continues, "to have been modeled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escurial was modeled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence."

A gentleman passing up the river before the trees had so entirely obliterated Sunnyside, was told by an intelligent cicerone that Mr. Irving had brought the pagodaish-looking tower, on the north end, from the ruins of the Alhambra. It is cruel, of course, to destroy poetic beliefs, but, to be conscientiously exact, we must, though it pains us, confess that there is reason to think it was conceived and executed by a Tarrytown carpenter, all unknown to fame.

As painters are given to using their wives for models, when available, so perhaps Sunnyside was made to "sit" for our author's pleasant picture of a home on the Hudson, in his story of "Mountjoy:" a home "full of nooks and crooks and chambers of all sorts and sizes; buried among willows, and elms, and cherry-trees, and surrounded with roses and hollyhocks; with honey-suckle and sweet-briar clambering about every window; a brood of hereditary pigeons sunning themselves upon the roof, with the nests of hereditary swallows and martins about the eaves and chimneys, and hereditary bees humming among the flowers." As in this romantic homestead, so in the dreamy atmosphere of Sunnyside, one might very easily invest all the scene, as did the imaginative Mountjoy,

bees into tiny beings from fairy land, and see their dainty homes in the flower-cups, and long for Robin Goodfellow's power of transformation to be able to compress his form into utter littleness; to ride the bold dragon-fly, swing on the tall, bearded grass, follow the ant into his subterranean abode, or dive into the cavernous depths of the honey-suckle.

Before the intrusion of the railroad, which has profaned so much of the river shore, the quiet beach, with its little cove, into which a rural lane debouched, was one of the sweetest features of Sunnyside. This part of the domain is beautified by a sparkling spring, draped, like all the region round, as we shall see by-and-by, in the fairy web of romantic fable. "Geoffrey Crayon" tells us, in his patient researches into the early history of the neighborhood, that this storied spring was, according to some authorities, invested with rejuvenating powers by one of its aboriginal owners, who was a mighty chieftain and a most cunning medicine-man; while the old Dutch tradition says that it was smuggled over from Holland in a churn by Femmetie Van Blarcom, wife of Goosen Garret Van Blarcom. "She took it up," says the worthy Geoffrey, "by night, unknown to her husband, from beside their farm-house near Rotterdam; being sure she should find no water equal to it in the new country-and she was right!" You may at this day descend the gentle slope of the green lawn, step over the moss-grown wall, and pushing aside the protecting tendrils, yet imbibe the provident widow's Rotterdam nectar; but very likely, with a startling whew and whiz, with an ideal character and sentiment; very there will rush past you engine and car, shaking the hills around, and mortally terrifying all | Irving has built a snug cottage, fronting the your growing fancies. The road passes so near to the cottage, though entirely hidden from view, as to drown the voices within. It must for a while have been a sore annoyance to the quietloving Prospero of Sunnyside. Happily he is a philosopher-and a good-humored one-as well as a dreaming romancer, and so has made the best of it, accepting the convenience of the thing as compensation for the poetry it has driven away. It serves him as the always needed moral of the skeleton at the feast, and calls him healthfully back to mortal mundane fact, when lawless fancy bears him too far away. In the best-tempered view of the matter, however, Poetry and Steam can not be made to harmonize. They will always give each other the cold shoulder.

The acres of Sunnyside, all told, are not many; and yet so varied is their surface, so richly wooded and flowered, and so full of elfish winding paths and grassy lanes, exploring hillsides and chasing merry brooks, that their numbers seem to be countless; a pleasant deception greatly aided by that agreeable community of feeling between Mr. Irving and his neighbors, which has so banished all dividing walls and fences, that while you think you are roaming over the grounds of one, you suddenly bring up among the flower-beds of another. Especially is this the case in respect to the beautiful seat of Mr. Moses H. Grinnell, nearest to Sunnyside on one hand, and the residence of Dr. McVickar on the other.

The woodland of Sunnyside is very happily varied, offering every variety of sylvan growth, beech, birch, willow, oak, locust, maple, elm, linden, pine, hemlock, and cedar; while on the the lawns are evergreen and flowering shrubs; and, trailing over the vagrant walls and fences, honey-suckle, rose, trumpet-flowers, and ivy. The latter plant, which is very abundant, is of the famous stock of Melrose Abbey. The garden, which is in keeping with its surroundings, is watched by a favorite retainer, for whom Mr. | have preserved, also, some passages in the merry

lawn in face of his own mansion. This little edifice is especially interesting, from its having been designed by Mr. Irving himself; his only venture, he once told us, as an architect. It brings to mind that only published example of his skill as a painter, the outline picture of the broad Stratford sexton in the "Sketch-Book, boldly signed "Geoffrey Crayon, del." He may have other conceptions in his portfolio, for he is an earnest lover of the pencil, which once disputed with the pen for the preference as the interpreter of his fancies. He came, indeed, long ago, very near being able to repeat the famous boast, "Sono anch' pittore!" This was during his first visit to Europe, when he fell in with Allston, as both were entering the earliest years of manhood. As they rambled together among the art-treasures of the Old World, the thought, he says, suddenly presented itself, "Why might not he remain there and turn painter?" He mentioned it to his friend, who caught at it with eagerness, and offered him all the assistance in his power, with enthusiastic predictions of success. "I promised myself," he says, "a world of enjoyment in the society of Allston, and other artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise. My lot, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually cooled over my prospects; the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining at Rome with Allston and turning painter." We can not regret this early disappointment when we think of the happy results of his devotion to the more successful rival art.

We have referred to the welcome presence at Sunnyside of the picturesque English-like lane. Among our pencil memoranda the reader will find two illustrations of this attractive feature, looking toward and from the little cove where lies the widow Femmetie's wizard spring.



THE COTTAGE FROM THE BAILEOAD.



PATH FROM THE BAILWAY.





THE RIVER, FROM THE LANE.

brooklet which trips so gayly through the woods to meet the river at their rendezvous by the cove. They will be easily found, with other scenes of the same type. Our picture of the wood-path stile, though not a literal portrait, is a fair example of one of the most charming features of the landscape.

Separated from the lawn around the cottage by the belt of trees in which stands the gardener's dwelling, is another open area occupied by a pretty lakelet "expansion" of the brook-an echo of the great bay beyond. The painter gives unity, and harmony, and force to his picture by distributing throughout the work its leading sentiment or story and its prevailing color; so, in the artistic composition of Sunnyside, its chief feature, the great "Mediterranean" of the river, as Mr. Irving calls the Tappan Bay, with its fleet of white sails thick as the passing clouds, is repeated by the little "Mediterranean" of the brooklet and its fleet of snowy ducks.

Before we relieve the reader's impatience to join the happy circle in-doors, let us glance briefly at the past history of the Sunnyside cottage. In his own serio-comico description of

yet, like many small people of mighty spirit, valuing itself greatly upon its antiquity." Pleasant are his fanciful pictures of the spot, in the old fabulous age of Indian rule, when "the unsophisticated inhabitants lived by hunting and fishing, occasionally recreating themselves with a little tomahawking and scalping." And diverting, too, is his story of the second epoch in its history, in the good Dutch days of Peter Stuyvesant, when it fell into the hands of that hardheaded hero's privy counselor, Wolfert Acker, who inscribed upon its walls his favorite motto of-"Lust in Rust" (pleasure in quiet), and thus gave it the name of "Wolfert's Rust," afterward corrupted into Roost "by the uneducated who did not understand Dutch; probably from its quaint cock-loft look, and from its having a weather-cock perched on every gable." The next lustrum in its life was in the days of the Revolution, when it became the homestead of the great family of the Van Tassels, by whose name it was known down to the time when Mr. Irving came into the possession, and baptized it "Sunnyside." The valiant Van Tassel, Mr. Irving tells us, was "a flagitious rebel" in the war-time, and his home, Mr. Irving speaks of it as being "one his Roost was a pestiferous den of the rampof the oldest edifices, for its size, in the whole ant marauders of the region. Indeed, so greatcountry;" and as, "though of small dimensions, ly annoyed were the enemy by the machinations therein concocted, that they made it a special mark of their vengeance, and thumped it into a more fearful effigy of a cocked hat than ever.

It was at the Roost that Diedrich Knickerbocker, according to Mr. Irving's grave story, found the invaluable state papers rescued by the thoughtful and patriotic Wolfert from the archives of the conquered city of New Amsterdam, upon which his marvelous History of the Dutch Dymasty was built; and here he pursued his erudite researches in the very room which is now our author's sanctum.

Katrina, the mischievous heroine of the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and the idol of the rival swains Ichabod Crane and Brom Bones, was of the gallant family of the Van Tassels, and the Roost is supposed to be the very house where was given that famous quilting frolic, in returning from which the ill-fated Ichabod was so relentlessly pursued by the rollicking Brom Bones, under the awful guise of the Headless Horseman. Here, in the little garden, grew, no doubt, the veritable pumpkin which so materially assisted in this tragic scene! The present aspect of the old church toward which Ichabod flew for sanctuary on the night of that fearful ride, is seen in one of our pictures.

The Roost wore its old Dutch aspect (of which there is a faithful drawing extant) when Mr. Irving purchased the domain. The alterations which he has since made were begun in 1835, and completed in the autumn of the following year, at which time he took possession.

The air of graceful simplicity and cozy comfort which so strongly marks the exterior of the Sunnyside cottage, is felt quite as vividly within doors. It is cut up into just such odd, snug little apartments and boudoirs as the rambling, low-walled, peak-roofed, and gable-ended outside promises. The state entrance is by the porch at the south end; the household exit is from the drawing-room, across the piazza, to the lawn on the east or river front. It is on this side of the cottage that the family chat or read the news of the great world, away, on summer days and nights. On the north side of the



THE SOUTH END OF THE COTTAGE.



THE PORCH.

drawing-room there is a delightful little recess, forming a boudoir some six or eight feet square, the whole front of which is occupied by a window looking acress the lawn, and through the up-river vista chronicled in our portfolio. It is, in summer, neatly matted and furnished with little stands of books, and flowers, and statuettes, and the low-toned walls are hung with drawings and sketches by Leslie, Stuart Newton, and others-mementoes of Mr. Irving's sojournings and friendships in England-with some of Darley's admirable etchings from Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. It is a little nook which you would set down at once as under special female guardianship. Perhaps it is the veritable chamber haunted by the sleepless ghost of the young lady who, the tradition says, "died somewhere in the Roost of love and green apples."

The graceful simplicity which marks the appointments of this Lilliputian sanctum is seen

> through all the furniture and adornments of the mansion. The spirit throughout is that of refinement without affectation, elegance without display, comfort without waste.

> This winsome and delicate frame is in delightful keeping with the picture of social and domestic life within it; for, though a bachelor, Mr. Irving has not, as, in his sweet story of "The Wife," he tells us a single man is too apt to do, "run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant." On the contrary, he has, happily,





VIEW IN THE LANE, EASTWARD.

made himself "monarch of a little world of love" in the "domestic endearments of the kindred he has gathered under his roof, and the reverent affection of the friends who share his generous

In the society of his nieces, who have long been to him as daughters, and of their father, his elder and only surviving brother; in the companionship of tried friends, and in the genial pleasures of his literary occupations, all sweetened by the grateful reminiscences of a long and eminently useful life, his little home, let us hope, is to his own heart within as true a "Sunnyside" as it is to the world without.

We have yet to instance beauties and harmonies in our charming picture. It has grown up out of our author's own heart, and both in unity and in detail it is a striking reflex of his character, and even, fanciful as the parallel may seem to be, of his physique and manner. In its very modest yet well-balanced proportions we see his figure of healthful manliness, though scarcely reaching to the middle stature. There is, too, about the odd little mansion, an air of quiet, true dignity, mingled with a feeling of sly mischievousness; unconscious, yet observant; dreaming, vet wide-awake; silent, yet full | "as incorrigible eroakers."

of thought, which always reminds us of certain peculiarities in his movement and bearing, and of an expression coming from his habit of inclining his head always a little to one side. There is about the cottage, as about himself, an air of reserve, without coldness, which, while cordially inviting approach, creates instinctively and willingly a respectful deference. The sweet, sunny sentiment of his home is ever seen in his genial smile, and his kindly and benevolent nature in its aspect of cheerfulness and benignity; while its odd twists, and turns, and unexpected vagaries speak of the quaint and whimsical, yet refined and delicate humors of his character.

Of Mr. Irving's fragrant penchant for dream-land, to which we owe his exquisite fairy tales of poetic superstition, romance, and chivalry, there is an early and amusingly extravagant hint of re-

cognition in Disraeli's story of "Vivian Grey," where "Geoffrey Crayon" is rallied upon a mood so obliviously distrait as to be utterly unconscious of being transferred by his waggish friends from one party of pleasure to the revels of another. His humor, cheerful, gently enjoyable, and lasting, rather than bold, uproarious, and transient, giving the especial charm to another class of his imaginings, runs through all his every-day conversation and gossip. He was once alluding to the passing away of his years and youthful strength, when, pointing to the twin elms framing the up-river lawn scene, which, years ago, he had planted with his own hand, "Those trees," said he to us, with a quaint smile, "I once carried on my shoulder; but I could not do it now!"

We recognized the genial, "golden-hearted" "Geoffrey Crayon" of our old stolen midnight readings, when, talking of his trees, he remarked that he once entertained the black-walnut and the butternut, but as they were whining misanthropes, who cowardly shed their autumn leaves and put on long wintry faces while all their companions were lifeful and merry, he had turned them out. "I banished them," said he,



Of the goodness and loving-kindness of his heart we once heard a gentle anecdote, which we hope it will not be improper to repeat. Speaking of the growing deafness of his favorite brother, who has long been a member of his family circle at Sunnyside, "Alas!" said he, "he can not now hear half I say to him; but, thank God, we can yet see each other!"

In his professional and private life Mr. Irving has ever been much swayed by a constitutional waywardness of character, now indolent and dreaming, now impulsive and active. "I have wandered," he says, in his character of "Geoffrey Crayon," "through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I can not say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher, but rather with the sauntering

gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another; caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape." In his preface to the last revised edition of the "Sketch-Book" there are some confessions of this humor in a correspondence, referring to the publication of that work, between himself and his friend Sir Walter Scott. He is in London, long years ago, asking Scott's counsel, which he intimates is especially desirable to him, since reverses of fortune have made the successful employment of his pen all-important.



THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

Scott, in reply, and acting upon his hint at necessities, generously proposes to him the office, in his gift, of editor of a new weekly periodical then about to be established in Edinburgh, with emoluments to the amount of five hundred pounds sterling per annum, and the prospect of further advantages. Mr. Irving, in declining this tempting gift, says: "I feel myself peculiarly unfitted for the situation offered to me, not merely by my political opinions, but by the very constitution and habits of my mind. My whole course of life has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind. I have

no command of my talents, such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would those of a weather-cock. Practice and training may bring me more into rule; but at present I am as useless for regular service as one of my own country Indians or a Don Cossack. I must, therefore, keep on pretty much as I have begun-writing when I can, not when I would. I shall occasionally shift my residence, and write whatever is suggested by objects before me, or whatever rises in my imagination; and hope to write better and more coniously by-and-by. I am playing the egotist; but I know no better way of answering your proposal than by showing what a very



OVERLOOKING SUNNYSIDE,





GLEN ON THE BROOK.

good-for-nothing kind of being I am. Should Mr. Constable feel inclined to make a bargain for the wares I have on hand, he will encourage me to further enterprise; and it will be something like trading with a gipsy for the fruits of his prowlings, who may at one time have nothing but a wooden bowl to offer, and at another time a silver tankard." This vagrancy of mind he seems to have conquered, at least for brave intervals, in later years; otherwise we should not now possess the fruits of those sustained and laborious efforts, his classic "Columbus," and his "Columbus and his Companions," and his latest, though we trust not his last work, the "Life of Washington." Still he is the same retiring lover of quiet and seclusion as of yore, shrinking from popular remark, and cherishing an especial distaste for all or any nyside.

active participation in public affairs. Though it is said that once, and for a moment, he was moved by friendship to attend a political meeting across the bay from Sunnyside, to take the stump, and hurrah for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!"

Mr. Irving is now in his seventy-fourth year, having been born on the 3d of April, 1783, in the city of New York, in a house which but lately stood on what is now the corner of William and Fulton streets. His father, who was a native of Scotland, and his mother, an English lady, had settled in America some twenty years before his birth. He is the youngest of five sons, who were all addicted to literary pursuits, excepting the one who now lives, with his daughters, under his brother's roof at Sunnyside.



William Irving, the eldest of the brothers, was a writer in the famous Salmagundi papers, to which he contributed most of the poetical pieces, the letters and verses "from the Mill of Pindar Cockloft." He was a member of Congress from 1813 to 1819, and died in 1821. "He was," say the Messrs. Duyckinck, in their admirable "Cyclopædia of American Literature," "a merchant at New York, with the character of a man of wit and refinement, who had added to a naturally genial temperament the extensive resources of observation, and a fresh experience of the world, gathered in his border life."

Peter Irving, the second brother, studied and graduated in medicine, but never practiced. He established and edited the Morning Chronicle newspaper; wrote a stirring tale of piratical adventure called "Giovanni Sfogarro," and assisted his brother in the conception of the comic "Knickerbocker History." He died in 1838.

Ebenezer Irving was once a merchant, but has long since retired from the cares of business, and is now one of the family at Sunnyside. His son, Theodore Irving, the author of "The Conquest of Florida," was formerly Professor of History and Belles Lettres in Geneva College, and afterward at the New York Free Academy. He is now an Episcopal clergyman in Western New York.

John T. Irving, the fourth brother, practiced the profession of the law so successfully that he rose to the bench, and presided over the Court of Common Pleas in New York for seventeen years. He died in 1838. His son, John Treat again for an interval of four years. In these

THE BROOK, FROM THE LANE

Irving, is well known as the "Quod" correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine, in the columns of which were first published his successful novels, "The Attorney," and "Harry Harson, or the Benevolent Bachelor." He has written also a series of spirited "Indian Sketches"—reminiscences of an expedition to the Pawnee tribes.

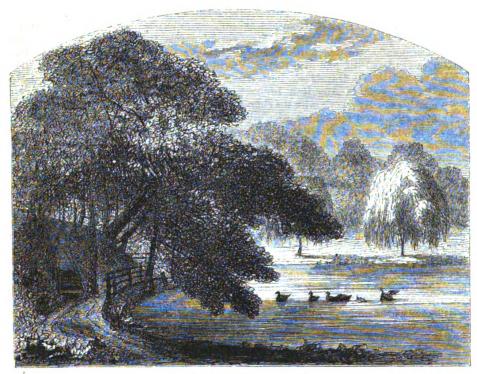
The intimation which this glance at the literary tastes of his brothers gives us of the atmosphere in which Mr. Irving's boyhood was passed will readily explain the early manifestation of his love of books; and the classic character of the volumes which then happily fell into his hands, reveals the secret of that pure, simple, old-fashioned art which, from his earliest efforts, has ever marked his style. His literary début was made in 1804, in a series of essays upon the manners, amusements, and fashions of the town and the time, under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle." They were contributed to his brother's paper, the Morning Chronicle, and were afterward issued, though without his approval, in pamphlet form.

His career had thus scarcely begun when his health failed, and, apprehensive of a pulmonary complaint, he thought it necessary to remove to the south of Europe. During two years' rambles amidst the natural beauties and the attractive associations of many lands—France, Italy, Sicily, Switzerland, Flanders, and Holland—he formed that attachment to the Old World which at another time led him from home through the long lapse of seventeen years, and again for an interval of four years. In these

residences abroad he amassed the valuable material from which has grown so much of his literary labor—the Pictures and Tales of English Rural Life, in the "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall;" the Memories of Abbotsford and of Newstead Abbey, in the "Crayon Miscellany;" the "Tales of a Traveler;" and the volumes relating to Columbus and to his Companions, to Granada and the Alhambra. Through these works are scattered, however, many of his choicest American themes; proving that, though far from, he was not unmindful of his native home.

Before going abroad he began the study of the law, which he resumed on his return to New York in 1806. He was the same year admitted to the bar, but with no sequence, as he never practiced the profession. We soon again find him in the literary ranks, contributing, with his brother William Irving, and his friend James K. Paulding, to the "Salmagundi," a semi-monthly journal of "whimwhams and opinions," humorous and satirical. In this work, which was continued during one year, the follies and fancies of the day were attacked with such amusing and effective skill that it was eagerly looked for at the time,





THE "LITTLE MEDITERRANEAN."

and is referred to with interest now. It was the most popular and successful American production of the day, and in its rich and racy humor gave clear promise of the genius afterward developed by its authors.

Mr. Irving's next appearance was two years later, in 1809, with that most unique and surprising volume in our literature, Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty;" which at once elevated the author to the first rank among native writers. It opens with such profound Dogberry gravity that no wonder the unsophisticated reader, not forewarned, took it seriously at its word until its irresistible drollery grew too rampant to be longer masked. A story is told of a solemn judge who smuggled a copy of the work into court, and actually collapsed over it while upon the bench. In his preface to the revised edition of the work, the author explains all the circumstances under which it was written; how it was his first intention simply to parody a pretentious Guide-Book to the City, and "to burlesque the pedantic lore displayed in certain American works; how, as his material extended, he found that he should have enough to do, if he confined himself, as he did, to the period of the Dutch ascendency only; and how, in his droll pictures of our phlegmatic fathers, he was only in fun, and meant no offense to the general." When he found, he says, "how few of his fellow-citizens were aware that New York ever heard of the names of its early Dutch gov- of "O'Connor's Child," just received from Lon-

ernors, or cared a straw about their ancient Dutch progenitors," the matter broke upon him "as the poetic age of the city; poetic from its very obscurity; and open, like the early and obscure days of ancient Rome, to all the embellishments of heroic fiction." And so well has he availed himself of the "doubt and fable" of his theme, that he has created pictures and scenes which will forever remain pleasurably associated with all the local recollections of the Gothamites. So happily did he hit the popular fancy, that "Diedrich Knickerbocker" has almost become the tutelary saint of his native city; the people, generally, are Knickerbockers; they eat Knickerbocker ices and Knickerbocker oysters, travel in Knickerbocker coaches and Knickerbocker steamboats, read Knickerbocker magazines, pray in Knickerbocker halls, and, by-and-by, will, no doubt, go to Knickerbocker graves, in hope of a Knickerbocker heaven. The "good-humor and good fellowship" which the History inspires is made to sweeten many healthful pills of needed satire and sage instruction; for there are, and always will be, the world over, many dreaming Oloffes, and doubting Walters, and testy Williams, and headstrong Peters.

The Knickerbocker completed, we find the current of our author's literary life subsiding for a while, with here and there only a sparkling bubble; among them a Biographical Sketch of Campbell, written at the solicitation of the poet's brother-who was then residing in New had ever been called New Amsterdam, or had York—to help the sale of an American edition





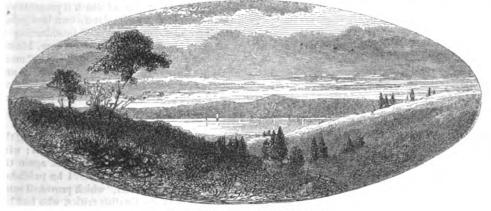
STILE IN THE WOODS.

don. This paper led afterward to a pleasant acquaintance between the American and the English author.

In this interval of repose Mr. Irving entered into commercial life, as a silent partner of two of his brothers; but the second war with Great Britain soon following, he became infected with the popular enthusiasm, and assumed the editorship of the Analectic Magazine, in Philadelphia, for which he wrote a series of succinct and elegant biographies of the American Naval Captains. His patriotic feelings not finding sufficient vent through the quiet channel of the pen, he seized the sword, and donned the epaulet, in the character of aid-de-camp and military secretary to Governor Tompkins, of New

York, and, for a while, was honorably known as "Colonel Irving."

Among the commercial disasters caused by the war, was the destruction of the house of "Irving and Brothers," which suddenly cast our author-who had gone to England on the business of his firm when peace was restoredonce more upon his literary resources. He now prepared to bring out his "Sketch-Book," for which he had gathered already so much material in his experience and observation of English life and manners. Some portions of the work had been already published in America, and the apprehension of a piratical edition in London, where they had attracted very favorable notice, accelerated his measures for their issue by himself, and for his own advantage. It was this occasion that produced the passages of correspondence with Scott to which we have previously referred. Not finding such a publisher as he desired, he determined to print at his own cost and risk; but afterward, through the mediation of Sir Walter, Mr. Murray was induced to take hold of it; which he did with so much success that he gave the author two hundred pounds in addition to a like sum which he had already paid for the copyright. This charming budget of tales-the most read, perhaps, of all Mr. Irving's works-gives us every example of those excellences of theme, thought, treatment, and style which have made his fame. It touches all chords of feeling, from the most riant humor to the tenderest pathos. It is not to be wondered at that it instantly made its way both at home and abroad, containing, as it does, among its gems, those masterly expressions of gentle emotion, the "Wife" and the "Broken Heart," and the immortal legends of "Rip Van Winkle and "Sleepy Hollow." His peaceful little valley, made forever famous as the scene of the last-mentioned fancy, is one of the most attractive features of the landscape about the author's home. Apart from its romantic associations, it is a most interesting spot; one in which the visitor might easily dream dreams for himself, if they were not already served to his hand. In our explorations of its quiet lawns and glens we were surprised to note the



THE HUDSON, FROM SLEEPY HOLLOW.

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"PHILIPSENS' CASTLE."

literalness with which Mr. Irving had sketched of a Greek portico. In speaking of this ancient its features. In the close portraiture we could scarce persuade ourself that the lank Ichabod and his mischievous urchins, the malicious Brom Bones and the blooming Katrina, were only phantasies of the brain; for there, before our very eyes, lay the brook and the bridge over which old Gunpowder bore his terrified master on that eventful night when he was so relentlessly pursued by the ghostly Hessian; and yonder, on the hill, stood the old church toward which he fled for sanctuary. There, too, was the homestead, or "castle," of the once mighty family of the Philipsens, its ancient walls and chimneys reflected in the bright waters of the Pocantico; and hidden away in one of the most secluded haunts of the same lovely stream, far up in the mysterious valley, we heard the clank of the wheel of "Carl's Mill."

Besides the descriptions of the Hollow which are given in the legend, we find in the opening chapter of "Wolfert's Roost" much poetic history. There, Mr. Irving tells us how the region won its somnolent name from a charm laid by a rival chieftain upon its ancient people-a charm so potent, that they sleep among the rocks and recesses to this day, with their bows and arrows beside them. "Often," he says, "in secluded parts of the valley, where the stream is overhung by dark woods and rocks, the plowman, on some calm and sunny day, as he shouts to his oxen, is surprised at hearing faint shouts from the hillsides in reply; being, it is said, the spell-bound warriors, who half start from their rocky couches, and grasp their weapons, but sink to sleep again." "Carl's Mill" figures in our author's fancies as the haunted house, occupied by an old, goblinish-looking negro, from whom, he says, Diedrich Knickerbocker gleaned, as he chatted with him on the broken millstone, many valuable facts, and among them "the surprising though true story of Ichabod Crane" itself. The old church of Sleepy Hollow was once a pure specimen of the good, solid Dutch architecture, but of late years its harmony

relic, in the droll chapters from which we have already quoted, Mr. Irving says that it was once graced by two weather-cocks, "one perched over the belfry and the other over the chancel. As usual with ecclesiastical weather-cocks, each pointed a different way, and there was a perpetual contradiction between them on all points of windy doctrine; emblematic, alas! of the Christian propensity to schism and controversy.' "The drowsy influence, too, of Sleepy Hollow," he adds, "was apt to breathe into the sacred edifice; and now and then an elder might be seen with his handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, and apparently listening to the dominie, but really sunk into a summer slumber, lulled by the sultry notes of the locusts from the neighboring trees."

But lest we too catch "the witching" influence of the air, which Mr. Irving assures us still affects all who enter the wizard valley, we will hasten to make our way out, and resume the record of our author's literary achievements, which our long digression has so irrelevantly interrupted.

Mr. Irving's next volumes, written in Paris, were those of "Bracebridge Hall." This work is a continuation of the "Sketch-Book," especially of those portions dealing with English rustic life, manners, and pastimes, of which it presents pictures never rivaled by England's own best paint-Our pleasant Christmas introduction to the hearty old Squire and his factotum, Master Simon, in the pages of the "Sketch-Book," made us glad to improve their genial acquaintance and that of their worthy neighbors, General Harbottle and Master Ready Money Jack Tibbetts, under the frank and hospitable roof of Bracebridge

We next find Mr. Irving wandering along the Rhine, and among the German capitals; wintering in Dresden in 1822, and back again the following year to Paris. In 1824 he published the "Tales of a Traveler," which provoked some fault-finding by the English critics, who had behad been destroyed by the incongruous addition come tired of calling Aristides the Just. These



envious shafts, however, proved very harmless, for the public verdict declared the author's original and rare genius, well sustained in the strange stories of the Nervous Gentleman, in graphic pictures of literary life found in the Experiences of Buckthorne and his Friends, in the romantic episodes in Italian life, and in the novel character of American tradition and adventure. Moore, who during the preparation of this work was with the author in Paris, says, in his Diary, that the publisher, Murray, purchased it at the price of fifteen hundred pounds, and would have given, if it had been asked, two thousand pounds. The poet also expresses his surprise at the rapidity with which it was written-one hundred and thirty printed pages having been made in the brief space of ten days. This must have been during one of Mr. Irving's happiest moods; for, as a general thing, we believe that literary composition is a slow and careful process with him. His is the laborious, though unseen art, which conceals art.

By this time Mr. Irving's reputation had spread far and wide, and his works, which had become in universal demand, were translated into all the languages of the Continent. In 1826, two years after the appearance of the "Tales of a Traveler," he went to Spain, and took up his residence at Madrid. Here, availing himself of the important series of documents then recently collected by Navarrete, he prepared his elegant and classic "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," and afterward of the

The first of these works gained for panions." him the compliment from George the Fourth of one of two fifty-guinea gold medals which that king had offered for eminence in historical composition. So well suited to the turn of his mind was the dramatic and adventurous spirit of the age and land of Columbus, that his task was one of love; and without prejudice to philosophy and fact, his narratives have all the charms of a tale which is told.

So completely, indeed, was his imagination taken with the romance of his theme, that he was led to give further expression of his interest in a "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," and an exploration of the poetic marvels of the Alhambra. Following Columbus, as he did, step by step, in his close attendance upon the Spanish monarchs, in court and camp, through all the changing scenes of the Moorish war, up to the final catastrophe before the walls of the Moslem capital, he had, like him, become almost an eye-witness of the scenes he was called upon to narrate. Thus, in the "Chronicle," while truthfully detailing historical events, he has yet draped all in the airy garb of romance; and from the "Alhambra," that fountain of poesy, where he was less fettered by the sober shackles of Fact, and his fancy had freer play, he has drawn wells of winsome story even plus Arabe qu'en Arabie. In this Spanish Sketch-Book, as it has been called, we read the tales of dauntless chivalry, bold emprise, generous valor, and devoted love, as though we were, "Discoveries and Voyages of Columbus's Com- like the poetic Moslems of old, listening to the



DISTANT VIEW OF THE OLD CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.





NEAR VIEW OF THE OLD CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

mingled speech of mystic bard and falling fountain.

In 1829 Mr. Irving was awakened from his dreams in the ruined halls of the Alhambra, where he had passed three happy months, by a call to the post of Secretary of Legation to the American embassy in London. This unsolicited office he filled until the Minister, Mr. M'Lane, returned home, when he was left for a while as Chargé d'Affaires. In his diplomatic character he officiated at the coronation of William the Fourth, and he received from that monarch and the royal family, as well as from various distinguished personages of the court, many marks of high esteem.

At this time, too, the English University at Oxford conferred upon him, in compliment to his genius, the honorary degree of LL.D. This distinction he received in person, and amidst the cordial acclamations of the students and graduates, and of a brilliant and learned assemblage.

In 1832 he returned home from his second residence in Europe, which had lasted seventeen years. The fame which he had acquired in this long interval won him the heartiest recep-

siasm was indeed so great, that, had it so pleased him, his tour through his native land, which soon followed, might have been one continued and most sincere ovation. From this display, however, he naturally shrunk, declining all invitations save one to a public dinner in his own city of New York.

From the journeys in the United States which Mr. Irving made soon after his return home, and especially from his rambles over the prairies and wildernesses of the Far West, have grown his "Tour on the Prairies," embodied in the revised and uniform edition of his works recently published by Putnam; in the "Crayon Miscellany," his "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," and the "Astoria" narrative. In these works, all marked by the author's habitual elegance and grace of style, we have striking pictures of the wild trapper-life and adventure of our Rocky Mountain and Pacific re-

In 1837 and 1840 Mr. Irving contributed, at intervals, to the columns of the Knickerbocker Magazine. Among these papers are, "The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood," and "Mountjoy; a Passage in the Life of a Castletion from his countrymen. The public enthu- builder," which, with other stray waifs from the



English annuals and elsewhere, have been recently collected and published, under the title of "Wolfert's Roost." In the little sketch of "The Creole Village," in this volume, he claims to have first used the now common phrase, "the almighty dollar;" and as the expression, he says, "has been questioned by some as savoring of irreverence, he owes it to his orthodoxy to declare that no irreverence was intended even to the dollar itself, which he is aware is daily becoming more and more an object of worship."

Among his latest published works is his loving life of his favorite author, Goldsmith, to whose genius his own has been so often and so appositely compared, and his history of "Mahomet and his Successors," another wave from the flood of his Moslem researches.

In February, 1842, he made his third and last visit to Europe, where he passed four years in the honorable position of American Minister at the court of Madrid. Since his return he has lived at the homestead made so attractive in his

works as "Wolfert's Roost," and now so gracefully known to us as Sunnyside.

Here he is at present, industriously employed upon his "Life of Washington." The publication of this noble work was commenced during the past year (1855). Three volumes have been already issued, in which the charmed reader is led, with never-flagging interest, through the varied and eventful scenes of the Revolution. The fourth and last volume, which it is understood will be devoted to the Presidential life of his hero, will, no doubt, be very soon completed.

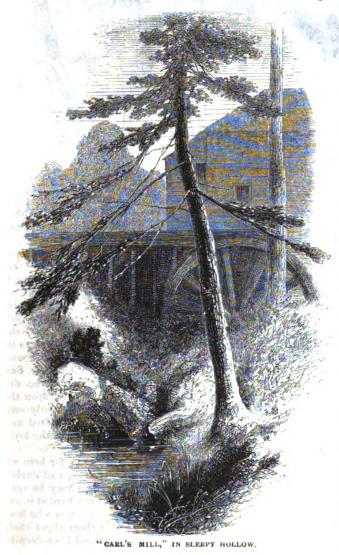
There is a pleasant and authentic anecdote about the presentation of our author, when a child in arms, to Washington. "May it please your Excellency," said his nurse, following the General into a Broadway shop, "here's a bairn that was named after ye!" Whereupon he placed his hand kindly on the boy's head, and prayed God to bless him; thus perhaps exorcising the malign influence popularly supposed to accompany the inheritance of a great name. As Washington was the political, so is his name-

sake the literary Father of his

country.

The scope of our paper has permitted a brief allusion only to the characteristics of Mr. Irving's genius-to the freshness and fullness of his invention-to the individuality of his conceptions-to his rich poetic fancy-to his catholic sympathies, reaching the heart in all its moods, from hearty mirth to pensive sentimentto the simplicity, good sense, honesty, and manliness of his thought-all heightened by the marvelous ease and grace of his "mellow, flowing, softly tinted style;" and to that everpresent charm of personality, which, as he himself says of Goldsmith, "seems to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and makes us love the man, at the same time that we admire the author."

Thus have we peeped into the pleasant face of Sunnyside, and conned the magic by which it has bewitched the public heart. Long after its modest walls shall have crumbled away will the charm cling to its memory, for its associations with one who, building always upon the true foundations of life—Truth and Beauty—has reared to himself a perpetual and fragrant altar in the pantheon of the world's literature.





OMOA: PICTURESQUE AND INCIDENTAL.

OF all the old towns and cities of the New World there are none, perhaps, of which so little is known as Omoa, Honduras, which deserves some notice from the historian or passing traveler for its picturesque position, its beautiful and perfectly secure harbor, its unrivaled river water; while the beautiful roads leading toward the ancient city of "Valladolid," now Comayagua, render it a spot of surpassing interest, needing but the questionable patronage of the moneyed traveler to trumpet it to the world as one of the few spots where the luxuries of the St. Nicholas may be forgotten amidst Nature's bountiful magnificence.

It is partially surrounded by hills covered with foliage seen nowhere except in the tropics. The surface of many colors is dotted by the graceful palm and cocoa-nut, with clumps of plantain-trees here and there breaking the uniformity of the hills with their heavy fan-like leaves, positively lending a coldness to the atmosphere during the heat of the day.

The harbor is almost land-locked. Perfectly secure except during the prevalence of the southwest winds, which, by-the-way, are so broken by the mountains around the town and along the water, punching with their fists as if settling

the coast that they are an object of no attention to the vessels in port. And so seldom do they blow over the harbor, that they are mentioned as rare occurrences.

The Omoa River is beautiful in the extreme. Flowing quietly on for a distance beneath overhanging shrubbery of most gorgeous coloring, it breaks suddenly into a noisy stream, dashing over pebbles and rocks, forming itself into miniature cascades perfectly enchanting. Nor does its beauty appeal to the eye only. It is the Esculapius of the town. Far and near are its praises sounded by all lovers of "pure and sparkling water." From Vera Cruz to San Juan it is unequaled. And during the dry season at Belize, where they depend upon the rains for drinking-water, it is frequently sent from the port, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, to quench the thirst of the loyal British negroes.

It is the delight of the women; for here all the washing for the town is done, and during the day groups of washerwomen may be seen beneath their little palm-leaf huts, hard at work, merry as larks. And woe betide him who is so rashly courageous as to joke them about their personal appearance as they stand knee-deep in the water, punching with their fists as if settling



some old score with the dirt, according to the rules laid down in that model book, *Fistiana*. would not, and to return was a two-mile ride.

Let him also be cautious about his compliments, for their replies are not always to be whispered to ears polite. They are as ready with their rejoinders as the most renowned Irishman. In the language of Young America, I was badly "sold" on several occasions before I could be satisfied. The only instance I think it appropriate to record is the following:

"Why is it, Paula," I said to a nut-brown senorita one day, "why is it you don't get whiter with such frequent washing?"

"Because I am fast colors—all wool. But you are just common stuff, about sixpence a yard; and are white because you have been bleached out." And she pointed significantly at my long figure and pale face, which was shaded by a sombrero as large as a common umbrella.

It would be well to observe here that the native women have a perfect contempt for cheap calicoes, preferring plain white when they can't afford the more expensive flounced robes.

The roads leading from this snuggery are all delightful. The Royal Road, being the main road to Comayagua, is grand beyond description. Sometimes for miles it is shaded by trees alive with every variety of brilliantly-colored singing-bird.

I can conceive nothing more grand or beautiful than a position on the mountains three or four leagues from Omoa, in one of the many arbor-roads, with the woods in twilight repose; when suddenly the cry of the arreiros, spurring on their mules, breaks through Nature's stillness, while their merry call echoes and re-echoes among the hills, until Monsieur Pan, if he is still chasing Mademoiselle Echo, must lose himself among such delicious little nooks that I have often wished I were the heathen god.

Before reaching these hills, the road traverses a thickly-wooded plain, about the centre of which, in the road, stands a gigantic tree. Connected with this tree is a quaint legend. It is stated that Cortéz, while wandering between this port and Puerto Cabello-then called Natividad, became separated from his companions, and was unable to rejoin them. For a day or so he strove to reach the shore, guided by the sun. At length he came upon the road, which was then nothing but a trail, and saw this large tree, beneath which was resting an Indian girl, who had been to a neighboring stream with her water-jar. He begged a drink of her, which she gave, and added some tortillas of corn. Cortéz having refreshed himself, turned to the girl and said, "Angel mio, may this kindness of the Indian girl be ever remembered. May this tree never be passed by the traveler without taking his refreshing draught!"

And to the present day this is very generally observed. Indeed, on one occasion, we were off on a jaunt, and had reached the tree when we discovered that our flasks were empty! "Unfortunate negligence! what is to be done?" was

the general question. Pass without drinking we would not, and to return was a two-mile ride. "Don't pass without drinking her health," I cried, my brain being filled with all sorts of romantic ideas, almost imagining the girl was then seated among the branches commending our enthusiasm. We rode back, filled our flasks from the cool mountain stream, again reached the tree, dismounted, and "drank with all the honors" to the memory of the beautiful Baulbina.



CORTÉZ'S TREE.

The inhabitants of Omoa, like those of most of the tropical towns, are rather indolent, their principal business of the day being the siesta.

Nature furnishes the poorer classes with food, and the extras are supplied by the small salaries they receive from the merchants, who constitute the "Upper Ten" of the place. A few of them, I think, have some of the pure Yankee blood in their veins, and they turn it to good account. They have formed themselves into an association of mule-catchers. Their business is conducted principally on the savanna which lies between the town and the castle, covering a surface of two square miles. Their mode of procedure is "sharp." If a strange animal is put on the savanna, which is the stabling and grazing ground for the whole district, they assemble en masse and run the poor animal almost to death, catching him occasionally with the lasso merely to inform him of their relative positions. When he has become sufficiently wild, the poor beast is freed from this annoyance. This process is repeated frequently, in order that the mules and horses may fear the approach of man; then, when wanted, the owners are obliged to employ these scamps to lasso them. Their prices vary from twelve and a half cents to one dollar, the sum fluctuating according to the wildness



To a Northern man another subject of interest is the market-house, since it appeals directly to the palate. It consists of a few poles firmly planted in the ground, roofed with palm-leaves, the sides being open for ventilation. It is, in fact, little better than a large shed. In the morning it is the life of the town, the rendezvous for all the old women—a perfect School for Scandal. If the character of any unfortunate escapes dissection here, he or she is safe for the day at least. The dogs also come in droves, and form a considerable portion of the attendance

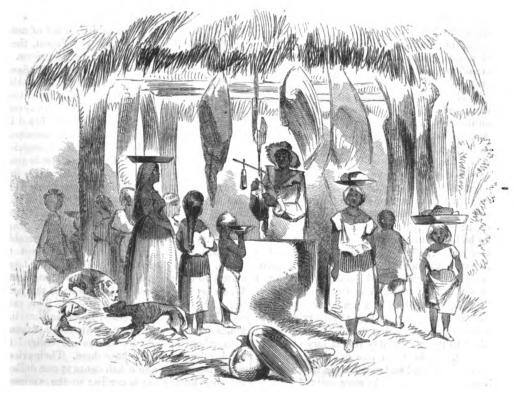
Every native family claims any number, from one to one hundred, of these members, each household being known by its dogs; and one can readily discover who is the best customer by the stray bits that are thrown to the animals. Occasionally there is quite an interesting row between the dogs and the "Zopilotes," which assemble in considerable numbers. This bird a species of Turkey Buzzard-performs the duties undertaken by the New York Street Commissioner; but, unlike his Gothamite brother, he does not neglect his work and pocket his salary. He has had the undisputed contract of street-cleaner from time immemorial. would be well for the tax-ridden New Yorkers to import a lot of these birds. I am ready to give them a first-class certificate for faithfulness and efficiency, and would like a small percentage on the savings they would effect.

The meat at the market is not cut secundum artem, but into chunks of different dimensions,

and is sold at prices fixed by government decree. The inferior parts are cut into "strings," and sold by the yard. This same custom is observed in Nicaragua and New Granada, and I think it is the same in all the Spanish-American countries. If a "chunk" is short weight, a piece of fat or liver is thrown in to make the thing even. Beef-steaks they know nothing of, nor do they appear to possess the capacity of learning how to cut them. The other day I gave the butcher a most scientific lecture on the art of slaughtering cattle as practiced in the North, but the results were so unsatisfactory that I gave up in despair. For "steak" he sent us some "slabs" of meat, evidently cut with much care, as the edges were nicely smoothed, and highly ornamented with the knife. Still the meat was excellent; and as the finest quality cost but four cents per pound, I thought we had every reason to be satisfied.

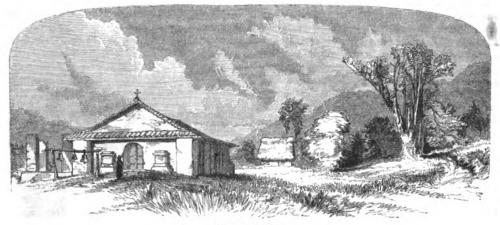
At the market-house congregate many of the beauties of the town, and there is a continual dispute between H—— and myself about the marketing.

He says he knows more about meat, and can make better bargains. I am sure this is not the case, though on one occasion I did purchase two pieces of meat instead of one; and thinking the meat would spoil if kept for the next day, and knowing the butcher would not return to me my money, I was compelled to present the nicest piece to an individual who wore a spotless white dress, flounced from the waist to the ground.



THE MARKET.





CHURCH AT OMOA.

Of course, I had certain reasons for giving this individual the preference; and, moreover, thought it an economical proceeding. Phillipa then and there, at the market-house, invited me to her casa to dine, declaring her intention of making a "fancy dish" for my entertainment. H—— could not see the force of my reasoning, but I suspect it would have been very clear had he been included in the invitation. I would also observe that this señorita has a way of teaching Spanish that enables one to make very rapid advancement.

A short distance above the market-house stands the church, a long, low building, erected regardless of architectural rules. The interior is plastered as high as the eaves, between which and the walls are wide spaces for ventilation. The floor is also plastered over a body of cement, of which it is composed, in lieu of boards. Here the devout Catholics kneel during services, as the place is innocent of chairs, with the exception of one for the "Obispo." Near the main entrance are suspended three bells, which chime on all occasions. They are a nuisance to all except the unfortunates who have endured, as I have, the continual ringing of the bells of the Cathedral at Panama.

The inhabitants are very pious when the Bishop visits the town, which interesting event occurs annually. He passed through soon after I arrived, and a most novel sight it was to me. There are no carriages in the country, and it would not be sufficiently dignified to offer a mule to the Very Reverend gentleman-the Successor of the Apostles-so an office-chair was procured, which, after being suitably ornamented with ribbons, was offered for his acceptance. He mounted the chair, and was carried through the town in this manner, his face and figure being protected from the sun by a canopy carried by four negroes, of such fine proportions that my friend the Doctor said he would give at least fifteen hundred dollars for either of them. However, as they were not for sale, there was no chance for a speculation of this sort. On the way to the church the people kneeled whenever the procession halted, and more than one muddied dress might have been seen after they had been blessed and were permitted to rise. After the Bishop had denounced vice in all its forms, the people were permitted to kiss his hand in token of compliance-the "lords of creation" being honored first. Whether this was intended as a token of their supe-

rior dignity, or whether the good prelate kept the most agreeable part of the ceremony for its close, I am unable to say. After mass was performed, he was escorted to the residence of one of the merchants of the town, passing under arches which were thrown across the street through which he had to pass.

Our house being on the line of road, we also erected an arch, from the top of which hung the American flag festooned. The Bishop smiled as he passed under it, with the conviction, no doubt, that "coming events cast their shadows before."

Opposite our house is the residence of the American Consul,



AMERICAN CONSUL'S RESIDENCE.

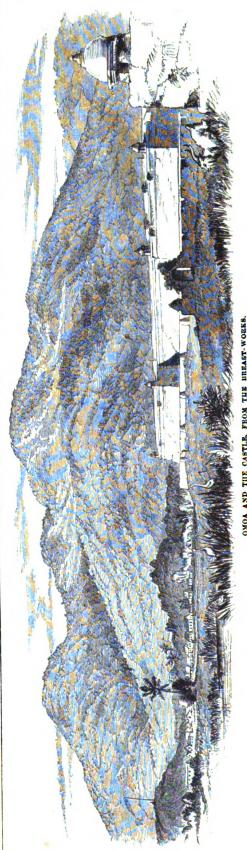


Augustine Follin, Esq., who was appointed by Andrew Jackson in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-one, and has been reappointed by every succeeding administration; consequently he has been in the consular service longer than any other diplomatic agent of the United States. He is a republican of the old school, sacrificing his private interests whenever they clash with those of his native land. After twenty-four years of gratuitous service, Congress, in July, 1855, voted him a salary not sufficiently large to cover his household expenses, and with this he is compelled to maintain his Vice-Consul in the port of Truxillo. Congress, however, very munificently classed him among consuls who are "allowed to transact business." During the twenty-four years of his service the American Government was never at one cent's expense, every thing being defrayed by Mr. Follin. He is much esteemed by every one here, and many a Central American is rejoiced to call him his "Compadre;" and others, who have been recipients of his kindness, and have become bettered in their condition by his never-failing judgment, love him with a sincerity quite gratifying to his friends. From President Guadiola to the meanest Carib who paddles along the coast, all acknowledge his goodness. Indeed, while I was among the Carib settlements, I have received marked attention by simply mentioning that I was a countryman of his.

He was appointed after the death of Mr. Hosmer, who was killed by a cannon-ball during the insurrection and famous siege of Omoa. This was an important event to the State—the struggle being between the whites and the blacks for supremacy. About the beginning of the year 1831, a notorious character by the name of Gusman was imprisoned in the castle for political offenses. The dungeons being very damp, the poor rascal soon swelled fearfully, and the Commandante, at the supplication of the people, allowed him to walk daily on the savanna. The scamp, having the education of a gentleman, with the tact of a villain, ingratiated himself so completely into the confidence of the unsuspecting officer, that he soon after appointed him his private secretary. Of course Gusman had access to all the private government matter, which enabled him to answer official notes as suited his party purposes.

By this means his plans were soon matured; the negroes and the Guatimalans were assembled in the vicinity of the town. About four days previous to the outbreak, he issued a proclamo forbidding the inhabitants to leave their houses after 8 o'clock at night. By this means a number of negroes entered the town without attracting attention. About 11 o'clock in the night, when the first blow was struck, Gusman ordered some of his own soldiers to arrest him, agreeably to the instructions of the proclamo.

He went to the residence of the Commandante, and stated he had been arrested by the patrol while bringing an important letter which had just arrived from Comayagua. The Comman-





dante suspecting nothing, hastily dressed himself to receive the letter, and discharged the patrol. The negroes, agreeably to instructions, possessed themselves of the door leading to the armory as soon as they entered the Commandante's apartment. The letter was from Gusman, informing the Commandante of his movements and plans, telling him, at the same time, that he was a prisoner.

He looked at the insurgents for a moment, than rushed for his arms, but saw he was completely in the power of the enemy. He was seized, carried to the fort, compelled to surrender it to his captor, and was finally thrown into the same dungeon from which he had, but a few weeks before, released Gusman. When he recalled the treachery of Gusman, and recollected that his assailants had possession of all the government secrets, he prayed that he might die. He knew his enemy was an able politician and superior military tactician, who had counted well the results of the villainy in which he had embarked his life and hope.

He had been imprisoned once in the neverto-be-forgotten dungeon of the Castle of San Fernando, and it was reasonable to suppose he had made ample provisions to guard against a second incarceration.

And Gusman, to his eternal shame be it spoken, allowed the old man, who had shown him naught but kindness, to rot in the very dungeon from which he was so lately rescued!

Gusman had formed his plans well before his coup d'état. He had the support of all the treacherous bands in the State; was promised assistance, and had already received military stores from that enemy to Central American republicanism, Guatimala; and was confident of assistance and support from parties in the other States if he could succeed in his first effort—the capture of the fort. So far he had succeeded. He had disposed of his most formidable enemy, the brave old Commandante, whose very name engendered fears that could not be quieted so long as he stood opposed to them. But he had not counted upon resistance from

dante suspecting nothing, hastily dressed himself to receive the letter, and discharged the patrol. The negroes, agreeably to instructions, my of progress, a sort of Russo-American bear.

The merchants answered her offers of protection as did the Peruvian patriot to the Spanish invaders. They were the owners of all the vessels on the coast, which they soon armed and dispatched as cruisers, and were so fortunate as to overhaul several schooners loaded with provisions, powder, etc., intended for the revolutionists.

This was a serious blow for the negro dynasty, but the castle was moderately well supplied with all the necessaries for a protracted siege.

Government troops soon made their appearance from the interior, but having no heavy guns, could not make a successful attack on the Still, hostilities were commenced, and shot were thrown almost incessantly from the fort for upward of a month without damage; the guns ranging so high that they cleared the town completely, nor did they know how to remedy the evil. After several thousand shot had been lost in this manner, an Englishman, named Vernon, from Belize, was bribed by the insurgents to explain the mystery. He ordered them to cut about a foot from the front part of the gun-carriages; this was soon done, the guns reloaded, and a ball for the first time raked the town! Previous to this every thing was conducted as quietly as if there were no powder within a league of them, nor balls whistling within twenty miles of their housetops.

A party were enjoying the luxuries of a good dinner at the house of our friend Mr. Follin, and were in the midst of some jocular conversation, when the first ball that had been thrown into the town, struck the corner of the house and passed completely through it. It entered the bedroom of Mr. Follin, and after taking most unwarrantable liberties with his wardrobe, introduced itself without ceremony to the company present. It is true they took considerable notice of the stranger, though they refused to offer him the hand of friendship, so he took

"French leave" in the direction of the "Old French Soldier," who stood in the corner.

The "Old General" never flinched, and though most of the wall was torn away by the ball, the post to which the bracket was fastened was not touched, and "Napoleon" smiled quietly at the havoc around him.

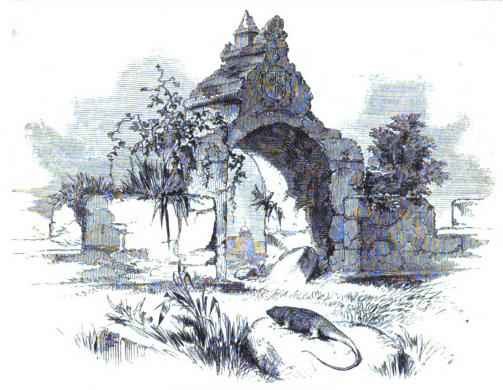
The old house has been rebuilt, but the statue occupies its former position, nor will it again be disturbed unless Walker, when he enters Omoa, should meet with resistance.

After holding the castle for six months, Gusman was starved into terms; was tried by courtmartial; shot, and his head hung



THE MONUMENT ON THE ROAD.





THE GATEWAY ON THE BREAST-WORK.

in chains from the castle wall, where it remained until General Carrera, in 1853, took it down and sent it to Guatimala, together with the head of the "first insurgent," which had been hanging upwards of fifty years. His name has been forgotten, but his body lies buried on the road between the castle and the town. A rough pile of stones was erected over his body, which Time has partially destroyed, though he was less lenient with the iron cage which contained the unfortunate head.

About three months after Gusman had been shot, the negroes organized themselves for a

spare neither man, woman, or child in whose veins a drop of European blood was flowing. A friendly Carib having discovered their plans, laid them before the merchants, who immediately enrolled a secret corps, one hundred and twenty The signal for the massacre was to strong. fire one of their huts at night; and thinking the whites would, as usual, rush to assist in extinguishing the flames, they were to fall upon them unawares and destroy them. They were then to butcher the women and children in their beds!

The alarm was given; the whites, as was exfinal struggle, determined on this occasion to pected, rushed to the fire, but went armed to the

> teeth, and surrounded the negroes, who were marched in a body to the fort. The next morning they were examined, and nineteen of the ringleaders immediately shot. The others, upon promising obedience to the laws, were allowed to return to their homes.

> This effectually crushed the desire of the negroes for power. Since then they have been as quiet and peaceable as can be expected of the African race.

The old Castle of San Fernando, so closely connected with the struggles and history of Omoa, is, including the breastworks, about fifteen hundred feet long. It is built mostly of huge blocks of coral rocks, in



THE BRIDGE.

the old Spanish style of architecture. Its walls are about forty feet high and fifteen feet thick, surmounted by coping and bead-work. On either corner stands a little turret or sentry-box. It was formerly surrounded by a moat of some depth, but, like the elevated road which leads to the town, and was once paved, but little remains of its former greatness.

The breast-works were also strongly built, having two splendid gateways, one on the north, the other on the south side. The northern gate had the date of the building of the fort carved beneath the arms of Spain, but some Vandal has obliterated it.

As it now stands, it is a model of the picturesque. Trees of some size have sprung into existence among the crevices in its masonry, and clambering vines have insinuated themselves in the cracks, and spreading, appear to be possessed with the desire to hide it altogether, finishing the work which an over-zealous official had begun. In a few years, no doubt, it will have crumbled completely; when the remaining vestige of Spain's former greatness on this coast will be the old castle, which, from the material composing its structure, may be as strong two hundred years hence as at the present time.

Along the top are distributed a few old cannon picked up at random, regardless of the suitability of the piece. There are two or three so small that at a distance they sound, when fired, like the report of a Kentucky rifle. Yet there are others that might be very effective did the "soldados" know more of the art of gunnery. Nearly every time a volley is fired in honor of some saint's day, more or less of them are injured. While they were celebrating the 15th of last September, the anniversary of the independence of the Central American States, two men were instantly killed, and others badly wounded, by the premature discharge of a cannon, one of the gunners unclosing the vent while the piece was being loaded.

They were standing in front of the gun to observe the manner of loading, and the effect of the ramrod on the "wad." H---, who was making a sketch while a soldier related the incidents to me, remarked that the effect must have been very striking, the more so from the fact of their using ball to increase the noise of the discharge. I remonstrated with him on the propriety of getting off such bad wit on such serious subjects, but 'twas no use. He said he had a reputation among the artists at home of being a "hard joker;" in fact, a bad pun was his card, and he had no idea of changing his address.

The castle was built by Spanish American convicts, superintended by the Hidalgos of the colony, and a very respectable amount of money it cost the Spanish king, though the labor was performed by criminals, whose only pay was a sufficient quantity of plantains and rice to keep body and soul together; yet when the commissioners sent in their report, the amount was so enormous that the king thought 'twas built of gold and silver. Some idea may be formed of joints, illuminated by two granulated eyes, form-

the expense by a contract, still in existence, for building a bridge over a small ditch in the upper part of the town. The ditch is so insignificant that it is perfectly dry except during the rainy season. It is about thirty feet long, seven feet in width, and four feet in height, and cost the Spanish government \$30,000! What admirable Wall Street bears and bulls they would make did they live at the present time! Schuyler's affair would be considered as a petty matter of no moment.

Omoa was built as an entry port for Spanish commerce, after they had abandoned Natividad, which was too large a harbor to protect against the English and French pirates who infested the coast, frequently storming large fortifications, and taking them with apparent ease. This was the case with Old Panama, Realejo, and other ports in Central America. From 1750 until 1848 the town was a place of considerable importance, the supplies for the republics passing first through its streets.

All the goods for the San Miguel fairs, which are held in the spring or fall of every year, whither merchants repair for their efectos-many journeying hundreds of miles—passed through Omoa.

Then the town was fairly alive with a commercial activity that filled the iron chests of more than one of the fortunate residents. was always filled with merchants from the interior, who had come down for their supplies; and the merry muleteer, strumming his guitar after the labors of the day, or whirling in the crazy fandango, gave it a lively air, which, for my own sake, I regret it has lost.

Money being plenty, or, as the darkies say here, "too much plenty," the merchants, desirous of more gold, commenced the cuttings of the famous Honduras Mahogany Works, and the banks of the Ullua and Chimilicon rivers supplied the world with this valuable wood; and so extensive were some of the "gangs," that by the non-compliance of an English house to fulfill the contract held by a merchant here, he lost \$300,000. Most of the wood lay at the mouth of the river until it rotted, mingling its precious substance with the waters of the ocean.

A GIGANTIC CENTIPEDE.

NO one can for the first time look upon a cen-I tipede without shrinking back with terror, and exclaiming, involuntarily, that it is one of the most repulsive of insects. In its general form it resembles the serpent, but the possession of "innumerable legs" gives it the additional horror of a monstrous creation. Overcoming our first impressions, and examining it attentively, we find that its body is divided into numerous segments of the same length and thickness, each being furnished with a pair of legs, which end in a sharp-pointed claw, backed by three smaller ones, each capable of inflicting a painful inflammatory wound. Its head is ornamented with two short antennæ, composed of seven



ed by the junction of numerous smaller ones; its month is overlapped by a pair of strong forceps, or hooks, which have openings beneath their points, through which, when it bites, a poisonous fluid is injected after the manner of the fang of the The centipede is death-dealing rattlesnake. carniverous in its appetites, and steals about in search of victims and food only in the night. There are two varieties of the largest kind, those nearly white inhabiting the ground, those of a light chocolate brown frequenting the decayed bark of diseased trees, or that attached to fallen timber. The inhabitants of temperate climates are practically free from these dreaded insects, and are thus compensated, in a degree at least, for the loss of the balmy airs and tropical splendors of more Southern climes. A variety of the centipede, however, exists in "the North," called "Thousand-legs," which fortunately remains always insignificant in size. They are to be more frequently found in regions famous for the accumulation of lumber, particularly about saw-mills, and are occasionally met with every where in the rich loam of decaying trees. The Southern representative, however, is not altogether unknown in the Northern States, for, independent of the specimens preserved in the cabinets of the curious, they are sometimes imported in cargoes of hides, or find a hiding-place among the thousand articles known to commerce. But a few years since, a person employed in unloading a vessel at Boston was unexpectedly bitten by one of these dreaded insects, and from the ignorance of himself and those about him of proper remedies, death soon ensued.

The centipede is the greatest pest encountered in the West India islands, in the countries bordering on the "Spanish Main," and the hottest parts of the American continent. In the vicinity of the Arkansas and Red Rivers in Texas, they are somewhat abundant, reaching about four inches in length, and proving an immense annoyance to the settlers. The utmost vigilance is required where they abound, even in the most cleanly houses, to prevent them from finding their way into beds or clothing, to which they seem to be attracted for comfortable lodgment and surrounding warmth. Upon the the appearance of a light, if in an exposed situation, they attempt to make their escape, and run off with great rapidity, but if interrupted, they instantly stand on the defensive, biting severely upon the slightest provocation. hostile disposition renders them very dangerous when once they have taken possession of a bed, for the slightest movement of its occupant, over which they may be crawling, and who can scarcely fail to be disturbed by their pointed claws, insures a venomous bite, which will be rapidly repeated if the enraged insect is not quickly destroyed. The bite is exceedingly painful, and is made additionally so by the attending inflammation caused by the punctures of the claws. An irritable fever follows, accompanied by delirium, and if the patient is of an excitable habit, amputation or excision of the bitten part be-

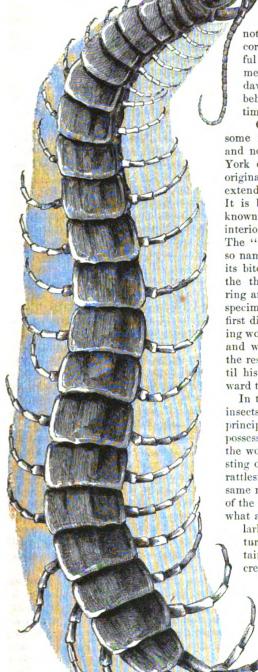
comes necessary, or death ensues. Persons accustomed to the centipede lessen the danger by an immediate application of the cupping-glass, or by pressing the barrel of a large key forcibly over the wounds, which seems to press out the poison, and suspend the activity of the surrounding circulation; the application of ammonia, and frequent doses of it mixed with brandy, also act as powerful antidotes.

The centipede is hatched from an egg, and comes forth a perfect insect; and what is most remarkable, the young is the subject of great care on the part of the maternal parent, being fostered by her long after they are able to take care of themselves. When first ushered into being they have but six legs, their additional feet, as well as the rings to which they are attached, becoming developed as they advance in age, one ring and one pair of feet marking the passage of a year. The centipede lives longer, and continues to increase in strength more than any other insect; it survives through many generations. This fact, and its peculiar organization, makes the centipede remarkable among all the varied races of insect life.

The centipede not only exists upon vegetable juices, but as it increases in strength it depends mainly upon crickets, roaches, and beetles for subsistence, and it is in search of these comparatively harmless creatures that brings it into the habitations of man, where they are sometimes absolutely welcomed in order to extirpate the accumulated vermin. The presence of the centipede is known by the confusion it creates among the different insects in its vicinity, for, unexpectedly, they will be seen in a state of great disorder; the beetles will retreat to their holes, the crickets will stop chirruping, and the roaches, which grow very large in tropical climates, losing all control over their action, will fly madly against the walls, and then falling on the floor become an easy prey to the centipede, which dexterously rips open the body of the roach, devours its interior, and moves on in search of another victim.

The accumulation of vermin in tropical countries, in the course of every three or four years, becomes so great about the houses of the inhabitants, that a point arrives when the plague can no longer be borne. The walls of the adobe buildings seem to be absolutely alive with creeping things. Scorpions, centipedes, mice, spiders, snakes, in ten thousand nameless but annoying forms of reptile and insect life, teem up from the floors, arbors, and gardens. The raising of an article of dress, the hasty seizure of a drinking-cup, the picking up of a chip, any simple act of life, in fact, that brings humanity in contact with the things around it, will possibly rouse some hidden-away insect, whose poisonous fangs will the next instant be in the intruder's flesh. Life becomes unbearable; the plagues of Egypt are upon the land. Suddenly it is announced that a little black ant has made its appearance: a general exclamation of welcome ensues. The advanced guard of the invincible





GIGANTIC CENTIPEDE, DRAWN LIFE-SIZE,

army. The habitations are deserted by their human inmates, and the little ants in countless numbers cover the locality. Now can be witnessed the fluttering of the roaches - can be heard the squeaking of the mice and rats; true emotion but spontaneous praise.

the serpents come coiling in death-agony from their holes; "every creeping thing" in the vicinity is undergoing martyrdom. There is no chance of escape. The ants are every where, between the ceilings, in the walls, over the roof, beneath the floors;

not a nook or crevice escapes them, not a hole or corner is overlooked. In a few hours the grateful labor of extermination is completed; commencing their work at night, before the morning dawns they have taken their departure, leaving behind nothing but the wrecks of their victims.

Our illustration represents a centipede taken some months since in Venezuela, South America, and now in the collection of Dr. I. Deck, of New York city. The drawing is scarcely as large as the original, for the formidable insect could, when living, extend itself to the enormous length of twelve inches. It is believed to be the largest authenticated one known, although the Indians and residents in "the interior" testify to having seen them much longer. The "deadly" centipede of Jamaica, St. Domingoso named from the almost certain death that follows its bite-seldom exceeds five inches in length. If the theory be true, that the centipede obtains one ring and one pair of feet each year, the remarkable specimen before us was eighteen years old. When first discovered it was in an attitude of defiance, being worried by a dog; a child then aided in the assault and was mortally wounded; a native then came to the rescue, and succeeded in capturing it, but not until his arm was poisoned to such an extent as afterward to demand amputation.

In the examination of the poisonous machinery of insects and reptiles, it is apparent that the destructive principle is the same in all; and that the fang in all possesses a hollow through which the poison flows into the wound the moment the incision is made. The sting of the scorpion is precisely like the fang of the rattlesnake, and performs its deadly work on the same mechanical principles. From the slow progress of the science of entomology, it is yet to be discovered what are the complete uses of insects (more particu-

larly the poisonous ones) in the economy of nature. From what little is known, however, of certain races, it is but a natural inference, that in the creation of all are to be found demonstrative proofs

> of Divine wisdom and beneficence. But for the myriads of insect workers which perform their part in tropical climates, feeding upon decaying vegetable and animal matter, the atmosphere would soon become so loaded with noxious vapors as to render the preservation of the human race impossible. As we become more and more acquainted with the secret workings of nature, we are gradually led to the conclusion, that even the deadly

"driver" promises the approach of the grand | centipede is not made in vain; that it must have its useful purposes, and performs a merciful mission in its allotted part in the creation; that nothing exists, in fact, but what is admirable; there being no room for critical censure, no



PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL. BY AN AMERICAN.

WHY should I not pause in this series of sketches to speak of home scenes, when they were the chief burden of our thoughts in Egypt? I say, why not? I am not writing a history of Egypt, neither am I writing a history of my travels. I promised no such thing when I began, and I am very sure I shall do no such thing now. I have but engaged to take you with me along my way, and to make you in some measure the sharer of my wanderings and their incidents. Of these incidents, the letters from home are among the chief. I care not where we are, I am very well assured that within a hundred steps of the summit of Ghizeh, should letters from home arrive at the northeast angle of the pyramid, I would turn back and leave the plain unseen until the letters were disposed of. They come like the very persons who send them, and are verily visits from the dear ones, in voice and look.

But saddest of all thoughts is that which sometimes oppresses the wanderer, that those letters must be such slow and tardy visitors, and that, even when we are reading them, there can be no certainty in our minds that all is yet well with those at home. Alas for me, what bitter experience of all this I have had within this year of travel! I read at Beyroot the words of faithful love, the kind, endearing words of my father in his own firm hand, and I wrote to him my thanks for all that love. He it was who had taught me to seek the East with earnest desire. His voice read to me the words of the old poets and historians, and taught me to love Greece for the sake of Homer, and Rome for Virgil and Horace. More than that, from the hours of listening childhood his lips had kept me mindful of Jerusalem; his prayers had led my prayers to the God of Calvary.

And while I read his words, and thanked God that the noble old man was well and strong, and that his love for his youngest boy was full and fresh as ever, and that the cold of the winters beyond threescore and ten had not chilled his blood or his love, even then he lay dead in the grave; nay, even then he looked down on me from that heaven which (how often have I thanked God for it in these very words when I was far away from Holy Land!) bends down just as lovingly over all the world, as over the Hill of the Ascension and the Garden of the Grave. Yes, he was dead! and I knew it not: nor knew till long, long afterward, when, one evening under the Acropolis, with the stars shining down on me above the Parthenon, the few words came to me with thunderous tone, "He is dead!"

But I pause not now to speak of this; for he was well when I was in Egypt, and I write of Egypt now.

It was one of those nights of calm, majestic beauty with me, as I lay drifting down the lordly river, and dreaming of the long line of kings my fri and priests that had drifted thus and dreamed River.

even as I. The stars trod the "sapphire floors of Paradise" in solemn, grand processions, and the sands of the Great Desert seemed for once, if never before, to be fit for the footsteps of angels. Every grain of sand gleamed in the silver light, and, far away over the rolling plains, the soft, low voice of the desert wind, plaintive and melodious, seemed like the voices of spirits whispering strange, sad stories.

And that night, far away, in that beloved land that I call home, he whose heart has for so many years beaten close to mine, pulsation for pulsation; the friend of boyhood, youth, and manly years; the good, true friend; the stout companion of trial and joy, was drifting on the dark river away, away into that boundless sea whose waves bring stories of the blessed islands and the land of rest.

Yes, he too is dead, and I was not there. When I left home he said to me, "Philip, when you are at Jerusalem, you will find a pleasant seat on Mount Moriah, among the graves of the old Turks, with your back to the wall, which is the wall of the court of Solomon's Temple. Sit down there and call aloud some sunshiny morning. Speak my name. I will hear it wherever I am. Try it, for my sake."

I have been in Jerusalem, nor did I forget his direction. I sat there one morning with May by my side, and my Nubian servant Ferrajj before me, and two Bedouins of the Jordan Valley leaning on their long spears at a little distance, and deep, solemn silence was over us all while the sunshine fell on temple wall and Jewish tomb, and I shouted aloud "Joe Willis, Joe Willis!" and all was still; and then, across the Valley of Jehosaphat, right from the tomb of Absalom, came, in the still air, a faint, far answer, "Yes, yes!" and I knew he heard me.

May said it was the echo from the Mount of Olives; but I knew it was not, and I called again, louder than before, "Joe Willis, are you well?" and the reply came, from the distance above the village of Siloam, above the tomb of the wife of Solomon, indistinct—but who could doubt the voice?—"All's well!" and again, more distinctly, "All's well!"

And even so it was—all well! Who can tell me in what shadowy plain of the land of all delights, by what river of gladness in the country of their Father, by what fountain, what high rock, what flower-clad bank they two met who had been so long separate? For I know well that, when he reached that land, her lips were first to greet him, her arms first to infold him, her voice the voice of the angel that God sent to lead him to his feet.

I say again, I will not apologize for pausing in these articles on life in old Egypt to speak of this event in home-land. I am writing, as I have said before, sketches of life on the Nile, and this is one of the features of it, that while I was rejoicing in health and all the joys of life, my friend was dying in our old House by the



It was in the same room that she died. He had always said it should be so; and when he felt the end approaching, he left his city home, and taking a few of the old servants with him to care for his last wishes, he went up to the old house, and there, in her room, waited the rending of the vail that hid her from him. The moment came when perhaps he least expected it.

It was a tempestuous night. My letters tell me you have had a winter of storm and cold. You may know the night by the description. The blasts wailed around the old house, and shook the oaks, and writhed and tossed their leafless branches, and the snow piled fast and furiously over fence, and doorway, and window, and the darkness over all was terrible. Within the house the scene was different. In the old room, whose heavy curtains were unchanged since she died, a dim light shed its uncertain rays on the bed and on the pale face of my dying friend. The stout arm that had so often done good service lay on the covering of the bed, wasted and thin, and the fingers were clasped together quietly and calmly, as it were well they should be, having forever ended their work.

A lock of hair, a glorious tress, lay twined among them. How often it had waved in the mountain winds that came down around that old house! Sometimes I have fancied that tresses of hair were instinct with life, and that they retained a certain portion of the gracefulness which they derived from their origin. Certainly that tress was exceedingly beautiful. I have seen it often, and have thought so long. It is all of her that was left above the earth—all of her that hath not

"Suffered a sea change Into something rich and strange."

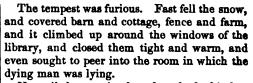
His face was already assuming the aspect of that after-life into which he was passing. Noble constantly, it was now more majestic in feature and eye than ever before; and the excellent clergyman who has written me the fullest account of my friend's last days, tells me that, on that evening, it was hard to believe, "nay," says he, "impossible to believe that there was not a certain light invisible to us falling on his face, whereof we perceived only the reflection."

Mayhap the good doctor never thought of that old saying, that "the soul shines through the face and lights it." Mayhap he was right, and it was supernatural.

Have I written that the old house was filled with anxious friends? He, the lonesome old bachelor, fatherless and motherless, and without brother or sister, had, nevertheless, more friends to wait on his last wishes than one in a thousand might hope to have whose relatives were legion.

I shall not pause to say who they were. The farmers from all the country around were there; for every evening they came up to ask about him, and this evening they waited for the end, which all said was near at hand.

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He smiled more clearly at length, for his face had been anxious in its expression for a few moments, and then he lifted the tress of hair to his lips, and laid his hand down again, and his eye sought the eyes of the pastor.

"My old friend, it is well with me. Tell Philip so. There was one morning-one Sunday morning-long ago, when our old friend Mr. Winter uttered in the pulpit those words of the great Lawgiver of Israel which have passed into triumphant song, in every language and every land. Tell Philip that, among my last memories and words, I cherished that; he will remember it; and tell him that 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' in a sense that Moses or Job could by no means appreciate. How the wind howls! Wilson, my good doctor, Philip Phillips had charge of my wishes in regard to the disposal of the dust that once was Joseph Willis when such dust shall be. But Philip is a pilgrim to far shrines, and ere he returns, if you lay me elsewhere, some error may occur, and I may not rest where I would. It matters little, it is true; and yet I have an old fancy, an old desire to gratify. I have said that 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' I know also that 'in my flesh I shall see God.' That in His time I shall come back to seek and find this dust that you will lay out of sight, and that, although it will be scattered much-some in grass, and some in trees, and some on winds like this-yet I shall find enough of it to recognize the clay wherein I suffered, and enough to make more keen and holy the joy wherein I shall rejoice. And then, when God sends me on that errand, I would fain resume the dress of earth in this valley, and find myself standing by her side first of all men in the resurrection. I have lived for love of Ellen Willis, and I die in full faith that that love is immortal. First of all faces in the resurrection I would look on

But why do I linger on these minute descriptions of the scene? Enough for me, enough for you who read this, enough for those who have read all I have elsewhere written of Willis, to know that he departed, as a good, brave man, with firm hope and unwavering faith.

He spoke long and earnestly to all around him; then rested a little space; then, as the wind wailed louder than ever before, he closed his eyes, smiled calmly, and the vail was rent in twain, and he no longer saw her as through a glass darkly, but now face to face.

I write these lines in the valley of the Arveiron, whose "terrible harmonies" go up to heaven around me. I lift my eyes, and far above me, among the tranquil stars, is the summit of Mont Blanc, unutterably calm. Even so among my memories stands the memory of





GRAND HALL AND OBELISK, KARNAK.

that one man. I have written thus much of the circumstances of his death, but of my grief I write not. It was not many days afterward that I sat in the great hall of Karnak, near the foot of the smaller obelisk, and remembered how often he had talked to me of that most sublime hall of human building on the face of the earth, and with my pencil I wrote his name a score of times on the stone on which I sat, and the soft sunshine fell on wall and column, and the taper obelisk constantly led my eyes to the heaven into whose blue depths it pointed, and then, then he lay dead in his old house, and they were treading lightly around his couch, and the tempest was raving around the walls, and fighting over its old, old battle with the oaktrees and the pines.

Before proceeding farther in my sketches of personal adventure, inasmuch as it will be necessary for me hereafter to refer often to the hieroglyphical records of Egyptian history, I propose just here to devote some space to an account of these records and their character, to the end that those who are not already familiar with them may know whence is derived the very accurate knowledge now possessed by Egyptian scholars on many points of history which would seem to be buried hopelessly in the rubbish of distant ages. Perhaps if I do this, those who read these articles may not be disposed to regret the startling coincidences between the scriptures of the Old Testament and the sculptures of Egypt which the traveler each day notices.

It is not uncommon even at this late day to hear intelligent persons, and scholars of no mean attainments, laughing or sneering at the idea that the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian monuments can be read with much ease, or even at all. It is very true that there are few living men who can read them, and it is much to be regretted that the minds of American scholars have not been more devoted to this subject, in which as yet the English and French are far in advance of us. It was greatly to be hoped that the Egyptian Museum in New York would turn attention in that direction, and certainly no more interesting subject lies open to the student. Imagine for a moment the possibility that on one of those strangely carved pieces of rock which lie heaped up in the rooms of Dr. Abbott, there is recorded the story of Joseph, in characters of his own period, by fingers that had felt his kingly grasp. Imagine that on another is written, deep in the stone, the history of the kings of Israel, and the fate of the lost tribes; and on another the pious words of Jeremiah, and on yet another the eloquence of Mark.

The stranger to Egyptian study laughs at this, and says, it is easy to imagine it but it is not likely to be true. Why not, my friend? I stood last winter before a wall where I read the characters that were recorded on it more than two thousand years ago—yea, in the days when Solomon's voice had not ceased to be remembered; and I read thereon, among the kings whom Shishak the Egyptian led captive, the





HIEROGLYPHIC NAME OF EGYPT.

shall speak more at length hereafter, but I recur to it now to show the strong probability that elsewhere among these countless records may exist written histories of men whose names are known to us in Holy Writ, or other confirmations of those pages of inestimable value. Certainly this were enough to direct the attention of the religious scholar, independently of the abstract historic interest that is connected with all remote antiquity.

The hieroglyphical language of Egypt had long been a puzzle to the wisest men. That these lines of pictures which were found on all the monuments, from the largest to the smallest, were the connected expressions of ideas there was no doubt in any mind, but to translate them into words intelligible to modern intellects was apparently hopeless. The grand difficulty that was in the way of this discovery was, that all men who attempted the translation of the hieroglyphics regarded them as necessarily symbolical in their design, and never as phonetical. In other words, they supposed that each picture or figure, or each group, represented an idea, instead of supposing that it represented a sound. It was as if an Arab or a Copt on seeing English written had supposed that the letter S did but represent the idea of a snake, and the letter O of a circle or a sun, not understanding or imagining that each was designed to express an utterance of the human larynx.

It is true that for many years the suggestion, that it was possible that the hieroglyphics might have such value, had been made, but no one had undertaken to demonstrate it as a fact until the year 1819, when the learned Dr. Young, in Scotland, published for the first time an article on this subject, and actually gave the names of certain royal personages from the monuments, with the phonetic value of the letters composing them. It was, in fact, true that he had disdiscoveries have been based the claims to a priority of the English over the French in the interpretation of hieroglyphics. But this claim was lost by a subsequent publication of Dr. Young. For although he had thus taken the first step toward the true method.

name of The King of Judah. Of this record I | he was so entirely destitute of confidence in his own hypothesis, that in 1828, nearly four years later, he published his belief that the Egyptians did not make use of an alphabet to represent sounds and articulations before the time of the Greeks and Romans. This completely estopped him from all future claim to the discovery, and in point of fact he had discovered little or nothing. With his aid, on his plan, men might have wasted centuries in ignorance of the legends on the monuments. At the most, Dr. Young had but found a tool to work with, and it was out of his power to

> Time, the infallible judge and rewarder of the deserving, has now given to the great French savan the honor that is his due, and the name of Champollion will always hereafter stand first as the leader and the greatest of Egyptian scholars. In 1822 Champollion published his memoir on phonetic hieroglyphics, which he had previously read to the Academy of Belles Lettres in Paris.

> To explain this more fully, it will be necessary for us to examine for a moment the character of the language to be interpreted.

> The language of the ancient Egyptians was Coptic, literally a dead language, It is hazarding nothing to say that there are not now living twenty scholars in the world who can be said to have even an ordinary practical knowledge of this language, and there is not one who can be said to be master of it. It was necessary, therefore, to resuscitate the language as well as to interpret the alphabet. But the alphabet was not uniform. The ancient Greek authors had described the writings of the Egyptians, and given names to their styles of manuscript and sculpture. These were three. The Hieroglyphic, the Hieratic, and the Demotic.

The first was a language of complete pictures; the second, of outlines derived from the first; covered the value of five characters, and on his and the third, was the character for the people, a



KIERATIC.

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DEMOTIC OR ENGHORIAL



8.

species of running hand derived from the others. The first was the style of all the monumental sculptures; the second, of the priestly writings; the third, of the ordinary transactions of the people.

The examples here given illustrate these three styles. The first is a selection of the characters in the oval on the wall of the great temple of Karnak, which I have before alluded to. The second and third are from papyri. There was, therefore, before the student a work certainly unequaled in all the history of cryptography, no less than the deciphering and translating of an unknown language, in an unknown and variable character, without the aid of history or book, dictionary or grammar.

It is not the object of this article to go into any minute detail of the steps which led to the discoveries of Champollion. It can not fail, however, to be interesting to the most ordinary readers, to know the general outline of the investigations which opened to the scholars of the nineteenth century after Christ the records of the twentieth and the twenty before his advent.

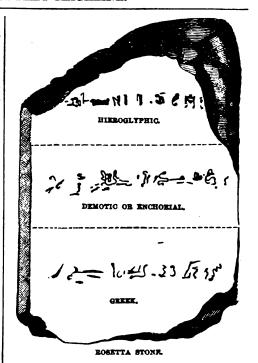


It had already been well settled that the figure now universally known as the cartouche, being an oval line inclosing certain characters, was indicative of a royal name. An example is here given in the name of PTOLEMY, which will also serve as an example of a style of hieroglyphic character in outline not infrequently found on the monuments and papyri.

It was, indeed, supposed, as early as 1797, that these ovals contained proper names; but this idea of Zoega, contained in his elaborate work on obelisks, was never followed to any beneficial result until late in the present century, when various Egyptioligists had identified the names of several historical personages with accuracy, and yet, strange to say, without falling on the idea that these names were alphabetically written.

We now approach the history of the Rosetta stone, which is well known to the world as the key of the ancient Egyptian language.

The French expedition into Egypt collected great numbers of valuable antiquities, which, by the terms of the surrender at Alexandria, were handed over to the English. Among these was a stone, a broken piece of black basalt, whose original size had been not far from three feet by two, containing an inscription in three different characters. The first or upper portion was in hieroglyphic, the second in Demotic or Enchorial, and the third in Greek. The upper and lower parts of the stone were broken and injured. while the Demotic was nearly perfect, and although it was a matter of the greatest ease to make a translation of the Greek portion, it is a matter of the utmost astonishment (and, indeed, all discoveries present similar views in retrospect) that this stone lay for years before the



date or attempted the elucidation of the Egyptian with the aid of the well-known Greek. One wishes that the peculiar powers of our poor friend Poe could have been directed to this stone in the early part of this century. No one who knew his ability in the reading of cryptograph, could doubt that he would have solved the difficulty of the Egyptian alphabet long before it was opened to the eyes of the slow scholars of Europe.

I am not aware that a translation of the Rosetta stone has ever been laid before the American public in other than scientific works. I give a few extracts from it here, using Mr. Gliddon's translation.

"The year IX. (of the reign of the 'Son of the Sun, Ptolemy, ever living, beloved of Pthak') the tenth of the month of Mechie, the pontiffs and the prophets, those who enter into the sanctuary to clothe the gods, the pterophores, the hierogrammates, and all the other priests, who from all the temples situated in the country, have come to Memphis, near the King, for the solemnity of the taking possession of that crown, which Ptolemy, ever living, the well beloved of Pthah, god Epiphanes most gracious prince, has inherited from his father, being assembled in the temple of Memphis, have pronounced, this same day, the following decree:

rial, and the third in Greek. The upper and lower parts of the stone were broken and injured, while the Demotic was nearly perfect, and although it was a matter of the greatest ease to make a translation of the Greek portion, it is a matter of the utmost astonishment (and, indeed, all discoveries present similar views in retrospect) that this stone lay for years before the eyes of the world and no one was able to eluci-



the son of Isis and Osiris, the avenger of Osiris his father, etc., etc.

"It has therefore pleased the priests of all the temples of the land to DECREE, that all the honors belonging to the King Ptolemy, ever living, the well beloved of Pthah, god Epiphanes, most gracious, as well as those which are due to his father and mother, the gods philopatores; and those which are due to his ancestors, should be considerably augmented; that the statue of King Ptolemy, ever living, be erected in each temple, and placed in the most conspicuous spot, which shall be called the Statue of Ptolemy, avenger of Egypt; near this statue shall be placed the principal god of the temple, who will present him with the arms of victory; and every thing shall be disposed in the manner most appropriate. That the priests shall perform, three times a day, religious service to these statues; that they shall adorn them with sacred ornaments; and that they shall have care to render them, in the great solemnities, all the honors which, according to usage, ought to be paid to the other deities; that there be consecrated to King Ptolemy a statue, and a chapel, gilded, in the most holy of the temples; that this chapel be placed in the sanctuary, with all the others; and that, in the great solemnities, wherein it is customary to bring out the chapels from the sanctuaries, there shall be brought out that of the god Epiphanes, most gracious; and that this chapel may be better distinguished from the others, now and in the lapse of time hereafter, there shall be placed above it the ten golden crowns of the king, which shall bear on their anterior part an asp, in imitation of those crowns of aspic form, which are in the other chapels; and in the middle of these crowns shall be placed the royal ornament termed PSHENT, that one which the king wore when he entered the Memphis, in the temple, in order to observe the legal ceremonies prescribed for the coronation; that there be attached to the tetragon (the cornice? or perhaps cover?) encircling the ten crowns affixed to the chapel above named, phylacteries of gold (similar to the Hebrew 'taphilim'—amulets) with this inscription: 'This is the chapel of the King; of that king who has rendered illustrious the upper and the lower region;' that there be celebrated a festival; and a great assembly (panegyric) be held in honor of the ever living, of the well beloved of Pthah, of the King Ptolemy, god Epiphanes most gracious, every year; this festival shall take place in all the provinces, as well in Upper as in Lower Egypt; and shall last for five days, to commence on the first day of the month of Thoth; during which, those who make the sacrifices, the libations, and all the other customary ceremonies, shall wear crowns; they shall be called the priests of the god Epiphanes—Eucharistos (most gracious), and they shall add this name to the others, that they borrow from the deities to the service of whom they are already consecrated.

Egypt, he is glorified and honored, as is just, the god Epiphanes, most gracious sovereign, the present decree shall be engraved on a stela of hard stone, in SACRED CHARACTERS (i. e. in hieroglyphics), in writing of the country (i.e. in enchorial, or demotic), and in GREEK LETTERS: and this stela shall be placed in each of the temples of the first, second, and third class existing in all the kingdom."

It is not necessary that I should pause here to explain the value of this stone. It was a certain inscription in four languages, for with the Greek the French, of course, had French, and the English had English. Collation and comparison made it a dictionary. It furnished some hundred words in Coptic, and nearly all the signs necessary to a complete hieroglyphic alphabet. From comparison it was easy to locate the name of Ptolemy and many of the accompanying words, and thus to commence an alphabet which the rest of the inscription would fill

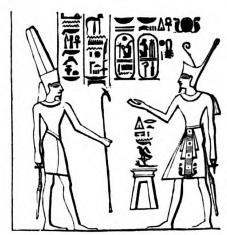
The name of Cleopatra had been already identified in several places on the sculptures, and certain other names as well. It was but necessary to commence a comparison of letters with letters, and the work was fairly commenced - not concluded - by no manner of means. For the investigator was constantly puzzled by finding that the letters which should be the same, were the alphabetical idea correct. were not the same. This was owing to the fact that many signs were used to express the same sound. It was but a brief affair for the swift intellect of Champollion to prepare a complete alphabet and grammar of the hieroglyphics.

This, then, was the simple result attained. The language of ancient Egypt was written in a phonetic and hieroglyphic character combined. The alphabet consists of a very large number of signs indicating the various sounds of the language. The picture of any object, when used for a letter, represented the first sound uttered in naming the object, as, in English, an accorn might represent the letter a, and a beetle the letter b, and so on through the alphabet. But besides this, there were many signs which represented full ideas, and which determined the meaning of those that had been used phonetically. Thus, in the example given of hieroglyphic writing on a previous page, the last character represents rolling ground, and is determinative of the word country, thereby signifying that the previous words refer to a certain country. And again, the phonetic use of the characters was often totally disregarded, and they were used symbolically. This is frequently the case on the obelisks and other monuments.

I insert on the top of the next page an illustration taken from the pylon of a temple at Thebes, by way of showing the reader in what manner the hieroglyphic records are found on the monuments. The cartouches here, which contain the name of Remeses III., the great "And in order that it may be known why, in Sesostris, are not less than five feet in length







DEDICATION OF THE PYLON OF A TEMPLE TO AMUN, BY REMESES III.

on the pylon tower, and the others in propor-

There is no temple wall, or column, or, I had almost said, stone, in Egypt that is not carved with these signs, and the reader will judge of the probabilities of these profuse records containing historical matter of great value.

The discovery made, there was the usual dispute on its value, and then on its origin. Champollion did not live to see his well-established possession of the honor due to him, but the age gave it at even an earlier day than the age usually admits the claims of genius and ability. But the rapidity of the uses to which his discoveries were put did fully reward him before his death, and he saw the wonderful stores of knowledge contained in Egyptian writings and sculptures open to the eyes of scholars and translated for the benefit of mankind.

I can not forbear relating here an anecdote of his visit to Egypt in connection with what I have before written, and with this branch of the subject.

Fears had been entertained and expressed that there would not be sufficient confirmation of Scripture found in Egyptian sculpture, and those who but half believed their Bibles were afraid of the monuments-a strange fear that is found in the history of every progressive science. He whose faith in revelation is firm always springs with delight to the investigation of new fields, knowing (not hoping) that he will find full confirmation and new assistance to his faith and understanding. Champollion visited Egypt. There is on the south wall of the temple of Karnak a sculptured group, in which a god is represented as offering to a king a host of captured cities and countries. The king's name was known as Sheshonk, or Shishak, as our translation of the Old Testament has it; but although a hundred scholars had seen the rows of captives, no one of them had read here any thing by which to connect this with the Scripture history. Champollion landed at Karnak on his way to Upper Egypt, and remained an

der of modern wanderers. But his keen eye was not idle, and as he passed this group, reading name by name in it silently, he started astonished at the blindness of his friends who were before him, and read aloud to them the name

MELEK AIUDAH, or the King of Judah. The oval in which it was inclosed represents a fortified place, and the sign at the bottom, as I have before remarked, represents a country. It was like a voice out of the ancient ages, that sound among the ruins of Karnak, as the great scholar read the story of the son of Solomon on the wall of his conqueror's temple. It was the greatest, as it was almost the first of the new discoveries, and a tribute to the truth of God's revelation that at once consecrated and sealed the truth of the scholar's investigations and their results. That wall at



MELEK AIUDAH, KING OF JUDAH.

Karnak is the most interesting spot among the fallen temples of the land of the Pharaohs. While other records have been effaced, that one seems to have been kept expressly that the world might discover it, and now it is crumbling. When I stood before it, a few months ago, I observed that the corner of the stone was badly broken, and the next name, which was perfect in Champollion's time, is now completely effaced. This will soon follow. But hundreds of travelers have seen it, and the copies of it are placed on record forever, so that future ages can not doubt that, in the nineteenth century after Christ, Champollion read on the walls hour or two in the vast halls that are the won- of Karnak, among the captured countries of

Shishak, the name of the kingdom of Solomon, and the name that was hallowed to all eternity afterward when Pilate nailed it to the cross of the last and greatest King of the Jews.

I have thus briefly and very superficially described the discovery of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and their interpretation. The question meets us instantly, "If you have made this discovery, what hinders your reading instantly, as well as in Greek or Hebrew, all the records of Egypt?" The answer is simply this. We do not know Coptic. It is a dead language most emphatically. Modern Coptic resembles it less than modern Italian resembles old Latin. Hence it is a slow process, and every new record read requires an addition to the Coptic dictionary. Therefore it is that the slow process of deciphering the hieroglyphics continues slow.

We may be pardoned here the repetition of a hope that the minds of American scholars may be turned to this subject. For while thus far the entire credit of Egyptian discoveries is due to Europeans, it is undeniable that there remains undiscovered a vast amount of more important matters than have yet been opened, and which will remain unknown until a quicker and more active intellect is devoted to them than has yet been directed that way. Such is the American intellect, and when it shall be once turned to Egyptian research, we may be pardoned the confident expectation of great results. The European scholars have a great difficulty to contend with which we have not. I allude to the jealousies of each other, which lead them to seek constantly for confirmations of their own ancient ideas in place of new facts, which might possibly prove their old ideas false. Thus, at the present time, it is said that an eminent French investigator has in his possession important discoveries which he is unwilling to make public lest an equally eminent German should make use of them, and the German delays the publication of a long-promised volume lest the Frenchman should have wherewithal to refute his chronological theories. Of these absurd jealousies our American scholars fortunately know nothing, and when their attention shall be directed to Egypt, we may hope for a more rapid advance than has been yet made in the interpretation of the monuments.

I paused to describe the discovery of Champollion, and now, by your leave, will return to the river and our downward course. The solemn and magnificent appearance of Abou Simbal, the glorious beauty of Philæ, the lofty airy splendor of Koom Ombos, had each in turn impressed us with various sentiments of awe and admiration, but it was with an anxiety that I can not well describe, that we left the first cataract on our way to Thebes.

It was a lonely but a happy life, that on the great river. Jacques and myself could scarcely admit our personal identity when we were strolling with our guns over the hills on the desert edge, or when we sat at night on the

deck of the boat and listened to the rippling voice of Father Nile.

All the recollections of boyhood and youth came crowding on us. We recalled every hour of old years, and wondered at the thought that we were the same persons who used to sit on the rocks at Stonington, and look eastward over the rolling sea by Napatree and Watch Hill, and talk of Eastern lands, even these in which we were now wandering. Sometimes we talked of home, and disputed whether or no there was truth in the existence of those far lands and far scenes of which we dreamed, or whether, after all, it was not all dream, all dreamland.

And so we reached Edfou early one morning, and the Reis being in a desperate hurry to get to land before another boat which was close behind us, plumped the Phantom on a sand-bar, where the pelicans and cranes laughed at us for three hours of a bright morning, and the Breeze, the other boat, following us blindly, fell on the same shoal, and stuck fast on the same bar. The men heaved, and pulled, and braced their backs under the boat, and strained their brawny limbs, and looked wistfully at their breakfast on deck, which the Reis wouldn't let them have until they got the boat off, and so the sun went up high, and the chances were that we should lie there till the next flood of the Nile. It was at this moment that Jacques, who had been sitting on deck, quietly smoking his chibouk, and had now finished it, called out to Hajji Hassan to make a rope fast to her stern, and take it off across the stream, where three of the men took hold, standing nearly up to their necks in water. A few easy pulls in that direction started the sand under her keel, and she swung gently off, while the poor wretches who had been working under the sides, swung themselves in with an exclamation, "Mishallah!" and took to their breakfast as if starving. Fifteen minutes more brought us to the land, at the same spot in which we lay on our way up the river, and we started on foot, while the ladies rode donkeys up to the village and the temples.

The travelers from the other boat were a party of four from Albany, three ladies and a gentleman, and they soon arrived, so that there were five American ladies and three gentlemen in the temple at Edfou together. I have spoken of this grand building in the article written on my way up the river, and I shall not pause here to describe it. It is one of those wonders of Egypt best described by saying that a large part of the modern village, a part containing several hundred inhabitants, is situated on the roof of the rear portion, the adytum of the temple. The filth of centuries is accumulated within, and I record here the fact that I did not enter the adytum, as this was the only hole, large or small, in Egypt, which there was any object in entering, that I shrank from. It occurred on this wise. I was loitering around the en-



in the grand court, under the shade of the west- | close attachment to the old governor, I had ern corridor.

"Antika, antika kebeer, antika tieb keteer minhenna!" said an Arab boy to me.

I had heard it from so many that I thought there must be something worth the seeing, and shouting to May that I would return soon, I pushed on after the boy, who led me, with a motley train behind me, up to the village, which was on the roof of the adytum, and through two or three of its dirty alleys. The crowd of women and children began to increase around me, and at length my leader pushed open the board entrance of a mud hut, and told me to follow him. I followed him, and they followed me. They were of all grades, colors, and stages of nakedness and filth, some fifty Arab or Egyptian women and children, not a man among them, and I looked around me in the dim hut, thinking myself the centre of altogether the worst-looking group of humanity that ever radiated around my humble self. Up to this time I entertained the idea that I was to find an antique for sale, and I had some doubts whether it would turn out to be a mummy or a vase—for every valuable curiosity is most diligently concealed from the government officers. But the boy demanded now whether I had a candle, and on my replying Yes, and producing my never-failing companion and some matches, he seized the candle, lit it while I looked on patiently, and then dropping flat on his face on the floor, vanished out of sight.

It was magical. I was for an instant in astonished silence, till the group began shouting, "Antika tieb, tieb keteer!" and pointing downward, directed my attention to what I had not before observed, that the side wall of the hut was the upper part of the wall of the temple, and that the boy had crawled through a hole about a foot high, by two or two and a half wide, and was actually gone, by this "hole in the wall," into the holy of holies, which priests and princes of ancient days were accustomed to enter in lordly processions of solemn grandeur.

I stooped and looked in. The boy was calling me. I lay down and worked my way, in snake fashion, far enough to see that I was in a sculptured room, half filled with dust, and straw, and filth, and then seven fleas attacked my feet, seventeen my waist, and seven score my neck, and I retreated to outer light, and the stifling presence of the women and children, who vociferously demanded if it was not a magnificent antique, and if my bucksheesh would not be proportionately grand. I scattered some coppers on the floor, whereupon there ensued the usual rough-and-tumble scene, a confused heap of heads, arms, legs, and bodies in the middle of the room, and I came out into the air. As I passed the front of the temple on my way back to the ladies, a hard-working old case of an Arab whispered in my ear that if I wanted to see some good arrakee, he was just the man

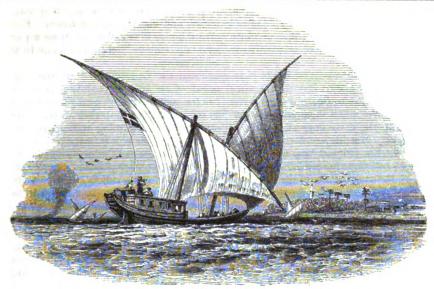
thereby an additional explanation of the red face and blear eyes of that functionary of whose diligent pursuit of my brandy I before wrote.

Willing to see all that was to be seen, I assented, and the old fellow led me to the spot. For the benefit of future travelers who may wish a drink at Edfou, I will inform them that it is in the street running from the front of the temple, third door on the left; knock once, and say something low about bucksheesh, and an old woman-if she is not dead, as she seemed likely to be soon—a fac-simile of the old man, will open the door, lead you through a court into a smaller court, and exhibit altogether the most primitive still that your eyes will ever rest on, wherein, by aid of dates and fire, there is manufactured wherewith to poison the poor devils who lie lazily around the temple to pick up travelers' coppers, and insure them a poor reception from the Prophet after they are dead. On the whole, however, it was good arrakee that the old man made, although the stuff is detestable. The taste is anise seed, the effect that of the lowest grade of whisky. I tasted and departed. As I came out of the hut into the street, where were now at least a hundred natives crowded around our party, who were purchasing antiques, I saw the old man slide up to Mr. B-, the Albany gentleman aforesaid, and whisper as he had to me, and a few minutes later Mr. B--- came out of the hut with a comical expression of countenance, and it was difficult to say whether it was owing to the oddity of the circumstance or the vileness of the tipple.

There was a little girl in the crowd, innocent of drapery, who came up to me repeatedly with four coins at a time in her hand, which I repeatedly purchased before I observed that it was the same child each time. I then saw that there must be a treasury of them somewhere. Obviously she could not carry them about her person, that was too manifest, and I made her take me to her home, a mud hut a little way off. It was inhabited by an old woman, who denied entirely that she had any more; but persuasion and promises produced the result at length, and she brought me out some hundreds of coins, chiefly of the Eastern empire, but many more valuable. I selected and purchased all that I wished, but the stock will last her for years, and any one wishing for coins may find them there, Street and number I can't give.

It was a delicious afternoon. The memory of it haunts me. I can not say why, except that earth, air, and sky were in more perfect unison of beauty that day than ever before. We dined early, and after dinner I took my gun and strolled down the river, leaving the boat to follow when it would. The evening shut in, and I found myself on the beach, where a long point of mud or sand, running two miles down the river, completely shut me off from who could gratify me. I thought he was, and communication with the boat if she should come having on my way up the river observed his along, but as yet I saw nothing of her. Re-





UPWARD BOUND.

tracing my steps, with Mohammed Hassan, my constant companion in such walks, close behind me, I took to the point and followed it down, shooting an occasional wild fowl, for Edfou abounds in every species of duck, and the river is filled with geese and various other water fowl, which find excellent feeding ground in the lake and flats back of the village.

A boat coming slowly up the river with full sail set, passed close to me, and I exchanged salutes with her owners. She carried English colors. The last rays of the sun lit them joyously as she swept on up the stream, and I was left alone with my Arab attendant on the sandy point, and the swift night was coming down on us, as it always comes in that land of clear air and deep skies. At length it became manifest that it was unsafe to walk farther. The bar on which I was walking was of mud and sand mingled, and had now narrowed to less than two hundred feet, while it oozed and sank under my feet at each step that I made in advance. It was that peculiar mud, too, which reminds one of what, when boys, we called leather-ice, which was apparently tough and strong, and yet would yield under a steady pressure, so that we could run across it, but could not rest on it. I could strike the breech of my gun down heavily and firmly on it, and it would not give, but by tapping it gently I would change the consistency of it to mere loose mud, and then a small circle would sink and leave clear water in its place. Taking our position on the highest point of the ridge, a foot or two above the river level, and changing our feet constantly from place to place, we waited impatiently the coming of the boat. The Breeze, Mr. B---'s boat, shot by us, and he sent me a halloo and a salute, to which I replied by waving my hat, and a few moments later the Phantom was visible leaving the land. It was now a question whether they would see us or not, as

an incredible distance over these still waters, and our call was heard and answered more than a mile away, and the small boat came down rapidly for me. But it could not approach within thirty feet of the land, and I waded off to it, declining the proffered shoulders of the men, lest by contact I should take off what is as bad as disease, and much worse than dirt.

As I came on board the men lay down to their oars with a will, and it appeared that they had agreed on a race with the crew of the Breeze, which was now far ahead of us. In the evening, as we were seated quietly at our round table, we felt a sudden increase in the velocity of the boat, and, looking out, saw that we were alongside of the other boat, whose crew had waited for us. Then the swarthy Arabs sprang to their oars, and the Reis, seated at the top of the ladder to the upper deck, led them in a song, to which they gave a stout and hearty chorus, while the other boat sang another refrain; and the two flew through the water at a speed far surpassing any thing I had supposed possible with such heavy objects. Now one boat was ahead, and now the other. Now the Breeze led us a half length, and now we came up with her and edged slowly by her. It was impossible to write at the table, so fast did we go, and so much did the boat spring to the strokes of the oars, and the race was not over till we both came to the land under the shade of the sont trees that line the bank at El Kab, the ancient EILETHYAS, of which the reader will remember I spoke in a former article.

above the river level, and changing our feet constantly from place to place, we waited impatiently the coming of the boat. The Breeze, Mr. B—'s boat, shot by us, and he sent me a halloo and a salute, to which I replied by waving my hat, and a few moments later the Phantom was visible leaving the land. It was now a question whether they would see us or not, as it was growing so dark; but the voice is heard



interest of a stay at Eilethyas consists, but in | the tombs of the Egyptians with which the hill back of the plain is perforated, some of which are among the most curious and instructive in

The ordinary reader of works on Egypt is accustomed to wonder and to be incredulous when the historian undertakes to describe the minute details of life and the small incidents of everyday occurrence in the early days of this oldest part of the world. But his wonder must cease upon entering the first painted tomb on the Nile, and he becomes satisfied that we have plenty of evidence on all the small affairs of the life of the records in the Nile valley, and especially for one man whose tomb he now sees. Every incident | early list of monarchs, which is yet to be exam-



of that life which appeared deserving of record is here recorded. If he built a house, it is here, and every room numbered and described. If he launched or navigated a boat, it is here, with all its peculiarities. If he erected a statue, the statue is here delineated, and the wavs and means of its erection are all fully illustrated.

I have here given an outline of one of the drawings on the tomb of a priest at Eilethyas,

which may serve to show how they transported horses and chariots in old times. But I may give a better illustration still from a part of the wall of a tomb at Thebes, now found in the British Museum.

From the first one we learn the size of the cabin of an ancient boat, the position of the rowers and steersman, and the use of the lash to compel the slaves to their work. In the second we have a farming scene, with the herdsman making his report to the owner.

Of the tombs at Eilethyas several are of great interest as containing some of the most ancient

> ined for the discovery of chronological matter that for the present remains unknown.

Rising early in the morning, Jacques and myself stationed ourselves on a knoll, or rather on a part of the ancient wall of the city, which is now but mounds of earth, and watched for the flight of pigeons from the villages to the cornfields. At length they began to pass over our heads, and we had ample practice in shoot-

ing at them for half an hour, until we were called to breakfast, and sat down willingly to one of Hajji Mohammed's loaded boards. Never were two ladies in brighter condition than Amy and May, and never were donkeys more miserable brought for ladies to ride on than now awaited them on the bank above the boat. But they were the best that the country afforded, and they mounted, while Jacques and myself de-



HERDSMEN GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE CATTLE.

Fig. 1. Herdsmen giving an account to the scribe, 8.

2. Another doing obeisance to the master of the estate, or to the scribe.

The driver of the cattle, carrying a rope in his hand.
 Bowing and giving his report to the scribe, 7, over whom is the usual sachel and two boxes.



clined the proffer of similar conveyances, and | Egyptian scholar has any doubt. Of the charstarted on foot across the plain, which stretched away to the foot of the mountain, shooting as we went at whatever wild animals we found haunting the ruins of the ancient palaces of the Romans. Half an hour brought us to the foot of the hills, and lending our own assistance to the donkeys, we succeeded in carrying the ladies up the steep ascent to the platform in front of the first and chief row of sepulchres, when they dismounted, and we proceeded together to examine the empty chambers that were once fitted up for the long abode of mortality awaiting immortality.

Neither shall I here pause to describe these tombs. We sat in one of them and welcomed the arrival of the party from the Breeze, who now came up, and we looked out on the flow of the river, and up toward Edfou, and down toward Thebes, and again we talked of the grandeur of the sepulchral spots which the men of old time selected, as if they designed to look out on the flow of their lordly river in the solemn nights, when ghosts of all ages have been permitted to walk abroad.

I believe that I mentioned, in my description of my voyage up the river, that I passed a morning at this place searching for antiques. We desired to do so again, and having given directions to our boat to drop down the river, we went on to the village, which lay a few miles down the plain, crossing the same broad plateau on which, a few weeks before, I had made my debut on an Arab horse. I was now on foot, and went along very quietly in the hot sun-

shine. At the village we were surrounded by the inhabitants in an instant, and, their curiosity having been satisfied at first, they brought us what they had collected during our absence up the river.

The stranger to Egypt perhaps wonders what sort of antiques we can expect to find in such places. Certainly it must be something smaller than a statue or a sphinx, for these are plenty, and whoever wishes to load a ship with one or a dozen may do so. But the tombs of Egypt inclose unknown treasures of antiquity. Of these, to the traveler, jewelry and articles of personal ornament are usually most curious and desirable, and the tombs often furnish these of great beauty and value. It is already known to the world that the collection of Dr. Abbott, in New York, contains, among other elegant jewelry, the ring which once rested on the finger of the founder of the great Pyramid, and of the genuineness of which no

acter, beauty, and variety of ornaments found some idea may be gathered from the illustrations here given, which are all copies of rings, etc., now in various public and private collections.

It was in hopes that we might find something valuable that we made constant purchase of all the trifles that the people brought to us; and, after loading ourselves with earthen figures and images of various sorts, we were coming away, when a woman called me aside, and showed me a brilliant stone, for which she wanted a copper, and for which I gave her her price. On examination it proved to be a ruby of no small size and of great beauty.

That afternoon we cast off from the shore, the Breeze being ahead of us, and Mr. Bhaving come on board our boat. After dinner, while we were quietly sipping our wine, we were roused by the Arabs crying out that there was an American flag ahead, and rushing out on deck we saw a boat coming up with a fresh breeze, and behind it yet another, carrying also the stars and stripes. It was a sight worth seeing that, and not very common any where in the Eastern world. Four American boats together on the Nile! Of course we all shoutedevery body must shout under such circumstances. Jacques, and Mr. B-, and myself sprang into our small boat and boarded the other boatsthe ladies having only waved their hands and helped the shouting a little. The Phantom and the Breeze went drifting down the river, and we went up with the new-comers, who could give us late news from home and from the civilized





world to which we had so long been strangers; and at length, when darkness came on us, we separated and returned to our floating homes.

We shall never forget that row homeward. It was a long, cold, and weary pull, but we sang and talked and smoked, and smoked and talked and sang, and it was bedtime when we overtook the two boats, drifting side by side down the old river. The breeze that blew that night freshened to a gale before morning, and, for the second time in our downward progress, we were unable to make any advance, and were obliged to make fast to the land, and lie all day waiting a change for the better.

THE WHITE HILLS IN OCTOBER.

UR town friends who fly from the heat, and dust, and menacing diseases, and insupportable ennue of their city residence, during the months of July and August, may have an escape, but they have little enjoyment. We admire the heroism with which they endure, year after year, the discomforts of a country hotel, or the packing in the narrow, half-furnished bedrooms and rather warm attics of rural lodging-houses, and the general abatement and contraction of creature-comforts, in such startling contrast to the abounding luxuries of their own city palaces. But they are right; the country, at any discount, is better, in the fearful heats of July and August, than the town with its hot, unquiet nights and polluted air. Any hillside or valley in the country, and shelter under any roof in or upon them, with the broad cope of heaven above (not cut into patches and fragments by intervening walls and chimney-tops), and broad fields, and grass, and corn, and woodlands, and their flowers, and freshening dews and breezes, and all Nature's infinite variety, is better than every appliance and contrivance for battling with the din, the suffocation, and unrest of city life.

Yes, our city friends are right in their summer flights from

"The street
Filled with its ever-shifting train."

But they must not flatter themselves that their mere glimpse of country life, their mere snatch at its mid-summer beauty, the one free-drawn breath of their wearied spirit, is acquaintance with it. As well might one who had seen Rosalind, the most versatile of Shakspeare's heroines, only in her court-dress at her uncle, the duke's ball, guess at her infinite variety of charm in the forest of Ardennes. Nature holds her drawing-room in July and August. She wears her fullest and richest dress then; if we may speak flippantly, without offense to the simplicity of her majesty, she is then en pleine toilette. But any other of the twelve is more picturesque than the summer months. Blustering March, with its gushing streams tossing off their icy fetters—changeful April, with its greening fields and glancing birds—sweet, budding, blossoming May—flowery June—fruitful September -golden, 'glorious October-dreary, thoughtful

November; and all of winter, with its stern grandeur and heroic adversity.

But let our citizens come to our rural districts—the more the better for them! Only let them not imagine they get that enough which is "as good as a feast."

This preamble was naturally suggested by our autumnal life in the country, and by a recurrence to a late delightful passage through the White Hills of New Hampshire.

> "That resort of people that do pass In travel to and fro,"

during the intense months of July and Angust, we found in October so free from visitors that we might have fancied ourselves the discoverers of that upland region of beauty, unparalleled, so far as we know, in all the traveled parts of our country. And for the benefit of those who shall come after us, for all who have their highest enjoyment, perhaps their best instruction, in Nature's Free School, we intended to give brief notices of our tour, in the hope of extending the traveling season into October, by imparting some faint idea of the startling beauty of this brilliant month in the mountains, but what we might have said was happily superseded.

At a little inn, in a small town, after we came down from the "high place," we met a party of friends who had preceded us along the whole route by a day.

A rain came on and we were detained together for twenty-four hours. We agreed to pass the evening in a reciprocal reading of the brief notes of our journey. It came last to the turn of my friend, a very charming young person, whom I shall take the liberty to call Mary Langdon. She blushed, and stammered, and protested against being a party to the contribution. "My only record of the journey," she said, "is a long letter to my cousin, which I began before we left home."

"So much the better," we rejoined.

"But," she said, "it has been written capriciously, in every mood of feeling."

"Therefore," we urged, "the more variety."
At last, driven to the wall, she threw a morocco letter-case into my lap, saying, "Take it and read it to yourself, and you will see why I positively can not read it aloud."

So we gave up our entreaties, and I read the letter-journal after I went to my room. The reading cheated me of an hour's sleep—perhaps because I had just intensely enjoyed the country my friend described, and in the morning I begged Miss Langdon's permission to publish it. She at first vehemently objected, saying it would be in the highest degree indelicate to publish so much of her own story as was inextricably interwoven with the journey.

"But, dear child," I urged, "who that reads our magazines knows you? You will be on the other side of the Atlantic in another month, and before you return this record will be forgotten, for alas! we contributors to monthlies do not write for immortality!"

"But for the briefest mortality I am not fitted



novelty of one hesitating to write for the public because not fitted for the task, and (thinking of "the fools that rushed in"—there is small aptness in the remainder of the familiar quotation) I continued to urge, till my young friend yielded on my promising to omit passages which related to the private history of her heart-Mary Langdon not partaking that incomprehensible frankness, or child-like hallucination which enables some of our very best writers, Mrs. Browning for instance, to impart, by sonnets and in various vehicles of prose and verse, to the curious and all-devouring public those secrets from the heart's holy of holies that common mortals would hardly confess to a lover-or a priest.

It is to our purpose, writing as we profess to do pour l'utile, that our young friend indulged little in sentiment, and that being a countrybred New England girl, she conscientiously set down the coarser realities essential to the wellbeing of a traveler-breakfasts, dinners, etc.

But before proceeding to her journal, I must introduce my débutante, if she who will probably make but a single appearance before the public may be so styled.

Mary Langdon is still on the threshold of life -at least those who have reached threescore would deem her so, as she is not more than three-and-twenty. The freshness of her youth has been preserved by a simple and rather retired country life. A total abstinence from French novels and other like reading has left the purity and candor of her youth unseathed by their blight and weather-stain. Would that this tree of the knowledge of evil-not good and evil-were never transplanted into our New World! Beware, ye that eat of it; your love of what is natural and simple will surely die.

Mary Langdon's simplicity is that of truth, not of ignorance. Her father has given her what he calls "a good education"—that means, he says, that "she thoroughly knows how to read, write, and cipher, which," he rather tartly adds, "few girls brought up at French boardingschools do." As might be suspected, from the practical ideas in her narrative, our young friend has had that complete development of her faculties which arises out of the necessities of conntry life.

Mary Langdon is called only pretty, but her prettiness is beauty in the eyes of her friends and lovers; and then she is so buoyant, so free of step, and frank of speech, that while others are slowly winding their way to your affection, she springs into your heart.

With due respect to seniority we should have presented Mr. Langdon before his daughter. On being called on for his journal, he said he "was not such a confounded fool as to keep one for any portion of his life." He "should as soon think of crystallizing soap-bubbles. He had dotted down a few memoranda as warnings to future travelers, and we were welcome to them; though he thought we were too mountain mad to profit by them, if, indeed, any body to you that I do not love Carl. Oh, Sue!—"

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to write," she pleaded. I rather smiled at the | ever profited by any body's else experience." The fact was, the dear old gentleman had left home in a very unquiet state of mind. He hated at all times leaving his home abounding in comforts-he detested travel even under what he termed "alleviating circumstances." was rather addicted to growling. This English instinct came over with his progenitor in the May Flower, and half a dozen generations had not sufficed to subdue it. But Mr. Langdon's "bark is worse than his bite." In truth his "bite" is like that of a teething child's, resulting from a derangement of sweet and loving elements.

> We found our old friend's memoranda so strongly resembling the grumbling of our traveling cousins from over the water, that we concluded to print some portions of it, in order to illustrate the effects of the lights or shadows that emanate from our own minds. Providence provides the banquet; its relish or disrelish depends on the appetite of the guest. But to Mary Langdon's letter, which, as it was begun before she left home, bears its first date there:

> " LAKE-SIDE, 28 Sept., 1854. "MY DEAR SUE,-I have not much more to tell you than my last contained. Carl Hermann left our neighborhood last week, determined to return by the next steamer to Dusseldorf. We were both very wretched at this final parting. But as I have often seen people making great sacrifices to others, and then losing themselves, and letting others lose all the benefit of the sacrifice by the ungracious manner of it, I summoned up courage and appeared before my father calm and acquiescing; and (you will think me passionless, perhaps hard-hearted) I soon became so. I read over and over again your arguments, and I confess I was willing to be persuaded by them. But, after all, my point of sight is not yours, and you can not see objects in the proportions and relations that I do. You say I have 'exaggerated notions of filial duty—that I have come to mature age, and rips judgment, and that I should decide and act for myself—that in the nature of things the conjugal must supersede the filial relation, and that I have no right to sacrifice my life-long happiness to the remnant of my father's days; and that, above all, I am foolish to give in to his prejudices, and-selfishness,' you added, dear, and did not quite efface the word. Though I see there is much reason in what you say, I have only to reply that I can not marry with my father's disapprobation. I can not, and I will not. Our hearts have grown together. God forms the bond that ties the child to the parent. and we make the other; and it shows human work-being often fragile, sometimes rotten. Susy, you lost your parents when you were so young that you can not tell what I feel for my surviving one. Since my mother's death and the marriage of Alice, he has lived in such dependence on me, that I can't tell what his life would be if I were to leave him, and I will not. You tell me this is unnatural, and a satisfactory proof



Here must be our first hiatus. We can only say that the outpouring of our young friend's heart satisfied us that beneath her serene surface there was an unfathomable well of feeling, and that her friend must have been convinced that

"Love's reason is not always without reason."

The letter proceeds: "I very well know that every father is prejudiced, Sue, but old men's prejudices become part and parcel of themselves. and they can not be cured of them. My father's do not spring from any drop of bitterness, for he has not one; nor from egotism, for he has none of it; but, as you know, his early life was in Boston, and his only society is there, and he naturally partakes the opinions of his contemporaries who, the few surviving among them, deem all foreigners interlopers, outside barbarians, strangers intermeddling with that liberty, equality, and pursuit of happiness which is their exclusive birth-right; or rather, I suspect, that in their secret souls they regard the theories of their revolutionary fathers as a Utopian dream. A foreign artist above all is, in my father's eye, a mere vagrant, who neither deserves nor can attain a local habitation or a name; and thus my poor Carl, with divine gifts, and habits of industry that would make the fortune of a mere mechanic, is thrust aside."

Here Mary Langdon begins the narration of ber journey, and here we give as notes, a few specimens from her father's memoranda, that our readers may have the advantage of seeing the same objects from different points of sight, premising that our old friend's memoranda were scanty, and repeating that we give but specimens. We smile at his petulance more in love than ridicule. We are not fond of showing it off, and only do so in these brief extracts to substantiate our opinion that his traveling temper showed him near of kin to English tourists, who seem to make it a point to turn their plates bottom side upward.

The father and daughter both record the same facts. The one shows the right and beautiful side of the tapestry, the other the wrong one. Strange that any eye should make the fatal mistake of dwelling on the last rather than the first!

"On Monday, 2d of October," proceeds Mary Langdon in her letter to her cousin, "we came into Boston, to take the two o'clock train for Portland. We had three hours upon our hands, which we pleasantly filled by visits to a studio and a picture-shop; and, finally, our mortal part having given out while we were feasting the immortal, we repaired to a restaurateur's. We groped our way into a little back room in School Street, where, if we did not find luxury or elegance, we did what met our reasonable wants—wholesome fare and civility.*.....

"The passage to Portland was dusty but brief, and we arrived there in time to see its beautiful harbor, while the water reflected the rose-tints on the twilight clouds. We, as advised, eschewed the hotel, and were kindly received at a Miss Jones's, a single woman, who so blends dignity with graciousness, that she made us feel like invited guests. One might well mistake the reception of the hostess for the welcome of a friend. Her table has an American variety and abundance with the nicety of English appointments. Her house is a model. Its quiet and completeness reminds one of that classic type of comfort, an English inn. house, with its high repute, was the inheritance of two sisters from their mother, of whom we were told an anecdote, which may be apocryphal, but which would harmonize with the bonhommie of Sir Roger de Coverly. The old lady closed her patriarchal length of days serenely; and when she was dying, she requested that the order of her household should be in nowise disturbed by the event of her decease, but that 'the gentlemen should play their evening game of whist as usual!'*.....

"Tuesday. Miss Jones's morning face was as benign as her evening countenance. No lady could have administered hospitality with more refinement. Just as the door of the carriage that was to convey us to the station was closing, it was reopened, and a rough-hewn, but decent country body was shoved in by the driver, who muttered something of there being no other conveyance for her. My father looked awry, not with any thought of remonstrating—no native American would do that—but he was just lighting his after-breakfast cigar, and he shrunk from the impropriety of smoking in such close quarters with a stranger who bore a sem-

vivors of the -- family. Not one of them, they told me, has yet risked life in a rail-car. Wisdom is not extinct! "Called on respected Widow A-Could not see much of Sally --, my old sweetheart, about her; but we got upon old times, and the color came to her pale, furrowed cheek. Women never forget-loving souls! She gave me a nice lunch—pickled oysters, etc., and a glass of old Madeira. Meanwhile the girls were ranging round studios (?), good lack! and picture-shops. This rage for 'Art' has come in with the foreign tongues since my time. Picked them up at a restaurant. What a misnomer! A dainty place of refreshment to be sure; a little dark parlor behind a shop, with herds rushing in and herds rushing out!"

* EXTRACT FROM MR. LANGDON'S JOURNAL.

"Came by rail to Portland, in peril of life and limb. Stirred up with fifty plebelans treading on your toes and jostling your elbows. This modern improvement of cattle-pens over a gentleman's carriage with select and elect friends, and time to enjoy a beautiful country, is the 'advance of civilization!' Travelers now are prisoners under sentence of death, with a chance of escape, their keeper being called a conductor. 'Oh!' I cry with my old friend Touchstone, 'when I was at home I was in a better place.' Heaven grant me his philosophy to add, 'Travelers must be content.'

"Portland. Rather a nice house this Miss Jones's. Old-fashioned neatness and quiet. But what would our English traveler say to the lady bestowing her own company, unasked, and that of her guest, upon us! Bad butter spoiled my tea and breakfast. The girls did not notice it. Young folks have no sensea."



^{*} EXTRACT FROM MR. LANGDON'S JOURNAL. **24 October, Anno Domino, 1854. Left my comfort-

she lowland home for unknown parts and known regions of mow and ice. The Lord willing, I am sure of one pleasure—coming home again!

[&]quot;We had three mortal hours on our hands this morning in Boston. I called on my dear eld friends, the sur-

erence.

"'I hope, Madam,' he said, 'a cigar does not offend you?'

"'La! no Sir,' replied our rustic friend, good-naturedly, 'I like it.'

"My father's geniality is sure to be called forth by the touch of a cigar.

" 'Perhaps, Madam,' he said, with a smile at the corners of his mouth, 'you would try one yourself?'

" 'I would,' she answered, eagerly, and grasped the cigar my father selected, saying, 'thank ye kindly. I s'pose I can light it at the end of yours?'

"My dear fastidious father heroically breasted this juxtaposition, and the old lady, unconscious of any thing but her keen enjoyment of the unlooked-for boon, smoked away vigorously. Dear Alice, who never loses sight of the duty to wrest a possible mischance from any human being, rather verdantly suggested that 'the cigar might make her sick.'

"'Mercy, child!' she replied, 'I'm used to pipes.'

"That I had already inferred from her manner of holding the cigar. She was soon pressed by the usual necessity engendered by smoking, and half rising from her seat, it was too evident that she mistook the pure plate-glass for empty space. My father let down the glass as if he had been shot; but she, nowise discomposed, even by our laughing, merely said, coolly,

"" Why, I did not calculate right, did I?" "There are idiosyncrasies in Yankeedomthere is no doubt of it! Arrived at the cars, our close companionship, and our acquaintance too, ended, except that the woman's husband, for she had a husband, some Touchstone whose 'humor' it was to 'take that no other man would,' asked me to put my window down, for his 'wife was sick!' But as I had just observed the good woman munching a bit of mince pie, I thought that coming so close upon the cigar might possibly offend her stomach more than the fresh untainted air, so I declined, as courteously as possible, with the answer I have always ready for similar requests, 'that I keep my window open to preserve the lives of the people in the car.' 'That's peculiar!' I heard her murmnr; but her serenity was nowise discomposed, either by my refusal or her 'sickness.' Surely the imperturbable good-nature of our people is national and 'peculiar!' *.....

"By-the-way, there were notices posted up in these cars which reminded us that we were near the English Provinces, and under their influence. The notice ran thus: 'Gentlemen are requested not to put their feet on the cushions, and not to spit on the floor; and to maintain a respectable cleanliness, the conductors are required to enforce these requests.' Must we wait for the millennium to see a like request and

blance of the sex to which he always pays def- | like enforcement pervade our tobacco-chewing country? We found ourselves surrounded by intelligent people of the country habitues, who gave us all the local information we asked, told us when we came to Bryant's Pond, and that the poor little shrunken stream, that still brawled and fretted in its narrowed channel, was the Androscoggin.

> "At Gorham, seven miles from the 'Glen House,' we left the cars and found a wagon awaiting passengers. 'The houses are all closed,' was the pleasant technical announcement of our driver; and he added, cheerfully,

> "'The weather has been so tedious that it has burst the bubble on Mount Washington.'

> "'The "bubble!" what the deuce does the man mean!' exclaimed my father. I perceived it was a bit of slang wit upon 'out-of-season' people, to terrify them with the 'bulb' having burst, and so I told my father. He solemnly replied that he did not in the least doubt the fact! And as we went on making the ascent, he looked 'sagely sad;' dear Alice, as her happy temper is, was 'bright without the sun.' *....

> "My father made few and faint responses to our exclamations of delight at the light wreaths of mist that floated far down the mountains, and the massive clouds that dropped over their summits, so that our imaginations were not kept in abeyance by definite outlines. The air was soft, and our steeds, as if considerate of our enjoyment, prolonged it by crawling up the long ascent. We came into the 'Glen House' with keen appetites —a needful blessing we thought—when Mr. Thompson, the host, with solemn mien informed us he 'was not prepared for company in October—we must expect pork and beans.'†.....

> "Oh, my poor father's blank face! yet blanker when we were ushered into a parior where, instead of the crackling wood fire we had fancied indigenous in these mountains, we found one of those black 'demons' that have taken out of our life all the poetry of the 'hearthstone.' But courage! we can open the stove door and get a sparkle of light and life!

> "10 P.M. Before finishing my day's journal I must tell you, pour encourager les autres who may risk the 'closed houses' of October, that our host did better than he promised. Our dinner was served in a cozy little room, as neatly as a home dinner; it was hot, which a hotel dinner, in the season, never is; and that the threatened 'pork and beans' turned into tender fowls, fresh eggs, and plentiful accessories of vegetables and pies. William, our wagon-driv-



^{*} EXTRACT FROM ME. LANGDON'S JOURNAL. "Happy illustration, from a smoking old woman this morning, of the refinements of railroad travel!"

^{*} EXTEACT FROM MR. LANGDON'S JOURNAL.

[&]quot;We were pitched into an open wagon at Gorham-Scottish mist-rain impending-chilled to my very vitals. The driver tells us the bulb's already burst on Mount Washington Continuous ascent. Not a meadow, an orchard, or a garden, but dreary mountains shrouded in

^{† &}quot;Found the Glen House 'closed,' which means that all the comfortable rooms are dismantled and shut up, that you must take such fare as mine host pleases ('pork and beans' he promises), thank him for 'accommodating' you, and pay summer prices. Oh, 'what feels we mortals are i

er, was metamorphosed into a waiter, and performed his part as if he were 'native to the manner.'*.....

"The cloudy evening closed in upon us early. We have eluded its tediousness by reading aloud the 'Heir of Redcliffe,' a charming book, which teaches more irresistibly than the ordained preacher the virtues of forgiveness and self-sacrifice. These Christian graces are vitalized in the lives of Guy and Amy. Amy does right with so much simplicity and so little effort, that one feels as if it were easy to do it; and as my task is as much easier than hers as the lover is less dear than the husband, I will try. You think me cool; I do not feel so. I start and tremble at this howling wind—it reminds me that Carl is on the ocean.

"I was here startled by seeing that my father was observing me.

"'My child,' he said, 'you are shaking with cold (not 'with cold,' I could have answered). 'These confounded stoves,' he added, 'keep one in an alternate ague and fever. Come, waltz round the room with your sister, and get into a glow.'

"So singing our own music, we waltzed till we were out of breath, and Alice has seated herself at picquet with my father, who has a run of luck, 'point! seizième! and capote!' which puts him into high good-humor, and I may write unmarked. Carl was to write me once more before his embarkation, but I can not get the letter till my return, and I have not the poor consolation of looking over the list of the steamer's passengers, and seeing the strange names of those who would seem to me happy enough to be in the same ship with him; and yet, what care they for that! Poor fellow! he will be but sorry company. I find support in the faith that I am doing my duty. He could not see it in that light, and found neither consolation for himself nor sympathy for me. I almost wish now, when I think of him in his desolation, that I could receive the worldly philosophy my old nurse offered me when, as Carl drove away, she came into my room and found me crying bitterly. She hushed me tenderly as she used to do when I was a child, and when I said,

"''Hannah, it is for him, not for myself I feel!"

"'Oh! that's nothing but nonsense, child,' she said. 'Men ain't that way; they go about among folks and get rid of feelings; it's women that stay at home and keep 'em alive brooding on 'em!'

"Why should I thus shrink from a consequence I ought to desire? But perhaps it will be easier as I go on, if it be true that

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin; But entered in, a spacious court they see, Both plain and pleasant to be walked in. "Wednesday morning. My father happened to cast his eyes across the table as I finished my last page, and he saw a tear fall on it. Throwing down his cards, he said,

"'Come, come, children! it's time to go to bed;' and stooping over me, he kissed me fondly, and murmured, 'Dear, good child! I can not stand it if I see you unhappy.'

"He shall not see me so. I have risen today with this resolution. The rain has been pouring down all night, but at this glorious point of sight, directly under Mount Washington, we are equal to either fate-going on or staying. Mr. Thompson has again surprised us with a delicious breakfast of tender chicken, light biscuit, excellent bread, fresh eggs, and that rarest of beverages at a hotel-delicious coffee, with a brimming pitcher of cream. We wondered at all these things, usually the result of feminine genius, for we had not heard the flutter of a petticoat in the house till we saw our respectable landlady in spectacles gliding through the room. We learned from her that she was the only womankind on the diggings. Every thing is neatly done, so we bless our October star for exempting us from the careless and hurried service of the Celtic race. While it rains we walk on the piazza enjoying the beautiful and ever-varying effects of the clouds as they roll down the mountains and roll off; like the shadows on our human life, dear Susan, that God's love does both send and withdraw.

"The Glen House is on the lowest ridge of the hill that rises opposite to Mount Washington, which, as its name indicates, stands head and shoulders above the other summits—having no peer. Madison and Monroe come next on the left, and then Jefferson, who appears (characteristically?) higher than he is. In a line with Mount Washington on the other side are Adams, Clay, etc. These names (excepting always Washington) do not, with their recent political associations, seem quite to suit these sublime eternal hills; but as time rolls on, the names will grow to be the signs of greatness, and harmonize with physical stability and grandeur. Jefferson's head seems modeled after a European pattern. It runs up to a sharp point, and wants but accumulated masses of ice to be broken into Alpine angles. My father says there are other passes in the mountain more beautiful than this; none can be grand-

"My father has been most sweet and tender to me to-day. Whenever he lays his hand upon my head it seems a benediction. And Alice is so kind, projecting future pleasures and sweet solaces for me. You know how I love her little girl. To-day, while we were walking, she heard me sigh, and putting her arm around me, she said, 'Will you let Sarah come and pass the winter with you and father?' I trust my look fully answered her. I can not yet talk, even with her, as I do on paper to you—a confidential implement is a pen.....

"We have all been walking in the lowering



^{*}EXTRACT FROM ME. LANGDON'S JOURNAL,
"Dinner turned out better than I expected; but where
but in a Yankee tavern would one suffer the infliction of
a mince pie in October?"

twilight on the turnpike, which is making by a | are small and stand singly, they resemble (to joint stock company, up Mount Washington. The road, by contract, is to be finished in three years; the cost is estimated at \$63,000. The workmen, of course, are nearly all Irishmen, with Anglo-Saxon heads to direct them. The road is, as far as possible, to be secured, by frequent culverts, and by Macadamizing it, from the force of winter torrents. But that nothing is impossible to modern science, it would seem impossible to vanquish the obstacles to the enterprise—the inevitable steepness of the ascent, the rocky precipices, etc. We amused ourselves with graduating the intellectual development of the Celtic workmen by their answers to our questions.

- "' When is the road to be finished?"
- "'And faith, Sir, it must be done before winter comes down below.'
- "The next replied, 'When the year comes round.' And another, 'Some time between now and never.'
- "'Friend,' said I to one of them, 'have you such high mountains in Ireland?'
- "' That have we, and higher—five miles high." Paddy is never overcrowed.
 - "'Straight up?' I asked.
 - "By my faith and troth, straight up it is!"
 - "'In what part of Ireland is that mountain?"
 - "'In County Cork."
- "' Of course in County Cork!' said my father; and we passed on through the debris of blasted rocks, stumps of uprooted trees, and heaps of stones, till we got far enough into the mountain to feel the sublimity of its stern solitude, with the night gathering its shroud of clouds about it, and we were glad to pick our way back to our cheerful tea-table at Mr. Thompson's. We had a long evening before us, but we diversified it (my father hates monotony, and was glad of 'something different' as he called it) by bowling-my father pitting Alice against me. She beat me, according to her general better luck in

"Thursday morning, 6th October. The weather still uncertain, but more beautiful in its effects on the grand mountains in their October glory than I can describe to you. They are grand-Mount Washington being higher than Rhigi, and Rhigi and Pilatus are majestic, even in the presence of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau. The rich coloring of our autumnal foliage is unknown in Europe, and how it lights up with brilliant smiles the stern face of the mountains! Even when the sun is clouded, the beeches that skirt the evergreens look like a golden fringe, and wherever they are they 'make sunshine in a shady place.' The maples are flame-colored, and, when in masses, so bright that you can scarcely look steadily on them; and where they

compare the greater to the less) flamingos lighted on the mountain side. There is an infinite diversity of coloring—soft brown, shading off into pale yellow, and delicate May-green. None but a White of Selborne, with his delicately defining pen, could describe them. While we stood on the piazza admiring and exclaiming, the obliging Mr. Thompson brought out a very good telescope, and adjusted it so that our eyes could explore the mountains. He pointed out the bridle-path to the summit of Mount Washington. Various obstacles have prevented our attempting the ascent. If my father would have trusted us to guides, there are none in October, nor trained horses, for as the feed is brought from below, they are sent down to the lowlands as soon as the season is over. Besides, the summits are now powdered with snow, and the paths near the summits slippery with ice; and though I like the scramble and the achievement of attaining to a difficult eminence, I much prefer the nearer, better defined, and less savage views below it.*

"Guided by our good landlord, my eye had followed the path past two huge outstanding rocks, which look like Druidical monuments, to the summit of Mount Washington, where I had the pleasure of descrying and announcing the figure of a man. My father and Alice both looked, but could not make it out. I referred to Mr. Thompson, and his accustomed eye confirmed the accuracy of mine. Mr. Thompson was much exercised with conjectures as to where the traveler came from. He had seen none for the last few days, in the mountains, except our party, and he naturally concluded the man had made his ascent from the Crawford House. My eye seemed spell-bound to the glass. I mentally speculated upon the character and destiny of the pilgrim who, at this season and alone, had climbed these steeps. My imagination invested him with a strange interest. He had wandered far away from the world, and above There was something in his mind—perhaps in his destiny—akin to the severity of this barren solitude. The spell was broken by a call from my father: 'Come, Mary! are you glued to that glass?' he exclaimed. 'The rain is over, and we are off in half an hour.' And so we were, with Thompson, Junior, for our driver—one of our young countrymen who always makes me proud, dear Susan, performing well the task of your inferior with the capacity and self-respect of your equal. Long live the true republicanism of New England!

"My father had been rather nettled in the morning by what he thought an attempt on the part of Mr. Thompson to take advantage of our dependence, and charge exorbitantly for con-



^{*} EXTRACT FEOM MR. LANGDON'S JOURNAL.

[&]quot;Walked out this afternoon amidst precipices and uprooted trees, where Paddies, the plague of our Egypt, are making a road to the summit of Mount Washington, that men, women, and much cattle may be dragged up there, and there befogged."

^{*} EXTRACT FROM ME, LANGDON'S JOURNAL,

[&]quot;Thursday. Sitting by a window where I see nothing but these useless mountains. Slept little, and when I slept, haunted by slides, torrents, and all dire mischances. Waked by a gong! Rain and sunshine alternately, so that no mortal can tell whether to go or stay," etc.

Notch;' but, on talking the matter over with our host, he found that his outlay, with tolls and other expenses, was such that he only made what every Yankee considers his birth-right-'a good business'-out of us. So my father, being relieved from the dread of imposition, was in happy condition all day, and permitted us, without a murmur of impatience, to detain him while we went off the road to see one of the two celebrated cascades of the neighborhood. It was the 'Glen-Ellis Fall.' We compromised, and gave up seeing the 'Crystal Fall,' a half a mile off the road on the other side, and enjoyed the usual consolation of travelers on like occasions of being told that the one we did not see was far best worth seeing. However, I hold all these wild leaps of mountain streams to be worth seeing, each having an individual beauty; and advise all who may follow in our traces to go to the top and bottom of 'Glen-Ellis.'

"I have often tried to analyze the ever-fresh delight of seeing a water-fall, and have come to the conclusion that it partly springs from the scramble to get at the best and all the points of view, setting the blood in the most sluggish veins to dancing; for, as you know, 'Tout de-pend de la manière que le sang circule.' I can not describe to you the enjoyment of this day's ride. As heart to heart, my father's serenity answered to my cheerfulness and rewarded it. Our cup was brimming and sparkling. There was a glowing vitality in the western breeze that blew all the clouds from our spirits, and shaped those on the mountain sides into ever-changing beauty, or drove them off the radiant summits. We laughed as the vapor, condensing into the smallest of hail-stones, came pelting in our faces as if the elements had turned boys, and threw them in sport! What may not Nature be to usplay-fellow, consoler, teacher, religious minister! Strange that any one wretch should be found to live without God in the world, when the world is permeated with its Creator!

"Our level road wound through the Pinkham woods in the defiles of the mountains, and at every turn gave them to us in a new aspect. It seemed to me that the sun had never shone so brightly, as it now glanced into the forest upon the stems of the white birches-Wordsworth's 'Ladies of the Wood'—and shone on the Mosaic carpet made by the brilliant fallen leaves. We missed the summer birds, but the young partridges abounded, and, hardly startled by our wheels, often crossed our path. We saw a fox, who turned and very quietly surveyed us, as if to ask who the barbarians were that so out of season invaded his homestead. One of us-I will not tell you which, lest you discredit the story-fancying, while the wagon was slowly ascending, to make a cross-cut on foot through some woodland, saw a bear-yes, a bear! face to face! and made, you may be sure, a forced march to the highway. The mountaineers were fancied a hair-breadth 'scape; but quietly told ing back from fear, I from hope; but we saw

veying us thirty-three miles, to the 'Mountain | us that 'three bears had been seen in that neighborhood lately, but bears did no harm unless provoked or desperately hungry.' It was not a very pleasant thought that our lives depended on the chance of Bruin's appetite.

> "This meeting with the fox-the Mercury of the woods, and with the bear-the hero of many a dramatic fable, would, in the forests of the Old World, and in prolific Old World fancies. have been wrought into pretty traditions for after ages. I might have figured as the

Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid

In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd,'

set on by the ramping beast! And for the knight, why, it would be easy to convert the wanderer I descried on the summit of Mount Washington into a lover and deliverer, whose 'allegiance and fast fealty' had bound him to our trail. But, alas! there is no leisure in this material age for fancy-weaving; and all our way was as bare of tradition or fable as if no human footstep had impressed it, till we came to a brawling stream near 'Davis's Crossing,' which we were told was called 'Nancy's Brook.' We heard various renderings of the origin of the name, but all ended in one source -man's perjury and woman's trust. A poor girl, some said, had come with a woodsman, a collier or tree-feller, and lived with him in the mountains, toiling for him, and singing to him,

When she his evening food did dress,

till he grew tired, and one day went forth and did not come back-and day after day she waited, but her Theseus came not, and she was found starved to death on the brink of the little brook that henceforward was to murmur her tragic tale. The sun was set behind the ridge of Mount Willard when we reached the 'Willey Slide,' and Alice and I walked the last two miles to the Mountain Notch. Just after we alighted from the wagon, and while we were yet close to it, at a turn in the road, I perceived a pedestrian traveler before us, who, seeming startled by the sound of our wheels, sprang lightly over a fence. I involuntarily withdrew my arm from Alice's, and stood still, gazing after him for the half instant that passed before he disappeared in the forest.

- "'Are you frightened?' said Alice; 'this is a lonely road. Shall I hail the wagon?'
 - "'Oh no,' I replied.
- "'But,' she urged, 'this may be some fugitive from justice.'
- "''Nonsense, Alice. Don't you see by his air that he is a gentleman?'
- "'No,' she saw nothing but that 'he was light of foot, and anxious to escape observa-
- "I had seen more. I had seen his form who henceforward is to me as if he had passed the bourne whence no traveler returns; or, what is more probable, my imagination had lent to the figure the image that possesses it. Alice—she not at all surprised when we recounted what we is a cautious little woman—was continually look-



had spoiled our walk. The brief twilight of October was shortened by the mountain-walls on either side the road. We had no time to look for the cascades and fantastic resemblances to animals and human profiles that we had been forewarned to observe on the hillsides. stars were coming out, and the full moon was indicated by the floods of light behind Mount Webster when we passed the 'Notch' and came upon the level area where the 'Crawford House' stands. Here we found my father already seated in a rocking-chair, by a broad hearth-stone, and a roaring, crackling fire. And besides these cheering types of home contentments he had found a gentleman from the low country, with whom he was already in animated discourse. The stranger was a fine, intelligent, genial-looking person, who proved to be a clergyman whom Alice had once before met at the Flume House. He is a true lover of Nature, and explorer of Nature's secrets—a geologist, botanist, etc.; and he most wisely comes up to the high places, at all seasons, whenever he feels the need of refreshment to his bodily and mind's eye. Perhaps he finds here an arcana for his theology, and I am sure that, after a study here, he may go home better able, by his high communing, to inform and elevate the minds of others. teachers better understood the sources and means of mental power and preparation than Moses and Mohammed, and their studies were not in theological libraries, but in the deepest of Nature's solitudes.

"Perhaps our friend has no direct purpose beyond his own edification in his rambles in the mountains. He is familiar with every known resort among them, and most kindly disposed to give us thoroughfare travelers information. He made for us from memory a pencil-sketch of the peaks to be seen from Mount Willard, with their names. We verified them to-day. and found the outline as true as if it had been daguerreotyped. An observation so keen and a memory so accurate are to be envied.

"This house at the Mountain Notch is called the Crawford House. The Old Crawford House, familiar to the pioneer travelers in this region, stands a few rods from it, or rather did, till the past winter, when it was burned, and its site is now marked by charred timbers. Old Crawford's memory will live, as one of these eternal hills bears his name. He actually lived to a good old age, and for many years in rather awful solitude here, and at the last with some of the best blessings that wait on old age-'respect and troops of friends.' His son, whose stature, broad shoulders, and stolid aspect bring to mind the Saxon peasant of the Middle Ages, is driver in the season and sportsman out of it. He stood at the door this morning as we were driving off to the Falls of the Ammonoosuck, with his fowling-piece in hand, and asked leave to occupy a vacant seat in the wagon. My father was a sportsman in his youth easier achievement - startled the blood in my

nothing more of the traveler. The apparition | sight of a gun; and, besides, I fancy he had some slight hope of mending our cheer by a brace of partridges, so he very cheerfully acquiesced in Crawford's request. Alice and I plied him with questions, hoping to get something out of an old denizen of the woods. But he knew nothing, or would tell nothing. 'tongues in trees' were far more fluent than his. But even so stony a medium had power afterward to make my heart beat. I was standing near him at the Falls, and away from the rest, and I asked him (Sue, I confess I have either been thinking or dreaming of that 'fugitive' all night!) if he had seen a foot-traveler pass along the road last evening or this morning? 'No; there were few travelers any way in October.' He vouchsafed a few more words, adding, 'It's a pity folks don't know the mountains are never so pretty as in October, and sport never so smart.' Was there ever a sportsman, the dullest, the most impassive, but he had some perception of woodland beauty? While we were talking, and I was seemingly measuring, with my eye, the depth of the water, as transparent as the air, my father and sister had changed their position and come close to me. 'Oh,' said the man, "I recollect-I did see a stranger on Mount Willard this morning, when I went out with my gun; he was drawing the mountains: a great many of the young folks try to do it, but they don't make much likeness.' Perhaps this timely generalization of friend Crawford prevented my father and Alice's thoughts following the direction of mine. I know this myth is not Carl Hermann—it is not even possible it should be-and yet the resemblance that, in my one glance, I had fancied to perceive to him and the coincidence of the sketching, had invested friend Crawford with a power to make my cheeks burn and my hands cold as ice. I stole off, and looked at the deep, smooth cavities the water had welled in the rocks; but I did not escape my sister's woman's eye. 'Mary dear,' she whispered, when she joined me, 'you are not so strong as you think yourself.' Dear Susan, if I am not strong, I will be patient. Patience, you will say, implies a waiting for something to come. Well; let it be so. Can a spark of fire live under the ashes I have heaped upon it?.....

"The rocks are very beautiful at these Falls of the Ammonoosuck. The stream, which never here can be a river, is now, by the unusual droughts of the summer, shrunk to a mere rill; but even now, and at all seasons, it must be worth the drive to see it. Worth the drive! A drive any where in these hills 'pays'-to borrow the slang of this bank-note world—for itself. It is a pure enjoyment. On our return we repeatedly saw young partridges in our path nearly as tame as the chickens of the bassecour. The whir-r-ing of their wings struck a spark from our sportsman's eye, and - a far -some forty years ago; his heart warms at the father's veins. The instinct to kill game is, I



believe, universal with man, else how should it | answered, and turned the subject. still live in my father, who, though he blusters like Monkbarns, is very much of an Uncle Toby in disposition? He sprang from the wagon, borrowed Crawford's gun, and reminding Alice and me so much of Mr. Pickwick that we laughed in spite of our terror lest he should kill -not the partridge, but himself; but, luckily, he escaped unharmed, and so did the bird! Crawford secured two or three brace of them in the course of the morning's drive. I fear we shall relish them at breakfast to-morrow, in spite of our lamentations over their untimely loss of their pleasant mountain-life. I asked our driver how they survived the winter (if haply they escaped the fowler) in these high latitudes. 'Oh,' he said, 'they had the neatest way of folding their legs under their wings, and lying down in the They subsist on berries and birchenbuds—dainty fare, is it not?

"We found a very comfortable dinner awaiting us, which rather surprised us, as our landlord, Mr. Lindsay—a very civil, obliging person, and a new proprietor here, I believe, had promised us but Lenten entertainment; but 'deeds, not words,' seems the motto of these mountaineers. In the afternoon we drove up Mount Willard-

'Straight up Ben-Lomond did we press'but our horses seemed to find no difficulty for themselves, and we no danger in the ascent. I shall not attempt to describe the view. I have never seen any mountain prospect resembling that of the deep ravine (abyss), with its convex mountain sides; the turnpike road looking like a ribbon carelessly unwound, the only bit of level to be seen, and prolonged for miles. The distant mountains that bound the prospect you may see elsewhere, but this ravine, with the traces of the 'Willey Slide' on one side of it, has no parallel. Don't laugh at me for the homeliness of the simile-it suggested a gigantic cradle. Here, as elsewhere, we were dazzled by the brilliancy of the October foliage, and having found a seat quite as convenient as a sofa—though, being of rock, not quite as easy we loitered till the last golden hue faded from the highest summit; and we should have staid to see the effect of the rising moon on the summits contrasting with the black shadows of night in the abyss; but my father had observed that our driver had neglected the precaution of blanketing his horses, and as a mother is not more watchful of a sucking child than he is of the well-being of animals, it matters not whether they be his own or another's, he begged us to sacrifice our romance to their safety. Alice and I walked down the mountain. It was but half an hour's easy walk......

"I have forborne talking with Alice on the subject that haunts me. I know I have her sympathy, and that should satisfy me. But this evening, as we were returning, she said, 'Did you feel any electric influence as we sat looking at the view Crawford's "stranger" sketched this morning?' 'I thought of Carl,' I honestly ready brightened with a hospitable fire. The

Alas, Suc, when do I not think of him!.....

"Profile House: Saturday evening. We have again, to-day, experienced the advantage of these open mountain vehicles, so preferable to the traveling jails called stage-coaches, which always remind me of Jonah's traveling accommodations. Again, to-day, we have been enchanted with the brilliancy of the foliage. It is just at the culminating point of beauty, and I think it does not remain at this point more than three or four days, when you perceive it is a thought less bright. Why is it that no painting of our autumnal foliage has succeeded? It has been as faithfully imitated as the colors on the pallet can copy these living, glowing colors; but those who have best succeeded—even Cole, with his accurate eye and beautiful art-has but failed. The pictures, if toned down, are dull; if up to Nature, are garish to repulsiveness. Is it not that Nature's toning is infinitable, and that the broad o'erhanging firmament, with its cold, serene blue, and the soft green of the herbage, and brown of the reaped harvest-field, temper, to the eye, the intervening brilliancy, and that, within the limits of a picture, there is not sufficient expanse to reproduce these harmonies?".....

"Saturday evening. We have driven some 23 miles from the Mountain Notch to the Franconian hotel to-day. The weather has been delicious. The drive has been more prosaic, or approaching to it, than we have before traveled in this hill-country. This October coloring would make far tamer scenery beautiful: but I can fancy it very bleak and dismal when

'Blow, blow November's winds;' whereas here, at the 'Franconian Notch,' you feel, as it were, housed and secured by Nature's vast fortresses and defenses. The 'Eagle's Cliff' is on one side of you, and Mount Cannon (called so from a resemblance of a rock on the summit to a cannon) on the other; and they so closely fold and wall you in that you need but a poetic stretch of the arms to touch them with either hand; and when the sun glides over the arch in the zenith above-but a four hours' visible course in mid-winter-you might fancy yourself sheltered from the sin and sorrow that great eye witnesseth. You will accuse me, I know, dear, rational friend, of being 'exaltée' (vernacular, cracked); but remember, we are alone in these inspiring solitudes, free from the disenchantment of the eternal buzzing of the summer swarms that the North gives up, and the South keeps not back.

"We were received at the Profile House with a most smiling welcome by Mr. Weeks, the mo tem. host, who promises to make us 'as comfortable as is in his power,' and is substantiating his promise by transferring his dinner-table from the long, uncarpeted dinner-saloon, with its fearful rows of bare chairs and tables, to a well-furnished home-looking apartment, where a fire-place worthy of the Middle Ages is al-



mbroken, save by the hastening to and fro of our willing host, who unites all offices of service in his own person, and the pattering of his pretty little boy's feet—the little fellow following him like his shadow, and, perchance, running away from other shadows in this great empty house. The little fellow makes music to my ear. There is no pleasanter sound than the footsteps of a child......

"I left Alice dressing for dinner. I think Alice would perform the ceremonial of a lady if she were shipwrecked in a desert island, and my father awaiting dinner. Dear father is never the pleasantest company at these seasons when 'time stands still withal,' or, rather, to him keeps a snail's fretting pace. Well, I left them both, and went down to the Lake-a short walk-to greet the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' as they prosaically call the wonderful head at the very summit of the headland cliff, upreared on high over the beautiful bit of water named 'The Old Man's Punch-Bowl.' The nomenclature of our country certainly does not indicate one particle of poetry or taste in its people. There are, to be sure, namesakes of the Old World, which intimate the exile's loving memories, and there are scattered, here and there, euphonious and significant Indian names, not yet superseded by 'Brownvilles' or 'Smithdales,' but, for the most part, one should infer that pedagogues, sophomores, and boors had presided at the baptismal font of the land. To call that severe Dantescan head, which it would seem impossible that accident should have formed, so defined and expressive is its outline, like the Sphinx, a mystery in the desert—to call it the 'Old Man of the Mountain' is irreverence, desecration; and this exquisite little lake, lapped amidst the foldings and windings of the mountains, whose million unseen spirits may do the bidding of that heroic old Prospero who presides over it; to call this gem of the forest a 'punchbowl' is a sorry travesty! I paid my homage to him while his profile cut the glowing twilight, and then sat down at the brim of the lake. Dear Susan,

'The leaning
Of the close trees o'er the brim
Had a sound beneath their leaves;'

and I will borrow two lines more to help out my meaning;

Driftings of my dream do light.

All the skies by day and night.

But truly it is mere drift-wood, not fit even to build a 'castle in the air.' I was startled from my musing by a rustling of the branches behind me, and I turned expecting—not to see a bear or a fox, but my fancies incorporate. The leaves were still quivering, but I saw no apparent cause for so much disturbance—I probably had startled a brace of partridges from their perch. They brought me back to the actual world, and I came home to an excellent dinner, which I found my father practically commending.

"Sunday. My father has brought us up to so

bath that I was rather surprised this morning by his proposition to drive over to the Flume. His equanimity had been disturbed by finding one of the horses that had brought us here seemingly in a dying condition. He was one of the 'team' that had taken us on to Mount Willard. and my father had then prophesied that he would suffer from the driver's neglect to blanket him. He was in no wise comforted by the egotism of an 'I told you so,' but walked to and fro from the stable, watching the remedies administered and vituperating all youth as negligent, reckless, and hard-hearted! I think it was half to get rid of this present annoyance that he proposed the drive to the Flume, saying, as he did so, 'These mountains are a great temple, my children; it matters not much where we stand to worship!' We stopped for half an hour at a little fall just by the roadside, called by the mountain-folk 'The Basin,' and by fine people 'The Emerald Bowl'-a name suggested by the exquisite hue of the water, which truly is of as soft and bright a green as an emerald. The stream has curiously cut its way through a rock white and smooth, and almost polished by its friction, which overhangs the deep circular bowl like a canopy, or rather like a half-uplifted lid, its inner side being mottled and colored like a beautiful shell. stream glides over the brim of this sylvan bowl, and goes on its way rejoicing. We loitered here for half an hour, watching the golden and crimson leaves that had dropped in, and laid in rich mosaics in the eddies of the stream.

"The morning was misty, and the clouds were driven low athwart the mountains, forming, as Alice well said, pedestals on which their lofty heads were upreared. No wonder that people in mountains and misty regions became imaginative, even superstitious. These forms, falling, rising, floating over the eternal hills, susceptible of dazzling brightness, and deepening into the gloomiest of earth's shadows, are most suggestive to a superstitious dreamer.

"I shall not attempt, my friend, to describe this loveliest of all five-mile drives, from the 'Profile House' to the Flume under the Eagle's Cliff, and old Prospero, and beside his lake and the 'Emerald Bowl,' and finished by the most curious, perhaps the most beautiful, passage we have yet seen in the mountains, 'the Flume'—thus called probably from a homely association with the race-way of a mill.

"The ravine is scarcely more than a fissure, probably made by the gradual wearing of the stream. I am told the place resembles the Bath of Pfeffers, in Switzerland; that world's wonder can scarcely be more romantically beautiful than our Flume. The small stream, which is now reduced to a mere rill by the prolonged droughts, forces its way between walls of rock, upreared in huge blocks like regular masonwork. Where you enter the passage it may be some hundred yards wide, but it gradually contracts till you may almost touch either side with



your outstretched arms. I only measured the height of the rock walls with my eye, and a woman's measure is not very accurate—it may be one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet. Tall trees, at the summits, interlace, and where they have fallen, bridge the passage from one side to the other. Rich velvety mosses cover the rocks like a royal garment, and vines, glittering in their autumnal brightness, laid on them like rich embroidery, so that we might say, as truly as was said of the magnificence of Oriental nature, that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' But how, dear Susan, am I to show the picture to you? The sun glancing on the brilliant forest above us, and the indescribable beauty of the shrubs, golden and crimson, and fine purple, that shot out of the crevices of the rocks! It is idle to write or talk about it; but only let me impress on you that this enchanting coloring is limited to the first days of October. I am afraid it may be said of scenery as has been said of lovers' tête-atête talks, that it resembles those delicate fruits which are exquisite where they are plucked, but incapable of transmission. As my father can never enjoy any thing selfishly, he was particularly pleased with the nice little foot-path won from the mountain-side, and the frequent footbridges, that indicate the numbers that have taken this wild walk before us. My father fancies he enjoys our security from the summer swarms, but his social nature masters his

"Alice and I were amused this morning, just at the highest access of our enthusiasm, while we stood under a huge rock wedged in between the two walls, on looking back to see my father sitting on a bench, arranged as a point of sight, not gazing, but listening profoundly—his graceful person and beautiful old head inclined in an attitude of the deepest attention-to a loafer who had unceremoniously joined us, and who, as my father afterward rather reluctantly confessed, was recounting to him the particulars of his recent wooing of a third Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown. And when we returned to our quarters at the Profile House and came down to dinner, we met our landlord at the door, his face even more than usually effulgent with smiles.

"'There has a lady and gentleman come in,' he said, 'and your father has no objection to their dining at table with you.'

"His voice was slightly deprecatory. I think he did not quite give us credit for our father's affability. Of course, we acquiesced, and were afterward edified by our brief acquaintance with the strangers—a mother and son, who had come up from the petty cares of city life for a quiet ramble among the hills—to find here

'A peace no other season knows.'

"The mother wears widow's weeds, and has evidently arrived at the 'melancholy days.' As we just now sat enjoying our evening fire, 'My hearth-stone,' she said, 'was never cold for seventeen years; but there is no light there now. My children are dispersed, and he who was

dearest and best lies under the clods! My youngest and I hold together-I can not let him go.' The loving companionship of a mother and son, who returns to her tenderness the support of his manly arm, never shrinking from the shadows that fall from her darkened and stricken heart, or melting those shadows in his own sunny youth—is one of the consoling pictures of life. This poor lady seems to have the love of nature, which never dies out. It is pleasant to see with what patience her son cares for the rural wealth she is amassing in her progress through the hills, the heaps of late flowers, and bright leaves, and mosses, though I have detected a boyish, mischievous smile as he stowed them away......

"We had something approaching to an adventure this evening on Echo Lake, the loveliest of all these mountain lakes, and not more than half a mile from our present inn, the Profile House. Our dear father consented to go out with us, and let Alice and I, who have been well trained at that exercise on our home lake, take our turns with him in rowing. The lake is embosomed in the forest, and lies close nestled under the mountains, which here have varied shape and beautiful outline. It takes its name from its clear echoes. We called, we sang, and my father whistled, and from the deep recesses of the hills our voices came back as if spirit called to spirit, musical and distinct. You know the fascination there is in such a scene. The day had continued misty to the last; the twilights at this season are, at best, short, and while my father was whistling, one after another, the favorite songs of his youth, we were surprised by nightfall. My father startled us with,

"'Bless me, girls! what are you about?"

"It was he who was most entranced.

"'I can not see our landing-place!"

"Neither with all possible straining could our younger eyes descry it. We approached as near the other shore as we dared, but could go no nearer without the danger of swamping our boat, when suddenly we perceived a blessed apparition—a white signal—made quite obvious in the dim light by a background of evergreens. We rowed toward it with all our might, wondering what kind friend was waving it so eagerly. As we approached near the shore it suddenly dropped and hung motionless, and when we landed we saw no person and heard no footstep. I untied the signal, and finding it a man's large, fine linen handkerchief, I eagerly explored the corner for the name, but the name had evidently just been torn off. Strange! We puzzled ourselves with conjectures. My father cut us short with,

"''Tis that young man at the hotel. Young folks like this sort of thing.'

"But it was not he; we found him reading to his mother, who said she was just about sending him to look after us."

Thus abruptly ended Mary Langdon's journal-



letter. The reason of its sudden discontinuance | ing his wits," he turned to thank the preserver will be found in our own brief relation of the experience of the following morning (Monday), which we had from all the parties that partook in it.

Our friends were to leave the Profile House on Monday, on their return to the lowlands, to go from there to the Flume House, visit "the Pool," and then down to the pretty village of Plymouth, in New Hampshire.

Mary and her sister were early, and having a spare half hour before breakfast, went down to take a last look at Prospero and his "bowl." There they found a crazy, old, leaky boat, with a broken oar, and Mary, spying some dry bits of board on the shore, deftly threw them in and arranged them so that she and her sister could get in dry-shod. Alice looked doubtfully at the crazy little craft and hung back—the thought of husband and children at home is always a sedative-but her eager sister overcame her scruples, and they were soon fairly out from shore in deep water. They went on, half-floating, half-rowing, unconscious of the flying minutes. Not so their father, who, after waiting breakfast "an eternity" (as he said-possibly some five minutes!), came to the lake to recall them. Just as he came in fair sight, for they were not two hundred yards from him, the boat suddenly began whirling round—a veering wind rushed upon them. The poor father saw their dilemma, but could not help them. He could not swim. He screamed for help; but what likelihood that any one should hear, or could aid him! Alice, prudently, sat perfectly still. The oar was in Mary's hand—she involuntarily sprang to her feet—her head became giddy, not so much, she afterward averred, with the whirling of the boat, as with the sight of her poor old father, and the sense that she had involved Alice in this peril. plunged the oar into the water in the vain hope by firmly holding it of steadying the boat; but she dropped it from her trembling hand, and in reaching after it she too dropped over into the water, and in her struggle she pushed the boat from her, and thus became herself beyond the possibility of her sister's reach. Her danger was imminent-she was sinking. Her father and sister shrieked for help, and help came! plash in the water, and a strong man, with wonderful preternatural strength and speed, was making his way toward Mary. In one moment more he had grasped her with one hand. She had still enough presence of mind not to embarrass him by any struggles, and shouting a word of comfort to Alice, he swam to the shore and laid Mary in her father's arms. He then returned to the boat and soon brought it to shore. There are moments of this strange life of ours not to be described—feelings for which language is no organ. While such a moment sped with father and daughters, their deliverer stood apart. The father gazed upon his darling October visit to the White Hills of New Hampchild, satisfying himself that "not a hair had shire, but not our gratitude to Him who had perished," but she was only "fresher than be- held us fore," and, as he afterward said, "fully recover-

of his children. He was standing half concealed behind a cluster of evergreens.

"Come forward, my dear fellow," he said; "for God's sake, let me grasp your hand!"

He did not move.

"Oh, come," urged Mr. Langdon. "Never mind your shirt-sleeves; it's no time to be particular about trifles."

Still he did not move.

"Oh, come! dear-Carl," said Mary, and her lover sprang to her feet.

What immediately followed was not told me, but there was no after coldness or reluctance on the part of the good father. His heart was melted and fused in gratitude and affection for his daughter's lover. His prejudices were vanquished, and he was just as well satisfied as if they had been overcome by the slower processes of reason and conviction.

The truth was, the old gentleman was not to be outdone in magnanimity. Mary's filial devotion had prepared him to yield his opposition, and he confessed that he had, in his own secret counsel with himself, determined to recall Hermann at the end of another year, if he proved constant and half as deserving as his foolish girl thought him. "But Prospero," he said, "had seen fit to take the business into his own hands, and setting his magic to work, had stirred up a tempest in his punch-bowl to bring these young romancers together."

But by what spell had he conjured up the lover at the critical moment?

Hermann confessed that not being able to get off in the steamer of the 29th, he had delayed his embarkation for ten days, and the magic of love the only magic left to our disenchanted worldhad drawn him to the White Mountains, where he might have the consolation—a lover only could appreciate it-of breathing the same atmosphere with Mary, and possibly of seeing her, unseen. Thus he had stood on the summit of Mount Washington, when, by some mysterious magnetism, Mr. Thompson's telescope had been pointed to it. He was the "fugitive from justice" at Willey's Slide, the ambitious artist on Fort Willard, and the friend whose signal had brought them safely to port on Echo Lake!

Hermann's arrangements for pursuing his studies in Europe were not disturbed. The good father was in the most complying temper. He consented to have the wedding within this blessed month of October, and graciously granted the prayer of the young people that he would accompany them in their year's visit to Europe.

"Mary and I are already wedded," said he to me, with a smile of complete satisfaction: "we only take this young fellow into the partnership.'

It was a bright day in the outer and inner world when we parted. And thus ended our

"In his large love and boundless thought."



the beauty of the Mountains, she has exaggerated nothing.

We hope our readers, though perchance o'erwearied now, may make the complete tour of these levely places, including, as it should, the enchanting sail over Lake Winepescago, the beautiful drive by North Conway, and the ascents of Kiersarge, Chiconea, Mount Moriah, and the Red Mountain.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

THE snow lay on the window-panes, ⚠ Winds howled along the leafless lanes; Within, the fire shone bright and clear, And Ben sat there and I sat here.

I watched the glow upon his cheek, Where summer left a sunny streak; Like pearls the snowy teeth appeared That glistened through his tawny beard.

"I love you, Dora," murmured Ben: "Ah! will you love me back again?" His voice was sweeter than the tune Of bugles played beneath the moon!

I took two filberts from a bowl, Two filberts smooth, and brown, and whole; To each I gave a secret name, And placed them nigh the clearest flame.

They hissed and burned upon the bars, And shot a thousand fiery stars: I trembled lest a certain one Should leap, and leave my hopes undone.

My fears were vain-my heart was shamed: The nuts with one accordance flamed. "They burn together!" quick I cried, And Ben crept closer to my side.

"They cling together, firm and true; Each burns for each, as I for you. Thus let our lives together glow-Nay, Dora! crush that jesting 'No.'"

The hand that stole around my waist, The lips that dared my lips to taste, The breast that hid my blushing cheek, Translated what I did not speak.

And now the white snow, come again, Once more peeps through our window-pane, As Ben and I sit side by side, Nor has the flame we burned with died.

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

WE need not call in the doctor to settle the question how to keep well. When that learned gentleman drives up to the door, we step out and leave the case to him and the undertaker. Our office is to dispense the ounce of prevention, and thus save the necessity of swallowing the by no means agreeable or infallible pound of cure, which it may be well to recollect is composed of a great many drugs, very few good remedies, and no specifics. We have no great hope of being listened to by those prodigals of health and life, our countrymen which literally out-herods Herod! The Thra-

If our friend Mary has imperfectly sketched | and countrywomen. They are so eager to run their race, that they can find no time to train for the start, or breathe themselves by the road. Neck or nothing, they will be in for the gold cup, even if they break down or die in the struggle. Were it not that we can send our words upon the wings of Harper, which, like the wind, extends to all the quarters of the globe, the chance of catching an occasional ear might be hopeless. With such aid, however, as that of the Magazine of the million, we are encouraged to give our countrymen and countrywomen some plain advice, which may save them from disease, the doctor, and death. We are not going to lecture on physiology and the laws of health; we leave these abstruse subjects to Dr. Draper and the savans. We do not propose to lecture at all; it is merely our purpose to show, cursorily, in what respect some of our habits are destructive of health, and how by changing them we may hope to keep well.

American women, as mothers, have a very good character. It is said that no sooner have they passed from the butterfly state of belles into the sober condition of parturient wives, than the maternal instinct becomes wondrously developed. There is no ground for questioning the love of American mothers for their offspring, but it may be doubted whether that love is judiciously exercised. The tenacity with which they cling to their babes is a very interesting development of the maternal instinct; but the resolute energy with which they insist upon starving their "little dears" upon their own meagre supply of mother's nutriment, is more affectionate than wholesome. A town life, with its career of unhealthful excitement, is by no means the best preparation for what is certainly not the least important office of the mother, to supply her infant with nutritious food and plenty of it. If our young girls persist in limiting their vista of matrimonial life to the marriage ring, and in exercising their whole address to secure it, without any regard to the future duties it may impose, they should understand that if they become mothers their infants must starve, or be fed elsewhere than from the maternal supply. By the sentimental aversion of American women to delegate to others a duty they have by their early habits rendered themselves unfit to perform, our weak wives become weaker, and their children never strong. The fashionable French dame is wiser; she sends to the country for a lusty Norman peasant woman, to invigorate with her wholesome abundance the frail offspring of Parisian luxury. The wisest of all, however, is for our young women to live a rational life of simplicity and activity, and thus prepare themselves for a proper performance of a mother's duty. The mortality among infants, which is great in all countries, but greatest in this, is due especially to a want of wholesome nutriment: they are starved to death. Nearly one-half of all who are born die before the age of five! A fearful massacre of the innocents



cians were said to weep at the birth of their in-Would that Americans had no cause!

That freedom of movement is essential to vigorous growth and healthy development, is a fact denied by none, we believe, but by our fashionable mothers. The jockey knows better than to train the one-year-old for the course or the road. He gives his colt the free run of the paddock, where it may gallop, roll, and kick up its heels to the utmost of its frolicsomeness, and does not think of bitting or saddling the animal until its joints are knitted and its strength confirmed by full growth. The colt thus becomes the sound horse, and wins the cup or draws the load, according to its destiny. We might have sounder men and women if the early management of children by their parents showed some of the common sense of the horsejockey. Human colts are, however, trained according to a different principle. They are brought out on the course at the earliest moment, and, all bitted and bridled, are expected to show off their paces before they can well toddle on their legs.

The children of the present day are like men and women seen through the wrong end of a telescope. They are but reduced copies of their parents in dress and mien. Anna Maria Wilhelmina, our youngest, only three years old last birth-day, is an exact miniature of her mother. Each yard of the one has a corresponding inch in the other. They revolve in the same annual orbit of fashion, and the bonnets of both mark the seasons with the regularity of an almanac. If mamma opens the spring with silk and orange buds, ditto Anna Maria Wilhelmina; if mamma blooms in summer with pink satin, and flowers, ditto Anna Maria Wilhelmina; if mamma ripens in autumn with straw and a golden harvest of oat sheaves, ditto Anna Maria Wilhelmina; if mamma closes the year with velvet and lace, ditto Anna Maria Wilhelmina. Our youngest is naturally our favorite, as her sisters have long since, though not out of their teens, been young ladies, and have deserted the old fogyism of parental affection for the sweet concourse of young America. Well, in a transport of a father's love the other day we threw down our newspaper, pocketed our spectacles, and prepared for a romp with Wilhelmina. We had no sooner caught hold of that young lady than, "Don't papa, you have broken my hoop; there now, I'll tell mamma," fretfully uttered by the three-yearold, so discomposed our nerves that we dropped her at once, and were glad to retreat again behind the newspaper, and put our dimmed eyes under the cover of our gold-rimmed spectacles. It might be thought selfish to protest against this fashionable excess of dress on the score of expense. If it were a matter of dollars and cents only, and husbands are disposed to spend the better part of their income on the skirts of their wives' dresses, and the remainder upon those of their children, we would be willing to await the natural collapse that must ensue; but it is not in his teens, and as unconscious of boyhood as

merely a question of expense. This fashion of overdressing children concerns their health, to save which is our purpose just now. The young should be allowed the greatest possible freedom for the exercise of their limbs, which is quite impracticable if they are stiffened and hooped like a barrel, which can only be moved readily, as we all know, by being first toppled over. Nor is it merely the cut and fashion of the child's dress which obstruct the freedom of its movements. The richness of its silks, satins, and ribbons, makes such an expensive toy of the little one, that the tossing, and tumbling, and rolling in the dirt, which are the natural exercises of the child, are sure to incur the threat of the maternal finger. We would advise mothers, if they have any regard for the health of their children, to dress them in linsey-woolsey, or any thing that will bear spoiling or tumbling, and to take the hoops out of their petticoats and put them into their hands.

With the contracted trowsers and expanded skirts, our Lilliputian men and women assume the manners and habits of their parents. We hear of children's parties where the polka and redowa take the place of the old-fashioned blindman's buff and hunt the slipper; to be caught at which, our infantile beaux and belles would be as much put out as were the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters at Farmer Flamborough's, when pounced in upon by Lady Blarney and Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. When witnessing such fashionable abominations as children's balls, we long to utter old Burchell's emphatic Fudge. The uneasy posturing and spasmodic movements of infants polksing and waltzing in hot, crowded rooms, and long after bedtime, are about as natural as, and no more favorable to health than, the jig of a showman's monkey, going through its dancing lesson on a red-hot plate of iron. Let your young children tumble, and toss, and run at their bent in the free open air, and in the strengthening light of the day, and send them to bed at an early hour tired with natural exercise, not exhausted by excitement, and they will sleep soundly, grow vigorously, and strengthen and beautify with the glow and soundness of health.

All forced development ends in abortion, and is contrary to the laws of nature. No one with a wholesome taste will prefer the insipid green peas of winter to the well-flavored vegetable in its proper season. There are, however, diseased appetites which, impatient of Providence, can not await its good time, and are only to be satisfied with morbid growths. Society is one of these unhealthy gourmands, and forces its products against nature. Its offspring are so many girls and boys immaturely developed into manhood and womanhood, who, like untimely fruits, have neither a strong growth nor a good flavor. They are, moreover, to use an expression of Lord Bacon, easy to corrupt, and can not

Young America is a man before he is fairly



and pinafore, but has long since been down on "My tailor," says that the books of his tailor. precocious young gentleman, as he complacently casts his eyes down upon his fashionably cut trowsers, "is the most stylish artist in Broadway; he's expensive, but hang the expense! his credit is longer than his bills." Leech's sketches in Punch of precocious youth may be caricatures in England, but they are realities here. Young America is a score of years ahead of his age. He never trundled a hoop, nor spun a top, but he can handle the cue with the skill of a master, and can beat light-fingered Bill at billiards and give him twenty any night, when he is in hand, and hasn't smoked too many regalias or taken too much brandy and water. Before the taste of pap is well out of his mouth, Young America has become a connoisseur at the bar, and can stand more drinks than would stagger a coal-heaver. He is a favorite of fashion, of course, and his name is high on the list of all the ball-givers of the season. He is always welcomed by mammas who have daughters training for the market, and who, as they know that Young America's father is rich, show a remarkable motherly (in-law) interest in the promising youth, and seem very innocently unconscious that his affections have been already engaged—to the brandy-bottle. That Young America under such a training becomes pale and pasty in the face, like badly-baked pie-crust, weak in the back, dwarfish in stature, and shaky in the limbs, is no more than the natural result of his unwholesome life of youth, where excitement and dissipation take the place of healthful activity and natural development.

The transition of our daughters from babyhood, with hardly a consciousness of youth, to maturity of life, is no less rapid than that of our sons, and with no better effect. Girls are no sooner out of their swaddling-clothes than they are carefully reminded that they belong to what the world calls—and is responsible for making—the weak sex. There is no precept more often in the mouth of mamma than "Be a little lady now-don't run and make a noise like a boy;" and none, we will venture to add, is more foolish and fatal. Nature never made woman weak, but fashion, with a false idea of delicacy, has. Mothers are so eager to teach their daughters the proprieties of their sex, that they forget that girls, like boys, have bones, muscles, and nerves, which can only be developed into strength by vigorous exercise. If health is the object, we know of no means of attaining it but by obedience to its laws. If our sons and daughters are to be as the polished corner-stones of the temple, they must first acquire the hardness of physical vigor before they can be capable of the desired polish. Parents make a distinction between the sex of their children, as regards their physical education, at too early a period. Air and exercise are essential to both, and the physical habits of the girl should be as robust, until twelve years of age at ASTOR BRISTED.

his sister. He has no recollection of a jacket and pinafore, but has long since been down on the books of his tailor. "My tailor," says that precocious young gentleman, as he complacently casts his eyes down upon his fashionably cut trowsers, "is the most stylish artist in Broadway; he's expensive, but hang the expense! his credit is longer than his bills." Leech's sketches in Punch of precocious youth may be caricatures in England, but they are realities here. Young America is a score of years ahead of his age. He never trundled a hoop, nor spun a top, but he can handle the cue with the skill of

Peter the Great having learned ship-building. and taught his countrymen to build a fleet, was in a hurry to man it. As the Russians were not a sea-faring people, and sailors were accordingly scarce, the Emperor bethought himself of an expedient to obtain an immediate supply. He accordingly gathered together at St. Petersburg, from all parts of his wide dominions, a large number of youth, and ordered that they should have nothing else but salt water to drink, that they might at once be inured to the sea. They, however, all died in the experiment. This Imperial procedure is just as wholesome and very much like the process which prevails with us in the education of youth. We are in such a haste to prepare them for life that we kill them in the operation. The whole system with us is too fast—whether at home, in the school, or the college—and if we succeed in making smart youth, we can not boast of welldeveloped men and women. "There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes; there are such as have brittle wits, the edges whereof are soon turned," says Lord Bacon. Cobbett is reported not to have given a compulsory lesson to any of his children until they had reached sixteen years of age. He himself, we believe, did not learn to read until he was a man grown, and with what effect he pursued his studies afterward may be learned from the fact, that he became such a writer of English that no modern author has surpassed him in the correctness and simple vigor of his style. The brain and nerves are the last portions of the human system to receive their full strength of development, and accordingly should never be tasked to their utmost capacity in early age. Those infant phenomena, the little philosophers and encyclopedists in petticoats, who show off their learning so much to the pride of the family and the confusion of visitors, are apt to be but so many specimens of disease. Their brains have been unnaturally and prematurely excited, and their distended intellect, like the growing plant in a contracted pot, will soon break into pieces that which contains it.

One who speaks from experience* tells us that to the English university student his exercise is as much a daily necessity as his food; that it consists of walks of eight miles in less



^{*} Five Years in an English University. By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

than two hours, varied with jumping hedges, ditches, and gates, rowing on the river, playing at cricket and foot-ball, and riding twelve miles without drawing bridle. The common standard of a good walker, he says, among the English students, is to have gone fifteen miles in three hours. It is not surprising to learn that, with such vigorous habits, "dyspepsia is almost unknown, bilious attacks are not common, and consumption scarcely heard of;" and that, with such health, the Cambridge man can read his nine hours a day, and even accomplish with impunity the less scholastic feats of heavy suppers and strong punch. At our colleges there may be a maximum of punch and suppers, but certainly only a minimum of study and exercise.

Contrast the life of the American with that of the English student. Look at that pale-faced, dirty-complexioned youth, flitting like the ghost of a monk from his college cell to chapel or recitation hall. His very dress is shadowy and unsubstantial. His meagre frame is hung with a limp calico gown, and his feet drag after him in slouchy slippers. Follow him to his room, where he lives his life almost unconscious of the air, earth, or sky, and you see him subside suddenly into that American abomination, a rocking-chair, or fall upon his bed, where, with his pipe and a book wearily conned, he awaits the unwelcome call of the bell to lecture. To move he is indisposed; and yet, when at rest, he seems exhausted. He does not sit, but sprawls; and he and his fellows, in their loose and fusty dress, as they listlessly lounge or drawl out their recitations, might readily pass for so many captives of a watch-house, half awakened into sobriety from a night's debauch by a sudden call to give an account of themselves. Unlike the English, the American student knows nothing of vigorous exercise, and to his consciousness a fifteen-mile walk in three hours is as marvelous as the speed of a locomotive to a squatting Turk. Unlike the English student again, to him dyspepsia, bilious attacks, and consumption are no mysteries. It might be well if this physical indolence secured intellectual activity, but we await patiently for any such evidence in American scholarship. That collegiate success is not followed by proportionate advancement in life, which is true in this country but nowhere else, may be owing to the fact of the weak tone of health, and consequent diminished powers of intellectual and physical endurance, engendered by academic habits. It is thus that the freer life of the wilder student, and his naturally increased bodily vitality, are oftener preludes to active usefulness than the monkish habits of the more regular.

It is stated authoritatively that families residing constantly in Paris soon become extinct; that out of the whole native population there are hardly a thousand persons who can trace their ancestors, as inhabitants of Paris, from father to son, so far back as two hundred years. A Parisian youth of the second or third generation has almost the form and manners of a

woman, and if he marries, has seldom any children that live. Such is the natural effect of a town life, with its emasculating habits. It is the tendency of modern civilization to compress human beings into the density of large cities and towns. Nowhere is this more evident than in these United States, where the silent forest and pathless swamp of to-day become the busy market and the well-trod street of the morrow. Association is the law of our progress, and the single arm no more settles the struggle with nature than the hand-to-hand fight does the modern battle. With this requirement of civilization the Americans, with their usual eagerness to advance, hasten to conform; and though migratory and ceaseless in their flight, they never settle but in flocks. Towns rise and cities are organized with the rapidity of a dream. All this is in accordance with destiny, and the establishment of communities is a law of progress that must be obeyed. This hiving of mankind is doubtless favorable to industry, but it were well, if men must swarm and work like bees, that they should take their turn, like these exemplary insects, among the honied flowers.

The nervous diseases which are so prevalent in modern times, the insanities, the spinal irritations, and the hysterias and hypochondrias, are due unquestionably to the unmitigated town life, which is the result of modern civilization generally, and more especially of that of the United States. So, too, it must inevitably be, as long as our citizen's habits are so opposed to the laws of health. If he persists in working his brain without alternation of repose, and in keeping his nerves raw by constant excitement, pain, disease, and death must be the result. Our people live too much in the city,

"Where wealth accumulates and men decay," or, at any rate, are far too eager for its excitements and dissipation. When, moreover, the citizen migrates for a season to the country, he carries his city habits with him, and his life there is no more than his town life over again, with renewed vigor from fresh excitement.

There are no people so little robust in their habits as the Americans. They never walk when they can ride, and always prefer the coach to the less easy back of a horse. The rockingchair is an American invention, and is expressive of the physical inaction of the people. They are hardly equal to the effort of sitting, and lie on two chairs rather than take their seat on one. They are so hostile to fresh air, that they take it almost as an insult if a window is raised or a door opened, and have an unaccountable preference for the certainty of being smothered to death to the remotest chance of catching a cold. They are emphatically an in-door people, and only use their legs when forced to keep moving on the tread-mill of daily business. They know little of pleasure, and only of that which is sensuous and stimulating to the nerves. They are unconscious of the delights of the road, the field, and the river, and of that joyous flow of the animal spirits set in motion by the spring



of the muscles. They prefer those amusements which can be enjoyed without an expenditure of physical force, and accordingly take kindly to cards and other table games. The very words "sport" and "sportsmen" have been perverted from their old English significations to mean gaming and gamblers. The American shows a consciousness of physical weakness in distrusting his muscular power, and resorting in a quarrel to the cane or revolver, instead of the oldfashioned appeal to fisticuffs. His speed surpasses his strength, and if it were not for his pluck he would seldom reach the end of great enterprises. He accomplishes his purposes, but his body is fearfully racked in the struggle. His course is at times rapid in movement, but brief in duration. He may be kept ahead, by the whip and the spur, of all competitors for a short heat, but, like many a promising young horse, he wins his first race to the irreparable ruin of his condition.

The costume of the American marks the effeminacy of his habits. It is finical, and more adapted to show than service. Its glossy nap and fineness of texture are not suited to the hard muscular rubs of an active physical life. While the robust Englishman sallies out in all weathers in coarse shooting-jacket, leathern gaiters, and hob-nailed shoes, and walks long and vigorously, the delicate American never shows himself but under a clear sky, and saunters gently in the full dress of the finest broadcloth, satin waistcoat, and French boots. The American's lungs are never inflated with a full breath, and his chest accordingly contracts, and his shoulders bend under their own weight; his muscles shrink, and his legs become lank from disuse; his face waxes pale from in-door life; his brain grows languid from exhaustion, and his nerves are raw and irritable from excitement. All the succulency of health is burnt out of him, and he is parched and shriveled by the fire of his daily life.

Lord Lyndhurst, at the age of eighty-four, leading the British Senate, and Lord Palmerston, at seventy-two, bearing the whole weight of the administration of the British Government, appear to us as marvelous examples of vigorous old age; while, in England, a brilliant speech from the one, or a forcible administrative blow from the other, hardly suggests a remark. Old age comes nearly a score of years earlier in America than elsewhere, and men are superannuated with us while they are at the height of their usefulness in England. A comparison between the physical habits of the two countries explains the difference. It is not that we work more, but that we play less. The early education of the English establishes a habit of muscular exercise and a taste for out-door life, which so invigorate their bodies and vitalize their animal spirits that physical activity becomes a necessity of their nature.

The founder of Winchester School made it a law of that institution that no boy should have his dinner until he had first run up and down

structure built by the glorious old William of Wyckham centuries ago. So early were the English impressed with the necessity of exercising the body as they disciplined the mind.

The Englishman must have the freedom of the air to breathe, and the scope of the earth to move upon, or he is as uneasy as a frog under an air-pump. He accordingly secures both the one and the other; and though fashion, political ambition, or business take him to London, he never fails to enjoy his vacation in the country. His holiday is as sacred to the English statesman, lawyer, and merchant, as it is to the school-boy; and they would as soon think of going without their daily roast beef and port as without their shooting on the moors, or their country revel at Christmas. The American. however, has hardly an interval of relaxation. although the fourth of July and the first of the year are down in his calendar as holidays, of which, however, he is only conscious from the shock to his nerves by the sudden stoppage to the machinery of business in consequence of the close of his bank. This system of all work and no play, however, is, we are glad to learn, not only unfavorable to health but unprofitable to the pocket. Here is a profit and loss argument which we commend to the attention of our merchants and traders, who certainly, if they ignore physiology, are wide awake enough to the main chance. A manufacturing house in England, starting with the proposition that "we ourselves get holidays when we can," declare that they have resolved to give their workmen holidays too. This sensible resolution is strengthened, according to their own account, by this very satisfactory profit argument. Under the high-pressure system, the laborer works 3110 hours a year; with reasonable holidays, there is a loss of time of 104 hours on each man's work. The same wages are paid for the less time, and, the judicious Englishmen say, with the gain of some hundred pounds by the new system, as the work, with the renewed strength from the holiday, is done in better spirit. Dr. Lancaster, a famous English statistician, has proved that even in London 8000 persons at least lose their health, and 1000 die annually from exhaustion. Who could compute the hecatombs sacrificed to the American Moloch of unmitigated work!

We have already reminded our fashionable women, on a previous occasion, that their habits are admirably adapted for making them what they are-rather pretty than beautiful-more shadowy than substantial. Their nerves, like those of the men, are torn into pieces, but not by the anxieties of money-making; the excitement of spending it supplies them with their means of wear and tear. If shut out from the freedom of Wall Street, they take their liberty in the Fifth Avenue; and if fathers and husbands do toil all day, wives and daughters have their revenge in dissipating all night. Nor is it easy to decide who have the harder work of the hill at the foot of which lies that fine Gothic the two. It is enough for us to know that the



courses of both are equally unwholesome; and self into notice, that his name may live after whether the one wears out his life and the other wastes hers, it is right to protest against the overdone business in the one case, and

of the other. It is the excessive excitement of fashion, unmitigated by robust habits, which weakens the body and destroys the health. Our women want the strength and elasticity, engendered by healthful out-door life, to stand dissipation, and have that very weakness which gives them the greater proclivity to its temptations. A feeble and diseased body is sure to be accompanied by a thirst for excitement, and our women, were they more robust, would care less for it, and not suffer so much from its effects.

Americans are gregarious, but they are not social. They eat in company, but, like a herd of cattle in a pasture, each one is too much absorbed in chewing his own cud to be conscious of the presence of his fellows. They rush in crowds to the fashionable resort, and are whirled together in a torrent of excitement, but with such rapidity that, like certain headlong streams, though they meet they do not mix. The best influences of society are lost in the vortex of excitement, and what should enliven and strengthen, inflames and weakens. We deprive ourselves of the simple and healthful enjoyments of social intercourse for the wild revelry of fashionable dissipation. That our men and women should break down under such a high-pressure system, is naturally to be expected, and that they do so is clear from their pale faces, haggard expressions, shrunk bodies, frequent ailments, and premature old age. We must check our speed. We bring up our children too fast, we work too fast, we dissipate too fast, we eat too fast, live too fast, and, consequently, always ahead of our time, we die too fast. With less forcing in youth and more gradual development, with less eagerness in work and more repose, with more enjoyment and less excitement in pleasure, with diminished straining of the nerves and increased activity of the muscles, such a condition and consciousness of high health will be reached, that knowing, we will not care to inquire "How to Keep Well."

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

AM an old man now. Time has almost done with me. My limbs, which once did their work so well in supporting my youthful frame, now totter under their weight, and my vision is now so dim that all nature is but an indistinct shadow to me. And among the scattered gray locks upon my head there remains only here and there a raven hair to tell of the youth now past and gone—sad remembrancers of hours which can never come again!—and I soon shall sink into my grave, as others have done before me, forgotten, unknown, save to a few whose hearts will still sadden at the recollection of me. Think not, dear reader, that these are the querulous complaints of an old dotard, whose last act is an effort to bring him-

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self into notice, that his name may live after him. It is not so. I do not murmur. I am well content that so it should be. I have a better object than the mere seeking of the "bubble reputation." I want to do you some good before I leave the world. Excuse, then, the simple style of an old man who has forgotten all his flowers of rhetoric, and whose first attempt at authorship is made when he can not even be inspired by Nature's beauties, when his head is bowed 'neath the cares and sorrows of seventy winters; but who, notwithstanding, has still a heart warm for those who yet stand upon the threshold of life inexperienced in the troubles and also in the joys which maturer life brings with it.

My life has not been an eventful one: the same path which I have trod others have trod before me. I have climbed its steeps, and toiled in the burden and heat of its day; but I have, too, walked in its pleasant valleys, and been refreshed by its cooling streams. Occasionally a serpent has crossed my path, an adder has stung me. Sometimes a flower has smiled before me in all its beauty, and when I plucked it I have found treacherous thorns; but I do not forget the flowers without thorns which gave to me nothing but pleasure. There was, however, a turning from this well-beaten track-a passage in my life's history which redeems it from monotony, and which may win you as a listener for a little while. This one passage which, through a long vista of forty-nine years, quivers this aged frame with a sickening horror, will send a thrill through your young hearts which will be recompense sufficient for any trouble on my part.

My life began in the State of Georgia, where my father owned a large plantation. He had started in life with but little, but by those strange turns and quirks of fortune had amassed an immense property. It is not worth while, as it has nothing to do with my story, to enter into a description of the personal appearance, character, and mental qualifications of my dear father. Suffice it to say, that he was a noble, high-souled Southerner, warm-hearted and generous to a degree which, had Dame Fortune been less constant, would have made and left him a beggar. It might with truth have been said of him that he was without littleness of feeling, and it makes my heart swell with honest pride to call him Father.

My mother! Oh, what streams of tenderness flow in at the very name, refreshing and making me young once more! What do I not recall of her that is beautiful and loving!—with her soft brown hair, and smooth pure brow, traversed, even as I first remember it, by lines of care; the deep blue eyes, too, with the shadow over them, showing that life had not been without its strifes to her.

few whose hearts will still sadden at the recollection of me. Think not, dear reader, that these are the querulous complaints of an old dotard, whose last act is an effort to bring him-



member of our family whom I must mention: it was a ward of my father's-a young orphan girl, left to him by an intimate friend when she was but an infant. She was the only being who ever attempted to rival me in the affection of my parents, and we loved each other too fondly for jealousy. From being a pure, fairylike little being, like, indeed, to a fair flower, we called her Lily. The name suited her well; she was just one to smile and rejoice in the sunshine, but bend and droop before the storm. She was younger than myself, and I well remember the pride I took in protecting her. She was afraid of every thing; and I do not believe that any soldier's heart ever throbbed in the excitement of the battle-field with more pleasurable emotions than did mine when Lily would look to me for protection against some imaginary danger. Sometimes it was a rabbit, as timid as herself; sometimes merely a stump, which, in her eyes, was certainly an old and very ferocious man; and sometimes it was but a harmless denizen of the poultry-yard walking toward her. These dangers did not, it is true, require any exercise of courage to enhance their pleasure to my boy's spirit; but it was real happiness to feel that I was looked to for relief, and I felt myself a man in giving it. Thus our happy childhood passed away, with not a cloud to obscure its brightness, until I was fifteen years old and Lily twelve. Then it was thought advisable that I should go from home to school, and take my first lesson in the minds and manners of my fellow-men. I shall never forget our grief in the separation; how Lily clung around my neck, and sobbed as if her little heart would break; and how my dear father took her in his arms, and laughingly bade her cheer up-that Willie would soon come home a man, and she should be his little wife. I saw the surprised eyes and blushing face of the little girl, heard my father's hearty laugh, and I started off into the world with a new idea in my head, and a new love in my heart. The suggestion was never absent from me afterward.

I looked upon her with different eyes, and peopled dream-land with her image. We wrote to each other; and when I went home at my vacation I found her grown more lovely, but I was conscious of a change in her manner to me. In her letters she would recall old scenes and bring up old associations, but when in actual presence she would avoid all renewal of them. If I wanted to walk, she was sure to be in an industrious mood; if I proposed a private and confidential conversation, there was sure to be an interesting passage in some book which I must read to her. She was ever ready with an excuse, some device to prevent a renewal of our old familiar intercourse. With my father and mother she was the same mischievous, playful child; but with me she was suddenly transformed into the grave, dignified woman. Her manner puzzled, annoyed, and distressed me.

ness of her loving heart. There was one other | rope, where I must stay for two years. I had tried in vain to find an opportunity to tell Lily of my feelings toward her. With the utmost freedom, as I had been accustomed to do from a child, I told my mother every thing. It was my first real sorrow. Even now I feel the pressure of her soft hand smoothing my cheek as she tried to comfort me. It would be different. Lily was shy; I had grown so tall, and she had lost my identity with the Willie of former years. She advised me to seek an explanation. As I left her room I met Lily crossing the hall. I went up to her, and said, in a playful way, "Come, Lily, I want you to go to walk with me this last evening. We will awaken a host of recollections by a stroll in the grove. Now go get your bonnet, and come on!'

"Indeed, Willie, I can not go this evening. I am sorry to deny you, but I must finish this piece of work."

I was provoked, and said, almost angrily, "Lily, you are capricious, and, I almost believe, cold-hearted; I never did see any body so changed."

She looked at me in astonishment. The crimson tide rushed over her neck and face until the very roots of her hair seemed set in blood. "It is you who are changed," she said. "You are suspicious of me. You will not be my brother Willie any more. And I am to be tormented from year's end to year's end because I can not-" She stopped, and hid her face in her hands, the flush upon her cheek deepening more in shame than anger. I drew nearer to her, but before I could touch her she had flown up the wide staircase, and I heard her door slam. The mystery was to me solved; she loved me only as a brother, had fathomed my wishes, and wished to avoid giving me pain. I started off with a heavy heart. My disappointment was a bitter one; but in my heart I had to acknowledge that she had acted rightly.

From Paris I wrote to her, telling her that I appreciated her motives. I never received an answer to my letter; indeed she never got it.

It was far from my intention, dear reader. to make this a love-story; and, after all, this is but to act as an introduction to the one grand event I have promised to tell you of. Neither is it my intention to give an account of my travels in Europe; what I saw there other travelers have seen, and put down in books. My heart was not in them. My two years were spent in wild longings to get home. I had not been able to shake off or change the feelings I had for Lily. In spite of my most desperate efforts I had to acknowledge that I was still hoping on. I tried to improve myself in every thing, and did improve: it was all in the hope that her sisterly affection had worn out in my absence, and would give place to another and a tenderer feeling. She was the nucleus around which all my feelings clustered; in her all my thoughts centred. I mingled in society, but the dark-eyed daughters of Italy, and the spark-It was the day before I was to start for Eu- ling vivacity of the French women, only brought



them into comparison with the infantine loveliness and infectious mirth of the companion of my boyhood, and I turned from them in utter dissatisfaction at the contrast.

Well, those two years flew by on leaden wings; but they passed at last, and I gladly returned home. I waited a day in New York, that my letter announcing my arrival might be before me.

It was a sweet, bright day in early May that I drew near to my father's house. The carriage had been sent some miles to meet me, and old Juba was winning my thanks and praises by his efforts to hurry me on my journey as much as it was possible. Every thing seemed to have been done with reference to my return; every where I recognized the hand of affection, and even Nature's self seemed to join in the general joythe green grass, the smiling flowers, and the joyous note of the bird, all seemed to welcome me home. Oh, the magic of the word! My heart seemed to bound within me, and I could not restrain my disposition to leap from the carriage and return the greetings of my ebony friends with as much heartiness as they were given. Then came the silent embrace of my father, speaking more than volumes of words, and the tearful tenderness of my mother, as she thanked God for bringing me safely home. All this was happiness indeed, but I looked beyond. Behind my mother stood Lily, looking lovelier than ever, in her dress of sky blue, falling in such graceful folds around her slight but beautifully rounded figure. Her cheek was a little paler than when I left, but there was a light in her eye that made my heart bound. 'Tis true, she was dignified still; but there was a shy, timid consciousness of the possession of feelings which she feared to betray. I was perfectly happy. I had never felt in such spirits. I laughed and talked in the wildest possible manner. At last we separated, or at least Lily left us, and my father, my mother, and myself sat down for a quiet talk. How well do I remember it! We were discussing the changes which had taken place during my absence, and forming plans for the future, when my father said, with rather a meaning smile, "And now, my boy, you must begin to look out for yourself a wife. sadly want a daughter when our little Lily is gone."

I was thunderstruck. I felt as if crushed by a mountain weight. I looked from one to the other in mute amazement. At last I managed to ask what was it—what did he mean?

"Why, has not Lily written to you, the sly little minx! I thought she would have told you. She went to Richmond last winter and brought back with her an elegant, fine-looking fellow, a Dr. 'Allen, and she has taken a fancy to the name. I think she is doing well, no doubt, but still I shall miss my little lady-bird sadly. I had hoped it would have been different, but there is no accounting for tastes. Well, goodnight, Will, my boy—I am glad you are at home once more;" and the old gentleman picked up

his candle and left the room. I do not know how long I lay with my head in my mother's lap, all my hopes blasted, my dream at an end. Not one word was spoken; but softly, softly moved the velvet palm over my fevered brow. I closed my eyes. I felt that she read my heart. She knew its agony, and if any thing could comfort me her silent sympathy did. Every now and then she would stoop down and kiss away the scalding tears which, in spite of my manhood, would flow, and say, "Dear child!" or "My poor Willie!" But the long hours we sat there she never pried into my secret, only gave me her silent sympathy. At last we parted, and retiring to my room, I threw myself upon my bed and gave way to my bitter grief. I had never had such feelings before. Heart and brain seemed crushed by one stroke. The thick darkness of night was nothing to the midnight of my heart. For hours I lay tossing, groaning, and lamenting that I had ever been born. The many blessings I had were as nothing. What were they in comparison with what was denied to me? Like a spoiled child, I disdained all my toys because there was one beyond my grasp. Oh, how is that night written deep on my memory-burned into my heart! No soft hand to soothe away the anguish, and, alas! I knew not where to find comfort when neerthly friend was

Hours must have passed before, exhausted by my overwrought feelings, I fell into a strange slumber—so deep, that I was unconscious of my own breathing, and yet acutely conscious of objects around. I had my eyes closed, but I felt the darkness pressing upon their lids. It seemed as if even my heart stood still. So horrible were my sensations that I longed to rouse myself, but, like a person in a nightmare, I was unable to stir; so I lay until it seemed to grow lighter around me, and I heard James (the servant) enter the room. I heard him step carefully and noiselessly for fear of disturbing my slumber. I heard him stop, surprised, at the foot of my bed, at seeing me still dressed as I had been the day before. He seemed at first to hesitate about calling me. He would walk about the room, and then return to the bed as if there was something in my appearance which drew him there. I longed for him to touch me, and arouse me from my horrible nightmare. At last he came close to me and called, "Mass' William! Mass' William!" I did not move-I could not move. He laid his hand on mine. It was icy cold against his, and he rushed, horrified, from the room. All this I felt, but could not move. Then I knew that I was in a living death. Oh, why was it that the agony at my heart did not send the curdling blood through my veins! But no; the same awful stillness reigned through my whole frame. Oh, what would I not have given to raise a finger, to move a muscle! I felt that I was indeed a living soul in a dead body. My hands lay



My frame seemed no longer a part ! of myself. My soul writhed in agony and silence within its shell. I heard my mother's shriek, my father's groan; and there was another sound—it seemed like a wail of auguish from a breaking heart. Whose was it? And the imprisoned feelings quivered and shook with something between pleasure and pain, but they gave no outward sign. I heard the confusion about the house; the physician, the minister sent for; orders issued with the greatest rapidity, but each one heard and felt by me. I seemed to be a mass of feeling, and each circumstance vibrated painfully against the tightly-strung chord descending through my whole frame, and in its descent touching each nerve, sending through me a thrill of the intensest anguish, the most exquisite suffering; but there was the same awful stillness reigning without.

They gathered around my bed-my father, my mother, the servants, all—I heard their deep sobs. I heard the grief too deep for tearsso sudden, so lately in health, and now dead! I shuddered at the word; but the shell upon the bed was silent—quiet as ever. My mother's form pressed the bed beside me, her agony giving vent only occasionally in words such as

"Oh! had he but been a child of God, I could have borne it; but death without hope!"

The doctor came. My eyelids were raised. Through those half-closed portals I gazed once more on the faces I so loved; but my feelings gave no expression to those film-covered pupils. My vest was undone. I heard the sad declaration, in tones of deep sympathy, "No pulsation -all over!" I felt my mother fall lifeless beside me-I heard my father's frenzied expressions of grief, and I was left to be shrouded for the grave. It was done by the tender, loving hands of our own domestics, amidst many tears over "poor Mass' Willie:" but this did not prevent the thrill of horror, doubly intense because it only touched within. I was laid upon my own bed, each limb straightened, each fold laid in its place; the windows opened, to prevent, as I shudderingly thought, the quick ravages of decay; and with many a sigh and many an expression of grief they left me alone with my own dead body-the cool breezes sweeping over my silent frame—the sun, in its garish brightness, peeping in and mocking at my sorrow. I remember, too, a dove outside my window, whose mournful note seemed to goad me to madness. They would drive it away, but it soon returned and sang to me in its melancholy strain that live-long day. And now I must think how I must stare the evil in the face. I must look beyond the grave, to which I would soon be taken. I do not remember that I had one hope of being saved from my living death. There seemed to be such a fixed immovableness about my body that I could not realize motion, and I half believed myself dead. The recollection of my mother's agonized cry of "Oh, had he but been a child of God!" filled me with horror, and the idea of an entrance into the eternal world without lady" brought Lily before me. She alone had

preparation came over me with all its dreadful reality. My whole life passed in review before me. Alas, what a scene of black rebellion! In vain did I search for one act with which I might hope to appease the great God. They alone fled from me, and I seemed forced to view my sins, which now, for the first time, struck me with their enormity. I hated myself. It seemed just in God to punish me thus severely. All his kind, watchful care came to my view in a new light. Why had I never seen it beforeand now too late! How could I hope for pardon for a lifetime of sin? Oh no; I must despair-I could not merit heaven-I could never do any thing to show my love and gratitude; and then, in connection with these thoughts, came my mother's teachings, my prayer lisped at her knee, and I repeated "Our Father" with a sort of tremulous earnestness I had never known before. But still I despaired; I seemed the blackest thing alive, and I then understood how devils would acknowledge the justice of God in their condemnation.

As these and a multitude of other thoughts passed through my mind, I heard the door opened, and my mother stood beside me. heard her subdued moan of agony; again the soft hand smoothed my brow, and she said,

"My boy! my poor Willie! can it be? Oh! my God, thou alone can'st comfort me under this most grievous chastisement. Oh, let me not murmur; let me but see the end to be worked out. Oh, if he had but given me one word to show that he rested in a Saviour, trusted in him, I could have given him up at thy call without one selfish feeling; but now-oh, no hope! no hope! my child! my child!" and shricking forth her anguish, they tore her from

Dear mother, when did you ever come near me without imparting comfort? Even now she spoke of a Saviour, upon whom I might rest, in whom I might trust, even sinful as I was, and I prayed earnestly to be led in the right path. I had never before prayed from my heart, but now it seemed wrung out.

Again I was interrupted by the opening of the door, and felt my length and my breadth measured, with the remark, in a strange voice, that he was a "stout corp, to be sure. What could ha' been the matter with the poor gentleman to ha' took him off so suddint?" ending with an inquiry as to who the property would go to now.

"To the young lady, I specs," said James; "she is jest like old marster's daughter."

"I suppose," said the stranger, "they wants satin lining, silver plate—every thing done up in the fust style?"

"Never mind expense," said James; "every thing must be done in the very most genteelest style."

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, what my feelings must have been at hearing myself discussed in this way. The mention of the "young



stood aloof from the body of her old friend; she | edged. She told of her own agony in the morndid not care enough for her former playmate to induce her to look upon him once again. I pictured her to myself as the fond wifethought of her husband rejoicing in my death, because by it Lily would come to him a richlyendowed bride. These thoughts brought fresh grief, and I tried to banish them. I knew that I had given to her the idolatry of my heart, which ought to have been given to my God.

Through that long day many came to look upon me. My poor father spent many hours beside me, moaning over the death of his brightest hopes. At last I felt it grow darker-I knew that the sun was going down. I must pass another long night, darkness around and within me. I remember that I was trying to pray for submission and support, when I felt the sheet lifted from my face, and then I heard the brokenhearted wail which had so chained my attention in the morning.

My feelings throbbed with pleasure—it was Lily! She had come alone, and such a sound could only come from a loving, breaking heart.

"Oh Willie! dear Willie! if you could but speak to me-but look at me-but tell me that you died loving, forgiving me; if you could but hear me now telling how I loved you as I can never love any one else-how from my very heart I have longed for your return. If I only had some one to talk to; but no one loves me Dear mamma even shudders when I come near her, and papa does not notice me. I must weep alone. Oh, I am so desolate, so lonely and miserable!"

I felt the slight pressure of her figure on the bed. Her deep sobs went to my heart. I longed to clasp her to my breast; but my arms were stiff and cold, and refused their aid. I thought that my feelings must make my heart beat, but no; still all was quiet-my hands still crossed upon my breast. I must go down to my grave with my only ungratified wish in my grasp. I had only to move to possess it, and I could not. "Oh Lily!" I said, or rather thought, "why did you come to torment me with vain hopes—why withdraw my thoughts from eternity?" and I made an effort to be happy in the prospect of heaven; but my thoughts would not soar above the breaking heart beside me. I wanted to comfort her-I wanted to tell her to leave me, to pray for consolation—I wanted to tell her how, in my hour of darkness, I had found light—how, in my writhing agony, I had found rest in my Saviour, but I could not. At last the door opened, and I felt the light from a candle. It was my mother's voice I heard saying,

"You here, my child?" and I knew that her arm was around the mourner. I heard from Lily's bursting heart the exclamation,

"Oh, had he but loved me!"

I heard them talk together of me. I heard my mother tell of my long devotion to her, and then the sobs came quicker but more softly. Then my mother pointed her to the light beyoud this darkness—the dark cloud brightly goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will

ing; and how, in the stillness of her closet, she had been wondrously comforted-how she had been assured that the child of so many prayers could not be lost-she was comforted by the unchanging God. Every now and then she would hush the quick sobs, as if she were dealing with a little child.

"There now, my own child, my little Lily, don't cry any more! We will meet our Willie in heaven. We must not murmur at our Father's chastisement. He had to take our idol, in order to draw our rebellious hearts to himself." Not one word of reproach was utterednothing which could wound; and presently the sobs ceased, and gently putting her arms around her, my mother led her from the room.

Then came the servants bringing candlesthe watchers, who were old companions of my own; and between their visits and my own reflections the long night passed not unhappily.

My funeral was to take place the next day. I took the most intense interest in all that concerned it. I knew the time was drawing near. I heard them set something down upon the bed it was my coffin! I felt myself lifted and laid in it. I remember that my arms had to be pressed close in order that I might lie within its too narrow limits. I remember the painfullycramped feeling this gave me. I was then carried into the parlors. I heard the thick, deep sobs through the two rooms. I heard the tremulous hymn, sometimes ceasing from emotion, and then taken up again. I heard the solemn voice of the minister say, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." I heard my own funeral sermon, and then the solemn, eloquent supplication to a throne of grace for the bereaved; and then the words, "The services will be concluded at the grave." I felt the sheet lifted from my face, and knew that there were many loving eyes fixed upon me; more than one kindly tear fell upon my face. I made a desperate effort to open my eyes-and, reader, I succeeded! I have an indistinct recollection of shrieks, and the mingling of many voices, and I sank into a state of insensibility. When I awoke, I was in my own room, and the pale, anxious faces of my mother, my father, and Lily were bending over me. They looked wearied and worn, and I knew what they had suffered. Those weeks I spent in bed were the happiest of my life; my gratitude, my love to God were unbounded, and I felt that a lifetime of service would but feebly testify my change of purpose and feeling. I was at last able to sit up, and day after day was my Lily's sweet face beside me. Oh! so well do I remember one day, when left alone with her, I called the blush to her cheek by an allusion to the scene in that very room: and asked her if she would indeed be my little Lily. was no answer at first, but soon the little Bible beside her was opened, and the shining needle pointed me to what I read: "Whither thou



lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee

This was our betrothal: our marriage was soon after; and we have trodden the path of life side by side. Nor is the little, neat-looking old lady, with well-crimped cap and loving eye, less lovely and beloved to me than the Lily that bloomed in youthful beauty so many years ago.

THE VIRGINIA EDITOR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

THE Virginia Editor is a young, unmarried, intemperate, pugnacious, gambling gentleman. Between drink and dueling-pistols he is generally escorted to a premature grave. If he so far withstands the ravages of brandy and gunpowder as to reach the period of gray hairs and cautiousness, he is deposed to make room for a youth who hates his life with an utter hatred, and who can't keep drunk more than a week at a time.

Deposed, he becomes a literary ostrich, and may be seen, with swollen red nose and diminished, calfless shanks, migrating from courthouse to court-house, laying a newspaper egg. which he leaves to be hatched into life and permanence by the pecuniary warmth of the party to whom he sells out at a small advance. he undertakes an unfinishable series of the Lives of the Governors of Virginia, and beseeches subscribers thereto. Should he, by rare good luck and the miraculous interposition of Providence, have saved any money, he buys a property in the country, retires to it, debauches himself with miscellaneous literature, lounges much, does a great deal of nothing at all, becomes curious as to the variety and flavor of his cigars, and writes an occasional article about wheat. Should he get married, he sinks into an obscure and decent citizen, and looks back upon his early career as a horrid dream.

Previous to his death, the Virginia Editor makes the most of the short time allotted to him on earth by living at a suicidal velocity. To test the strength of his constitution, by subjecting it to the influence of the most destructive habits and agencies, appears to be his sole pleasure and aim. He is determined not to live longer than he can possibly help. A quiet death at a ripe old age he regards as a disgrace.

His first waking moments in the morning are saturated with a number of powerful cocktails, to cure a headache, "brought over," as an accountant would say, from the previous midnight. Cocktailed past the point of nervousness and remorse, he dresses himself, and wends his way to a barber's shop to get shaved, if he shaves at all. Not unfrequently he has himself shaved in bed. Breakfast succeeds, and then, with a cigar in his mouth, he enters his sanctum, and goes to work; which work consists in hunting for insults in his exchanges, and in laying the foun- a man who drinks weak drinks. He vindicates dation, by means of a scathing article, of a future his democracy even in his liquor; believes in

duel. While employed upon his leading article he suffers no interruption, except from the gentleman who brings a note from another gentleman, whom he (the Editor) grossly insulted at an oyster supper the night before. Having no earthly recollection of any such occurrence, the Editor feels no hesitation (unless he happens to be unusually bilious, or has no "affair" upon his hands) in saying that he "fully and frankly withdraws any and every expression reflecting upon the character of the gentleman as a gentleman and a man of honor.'

His editorial labors vary from five minutes to two hours and a half in duration. If he feels very badly he won't write at all, but goes armed with a stick to a neighboring law-office, and threatens the occupant with a caning unless he has a spicy article in the compositors' hands by such an hour. The unhappy barrister complies, and spices the Editor into a scrape, for which the Editor is unaffectedly thankful, swearing he would die without excitement.

Before leaving his sanctum he answers a couple of letters which arrived by the last mail. He engages to meet "the gallant Democracy - district," and to address them on "August court-day." He assures a "Constant Reader" that "the glorious cause is prospering, the skies brightening;" and suggests, as the best means of putting the issue of the canvass-"the most momentous canvass that ever occurred in the history of the Republic"—beyond a doubt, that the "Constant Reader" shall send in ten new subscribers to the Keepa Pitchinin. He then huddles a shirt, a case of dueling-pistols, and a bottle of "Otard" into a small trunk, and goes to the telegraph office to notify a brother Editor that he will be in Washington to-morrow night, waiting for him at the National Hotel. His mind being thus relieved of business, he has nothing to do but to wander off to his hotel to look at the register and see if any body has come. Meets there with another Editor-a red-headed provincial, fresh from the mountains, and already heavily laden with "rifle whisky"—with whom he proceeds without delay to drink juleps and talk politics until dinner time.

After dinner he borrows twice as much money as will take him to Washington and back, reserving the surplus to bet that night at the faro-

In his personal appearance the Virginia Editor vibrates between positive gentility and absolute shabbiness, and this irrespective of his condition as to "funds." At times he is smooth and clean of face, immaculate in shirt, perfect of boot and hat; at others he is great in beard and dirt, resembling an uncleansed pressman, or a pirate who has cruised for years upon an ocean of ink. He rarely buys clothes until he is in immediate need of them; and, inasmuch as he lives all over the State, is quite as apt to have on somebody else's clothes as his own. He despises a fashionable, dandified man as he does



good old brandy or whisky, calls them "strict construction drinks," while malt liquors he stigmatizes as "Compromise drinks," and will have nothing to do with them except to "taper off" on.

There is nothing in his form or features to distinguish him from other men. A physiognomist might perhaps detect in his face a bloody good-nature—an amiability easily kindled into anger—as if the fierce animal instincts of the man were but imperfectly subdued by the pressure of social refinements.

His negligence in dress is not greater than his carelessness with regard to another comfort which the majority of mankind deem essential to happiness. He will live upon the best of food, will drink the best liquor, and smoke the finest cigars, but is utterly indifferent as to where or how he sleeps, provided he has a bedfellow; for he is greatly social, and can not bear ever to be alone. No respectable young man living in the same city is secure against an invasion of the Editor at the most inopportune hours of the night. How many sweet dreams have been rudely broken by his assaults upon the front door, or his noisy escalade of the back-window, it would be impossible to tell.

He has a room of his own, originally furnished with some taste and care, but has a mortal antipathy to sleeping in it. Nor is this aversion to be wondered at. Through a puddle of newspapers, Congressional speeches, tobacco juice, cigar stumps, broken spit-boxes, and pipestems, he wades to a bed whose sheets bade adien to the washerwoman at a period too remote to be recalled, and whose counterpane secretes its primitive tints under a sweet and greasy scum of spermaceti and spilled brandy toddies. A candle-stand is drawn conveniently near the yellow pillow, and on it lie, disorderly, a candle burned to the socket, a fragmentary volume of Byron, a plug of tobacco, a cork (fellow to others on the floor), an inkstand without any ink in it, and a foolscap scrap of unfinished editorial. Upon the window-sill, near the foot of the bed, stands marshaled a platoon of various-sized bottles, from the grenadier Champagne to the squatty porter and the slab-sided tickler. In the little wardrobe are no clothes, except a skeleton waistcoat gibbeted upon a broken hook, but a number of empty cigar-boxes, a bowie-knife, and a revolver. The odor of this apartment is not inviting. The door is always open, night and day, and it is the common dormitory of all belated roysterers. Any one may sleep here who chooses.

Notwithstanding his habits the Editor obtains a popularity wholly disproportioned, one would say, to his merits. That he should achieve notoriety is no matter for surprise, when every number of every paper issued in the State contains the name of Durringer Thundergust or William Jeems Rawhead, as principal, second, or adjustant of some personal difficulty; but notoriety is one thing, and popularity another and very different thing.

Habits which would outlaw any other man, enable him to ride rough-shod over the inviolable law of custom. Conduct which would damn a man in business, endears him to men in whose creed "strict business habits" rank next to, if they do not take precedence of, godliness. Grave men-the slaves of routine and propriety-appear to take the same delight in witnessing his unbridled eccentricities that inspired the poet Job when contemplating the gambols of the wild ass. There is an airy bravado in his outrages, a gay candor and naturalness in his excesses, which extract all their sting. As soon quarrel with the habits of a strange bird as with those of a being who is not a man but an Editor, and to whom no gauge of human morals is in any particular applicable.

His abhorrence of the vice of solitary drinking has a good deal to do with this popularity. Scarcely a respectable citizen can be found in the commonwealth with whom he has not, at some time or other, hob-nobbed in a friendly manner. Rather than drink alone he will drink with a negro, provided the negro is at all genteel and has a gentleman for his master. His Ethiopian popularity is immense and perfect. It could hardly be otherwise when, from the White Sulphur Springs to the city of Norfolk, he has repeatedly and extravagantly feed every thing answering to the name of "waiter."

The Virginia Editor is not a pious, nor, strictly speaking, a gallant man. Women, children, and preachers he classes under the common head of "non-combatants," and views them pretty much in the light in which he regards flies—as species of not very harmful, somewhat abundant insects, perhaps useful, but whose uses are not yet well understood. Still, he makes it a point of honor to place implicit faith in the truth of the Christian religion and the virtue of women; and while he regards the softer sex as, at best, beautiful toys, they are glass toys, and he treads respectfully and gingerly among the frail vessels. He clings with sectarian tenacity to the belief in future rewards and punishments; he is too brave and resentful a man to think otherwise. A disbelief in hell he denounces as the "poltroonery of infidelity," nor can any casuistry convince him that a man is not as responsible for his faith as he is for his actions.

He loves to talk, and his great theme, after politics, is himself. In himself he has the most unbounded confidence—a confidence which, in the most trying emergencies, scarcely ever deserts him. Through difficulties that would appall and crush ordinary men, he moves with the smiling abandon of a knight-errant pricking onward to meet a dragon, gorgon, or chimera dire. Only in moments of extreme nervous depression will be admit himself not competent to the discharge of the most arduous and varied duties of life, and especially of those duties for which he is evidently unfitted. He looks upon himself as pre-eminently a man of business-a practical man. Rothschild was not his equal in financiering ability; Napoleon nor Hampden



could have wearied him in work; Halifax was | So fitted is he for partisan journalism, and so not his superior in political sagacity. Name any man who has succeeded or failed in any undertaking, he will instantly unfold to you the secret of his success, or the oversights which led to his downfall.

"But for cards and liquor," himself would have excelled any man of his acquaintance; as it is, see how well he gets along in the world. In truth, his mind is strictly of the "nil admirari" order; he worships no man; and his regard for himself is only a reluctant indulgence accorded not to what he is, but to what he ought to be, and would be, "but for cards and liquor."

For this remarkable self-confidence he is indebted partly to a nature eminently high-spirited, and partly to his position. Like the driver of a locomotive, he wields a power infinitely greater than his own. He handles the lever that unlooses the throttle-valve of the mightiest engine on earth, and it is but natural that he should confound derived with individual power. Disconnect him from his engine, let him conduct a business, other than his own, upon the same loose principles, he would soon discover his error. But then he would lose one of his most delightful traits.

The Virginia Editor is not a profoundly learned man; he is not even a smatterer, in the sense, at least, in which that equivocal compliment was paid to Milton. His speciality is politics; and his taste not less than his occupation conspire to prevent him acquiring any other knowledge. Of Latin he remembers a few terms, such as "ex post facto" and "ex parte," which he picked up while drifting, for a few weeks, through a law-office. Of Greek he retains nearly the whole alphabet, being only a little uncertain as to the relative shapes of Zeta and Xi, and confusing Phi with Psi. His stock of poetry consists of a few scraps of Hudibras, Byron, and Peter Pindar; he has, besides, a professional pride and tenderness for the quatrain commencing:

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again!" It would be impossible to restrain him from quoting this occasionally, and, if it were possible, it would be cruel.

His historical information does not extend quite to the times of the Achæan League and the Amphictyonic Council, but dates rather from the Resolutions of '98. With the workings of the American Government, from its inception down to the present time; with the character, and, to an extent, with the writings of the great men who took prominent part in its formation; with the policy of the party leaders; with the politicians, great and small, of his own times, and with their tactics, he is intimately familiar. In fact, his attainments may be summed up in the word "politics," for while he does not underrate those who understand and take an interest in Belles Lettres and the Arts and Sciences, he frankly confesses that he knows and cares nothing about them himself. toddy on a silver waiter—for the game to be

wedded to it, that it is to be hoped the divine economy has set apart some waste democratic star, some uncleared portion of the celestial public domain, some half-settled nebulous Kansas as a newspaper heaven for him and his fellows. Elsewhere no conceivable use could be found for them.

His style in writing varies from the plainest Anglo-Saxon to the most gorgeous high falutin. In general, however, he makes use of ordinary English, and cares little or nothing about nicety and finish. He is better at repartee than at argument, but prefers hard talk to the most polished wit. His humor is peculiar, and considerably wider than it is subtle.

It has been said by some that the Virginia Editor is chosen rather for the stoutness of his heart than for the brilliancy of his intellect, and, to be honest, there is some truth in the allegation. A newspaper to be successful in the Old Dominion must not be defective in what they call chivalry; and a long-established paper, having the prestige of high-toned valor, would hardly employ a ready-writing craven in preference to a brave gentleman less facile with the pen. But the requirements of the public in this regard, and the usages of the papers, have been a thought exaggerated.

It is not true, for example, that the man-ofall-work, the "Cæsar" of the office, who is employed to sweep out the old papers and trash in the morning, receives an additional compensation for sweeping in the dead Editors lying about the door, who have been killed at various places during the night and brought there, as to a Morgue, for recognition and distribution. Neither is it true that a paper, in order to keep up its circulation, must have at least one Editor killed a day, and that papers having secured a good Editor, one whom they are unwilling to lose, are in the habit of imposing upon the public by buying up worthless wretches to assassinate in place of him. Equally unfounded is the report that papers impoverished and doing a small business are forced to practice the contemptible fraud of substituting wooden dummies, manikins, or lay figures in place of bona fide corpses. These reports have reference, doubtless, to States farther south than Virginia.

A propensity for gaming is a part of the Editor's constitution-an hereditary taint, for which he is no more responsible than for the age of his grandfather, and which he could as easily get rid of as remove the shape of his legs. The affliction being eminently genteel, he not only bears up under it with manly fortitude, but cherishes it with much regard. He is not much of a hand at "short cards." His delight is to be seated over against a grim, imperturbable faro-dealer-to have bets of "red checks" all over the table-half a dozen "piddlers" of "white chips" to be leaning over his shoulder and admiring his nerve-a negro to be patiently awaiting the end of the deal to hand him a brandy



stoutly contested, and for himself to "come out right smartly winner." He has no great faith in "cases," but believes in betting on three cards at a time, and has a special hankering for "the rot."

After all, and in spite of his many faults, the Virginia Editor is a gentleman. He comes of a good stock, and, however wild he may be, never disgraces it by a low or mean action. His vices are not those of a groveling spirit. If his temper is hot, it is not implacable; if his resentment is quick, it never seeks an underhanded revenge. If he prefers a clean bullethole to a fisticuffish bruising or mangling with a bludgeon, that is his own concern. If he is a sturdy partisan, he is above the venality and the trimming which disgraces the journalism of States nearer the pole than his own. If he drinks too much, it is because the liquor he uses is of the best quality. If he gambles, it is because he can't help it. If he lives something beyond his income, he is doing no more than all enlightened nations and the majority of great men have done and continue to do. His tastes are lavish. An imperial gallon can not be contained in a quart pot. And what political fabric was ever reared or maintained in its integrity without the aid of an occasional loan? If he is not a very good citizen, it is because he wants to be a better Editor.

Finally, half an ounce of lead is "honorably and satisfactorily adjusted" in his heart or brain, and the Virginia Editor dies, to the great joy of himself and to the intense grief of his party, the faro-dealers, the bar-keepers, and of every body who is entitled to an unexpected fifty cents simply because he is a negro and can run an errand. The no longer belligerent remains are attended to the tomb by an immense concourse of citizens of all parties, and the epitaph, stale but true, is, that "the community could have better spared a better man."

THE SHELL AND THE PEARL.

A NNE CRAIG was as proud as Diana; but who knew it? She passed with her wide circle of friends for a breathing grace of love, tenderness, and humility; a generous and singularly self-forgetful woman. "If there is pride in that family," said the world, "Marcia has it all;" and so said her closest companions.

Marcia's little head, classically moulded, and rich with bands of golden hair, folded in heavy masses above the pure Greek outline of her brow, and the cold glitter of her full blue eyes, was as utterly expressive of indomitable pride as a painter of the seven deadly sins could have required in a model; while her curved lips lost half the beauty of their perfect outline in the haughty and determined expression that froze their budding scarlet into icy repose. Marcia was proud, it is undeniable; but Anne was more proud, though the dewy darkness of her eyes, the tender wistfulness of look and gesture, the simple passion of her voice, and the pleading silence of her sweetest lips, denied the accusation

She was proud; and, like a barrier of invisible death, this pride hedged her inner soul from contact with the world. She passed through its ranks from childhood till girlishness gave way to the full glory of a womanly prime, as stainless of folly and worldliness as an angel-guarded child, but as little accounted of. They who wanted help came to Anne. Children, the poor, the sick, the wretched, drew unfailing sympathy from her ever-open heart; while society pronounced her sarcastic, light-minded, imprudent, even unfeeling-though her friends knew better-yet only one ever called her proud, only one interpreted the flash that at rare periods burned like destroying fire in her dilated eyes, and expanded her delicate figure to the stature and poise of an empress. In due time, but, as became the development of her character, after her school-friends were married and mothers, Anne Craig loved, and with such utter abandonment of feeling, such entire devotion of every faculty to the new worship, that Marcia, who knew her but in part, sisters though they were, trembled for her health and life.

It was not in the power or will of George Bennett to return such love. He admired Anne in every point of view; her face glowing with health's most vivid coloring, the unconscious grace of her figure, the bright flashes of her mirthful fancy, and the keen perception that distinguished her conversation—all fascinated this self-centred man, the more because he found her so universally misunderstood in society, and saw, after but a few months' acquaintance, that she had voluntarily unvailed for him the depths of a heart worth a thousand common ones, and the recesses of a mind whose power and versatility she had not herself measured or imagined.

For a time, bewitched by these traits, George Bennett gave himself up entirely to the delight of being so loved. Not himself of the highest intellectual grade or the most perceptive faculties, he had yet a wide power of appreciation, and a fund of vanity, both of which aided him to enjoy thoroughly that spectacle so fascinating to a man, of a beautiful, intellectual, and spirituelle woman utterly absorbed in, and living for him. Vainly did Marcia, from the heights of her superior propriety, lecture Anne till she despaired; vainly did she recall precedent after precedent, to show the universal result of a passion so overflowing and demonstrative: argument and precedent were alike lost on Anneshe could not understand them.

"But, Marcia, I love him!" was her one reply, uttered with such pure and wondering simpleness, that Marcia, half ashamed, could in no wise answer. She could not shake Anne's faith in George Bennett, or cloud her unworldly mind with conventions; so she ceased to try.

proud, though the dewy darkness of her eyes, the tender wistfulness of look and gesture, the simple passion of her voice, and the pleading silence of her sweetest lips, denied the accusation.

But in time came the first development of Anne's pride. She had been so lost in her own exquisite and abundant emotion, so "blissfully harbored" in the ever-present consciousness of



appreciation and love, that the garnishing and position of her idol had passed for symmetry; she had looked at it with love-dimmed vision: who can not pity the obvious result? It matters little to our story what succession of events opened Anne's eyes to the truly selfish and hard character of the man she loved; it was hardly so much a succession as a sudden revelation of truths that all at once shone upon the golden mists she had woven about her, and dispelled its glory alike from the face of the image and the sight of the idolater. She was not a woman to dally with offenses against her code of integrity and honor one hour; and George Bennett was surprised out of his usual case and nonchalance, one fine summer day, by a brief, cold, and quiet note from Anne, asking an interview with him that very evening. It is not to be denied that this man, in the full prime of manhood, health, and self-conceit, felt still a little tremulous as he prepared himself for this interview; nor was he more assured on entering the little parlor of the sisters' tiny house, where their long orphanage had hitherto passed, to see Anne and Marcia both sitting by the long window, and to be received with Anne's most exquisite courtliness of manner, and Marcia's serene pride, too earnest to be cold.

Mr. Bennett attempted the usual commonplaces about the weather, to which Marcia alone replied. Anne sat like a very statue of repose, her hands folded lightly upon each other, her expressive head a little bent, and her eyes, unfathomable in calmness, fixed upon her guest.

Presently there came that annoying period of a conscious conversation—the first pause. Anne made it brief enough.

"Mr. Bennett," said she, in so clear and unfaltering a tone that her lover started involuntarily, and felt inwardly withered by the chill which that pure accent and faultless intonation implied—"Mr. Bennett, I sent for you this afternoon to tell you that my engagement to you is at an end!"

Now George Bennett was a man, and though he had secretly acknowledged to himself before that hour that his relation to Anne was becoming weary—for the simple reason that she loved him too well, and showed it too innocently—yet, when from her lips came the echo of his thoughts, and the passionate, tender, devoted child suddenly revealed herself as the haughty and supreme woman, his pride—of how inferior a type to Anne's!—rose in arms, and the laggard love panted and flew as the prize vanished for which it had so indolently contended, in which it had so prematurely triumphed.

He rose involuntarily.

"Anne! Miss Craig! is it possible I hear you truly? What have I done to merit so abrupt a dismissal?"

"I accuse you of nothing, Mr. Bennett; it is enough for me to say that I have hitherto misinterpreted your character entirely; that I can never be your wife, appreciating you as I do now."

Mr. Bennett was enraged; with what taunt should he subdue this proud creature, who but yesterday had rested in his arms like a shy and loving child of the forest, and cried bright tears of joy over his return after a brief absence? Suddenly, with this recollection, a thought came to his aid.

"You have not loved me, Anne, or this could not be."

A terrible smile, sharp and writhing, convulsed her quiet face, and she said, calmly as before,

"That is not true, nor do you think it; you know, with absolute certainty, how utterly and forgetfully I have loved you. There has been no instant of the day that your image has left my mind; no hour when my life did not hang on and tremble for you; no dream of my sleep wherein you were not present, and no waking consciousness that was not of you before myself—"

"Anne!" interposed Marcia, with an expression and tone that said, "How can you confess that?"

Anne smiled again, but now with a keen and yet weary smile of a height incomprehensible to both her companions.

"No, Marcia! I am not ashamed. There is no shame in loving; the blush you desire for me I leave for those who can not comprehend the divine essence of love. Do you think the clear sky is ashamed of shining upon the earth? If a sacred angel stood beside me I should say what I now say, looking into his eyes for appreciation, and I should receive it. Mr. Bennett, your own soul testifies to my words; you know well why I release myself from these bonds. I am aware, I regret to say, of your conversation with Captain Moulton, two nights since, in the Avenue."

George Bennett turned pale and looked at Marcia. Anne spoke again.

"My sister is not my confidante in another person's secrets; you need fear nothing."

Still she sat, lovely and statuesque, in her quaint high chair; face and figure dilated, inspired, interpenetrated with most rare and self-poised dignity, most ethereal pride. The man was like one who dreamed; slowly he rose from his chair and extended a cold hand to Anne. She took it regally, but the nerveless clasp dropped from her own, and without one word of regret they parted forever.

What this interview did for George Bennett scarcely belongs to our story. Suffice it to say that he married an heiress within the year, and had his reward therefor, seeing that he married the heiress and not the woman. For Anne, if she suffered, she demonstrated it in an unusual way; she became cold and grave in society, and for a long time shrank from her friends with unconcealed distaste of their presence and their caresses. She went out but little into the laborious, social amusements of Portland; left sewing-societies, literary circles, lectures, and long-drawn tea-parties to be ponderously upborne by



other hands: her recreation was walking; and | cleave to that ideal. She married Mr. Devereux. no breezy, desolate upland lay within attainable distance whose crisp brown herbage was not trodden by her quick feet; no hill lifted its round outline against the cold New England sky upon whose summit that lithe and lonely figure had not stood, poised like an eagle half intent to soar sunward, just about to utter its clanging scream of defiance to the wild north wind; nor was there any forest near whose expectant silence and odorous depths of shade had not whispered and rustled to her long-drawn breath, and answered, with the passionless sympathy of Nature, every pulse of her rapid heart.

She walked till the very forces of muscular life gave way; till her round shape was attenuated to absolute wanness; till the blood left cheek and lip for the violet veins that threaded her clear temples and transparent hand, and, faint as death, she could only totter to the end of her garden, and gasp in the summer air for want of the life she had so recklessly lavished. Other tokens of suffering she did not give. She spoke of George Bennett, when it became necessary, in the same clear and cold tone in which she had last spoken to him, and, except for the utter change in her physique, no one could have imagined her pain. Marcia only knew it in part when, awaking in the middle of night, led by that mysterious instinct which re-echoes in the pulses of kindred life, she arose and went to Anne, and found her, night after night, stretched on her little bed before the open casement, her languid, feverish hand under her cheek, both colorless as the drapery around them, and her large spiritual eyes brimmed with undripping dews, gazing into the darkness with a reflex gleam in their depths, caught from the quiet constellations beyond. If Marcia spoke, she smiled with a most piteous and touching aspect—a look so patient, tender, and strenuous, that Marcia dared not stoop to kiss it for the rain of her own hot tears; could not remonstrate with a voice too broken to be trusted with rational or reproving speech.

People said Anne Craig was dying; and so, indeed, it seemed; but they who said it knew her not. She was not of such malleable metal. For no mortal man should that proud heart and vigorous mind lie down in dust. She was only wounded, not mortally; the child-heart was smitten with death, and its writhing and anguish were protracted long.

It was not easy for love, and trust, and simpleness to learn at once the serpent's wisdom; the dove fluttered and moaned before the glittering scales of its new armor; but the strong soul overcame. And at this crisis, when the balance still trembled though bending toward victory, a little excitement from without lent its aid, and by effecting a diversion ended the battle-Marcia married.

Proud as she was, her pride was of a common type; she had an ideal of love and life as all women have, but, like almost all women, had neither the courage nor the integrity to expressibly mournful tenderness at the brilliant

partly because he was in love with her, or said he was-a reason so far laudable as to be accepted for its plausibility by outer judges; partly because she was tired of her lonely and eventless life, and shrank from an unsustained and disregarded future; partly because she knew so few men, had seen so little of any better society than was afforded by the narrow cliques of Portland and the mixed multitude of Fullerton Beach, where her summers were passed, that she took that for love which merited a lesser name, and gave Mr. Devereux the half-troubled heart that the cripple, not the angel, had stirred.

Little as this would have flattered the loverelect, had he been a man of deep insight or acute emotions, he was yet quite satisfied with the beautiful Marcia's demonstrations; something regal even in her love, since it was not such love as Anne's, that crowned another and not herself. Mr. Devereux enjoyed the homage that was so balanced with dignity, while he gave way to every whim of the capricious beauty, whom he worshiped with a true masculine worship, two-thirds passion and one-third pride.

Still deceiving herself with the new emotions her acknowledged position awoke in the undisciplined heart, yielding utterly to every tenderness that position was calculated to awake in the idol that found itself shrined and adored, Marcia hid her face from her forsaken ideal, and turned it earthward to the flickering and ruddy flame of a mere feu de joie. She kept the tranquil and delicately-ordered house in a most unwonted turmoil for weeks with her bridal preparations. Gay and ornate garments, trinketry of all kinds, and "your only meat," the last fashion, strewed the cool and sleep-haunted rooms above; while in the little parlors every elaboration of art, provided for the mystical requisitions of young housekeepers, were paraded long before their legitimate period of display on table and etagére. The very bridal ceremony partook of Marcia's immediate mood; her rooms were garlanded with the most brilliant summer flowers-blood-red roses and white lilies, contrasted with singular vividness and splendor, heaped every cornice in fragrant masses, and looped the simple draperies of the windows. Her own dress afforded no room for contrast, but it was too gorgeous to be bride-like: the heavy folds of the pearl-white robe; the deep and rich vail that drooped from her queenly head; the massively-set clusters of pearls that were Mr. Devereux's bridal gift, and lay on the slender throat and hung from either delicate ear like the chains of a captivity; her whole aspect, even to its minutest detail, expressed calm exultation and pleasure, rather than the shy timidity of a love-subdued girl who is "all for love, and the world well lost." The world was well gained to Marcia; nothing dimmed her stately joy; not even the graceful and slight figure that leaned against a casement, and looked with in-



spectacle. not be averted.

From the time that Marcia left Portland Anne remained there no longer. She accepted the urgent invitation of her sister to visit her in her own home, and after a few weeks spent in Lagrange, went to New York for the winter, to fulfill an old promise made to her father's cousin, a widow of some wealth, whose children had married and widely dispersed, leaving her to a life she preferred, lonely as it was, to any severance from the society and occupations she had shared for a lifetime.

In Mrs. Lyell's companionship Anne entered New York society, and also entered upon a singular phase of her own development. The pure air of Lagrange had been a potent tonic, and, with a little physical strength, a little helpful excitement, her mind slowly reasserted its supremacy; the fever that consumed her gave way to gracious dews of sleep and peace, and before she reached Mrs. Lyell's her attenuated figure began to soften in its fine but too angular outlines; her tintless lips gathered scarlet in faint waves; her worn and hollow cheek filled and reddened slowly; the light of a new life glittered deeply in her eyes, now more serene than tender, and unfathomably dark; her air and manner assumed an ease and quietness of another character than their previous simple and unconscious grace; her animal spirits, so long repressed, rose in sparkling wit, tempered by the most exquisite and feminine kindliness; and her mind, redeemed from its tedious slavery to sorrow and feebleness, now shone in full glory through a fit habitation. Anne Craig blossomed at this late hour, aloe-like, into a belle. With a face more expressive than beautiful, now that the first lines of youth were fled, a figure instinct in every part with the soul that inhabited it, a manner too high-bred not to be unusual, and a power of conversation rarely found in an American woman, Anne made an impression in society of a peculiar and characteristic kind.

Not upon the fashionists whose boy and girl reign was yet undisputed in the parlors of their over-gentle mammas, but among the real "best society" that the keen and kindly satirist of "Mrs. Potiphar" believes in and furtively acknowledges, while he makes its puerile contemporaries writhe under the rod they do not outgrow.

Talent—social, political, and literary—acknowledged the charm of an intelligent, appreciative, and well-bred woman; one whose mind, alive to every shade of beauty and truth, was yet practical enough to trace the application of both truth and beauty to the development of world-wide problems, as well as minute details.

The excitement of this mental encounter, the "delight of battle with her peers," the luxurious surroundings that chimed so well with her artistic sense, the opportunity that dress and decoration gave for the exercise of her faultless and delicate taste, the ministry of all the thousand lovely little bride how to manage the tamest of appliances that frame social life in its fitting ponies, and how to have patience with the stu-

Anne appreciated it, but it could | gold, called out the dramatic part of Anne's nature, excited to a genial overflow all her recovering soul, and filled her in mind and body with new health. She was a belle of the highest grade among those staff-officers of women: innumerable bouquets waited at her toilet for acceptance; every book that rose above the literary horizon was hers before the public had arrived at its possession. Her hours of reception, or rather Mrs. Lyell's, were always crowded; her lovers counted themselves by scores, only they did not count themselves as lovers long, for she achieved that most difficult part of a woman's career-the art of converting a lover into a friend, with no intervening refusal and no manœuvres. The child-heart was not all dead. it was reviving.

> Once only did Mrs. Lyell disturb Anne's sweetness of demeanor. They had met George Bennett the night before at a party, with his bride, the heiress. Gossip, hundred-tongued, whispered an old story in the ear of Anne's chaperon; and in the morning, when the two ladies, at their late breakfast, were talking over the past evening's enjoyment, Mrs. Lyell turned upon Anne with-

"Who's that Mr. Bennett, Anne?"

No start betrayed that the question was hard to answer, but that clear, chilling tone came in the reply,

"An old acquaintance of mine, cousin."

"O-h!" replied the indefatigable old lady. "I was told by somebody or other that you were engaged to the man once."

"So I was," said the same cold voice.

"What ailed you to break it, eh? That's a bad plan, child; very impolitic," shrieked out the unsparing duenna.

Anne rose like a palm-tree suddenly springing in the desert, and bending a look full of silencing pride and power on the little, withered, peering face of her superintending genius, said, as a queen might have spoken a death-warrant: "He deceived me!"

Mrs. Lyell asked no more questions then or thereafter.

In the course of time there was an addition to Anne Craig's circle of attendants, who seemed somewhat out of place. Mr. Vandervere was immensely rich; farther no one said any thing of him, for he was a silent man. The only son of an old Manhattan family, he had been educated abroad, and on his majority, returning to his native country, had married a beautiful and silly girl, intended since her own childhood for his wife, at least by her parents, who were his distant relations. After marriage he had removed to his country-house on the Hudson, and lived there through all seasons, seeing no company but his own connections, who were a small tribe of themselves, doing nothing for the exterior world, but spending his time and his money on the old estate and the additions he had made to it; varying these occupations by teaching his



Clove.

However, the fair and inane Adèle had no long time to learn her lesson, for death, who delays not for any manorial rights nor the gentler tenures of beauty and affection, in a few short years cropped Ignatius Vandervere's bride from the lawns where she grew like an inexpressive daisy, and laid her in the family tomb with past generations of Dutchmen. Her husband made no excessive show of grief, nor wept for the baby that slept on its mother's arm; so the lookers-on reported, with an injured air, as if it were a social duty to mourn visibly.

For two years he kept the decent honors of his widowhood, and then, emerging from the shades of the Clove, took a house in New York, and the next winter entered at once into society and the charmed circle of Anne Craig. Here he became the most devoted of listeners; if he spoke, it was chiefly to Anne, and that in a sort of aside impossible for other ears to hear, yet not unusual enough to be remarked. To others he spoke in the same voice; whether he said the same things was scarce questioned, and what Miss Craig thought of her silent attendant no one took the trouble to inquire; or whether that head, so well developed—those dark blue eyes, so covertly humorous and keen, yet at times so utterly expressionless-that mouth, which might be with or without character under the heavy mustache-whether all these were mere external signs of nothing within.

However that might be, the world of Mrs. Lyell's friends lifted all their hands and rolled piteously all their eyes at the mercenary Miss Craig, when her engagement to Ignatius Vandervere was duly announced, after Easter Week had renewed the sleeping gayeties of the city for a spasm of life before summer should transfer them to springs or sea-shores.

Mrs. Lyell was charmed, Anne very quiet. Mr. Vandervere was considered as a million of dollars in her circle; no one had so much as attempted to explore his capacities in any other direction; his silence passed for dullness, his reserve for stupidity, and Miss Craig's engagement for "the greatest catch" among the juveniles, and "the greatest pity" among her friends.

She went duly through the usual routine of a fiancée; received bouquets from one hand onlybouquets that might have let a little light into the subject had any of her artist-friends been permitted to see them, so exquisitely were the flowers arranged, so poetically selected. Sometimes a white rose set in a cloud of deep purple violets, odorous as concentred spring; sometimes a stainless camelia in a circle of its own buds, all surrounded with gorgeous pansies; roses of two colors, in graceful alliance with the honey-suckle of May; or groups of wild flowers so arranged as to seem scarce parted from their native fields and woods. Could a million of dollars do this? Mr. Vandervere did it. There were also stately drives into the country, with Mrs. Lyell, lost in India shawls, in one corner her, the pity so strenuously nursed for her sister's

pidest of lives, the dull routine of Vandervere | of the carriage for propriety; rides in which Mr. Vandervere had no need to teach his companion. already a fearless and graceful horsewoman; and the usual lavishing of jewelry and books on the idol of the hour.

> But Anne's jewels were selected as curiously as her flowers. No cameos, mosaics, or enamel adorned her toilet: pearls strung like beads, clear rubies linked with gold, sapphires set in frosted cords of silver, opals, mystical and Oriental, set in squares of black and gold, mixed like talismanic characters-all these, in turn, were offered to her gracious acceptance.

> Marcia, in her home, now beginning to develop its hard reality, hearing of Anne's engagement, sickened to the soul with a foreknowledge of what she thought awaited her sister, and wrote her a bitterly pathetic letter. Anne replied by an invitation to her wedding, which, at Mrs. Lyell's express request, was to take place from her house. Marcia did not come-her husband's illness prevented, and the wedding was very private. Anne's one bridemaid spoke of it in no measured terms as very stupid.

The bride was cold and calm, not even magnificent; her dress, a profusion of simple and delicate lace, clothed her like clouds of mist, and a vail of like material fell in countless folds from the braids of her dark hair, over the statuesque cheek and graceful outline; one spray of the conventional orange-flower confined the drapery above her brow, and gave the nun-like vesture its bridal type.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Vandervere left town for the usual routine of life at watering-places. Report was openmouthed with every detail that it could collect of both bride and groom. Marcia heard of Anne as the most attractive and distinguished arrival at every new place whither the surge of fashion rolled; but she could gather nothing of her demeanor or apparent feeling from such publicities, and poor Mrs. Devereux, already beginning to be restless in the hastily riveted yoke of her bondage, feared, out of her own experience, for Anne Vandervere, knowing well how great were that bride's capacities of suffering.

Autumn came, and the no longer bridal party, still including Mrs. Lyell, went to pass the golden months of that most tranquilly happy season at Vandervere Clove. Here Marcia was asked to join them, but her husband had not yet recovered from the tedious and fretful illness that had kept them both from the wedding, and it was not till Anne had established herself for the winter in the city that the sisters met. Marcia, with her fair little baby, left her husband at home, and went to spend the holidays with Anne.

Some delay of letters prevented Mrs. Vandervere from meeting Marcia till she was safely set down in the luxurious drawing-room of her sister's Fifth Avenue palace, and had sent up her name by the servant who admitted her. Marcia was still herself, in spite of hard lessons, and as she looked about on the luxury that surrounded



fate grew weaker fast. Surely one could marry | party, to challenge the criticisms of her husband the Beast of fairy tale to attain such appliances, and Anne was by no means "the Beauty."

Perhaps she changed her mind concerning the latter judgment when the door opened quickly, and Anne advanced to meet her, joy gleaming from every line of her picturesque face, and her dress-just arranged for a dinner-partyadding the inexpressible charm of fitness to a grace it did not hide or outshine. Ah! could this indeed be Anne whom she had last seen languid and thin? this princess, whose deep velvet draperies hid her light feet, and fell from her round waist in such folds of light and shadow, while the white and rounded arms, polished and moulded like Indian ivory, the bare throat and shoulders vailed with filmy lace and clasped with jewels, were as exquisitely shaped as those of a statue. Was this the tender-eyed Anne, whose soft hair, gathered in a shining coiffure and decked with a rose-red camelia, fell about a noble and health-tinted face, whose proud eyes shone calm and regnant beneath the broad forehead unlined by care?

Marcia sighed for surprise and joy, while Anne, clasping the baby in her arms, led her sister up the wide staircase to her rooms, and after a renewed and heart-warm welcome, left her to rest and dress till they should meet at dinner.

At dinner Marcia met Mr. Vandervere, and her quick feminine insight was at once charmed with his quiet, yet warm reception, and his thoroughly gentlemanly manner in that place where a gentleman is best tested—his own house.

As the days of her visit wore on, Marcia's feeling of half-envious admiration at Anne's position gave way to a more painful, a more womanly emotion. She at least had thought she loved her husband; had gone through the honeyed attentions of her early matrimony with no distaste; she had been faithful to her own delusion, though at last she began to acknowledge it was a delusion. But Anne and Mr. Vandervere! what statues were these to call themselves man and wife! They treated each other with the most thorough good-breeding. Not one observance of society was neglected; they conversed like courteous acquaintances-no more. Marcia's keen eye detected no shadow of a caress passing between them, no tender look, no blush, no shy smile. Her ear perceived no affectionate tone, no inflection of softness in either voice. They were married. Ah! was that all? Better a self-deception like her own—better a dream of love than its utter absence. Yet this imperceptibly restored her somewhat shaken confidence in Anne. If she had married for money, at least she had been honest; she had been bought, and wore her chains royally, and lavished the price of her freedom, but owned the slavery. It was like Anne; upright to the last. Yet how could she have married for money?

However, Marcia knew that this state of

and sister, after Mr. Vandervere, dropping the paper from before his face, had pronounced the thing "very pretty," and sunk back into stocks and markets, while Marcia turned her beautiful sister from side to side, uttering little exclamations of delight over the black lace dress and mystical set of opals that so well suited both dress and wearer, all at once Mrs. Devereux caught a glimpse of her brother-in-law in the treacherous mirror beyond him. The paper was not before his eyes now; they were raised to Anne's beautiful and expressive face with a look of love, intense even to adoration—a look that spoke all the worship of an utterly-absorbed soul. "Poor Ignatius!" was thenceforth the chime of Marcia's thoughts; yet vainly did she try, in the pain and fullness of her heart, to open her lips to Anne. Something-she knew not what-kept them shut when she longed to speak. But the shell was too rough, too firmly closed: a heavier hand than the tiny grasp of affection must force it apart—and the hand came.

Marcia left her sister's house for a time to visit Mrs. Lyell, who lived in another part of the city, and her husband joined her there after a few weeks. Still she continually saw Anne, and saw no more than ever. One day, toward the middle of Lent, when now the time of Mr. and Mrs. Devereux's return had almost come, they went to dine at Mr. Vandervere's, to meet a party of gentlemen. As Marcia entered the house, leaving Mr. Devereux to give his orders to the coachman, Cécile, Anne's maid, came quickly toward her from the upper hall, with a face like death, and a thoroughly terrified air. "Ah! le bon Dieu!" shrieked she, "c'est Madame Devereux, ah, goot Madame! if you have love my mistress, you shall go rite, oh, ver' quick, up l'escalier. Ah! she have been kill wid Monsieur!"

Cold with terror, Marcia flew up stairs, and found herself, she knew not how, in Anne's dressing-room. The door of her chamber was ajar, and Marcia, pausing on the threshold, saw Ignatius Vandervere stretched apparently lifeless on the floor, and Anne on her knees beside him, holding his head in her arms, the blood from a rough wound on his temple pouring in waves over her rich dress, while she vainly endeavored to stanch it by the pressure of her fingers, and lavished the wildest kisses on cheek and lip, and called her husband by the tenderest names man knows—as if death could be bribed by love to return his seizure. Beside her lay a large fragment of the plaster cornicea heavy group of fruit and flowers-stained with blood, betraying the cause of that fearful group. Marcia paused but one instant. Her presence of mind was always great, and now it was needed. While the rest of the household were thrown into utter confusion, she assumed the lead as calmly as if it were nothing new; had the most skillful surgeon of the city at hand as soon as things had emanated from her sister only; for it was possible, arranged every thing in order one night when Anne came down dressed for a with perfect tact and quiet, and having gra-



ciously and gracefully dismissed her sister's | tle shape of tinted wax done up in lawn and guests, went once more to her room to hear the lace, which she called by the stately name of surgeon's opinion, and see what was to be done for Anne or her husband.

She found Mr. Vandervere still unconscious, and the surgeon very careful what he said; while Anne, still blood-stained and half crazed. sat with dilated eyes by the bedside, and hung open-mouthed upon the surgeon's words.

"You must persuade Mrs. Vandervere to leave my patient, Madam," said he to Marcia. "I wish, with the aid of the gentleman I have sent for, to examine his wound; and really I can not answer for his life if any agitation superinduces fever. He will probably become conscious under our treatment, and must not see that face of all others."

Anne rose before Marcia could speak. Her sister led her, tottering, into another room, removed the stiffened garments, undid the jewels from her throat and hair, bathed her burning head, and made her lie down. Oh, could she have shed one tear! but her eyes were like shining stones, and her lips scarlet as in a fever.

Happily, after a most endless-seeming hour, the surgeon entered with a smile. "There is no danger now," said he; "but he has lost blood terribly, and must be quiet for weeks-as helplessly quiet as an infant—lest fever should undo all that nature would have done."

Anne's eyes grew softer and dimmer with every word. She rose from the heaped cushions where Marcia had placed her.

"May I see him?" she said, in an inexpressibly touching and infantile whisper.

"Not to-night," said Dr. Grey. "You shall see him and take care of him in the morning, if you sleep well. I shall stay with him to-night."

He spoke in a coaxing, caressing tone, as if she were a child in arms—she, the proud Mrs. Vandervere, whom he had heard of afar off as a sort of ice-queen! He forgot those stories now. Anne smiled, a happy, tired smile, sank back on the pillows and slept, while Marcia sat beside her full of wonder. What did it all mean?

In the long weeks that followed, all the woman in Anne's nature shone out. The most tender, patient, gentle, and untiring of nurses, her husband had no wish she did not anticipate, uttered no sigh she was not at hand to receive. If ever a man in the prime of health and life found weakness and pain a pleasure, Ignatius Vandervere found them so. Nor did Marcia find fault with Anne any more for being undemonstrative. Only the remembrance that she was married, not merely engaged, to the man upon whose looks and words she seemed to hang for every breath of life, prevented a recurrence of the old lectures given in George Bennett's days; but Marcia held that a wife might afford to be more impulsive than a fiancée. Whether it was a true policy that dictated her fiat, judge ye who are married!

Some months after, as Anne and Marcia sat together in a long piazza of the house at Vandervere Clove, Anne having on her knees a litIgnatius, the sisters had a conversation, long deferred by one, long expected by the other.

"Marcia," said Anne, pretending to think a fly was eagerly invading the slumbers of her man-child, and bending down so that her face was in the shadow of a trumpet-creeper's deep green branch; "Marcia, you thought I did not love my husband when you came to see us in New York, didn't you?"

"Why, Anne-I don't know-not exactly

"You did think so, Marcia; why can not you be honest? Moreover, I meant you should. Now let me tell you a little about it. I loved George Bennett in those old times, as you know, but when I discovered that he had deceived me in a way I have no right to explain, that love died. I suffered in its death, but no love survives that wound; it might, had I owed him any duty, have become that poor ghost, habitual affection; but there were no such bonds in this case, so I became free, and bitterly incredulous of loving again—not only incredulous, but afraid, till I knew Ignatius. I did love him, after I knew him, as I must love a man before I could marry him. I had opportunities of judging his character that were not known to any of my friends but Mrs. Lyell. She was a distant connection of his, and he came to her on a standing invitation—the renewal of a boyish habit every Sunday to dine, and generally staid the evening. In those long talks that we had while our cousin agreeably dozed in her arm-chair, I learned to respect and admire Ignatius, not only for his manly character, his strong and thoroughly-disciplined mind, his complete education and unusual learning, but most of all for his rigid principles and practice of truth and honor. I found him deeply read, and well trained in all the requisites of a man's education, having a just and noble estimate of wealth and its uses—a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and possessed of a strong, pure, ardent heart, 'tender and true,' that lay at my mercy after three months of almost daily intercourse had made us known to each other as two true people must be known.

"I loved him before I knew it; and when he asked me to marry him, in his own noble way, simply and directly, taking the whole alternative in his own hands, not tampering with my maidenly delicacy in the effort to save his pride by drawing out some expression of my feeling before he would commit himself, I was moved to the very depths of my heart; but I refused him-though, in justice to us both, I told him that I loved him as well as he could desire, but that his wealth was a final objection. Ah! shall I ever forget that face, flushed with agony to the deepest red, and then pale as death? He walked to the window one moment, and then returning, sat down beside me, and taking my hand, said, in a calm, but inexpressibly fervent tone,

"'Anne, you love me.'



most lordly assertion, and he went on:

" You are the proudest woman I ever knew, though perhaps I am the only person who appreciates your character in that one point. Are you not proud enough to do me justice? If I were poor you would not hesitate; why is wealth any greater objection? It is not poverty or riches I ask you to marry, but me. My money is a circumstance not even of my moulding. am a living soul, and I ask my fellow-soul to own the bond between us: are you just to deny it ?'

"I could not answer him, for he was right. "'I will not wait for your reply to-day,' said 'I will come again to-morrow.'

"So, without even saying good-by, he left me, and the next time he came he staid longer. Yet I accepted him on this condition—that he should neither give nor receive one sign of affection to or from me in the presence of a third person. If the world chose to think I had married for money, they should at least never believe me a hypocrite. I would keep my truth even in appearances; I did not perceive that I was shutting myself up in a lie.

"I meant to have shown my true self to you, Marcia, but your letter grieved me bitterly, for I saw that you too credited the world's version of my match, and this confirmed a resolution that I found hard to keep even then, so ardently had my whole soul gone out toward Ignatius; but if my own sister misjudged me, what should ever undeceive my mere acquaintances? That terrible day crushed my fine plan to atoms. Marcia, my child-heart has come back. I was wrong, but I am right now-and oh, so happy! My shell is thrown away, and lost forever!"

"And the pearl is mine!" said her husband, who had been leaning against the pillar behind her for five minutes, seen only by Marcia.

"Ignatius! I am ashamed of you! 'Listeners,' you know-"

Her lips were suddenly silenced; and the neglected piece of wax-work uttered a tiny scream, whereat the strong and tender arms of Ignatius Vandervere lifted wife and baby together from the low divan, and carried them in beyoud the dampness of the dews just hanging in mid-air. The sound of Mr. John Devereux's cold and arrogant voice, coming from the direction of the stables, heralded his approach, and Marcia sighed.

A PRINCE OF INTRIGUE.*

To M. de Beaumarchais the United States owe more in every respect than to any other person on this side of the ocean.—SILAS DRANE to the Congress at Philadelphia.

T is not too much to say that the character of Beaumarchais-of whom M. de Loménie has just written a charming biography—was one of

"Had this been a question, I should have the most extraordinary in an age of extraordinary half hated him. But he knew me; it was the characters; that his adventures were incredibly romantic at a period when romantic vicissitudes were the rule of life rather than the exception; and that, considering his rise and his capacity, the part he played in public affairs, and the notoriety he enjoyed during his life, were among the most wonderful phenomena of his times. From a watch-maker's workshop he raised himself at one bound to a social intimacy with royal families: from suffering hardship for the want of a few francs, he passed suddenly into the ranks of the leading financiers of Europe, and as suddenly relapsed into poverty so abject that when he lit a match he blew it out to use again: one day, prostrate beneath an ignominious sentence of Parliament, depriving him of house, home, civil and political rights, and social consideration; the next, a sovereign, an independent power, treating on terms of almost equality with crowns and republics, and winning naval battles: now a sort of secret agent, employed to do the dirty work of royalty; soon the leader of the friends of liberty, the enthusiastic champion of popular rights and humanity: one week hooted out of daylight by the mob, with shouts of "Poisoner! assassin! jail-bird!" the next so intensely loved that his arrest and imprisonment for thirty days almost precipitated the fall of the monarchy: a merchant, a courtier, a diplomatist, a lawyer, a songwriter, an admiral, a contractor, an inventor, a banker, a politician, and the most successful dramatic author, next to Molière, that France ever produced. For us, the extract from Silas Deane's dispatch to Congress, prefixed to this article, imparts a new interest to his biography. We shall see, as we proceed, that the high compliment was fully merited. This extraordinary man-this French Alcibiades-was really the first man in Europe who saw the possibility of the independence of the United States, and labored practically to effect that great object. Nor does it diminish his claim on our sympathy to know that for forty years he and his heirs were unpaid creditors of this country.

> In the year that James Oglethorpe invited the European Protestants to take refuge from persecution in his newly-granted colony of Georgia, one of the Protestants to whom the appeal was addressed, an easy-going man, who preferred quiet recantation to uncomfortable constancy, requested the parish priest of the Quartier St. Denis, at Paris, to baptize his infant son by the names of Pierre Augustin. The renegade, as his Huguenot acquaintance called him, was a worthy watch-maker, named Caron, a man of some reading, and not devoid of intellect, but eminently conservative. The boy thus admitted into the Catholic fold lived as other boys did till thirteen, then must needs-the young rogueinvolve himself in an affaire d'amour, compromise a lady, and leave school. Admitted into his father's workshop, he works five years at his trade, but, wilder than ever, exasperates his father till the latter turns him out of his house.



^{*} Beaumarchais and his Times. Sketches of French Society in the Eighteenth Century, from Unpublished Documents. By Louis DE Loménie. Translated by HENRY S. EDWARDS. 12mo. Harper and Brothers.

The reconciliation is noteworthy, as a picture | riage contract. Young Caron persuades three friends to write to his father on his behalf; the angry parent replies, in a tone of much dignity, that he will receive his son on certain conditions, to which he must agree in writing. He stipulates that the youth of eighteen shall get up at six in summer and seven in winter; shall give up music, and work till supper-time; shall spend no evening but Sunday away from home; shall faithfully serve his father as journeyman; shall obey his parents in all things. On his side, the Père Caron promises to give his son board, lodging, and 18 francs (say \$3 60) per month for pocket-money. To these terms the lad agrees, "hoping, with the help of the Lord, to keep his promises;" and honestly devotes his whole mind to his business. He is rewarded by a fortunate accident: he invents a new escapement for watches. The discovery is valuable; young Caron imprudently communicates it to a fellow-workman, who quietly sits down and writes a letter to the Mercure newspaper, in which he announces that he has invented a new escapement, describing Caron's.

This first mishap roused the man in young Caron. He straightway claimed the invention, in a letter to the Mercure; and when the pirate replied, appending to his letter a certificate of character from three Jesuits, Caron appealed to the Academy of Sciences, and obtained a conclusive judgment in his favor. The case made some little noise, and was an excellent advertisement for young Caron. He made a watch for the King, and another for Madame de Pompadour, who was then at the zenith of her famethis last so small that the diameter of the face only measured four lines and a half. Princes and courtiers were, of course, anxious to copy his Majesty; Caron's watches became all the rage, and their maker obtained that rare and inestimable privilege, the entrée of the Court.

The ice broken, more success followed. Caron was tall, handsome, well formed; he had an air of command, and an impetuous bearing, which "seemed to fit him for noble society." One day a beautiful lady entered his shop with a watch which she desired him to repair. She was very pretty, and blushed; the watch was sadly in want of repair; the "artist" could not think of letting her send for it—he would call with it himself. A few weeks afterward, all Versailles knew that old Monsieur Franquet. the husband of the pretty owner of the watch, had resigned his office in favor of young Caron, who became a servant of the King, under the title of "Clerk-controller of the pantry of the Household." A few more weeks and Versailles heard that old M. Franquet had died, and his widow had married M. Caron. It was on the occasion of this marriage that he took the name by which he is best known, that of Beaumarchais.

Within less than a year his wife died. She ly, obe had property which went to her family, Beaumarchais having neglected to register his mar-ward."

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riage contract. He was left penniless. His salary as clerk-controller of the pantry—in virtue of which office he was expected to march in to the King's dining-room, on high days, before the meat, and place the dishes on the table with his own hands—was, liveries apart, 450 francs (\$90) a year. His business as a watchmaker had been sacrificed. He lived, however, somehow, and began to play the harp, then a new instrument. The King's daughters heard of him, and begged him to play before them. He complied, and became their daily companion. His experiences at this period throw some light on court life in France during the old Régime.

He was almost an inmate of the palace. The King had been seen to rise from his chair and make him sit in it, to play the harp. His daughters could not be happy without Beaumarchais. These charming young ladies, who were so virtuous, say their biographers, that they almost redeemed the vices of their father's court, were always in want of something. One day they wanted music, the next books, the next drawings, then bijous, then rare delicacies. They were never satisfied, and their indulgent father was constantly worried to death by their necessities. On one occasion one of the princesses was seized with a fancy for some Orleans quinces; she bullied the King till he sent a messenger at full speed to the prime minister, who in his haste could think of no one to apply to but the Bishop of Orleans. A courier was sent of to Orleans, and the Bishop was roused from his bed at three in the morning by the arrival of the following billet:

"Monsieur L'Evêque,—My daughters wish for some cotignac; they want very small boxes; send some. If you have none, I beg you will send directly into your episcopal town to get some. Let the boxes be very small, and, Monsieur l'Evêque, may God have you in his holy keeping.

Loura,"

When Beaumarchais became the favorite, he was intrusted with the commissions of the Princesses. They kept him busy enough; and what was worse, they never thought of sending money with their messages. Out of his \$90 a year their young harpist was expected to buy any thing they happened to fancy, and to wait indefinitely for repayment. He submitted to be sponged upon in this royal way until he was, as he says, without a sou, and deeply in debt. To a man of his temper, however, this inconvenience was much easier to bear than the slights he had to endure at the hands of the courtiers. The story of the watch has been told often enough; it will perhaps bear repetition. An insolent courtier, wishing to taunt Beaumarchais with his former trade, begged him to examine his watch, which needed repair. Beaumarchais coldly observed that he would rather not, as he had grown very awkward of late. The nobleman insisting, Beaumarchais took the watch, opened it, and let it fall heavily, observing, as the owner gazed in horror at the fragments, "I told you, Sir, I am very awk-



Another nobleman, who could not be so easily punished, he was obliged to fight. The duel ended fatally: Beaumarchais killed his man. In despair he flew to the Princesses to beg protection: they hastened to the King, who observed, with paternal goodness, "Arrange it, my children, so that I shall not hear of the affair;" so the matter ended.

Another courtier, named de Sablières, borrowed thirty-five louis of Beaumarchais, and forgot to repay him. Beaumarchais wrote for the money; the nobleman did not even answer the letter. Beaumarchais then threatened to appeal to the courts: the officer wrote a magnificent letter, in which he announced his intention of paying the money in person on a given day, and taking the same opportunity of chastising the "insolent who had forgotten what was due to his rank." But a friend happening to tell the valiant debtor the story of Beaumarchais' duel, he thought it safer to send the money and keep out of the way.

In compensation for these slights, Beaumarchais made an acquaintance who was better worth knowing than a whole army of nobles. This was Paris Du Verney, the famous capitalist. This worthy gentleman, who had amassed several millions in trade and speculation, had latterly been seized with a rage for military matters. He had actually drawn a plan of a campaign, and founded a military school at Paris. In this last enterprise his heart was bound up. He thought of nothing but his military pupils. They were his pride, his pet. Day after day the old financier drove Madame de Pompadour-who had excellent reasons for obliging him—to see his school; but he could not persuade the King to pay it a visit. This was essential to his happiness. All at once it occurred to this old man that the young musician, who was so constantly at court, might be able to serve him. Beaumarchais jumped at the chance of obliging a millionaire, and very soon achieved the object desired. The King and his daughters visited the school, and Du Verney was happy. He was not ungrateful. Beaumarchais received as his reward a share of 60,000 francs in his next speculation, and similar shares in others. He began to make money fast.

His new friend and patron knew the world. He pointed out to his protégé the advantage of belonging to the privileged class. Beaumarchais induced his father to give up his shop, and purchased a royal secretaryship. This office was one of those which conferred noble rank on its incumbent. At a later period, when Beaumarchais was at war with one of his antagonists, he was taunted with being a plebeian. He retorted indignantly "that he was a noble, as he could show by the receipt for the money he paid." Du Verney, wishing him to rise still higher, lent him half a million of livres to purchase a Grand-Rangership of rivers and forests; but the other Rangers, being themselves of no refused to sit with him. Failing in this, he ob- lover of Julie, Beaumarchais' sister, all at once

tained the office of Captain of the Warren of the Louvre, a post which obliged him to sit in judgment on poachers, and to enforce royal decrees on police matters in the neighborhood of Paris.

He was scarcely well settled in his new office when he was suddenly obliged to leave Paris. A sister, settled at Madrid, had been slighted by a man named Clavijo, to whom she had been engaged. Beaumarchais posted to Madrid, forced Clavijo to make the amende honorable; afterward, finding him plotting secretly, procured his dismissal from an office he held, and his expulsion from society. The affair made some noise, and furnished Goethe with the plot and the title of one of his dramas.

While in Spain, his restless mind found occupation at the court. He obtained from the King a contract for victualing all the Spanish troops, and "all persons living at the King's expense." It was an affair of twenty millions a year, and obliged Beaumarchais to establish agencies in most of the corn ports of the world. He speaks especially of the supplies he drew from New England. While the operation was ripening, its author was the gayest of the gay at Madrid. He was at every diplomatic party, in every fête; his sequedillas were all the rage. The Countess of Buturlin, the Russian embassadress, wrote verses in his honor, while her husband lost money to him at brelan.

In such a society, a man of Beaumarchais' advantages was not without adventures. The love affair which occurred at this stage of his life is one of his most curious experiences. An orphan named Pauline, heir to an estate worth two millions in St. Domingo, beautiful, tender, and accomplished, now begins to figure in his correspondence as "my Pauline." She was deeply in love with Beaumarchais. He liked her well enough to send a special agent to St. Domingo to inquire into the real condition of her estate. Meanwhile the lady's ardor seems to have been worthy of her Creole blood. She chafed at delays. Beaumarchais wrote her a beautiful letter, full of metaphysics and sentiment, intimating that he could not marry her without knowing whether a rich uncle she had would leave her any thing. Pauline flew to her uncle, threw herself into his arms, suffused in tears and blushes, and protested that her fate was in his hands. The uncle will not check the ardor of his pretty niece-will see Beaumarchais. When it comes to the point, he will give no pledges about his estate. Still the engagement subsists. The St. Domingo estate may turn out well. Beaumarchais is still tender to "my Pauline;" Pauline breaks through all restraint, and sets the example of tutoiement.

A few weeks more—the biographer "hopes" that Pauline rode safely through the "perils of her position"-and news arrives that the St. Domingo estate is hopeless. What is to be done? Beaumarchais tells Pauline he will marry her, but is in no hurry about it. Meanwhile very ancient nobility, stood on their pride, and a Chevalier who has figured for some time as a



transfers his affections to Pauline. Beaumarchais is furious; "all the blood in his veins boils at the bare idea;" surely so great a wretch as the Chevalier "dare not lift his eyes before the public." Pauline, who a short while before has called Beaumarchais "the sun of her day," is now "his obedient, humble servant," and "hopes he will marry some one who will make him happy." A few days afterward she marries the Chevalier.

The boiling blood of Beaumarchais evaporates financially. He brings in a bill against the happy pair for advances made for the estate at St. Domingo. The Chevalier at first contests it; then admits 24,441 livres 4 sous 4 deniers to be due. But he does not pay it. On the contrary, he dies, and his widow sends a message to the "sun of her day" to say "he may make his mind easy; he will be paid some day." He never was. Beaumarchais' clerk wrote off the debt, in a business-like way, filing some loveletters and a portrait of the pretty Pauline as vouchers for the 24,441 livres 4 sous 4 deniers.

On his return to France, Beaumarchais embraced the profession to which he owes most of his modern reputation. He began to write plays. His first, "Eugénie," was not a master-piece. The author had no literary reputation, the work no particular merit. Yet the fatuity of Beaumarchais was such that he could write to the Princesses to say that "all Paris was looking out with the greatest impatience" for the play, which "breathes the most ardent love of virtue, and tends to purify our theatre by making it a school of good morals;" adding, that "the public at the representation will exalt me to the clouds." He was disappointed; it was badly received; and Fréron, the great critic, spoke harshly of it in his paper. Beaumarchais was too wise to be offended. He wrote a deprecatory note to the critic, requesting him to see the play again, and inclosing a ticket. Fréron's answer is worth perusal by modern editors: "I am very sensible, Sir, of your politeness, and very sorry not to profit by it; but I never go to see the play with tickets. Do not be offended at my sending you back the one you have done me the honor to address to me.'

Beaumarchais consoled himself by marrying another rich widow, and embarking, in concert with Paris Du Vemey, in a large timber speculation. It throve; he made money; he was happy with his wife; she presented him with a son; his standing at court and in the city was excellent—all prospered with him. This was the happiest moment of his life.

It was short. Within a few weeks of each other his friend and patron Du Verney and his wife died. His enemies at court remarked mysteriously that Beaumarchais' wives were shortlived. Du Verney's heir, the Count la Blache, a personal enemy of his, sued him for a balance alleged to be due to the estate of Du Verney. It happened that Beaumarchais, aware of the inimical feelings of the Count, and apprehensive of trouble, had had a settlement of accounts

with old Du Verney before he died. The settlement had been closed by a document drawn up by Beaumarchais, and signed by Du Verney, in which he acknowledged that he owed Beaumarchais 15,000 livres. This document was now opposed to the demand of the heir. He pronounced it a forgery. Beaumarchais produced letters from Du Verney alluding to "the transaction being signed." The Count replied that these letters were not dated, and referred to another matter. The case went into court, and judgment was rendered in favor of Beaumarchais.

His adversary appealed. Meanwhile the most outrageous stories were circulated by the Count's friends among the courtiers, who were to a man jealous of Beaumarchais. It was whispered that he was a poisoner—that he had poisoned old M. Franquet, in order to marry his widow; the widow herself, in order to enjoy freedom; and his second wife for a similar reason. These absurd libels found currency in a country where there was no free press. Beaumarchais was looked upon as a swindler and an assassin. An indiscretion of his own aggravated his unfortunate position. His adversary hinted that the Princesses had become aware of his character, and excluded him from their presence. He had no difficulty in obtaining a certificate from them in refutation of this story, and their letter he published. His adversary seized the advantage it offered. Hastening to the King, he demanded whether his Majesty countenanced such gross interference with the administration of justice by his daughters? Louis was indignant. The Princesses published a card, in which they disclaimed all feeling of partisanship; and the inference among the public was that Beaumarchais had either played them a trick or had forfeited their confidence.

A singular accident complicated his troubles. An eccentric nobleman, the Duke de Chaulnes, had lately taken much interest in a pretty actress named Ménard; indeed he evinced so much affection for her that he used to beat her in private, lock her up, and ill-use her in various ways. Mademoiselle Ménard, tired of his brutality, fled beyond his reach. The Duke fancied that Beaumarchais had cut him out, and quarreled with him. Nothing came of it for some time, till one day, after a long separation, the Duke called on Mademoiselle Menard, and hearing Beaumarchais' name mentioned, flew into a fury, and swore he would kill him that very day. He rushed out, seized a clerk of Beaumarchais whom he met, forced him into his coach, and tore his wig off and beat him with his fist, because he would not tell where his master might be found. Ascertaining that Beaumarchais was holding his court at the Captainry, the Duke rushed thither, and called to Beaumarchais on the bench that he must come out directly; he had something of importance to communicate. The judge, fearful of disturbance, complied, and accompanied his visitor into



heart out with his teeth. Beaumarchais smilingly answered that business must go before pleasure, and resumed his seat on the bench. He sat there two hours, hearing cases; his enraged adversary pacing the room the whole time, and calling out, "Will it last much longer?" When the Court rose, the Duke was with difficulty restrained from stabbing him on the spot. Beaumarchais succeeded in getting him into his carriage, and drove home for a sword. In the house, the Duke would not be held back any longer; he tried to stab Beaumarchais. Foiled in this, he dug five furrows in his cheek with his nails, and tore out his hair by handfuls; and when Beaumarchais struck him with his fist, he exclaimed, furiously, "What! you dare to strike a Duke and Peer!" The fellow was not got rid of till he had wounded three of Beaumarchais' servants, and set the whole neighborhood in an uproar. A commissary of police at last appeared and restored quiet. He complacently observes, in his report, that the Duke "did not even say any thing disagreeable to me, but treated me with civility and even consideration."

The result of this affair was the imprisonment of the Duke at Vincennes, and that of Beaumarchais himself at For l'Evêque! Even at the present day incarceration would be felt as no slight inconvenience by a party to an important lawsuit; in Beaumarchais' time it was almost a fatal calamity. It was then usual in France for suitors to visit judges privately and "solicit" them; to obtain "recommendations" from influential persons; to keep public opinion, if not favorable, at least in equilibrium. Half the battle was fought out of doors, and by the suitors personally. From this field Beaumarchais was now wholly shut out. His adversary, the Count la Blache, filled Paris with calumnious tales; saw the judges daily; pressed ardently for a judgment. Beaumarchais fumed and chafed in vain in his prison. He sent message upon message to the minister, begging to be allowed to go out a few hours during the day. The official at last condescended to reply. He said: "This fellow is too insolent; let him leave the affair to his solicitor." After a month's imprisonment, Beaumarchais felt the importance of saving the case so deeply that he wrote a letter to the minister such as an Eastern culprit under sentence of death might address to "Every one," says he, "praises his Rajah. your indulgence, Monseigneur, and the goodness of your heart. The whole of my family, in tears, join their prayers to mine," etc., etc. Could any thing paint the old Régime better?

The petitioner obtained what he desired—a few hours' liberty in the middle of the day. But it came too late. Judgment was rendered against him, declaring the settlement of accounts a fraudulent document, and condemning him to pay a sum of 56,000 livres, with interest and costs. The Count instantly seized all his property. Beaumarchais was hurried

he intended to kill him that day, and to tear his | some chamber. Abject poverty stared him in the face. His father and sister were dependent upon him; their distress surpassed his. Paris rang with abuse of him as a forger, a cheat, a poisoner, a brawler. To add to all, his little son died, and his health gave way.

> It appears almost incredible that he should have been imprisoned two years and a half, merely because a frantic madman threatened his life, and that no charge should ever have been made against him. Such, however, was the case. The minister, La Vrillière, whose "indulgence and goodness of heart" were "so well known," did not relent till thirty months had elapsed. At the expiration of this fearfully long period Beaumarchais emerged into open air to find himself involved in a new lawsuit of far greater celebrity and importance.

> During his imprisonment at For L'Evêque he had ascertained that the counselor to whom, as referee, his case had been referred by the Parliament, was one Goëzman, a man, it was said, of questionable moral character. Being unable to see Goëzman himself, Beaumarchais heard, with some pleasure, that his wife had observed that "they," the husband and wife, "knew the art of plucking the fowl without making it cry out." This was understood as such a remark only could be. Beaumarchais communicated with the lady through the medium of a bookseller, and presented her with 100 louis and a watch worth a like sum. The lady asked for fifteen louis more for her husband's secretary; pledging herself that the 100 louis and the watch should be returned if Beaumarchais lost his case. The fifteen louis were sent. When the judgment was rendered the lady kept her word, and restored the 100 louis and the watch. But, a short while afterward, Beaumarchais discovered that the secretary had seen nothing of the fifteen louis he was to have received. Madame Goëzman had kept them for herself.

> Beaumarchais, perceiving his opportunity, loudly demanded repayment of his fifteen louis. Judge Goëzman met the charge boldly. He charged Beaumarchais with attempting to corrupt a judge through the medium of his wife, denied the story of the fifteen louis, and prosecuted Beaumarchais before the Parliament, That body naturally took open sides with its counselor. No advocate dared plead Beaumarchais' cause. It was indeed desperate.

> He could not come into court without confessing the truth of the charge against him; for how came he to have any claim upon Madame Goëzman? He was branded as a forger by the judgment in the La Blache case. He had just escaped from prison. His name was offensive to men's nostrils.

It was this extraordinary concurrence of adverse circumstances which elicited the whole of Beaumarchais' astonishing abilities. He became his own advocate. He wrote his own pleadings. Well aware that to gain the public ear was the true key to success, he wrote them back to prison, and confined in an unwhole- in the same style as his comedies. They beam-



ed with wit, ran over with sarcasm, fun, and drollery. Not content with assailing Madame Goëzman and her husband, he skillfully planted his battery against the Parliament itself. It was vulnerable enough; its assailant used its unpopularity as his chief weapon of defense. Happily for him his antagonists were outrageously violent. Madame Goëzman began her plea with an apostrophe to Beaumarchais: "Atrocious man!" and ended it with a row of dots (....); adding, "I dare not call you what you are." On such ground a man of infinite wit, nerve, and experience of the world, like Beaumarchais, was more than a match for a heavy jurisconsult like Goëzman. He crushed him with irony, invective, cutting satire; dissected him, and mangled his corpse for the amusement of the public. The result was, first, that every body was talking of the case; next, that every body took Beaumarchais' side.

The echoes of Beaumarchais' flagellation of the Goëzmans were heard all over Europe. Horace Walpole wrote to ask "What has become of this creature and her villainous husband?" Goethe had Beaumarchais' pleadings read aloud at Frankfort. Voltaire at Ferney deplored the disgrace brought on the country by Goëzman; Madame du Barry had the interviews between Madame Goëzman and Beaumarchais performed in proverbs before the King. The people of Paris talked of nothing else; so fascinated were they by Beaumarchais' wit that they could not persuade themselves that he was in the wrong. Grimm observed that people praised the fellow as much as they had hated him a short while ago.

On the day when the sentence was to be rendered he was to read a new play-none other than the "Barber"—at the house of the Prince de Monaco. He could not go, for the judges fought all night about the sentence. It was delivered early next morning. It deprived Goëzman of his office, and sentenced Madame Goëzman and Beaumarchais alike to "blame." far as we can judge of matters so long past and gone, the sentence was a righteous one, in all but its mildness. It ought to have been more severe. But the popularity of Beaumarchais terrified the Court; and being stanch in their fidelity to their colleague, and having such good grounds against Beaumarchais as his negotiation with Madame Goëzman, the judges would not condemn the unfortunate Goëzman and his wife to any severer penalty than that which overtook their adversary.

The lawsuit was a suicidal affair to all parties. Beaumarchais came out of it a victor; but dishonored, stripped of his political and of half his civil rights, and viewed with suspicion by a large class of society. Poor Goëzman, prostrated, stunned by his overthrow, lingered in obscurity till he took his place in the cart which bore André Chénier to the guillotine. Even the Parliament died of the shock. When it perished, a few months afterward, its epitaph was thus written by a wit of the day:

"Louis Quinze (Louis XV.) destroyed the old Parliament; quinze louis (fifteen louis) destroyed the new."

For the Parliament and its counselor there was no recovery; Beaumarchais throve under crushing. It happened that one Morande, a libeler by trade, had lately hit upon the fortunate idea of printing the truth about Madame du Barry, then at the zenith of her fame, and the ruler of royalty. The King's wrath fired up at slanders upon a person of whom, in truth, it would have been no easy task to write a calumny. Unfortunately Morande was out of his reach-safely ensconced in London. Neither lettres de cachet nor gardes du corps could catch him there. In this emergency Beaumarchais offered his services. The office was delicate. if not honorable; he obtained permission to test his diplomatic skill. He succeeded. Morande only wanted money. Louis was ready to pay any thing; and so for 20,000 francs down, and a yearly pension (secured on stocks abroad) of 4000 francs, Morande covenanted with Beaumarchais to let his memoirs of the favorite be burnt. The net result of the operation was a respite for Madame du Barry, a complimentary message from the King to Beaumarchais, and a fortune for the shrewd libeler. Beaumarchais had hoped for something more, but a few days after the close of the negotiation Louis XV. died.

All was lost once more. "I reflect with astonishment," says Beaumarchais, in despair, "on the strange fate which pursues me." Happily for him, the race of the Morandes was not extinct. It became known in Paris that a Jew, named Angelucci, had in press, in London, an atrocious libel on the youthful Queen of France. the wife of Louis XVI. Beaumarchais flew to the minister, and offered his services again. He found the Jew, and, as he says, used eloquence that would have melted the heart of a stone. The Israelite seems to have stood the oratory pretty well, for it was only on the receipt of \$7000 in hard cash that he surrendered his book. Flushed with success—for this seems to have been considered a great triumph-Beaumarchais was returning home, when he heard that the Jew had secreted a copy of the obnoxious work, and was about to have it printed at Nuremberg. Off he started, foaming with rage, swearing that "if he caught the Jew on the road he would strip him of his papers and kill him" for the pain he had caused him. The sequel distances Harrison Ainsworth. From town to town the furious diplomatist chased the Jew, who fled with his libel in his pocket as never Jew fled before, till at the entrance of a forest Beaumarchais saw him. Angelucci leaped the fence, and dashed into the wood. Beaumarchais followed with drawn sword. The Jew was on horseback, and had the start. Beaumarchais was beside himself. At last a thicket caught his enemy's horse. Two minutes afterward the pursuer held his victim by the leg, forced him to dismount, dragged the book



from him, and kicked him contemptuously into the bushes. Returning to his carriage, two robbers attacked him. He drew his pistol and pulled the trigger; it hung fire, and a knife aimed at his heart would have put an end to his story but for a gold box containing a letter from the King, which he always wore on his left breast. He was severely wounded: notwithstanding which, he grappled the robber, threw him, and "proceeded to throttle him." At the sound of the scuffle the fellow's companions rushed to the scene, and once more Beaumarchais' life hung on a thread. They were on the point of killing him, when his postillion, uneasy at his absence, sounded a tantivy on his horn, which frightened them off.

The adventure was not ended. It was not certain that the Jew had not another copy of his libel. He might still stultify the acute diplomatist. As quick as thought Beaumarchais turned his horses' heads toward Vienna, in order to procure the assistance of Maria Theresa. It was no easy matter to obtain an audience without credentials or introduction of any kind; but by impudence Beaumarchais managed it: he was admitted to a private interview with the Queen. According to his own account he exhibited so much excitement, vanity, and eccentricity on this occasion, that the reader is less surprised than Beaumarchais was when the order came for his arrest. Maria Theresa, judging by his manner, to which his wound and his feverish agitation had imparted unusual wildness, that he was a maniac, had him quietly locked up in the Austrian fashion, and watched night and day. They took away his razor, penknife, and scissors, and sent a surgeon to bleed and purge him. Fancy the frenzy of the secret agent!

After a month's imprisonment, letters from Paris explained matters, and he was set free. He shook the dust from his feet, would not listen to explanations, would not take the money the Empress offered him for his journey, and rushed, boiling with rage, to the French minister to demand redress. M. de Sartines heard his story, and enjoyed it. When Beaumarchais pressed him for an answer, he said simply, "Que voulez-vous, mon cher? The Empress took you for an adventurer?" Which was all the satisfaction the diplomatist ever got.

His next adventure was still more original. Almost every body has heard of the Chevalier d'Eon: for those who have not, however, it must be said that about 1770, the French plenipotentiary at London was a certain Chavalier d'Eon, of uncertain origin, but who had been a diplomatic agent, a captain of dragoons, an advocate, etc., etc. All at once, in the midst of the Chevalier's usefulness, a rumor spread that he was a woman. No contradiction appeared. The story got into the newspapers, was the talk of every club. Shrewd men about town offered heavy bets that the dragoon-minister was a lady. On reference to the Chevalier, the sporting world obtained no satisfaction; but what few words

were elicited rather favored the hypothesis that the illustrious personage was of the fair sex. Under these circumstances a dispute arose between the Chevalier and the French Government about the salary of the former. A captain of grenadiers was sent to settle the negotiation: he fell in love with the Chevalier, proposed marriage, and was refused with many blushes. Beaumarchais was in London at the time. The Chevalier sent for him; confided the affair of the salary, and with sobs and tears confessed that she was a woman. Beaumarchais was touched. He wrote to the King that "a girl so interesting by her courage and her talents deserved better treatment at the hands of Government." There were better reasons still for using her tenderly. She possessed valuable papers which the King wanted. And, moreover, the subject of her sex was causing much scandal, and damaging the credit of the French Government. Beaumarchais was intrusted with a mission to her; he was to exact surrender of the papers; to induce her to return to France and to resume female apparel; and for this to pay her as little money as he could. The bargain was soon struck; but, meanwhile, a new embarrassment arose. The Chevalier wrote him that, "when she thought she was only rendering justice to his merit, and admiring his talents, she loved him." What to do with the "amorous she-dragoon" Beaumarchais hardly knew. He wrote to her that he could not "assume any other character than that of a man who wished well to her," and implored her to fulfill her contract and return to France. The Chevalier overwhelmed him with more epistles, alternating between hate and love; he vowed that she was driving him mad, and he would be bullied into marrying her at last. After a couple of years of this work, the Chevalier, pressed for money, fulfilled her bargain, and went to Paris in female clothes. She lived there some time, and was the subject of several odes, in which she was compared to Joan of Arc and Minerva: she also wrote books about herself, boasting that she had passed through camps, sieges, battles, and courts, and had still preserved that precious flower of girlhood, etc., etc. In 1810 she died in London. An autopsy was made of her body by Dr. Copeland, in presence of several physicians, who unanimously reported that the "amorous she-dragoon" was a perfectly-formed man. Happily Beaumarchais was dead: the shock would have killed him.

We now come to a more important part of Beaumarchais' career, and one more interesting to cis-Atlantic readers.

The Battle of Bunker Hill had been fought:
Boston was in a state of siege. In continental
Europe, where none but the well informed were
aware that America was an inhabited country,
very few persons indeed had any correct notion
of the nature of the contest that was beginning
in the British colonies, or of its probable issue.
Beaumauchais had learned both from Americans
whom he had met at the house of the famous



First of Frenchmen, he divined the future and the policy of France. That Power, smarting under the treaty of 1768, desired nothing so much as an opportunity of revenging Itself upon its neighbor, and weakening the power of England; and that opportunity, thought Beaumarchais, was offered by the American troubles. In September, 1775, ten months before the Declaration of Independence, he wrote to the King of France, "The Americans are determined to suffer every thing rather than give way, and are full of enthusiasm for liberty. . . I say, Sire, that such a nation must be invincible; above all, when it has at its back as much country as it can possibly require for retreating.... I am convinced that the English colonies are lost to the mother country." How few Americans knew, or ventured to think, as much in September, 1775!

Early in 1776 this was followed up by other memorials, in which he says, "I am obliged to warn your Majesty that the preservation of our possessions in America, and the peace which your Majesty appears to desire so much, depend solely on this one proposition—The Americans must be assisted." The court and King were slow to be convinced. France was bankrupt: England was powerful. Another war might utterly ruin the former, and leave the latter the mistress of the world. For several weeks Beaumarchais wrote, and argued, and entreated in vain. At length, some time in May, 1776, an arrangement was made between Beaumarchais and the Count de Vergennes for the French Government, by which France and Spain agreed to furnish Beaumarchais with a million of francs each, to set up a commercial house; France was to give arms and ammunition, to be paid for by Beaumarchais; and Beaumarchais was to send to the American colonies, at his own risk, "arms, ammunition, articles of equipment, and all other articles necessary for keeping up the war," such shipments to be paid for by the Americans, "not in money, as they have none," but in products of the soil, which De Vergennes promised to help Beaumarchais to sell. Such was the source of the first substantial aid the Revolutionary cause received from abroad.

The arrangement was consummated on 10th June, 1776, by the payment of the first million by France. Spain paid her million on 11th of August. Two days after the receipt of the first million, Beaumarchais wrote to Arthur Lee, then in London, and acting (apparently without adequate warrant) for Congress, to inform him that "the difficulties he had met with in his negotiations with the ministry had led him to decide to form a company, which would send the ammunition and powder to your friend." On the very same day, or the next, Silas Deane arrived at Paris with full authority from Congress to procure a loan in Europe and assistance from the French Government. On application to the Count of Vergennes, he was told that France could not interfere between the colonies and En- ron sailed. It arrived in America in time for

gland, but that he would do well to see Moasieur de Beaumarchais. The two entered into unreserved communication, as soon as a reliable interpreter could be found, for Beaumarchais knew not a word of English, and Deane not a word of French; and by the 24th, it was arranged that Beaumarchais was to send the articles required by Congress, and that they were to be paid for in American produce—the business of appraising the cargoes and fixing the time of payment being left to Congress. Deane wrote to Beaumarchais in terms of exuberant joy and gratitude.

Nothing could surpass the energy with which the business was commenced. Beaumarchais hired a huge building at Paris, took the "name, style, and firm" of Rodrigue Hortalez, and Co., purchased from Government clothing and tents for 25,000 men, 200 cannons, guns, mortars, shells, etc., without end; and had the whole ready for shipment by mid-winter, 1776. Deane had agreed to provide vessels. The owners broke faith with him; at the time appointed no vessels were ready, and Beaumarchais had to charter others. Then Deane begged that a few officers might be sent with the munitions. Vergennes, of course, would not hear of such a thing; but Beaumarchais enlisted about fifty, among whom were the Marquis de la Rouerie, Conway, Pulaski, and Steuben. America's obligations to this Prince of Intrigue are indeed astounding.

All was now ready for the departure of the first convoy when Beaumarchais' vanity almost ruined the scheme. The same motive which induced Napoleon to regulate the affairs of the Theatre Français in a decree dated from the Kremlin, just before the fire, impelled Beaumarchais, who had gone to Havre under an assumed name to superintend the departure of his squadron, to have the "Barber of Seville" rehearsed in his presence there. English agents took the alarm at his presence at the sea-port. Lord Stormont, the embassador, fulminated vehement protests against the intrigues of Beaumarchais. Terrified at the prospect of a rupture with England, the King forbade Beaumarchais' squadron from putting to sea. The order was too late. The largest of the three ships, the Amphitrite, had sailed. More than half the supply of munitions was on board of her. But in the midst of their mutual congratulations Deane and Beaumarchais were thunderstruck by the news that the Amphitrite had put into L'Orient, at the request of M. Ducoudray, the supercargo-the same who so mortally offended Greene, Sullivan, and Knox, by claiming the command of the artillery, and was drowned in the Schuylkill. He objected to the accommodation. Enraged beyond measure, Beaumarchais wrote to Ducoudray to leave the ship or to submit to the captain; and hurried to-Paris to obtain the revocation of the order forbidding his vessels to sail. He did obtain it, after some trouble; and at last the first squad-



the campaign of 1777, and was welcomed with | Congress. As this is important, in view of the enthusiastic cheers. It was on this occasion that Silas Deane wrote the words which are prefixed to this article.

Troubles soon followed. After shipping two more cargoes, he began to inquire about returns, which were not being advised. Deane could tell him nothing. He continued to ship, though in a somewhat uneasy frame of mind: and by September, 1777, he estimated that he had transmitted munitions of war to the amount of \$1,000,000. He had not yet received even a letter from Congress acknowledging receipt of his consignments. He had "exhausted his money and credit, and the funds of his friends." He could get no explanation from Deane, who was, in fact, as much surprised as himself. He began to ask himself whether "he was not deluded in believing in the equity and justice of Congres."... Through all these annoyances, the news from America overwhelmed him with joybrave, brave people! their warlike conduct justified his esteem. . . . But why did they not ship any tobaccoes?

The secret was very simple. When Deane arrived at Paris, Beaumarchais ceased to correspond with Arthur Lee; who, annoyed at being superseded, and unable to succeed in fomenting a quarrel between Deane and Beaumarchais, revenged himself by informing the Congress that Rodrigue Hortalez, and Co. were fictitious personages, that the real owner of the cargoes was the French government, and that they did not expect any returns. Congress did not notice Beaumarchais-Hortalez, simply because that body believed him to be a man of straw-a myth. It must be admitted that Beaumarchais helped to keep up the impression by closing business letters advising shipments and inclosing invoices with such words as these: "Gentlemen, consider my house as the head of all operations useful to your cause in Europe, and myself as the most zealous partisan of your nation, the soul of your successes, and a man most profoundly filled with the respectful esteem with which," etc.

In spite of the cavalier treatment of Congress, Beaumarchais continued to ship cargoes. Just after the breaking out of the war between England and France, he sent to sea ten merchant vessels, convoyed by his largest man-of-war, the Fier Roderigue. As the fleet was sailing jauntily across the ocean it had the good luck to fall in with D'Estaing, who was just going to engage Admiral Biron. D'Estaing examined the Fier Roderique through his glass, was pleased with her looks, and quietly signaled her to take her place in the line. There was no disputing the order. The merchantmen were left to the mercy of Providence; the Fier Roderique went in for the fight, lost her captain and thirty-five men, and was knocked all to pieces, with nine shots in the hull, and every cord cut away.

Despite his warlike ardor. Beaumarchais would have had hard work to keep up his spirits on the day this letter reached him, but for one

comparative neglect into which Beaumarchias is falling, we give it entire.

" By express order of the Congress sitting at Philadelphia to M. de Beaumarchais.

"SIR,-The Congress of the United States of America, grateful for the great efforts you have made in their favor, presents you its thanks and the assurance of its esteem. It grieves for the misfortunes you have suffered in support of its States. Unfortunate circumstances have prevented the accomplishment of its desires; but it will take the promptest measures for acquitting itself of the debts it has contracted with you.

"The generous sentiments and the exalted views which alone could dictate a conduct such as yours are your greatest eulogium and are an honor to your character. While by your great talents you have rendered yourself useful to your prince, you have gained the esteem of this rising Republic, and merited the deserved applause of the New World. "JOHN JAY, President."

A pretty fair certificate for the Prince of Intrigue.

It was followed by a partial payment, \$500,000 in bills of exchange at three years' date, on which Beaumarchais had to submit to a heavy discount. At the same time he lost heavily on paper he had received from South Carolina and Virginia, in payment for cargoes sent them. He said that his loss on the Virginia bills was not less than 3,000,000 francs; and Jefferson, who was Governor at the time, confessed that he "felt deeply grieved that the unfortunate depreciation of paper money should have enveloped in the general loss M. de Beaumarchais, who has deserved so well of us." After this he sent no more cargoes. He began to negotiate, petition, and intrigue, to obtain payment from Congress. Silas Deane fixed his claim at 3,600,000 francs. Mr. Barclay cut it down somewhat. Years rolled on, and no money came; Beaumarchais lost patience, and wrote a letter to Congress insinuating that the United States intended to swindle him. They retaliated by appointing his enemy Arthur Lee to settle the account. Arthur Lee brought Beaumarchais in debtor to the United States in a sum of 1,800,000 francs. The next person to whom the case was referred was Hamilton himself, who made a clear-headed report, allowing Beaumarchais' claim to the amount of 2,280,000 francs. Still no money came, the United States government taking the ground that the million given to Beaumarchais by the Count de Vergennes was intended as a gift to the United States, and that it ought to be deducted from his bill. For years and years he fought and battled unsuccessfully with Congress, never losing hope. When, as we shall recount presently, he was an exile, old, and in poverty, he began to fear for his daughter's livelihood, and wrote whole volumes of petitions to Congress, none of which, perhaps, have ever seen the light. One of them begins thus: "Americans, I have served you with unwearied zeal; I have received during my life nothing which he received on the same day from the but bitterness for my recompense, and I die



Suffer me then, in dying, to beyour creditor. queath to you my daughter, to endow with a portion of what you owe me. . ." After adding that if his health improves, he will go to America, he says, "Holding out to all the cap of liberty, with which no man more than myself has helped to decorate your heads, I will exclaim to you, 'Americans, bestow alms on your friend, whose accumulated services have received but this reward. Date obolum Belisario." He never obtained satisfaction. Twenty-five years after his death, this daughter came here with her son to plead her case, but fared no better. It was not till Jackson handled the French so roughly about their debts, that Beaumarchais' claimthen amounting to nearly a million of dollarswas galvanized into existence by being filed as a set-off by the French. The heirs of Beaumarchais were then offered 800,000 francs, say \$160,000, in full for their claims; and they closed the litigation on these terms.

M. de Loménie, the biographer, is terribly severe and sarcastic on the United States in connection with this matter. He is a sort of heavy Sydney Smith. No doubt the United States ought to have paid the debt sooner. But even M. de Loménie admits that Beaumarchais received two millions from France and one from Spain for this country, and gave no account of them. M. de Loménie thinks that he accounted for them privately to the Count of Vergennes, and that all record of the transaction has been lost. This is a bold theory. The weight of circumstantial evidence is on the side of another view, which is, that Beaumarchais got these three millions, never accounted for them, and demanded of the United States repayment of a like sum, as though he had disbursed them out of his own funds. The transaction, however, is not particularly honorable to either side: it would be well if it were forgotten.

In order to present a continuous view of his American transactions, we have somewhat anticipated events.

Rodrigue Hortalez, and Co., notwithstanding their "losses" in the American service, continned to do a large business. At this time France was a highly mercantile nation. Bordeaux, as Arthur Young tells us, had more commerce than Liverpool. Beaumarchais became one of the largest merchants and operators in the kingdom. His fleets were on every sea. His balancesheets footed up several millions. And though the ingenuous M. de Loménie believes that he has discovered, by an examination of his books, that the profits of the firm during its whole career were only some 50,000 francs, there is reason to believe that the discovery demonstrates nothing but our French friend's ignorance of the mysteries of book-keeping. Beyond all doubt Beaumarchais made a very large fortune in trade.

In 1779 he was in the cabinet of the Prime Minister. Like all men of standing in France at the time, both were intense admirers of Vol-

a good edition of Voltaire's works. lisher dared undertake them; at least half of them were outlawed, and it was penal even to sell them, while the whole collection, filling seventy volumes octavo, involved an enormous outlay. Beaumarchais concurred in M. de Maurepas' remarks. The latter, suddenly turning to his visitor, exclaimed, "There is but one man in France bold enough to undertake the riskthat is yourself!" Beaumarchais went out and announced that a "Literary, Philosophical, and Typographical Society" (consisting of himself) was about to publish Voltaire complete, on a scale of unattempted magnificence.

He sent to England for \$30,000 worth of type, bought three paper-mills, and dispatched an agent to Holland to learn the latest improvements in paper-making there; hired a castle at Kehl, in Baden, and filled it with workmen; then set to work to print two editions of Voltaire. Anticipating devices which have been common enough in our own day, he laid out \$40,000 in prizes to be adjudged by lot among the first 4000 subscribers to the work; and though he never obtained a subscription list of over 2000, the prizes were duly paid over with the first volume. The speculation proved a ruinous one. Of 15,000 copies printed, not over 2000 were sold. He lost, he says, full a million of francs.

This satisfied him with book-making. With the lesson on his mind, he settled down at Paris as a speculator and financier, and probably repaired his losses. At all events, he appears as the banker of a host of personages, noblemen, literary men, and others, who needed a banker not to keep but to lend money. He had always been generous. During the War of Independence it appears that the young French officers Lafayette, Pulaski, De la Rouerie, and others, were always in his debt. His biographer conscientiously chronicles the names, and often the letters of later borrowers. There was the Prince of Nassau, who was always sending for money. and driving his creditor distracted by leading forlorn hopes, and endangering his valuable life in fifty different ways; and there was his wife, who never could recollect Beaumarchais' name, though she wrote to him once a month or oftener. to say that she "was again without a sou, and would her good Bonmarchais send her a few louis, if he wished her to dine to-morrow?" And there were a host of army officers, naval men, authors, and mere idlers, who wrote to Beaumarchais asking for twenty-five louis as a matter of course, and often obtaining what they wanted, then turning round and abusing him as a man of no principles. One poor fellow, named Dorat, who wrote mild verse, actually obtained \$2000 from the financier, and died without paying any thing. Beaumarchais' book-keeper tied up his papers, and labeled them "Insolvent Debtors Dead, No. 23, Dorat."

The "Marriage of Figaro," which is probably the greatest of Beaumarchais' plays-though, taire. The minister was deploring the want of for some reason, it has never been popular in



England or this country—was produced in 1784. Great difficulties, we are told, were experienced in obtaining the permission requisite for the performance; but we are inclined to suspect that a considerable share of these difficulties were contrived by the cunning author, who knew well how to create a furore, and pique the curiosity of the public. So well was the affair managed that on the day of the performance ladies of the highest rank dined in the actresses' rooms in order to obtain places. Early in the morning the theatre was surrounded by the throng; noblemen fought their way into the house; the police were dispersed, the iron railing torn up, and the doors battered in by the mob. The performance was eminently successful. Nobody went away disappointed; and Beaumarchais, who occupied a private box with two abbes, whom, he said, he had engaged to afford him spiritual aid in case he died of joy, narrowly escaped the fate he had foreseen.

His joy was short-lived. The play was most revolutionary and democratic in tone; it had given mortal offense to persons of high rank. The King himself did not like it, though he was, without knowing it, a far more dangerous revolutionary than the Prince of Intrigue. One Suard wrote criticisms on the work which Beaumarchais was foolish enough to answer. After several attacks and replies, Beaumarchais at last wrote to say that he would take no farther notice of Suard. "When I have had to conquer tigers and lions," he added, "do you think to reduce me to the level of a Dutch housemaid. to hunt every morning the vile insect of the night?" The paper was instantly carried to the King, who was informed that he was meant by the term "tigers and lions." Louis was at cards. Without leaving the table, he wrote on a seven of spades, "Arrest M. de Beaumarchais, and confine him at St. Lazare."

St. Lazare was a prison appropriated to vagabonds, disorderly women, and juvenile offenders. To send Beaumarchais there was the most outrageous insult that could have been offered him; and the people of Paris, who had borne oppression of every kind for centuries almost without murmuring, showed such unmistakable signs of rebellion that, four days after the arrest, the King sent orders for the prisoner's liberation. His piece was performed by royal command; all the ministers were present. "The Barber" was produced at the Queen's private theatre; Beaumarchais' outstanding accounts were promptly settled to his satisfaction.

The act itself and the reparation possess historical importance. They were the first indication of the practical effects of the revolutionary education which the French had been receiving for twenty years; they foreshadowed the Revolution. "Even the Dragonnades," says M. de Tocqueville, in his recent work, "produced less sensation than Beaumarchais' four days' captivity." To a thinking mind the event was pregnant with awful meaning.

It hurt Beaumarchais. Directly afterward, gree of profound depravity to which we have

Mirabeau, then a nameless adventurer in search of notoriety, attacked the Paris Water Company of which Beaumarchais was the head. Beaumarchais, from some unaccountable reason, allowed himself to be vilified without measure, and made no reply. People began to think him in the wrong. New attacks soon followed.

It was this man's fortune to involve himself in the most extraordinary adventures. A banker, named Kornman, living at Strasburg, had for two years openly connived at an intimacy between his wife and one Daudet, who filled an office which enabled him to be of service to the husband. Daudet lost his office; and at the same time Kornman's affairs became so much deranged that policy compelled his wife's friends to advise the recovery of her portion. At the first mention of the subject Kornman exploded, and obtained a lettre de cachet, by which his wife was imprisoned in the common jail as an adulteress. She was near her confinement: thrust into the society of the most abandoned creatures, she became so frantic from despair that her life was despaired of. The Prince of Nassau knew her. He appealed to Beaumarchais, who succeeded in obtaining an order for her removal to a Maison de Santé. On this Kornman turned all his wrath against him; and his lawyer, Bergasse, a young man of energy with a name to make, expended his powers of vituperation upon Beaumarchais likewise. It is difficult for us, who have been trained under the Anglo-Saxon methods of administering justice, to realize the theatrical plan which obtained in Paris under the Old Monarchy. The pleadings or memorials—which were oratorical pamphlets addressed as much to the public as to the Court—the speeches overflowing with extravagant rhetoric, and wholly without a parallel in the records of British or American forensic eloquence; the "solicitations" of the judges, in private interviews by the suitors personally; finally, the "requisitory," or semi-judicial harangue of the public law-officer-a sort of compromise between the sentance of a chief justice and the remarks of an amicus curiæ:-these are features of the old French Parliamentary Courts which are not easily understood by Americans of our day. One wonders how it was possible to administer justice at all on such a monstrous system. Bergasse, for instance, in suing Beaumarchais for his interference, never seems to have thought it necessary to establish that that interference constituted a conspiracy in the proper legal sense of the term. But he went back to the stories about his wives, and revived the rumors regarding their deaths; accused him of forging the receipt of Paris Du Verney; charged him with endangering the foreign relations of the country in the affair of America; repeated, in short, every calumny which had ever been current on his subject, and invented all the new ones he could think of-calling him "a man whose sacrilegious existence attests, in so disgraceful and flagrant a manner, the de-



arrived:" and winding up with the magnificent | apostrophe: "Malheureux, to sues le crime!"-"Wretch, you sweat crime !"

To all this Beaumarchais answered that M. Kornman had absolutely sold his wife to M. Daudet; and that he, really, had merely put the ministry in the way to perform an act of common humanity and necessity.

He won the case. But we shall be inclined to think that the Sieur Bergasse was not so far wrong in speaking of the "profound depravity" of the times, when we find that the public deeided against him. The closing scene must have been highly original and dramatic. Bergasse ended a speech of several hours with the following peroration: "The altar of justice is at this moment to me the altar of vengeance; and upon this altar, henceforth fatal, I swear that there shall never be peace between us (Bergasse and Beaumarchais and his friends); that I will never leave them; that I will rest no more; that I will attach myself to them like remorse to the guilty conscience. And you, who preside over this august tribunal; you, the friends of morals and of laws; you, whom we all admire and venerate, receive my oaths!" This was considered Demosthenic, and Bergasse a made man. When the time came for the public prosecutor to express his "conclusions," young Dambray, who had just been appointed to the office, rose to make his maiden speech. The court-room was crowded to suffocation; the heat stifling. After he had spoken for some time, his voice was observed to grow weaker; Besumarchais and his friends were in despair, for his tone was in their favor. He fainted, and was carried to a window. In a few moments he revived, and requested to be allowed to resume his place. "For if the deposition of the Sieur S....," he began in a clear, calm voice, resuming his argument exactly where he had left off, as though no interruption had taken place. Again, a short while afterward, he fainted; was again taken to the window, and as before, when he recovered, resumed his speech without missing a sentence or an idea. "concluded" dead against Kornman, and the Court embraced his view.

The public, as we said, decided against him. The highly-seasoned abuse of Bergasse won them over to his side. Beaumarchais fell into bad odor. To console himself, he built himself a house which cost over \$800,000 of our money, and lived royally there, under the new name of Caron Beaumarchais, the Revolution having swept away the de. But in such times, and to such a man, unpopularity is apt to be fatal. The Republic wanted guns. Beaumarchais, then sixty years old and deaf, offered to go to Holland and buy a lot of 60,000 that were for sale there. The proposal was accepted by Government. Beaumarchais deposited three quarters of a million francs as security, but could not obtain the necessary funds from the Treasury to complete the bargain. While things were in this state, a report spread and songs that were worse than silly; dull papers

that he had the guns in his cellars to use against the patriots. His house was instantly searched by a furious mob, and he was thrown into prison. Even here his extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune did not fail him. The State prosecutor was his enemy; but being a man of noble heart, he thought he would revenge himself by setting him free. Beaumarchais stepped outof the Abbaye on the 30th August; on the 2d September the mob massacred every prisoner: the place contained. An ordinary man would have been content with this lesson. Not so: Beaumarchais. He revived the idea of buyingthe guns, got a promise of money from the Government, started off, borrowed money in England, and effected the purchase. Events flew in these times. The first thing Beaumarchais hears, after concluding the purchase, is that he has been accused by the Convention. He makes ready to return to Paris, surely to beguillotined; but his English friend quietly throws him into the King's Bench for the money lent him. Instead of being grateful for the kindness, Beaumarchais is furious; raises money, pays the Englishman, and rushes to Paris with a trunk full of memorials, placards, appeals, speeches, etc. These he follows up with a big book about himself and the times. Of this M. de Sainte Beuve says, wittily: "A singular and unexpected thing happened to Beaumarchais—he became tedious." 'Tis well he was tedious; for he called Marat "a little man with black hair, snub nose, and a frightful countenance."

Sent off to Holland to look after those guns, which an English cruiser was watching, lynxeyed, Beaumarchais found himself proscribed as an emigré. His wife succeeded in having this absurd charge withdrawn; but a few days afterward—the Government absolutely not knowing what it was doing-his name was again inscribed on the fatal list, his property was seized, and his family imprisoned. His situation was positively awful. If he stirred from where he was, he was certain of the guillotine. He actually endured the pangs of hunger from poverty. His wife and daughters escaped from prison, but they, too, had no money. These were the days of depreciated assignats: wood was 1460 francs a cord, candles 100 francs a pound, potatoes 200 francs a bushel, meat 30, and bread 12 francs a pound. The poor women starved.

When the Directory was established, Beaumarchais returned to Paris, and tried to gather up the fragments of his fortune. The Government held 750,000 francs of his as security; he rendered his accounts and demanded his money. The Directory would not, could not pay. The rest of his life was consumed in dunning the members without the least benefit.

It is sad enough to see the mischief these cares and disappointments wrought in his fine mind. He had become tedious some time before; he now grew profane and foolish. He diverted his old age by writing silly love-songs,



on politics, in one of which he proposed himself as commissioner to the United States to settle the pending dispute; and corresponded with people in a style which makes it a matter of deep regret that the recipients of his letters did not burn them directly. The old man's mind was gone. Defrauded by almost every person and every State he had dealt with, kept to his last day in agonies of suspense, now elated by hope, now crushed by disappointment, having seen all his illusions fade, and all his projects fail, he had cause enough for aberration of intellect; and most assuredly those who judge the character of the man by the follies of the dotard do him grievous wrong. He had at times, however, returns of his old spirit. On the 8th May, 1799, he wrote to Talleyrand, in reference to his claim on the Government, that "he would deal apart with the murderous commission" which had defrauded him. The diplomatist was cool; Beaumarchais tried to rouse him. Now was the time to act. Now he would not obtain not only the money that was due to him, but revenge. There was a whole world of his old power in his appeal. Ten days afterward he lay down to sleep, brooding, as usual, over his wrongs and his prospects of redress; in the night he had a stroke of apoplexy. No one noticed the accident, and when his servant went to dress him in the morning, he was quite dead.

Fortune, resolved that Beaumarchais should illustrate her fickleness to the last, pursued him beyond the grave. His family, acknowledged paupers at his death, found themselves in affluence a year or two afterward, by a proper administration of his estate. He had in his happy days built his own tomb. It stood in his garden, and a group of beautiful trees, which he had nursed with care, overspread it with a thick funeral pall of foliage. He was buried there; but his coffin had been but a short time in its resting-place when the order came to lay out a street through the garden, and directly over the grave. It seemed as though even death could not bring Beaumarchais rest.

THE CRYSTAL BELL.

T was a country tavern, and I sat in the barroom for lack of something better to do. Heaven knows there was little enough to amuse one in that dreary temple of Bacchus. There were five newspapers, the newest a month old, lying on the table-I knew every advertisement in them. There was a picture of the favorite Presidential candidate hanging over the fireplace, which, if it at all resembled the gentleman in question, entitled him to a glass-case in Barnum's Museum rather than to a chair in the White House. A book for registering names lay on a sort of desk in the corner, but since my arrival the pages, though dated, were destitute of a single name. Apple-jack, bad gin, and blazing brandy in bottles of eccentric colors, filled a glass press behind a counter, which was called by courtesy a bar; and behind this stood a wooden image called by courtesy a landlord.

When a man has no books, and no acquaintances at a country tavern, he is apt to fall back on the landlord. I have met in my time very amusing landlords—landlords who could talk about fishing, and shooting, and politics, and perhaps retail to you some of the gossip of the neighborhood; for it is wonderful how a man in the strait in which I was, will find amusement in the doings of people he knows nothing about. But the landlord of the Hominy House was not to be relied upon in such an emergency. You were not to take any such liberties with him, Sir, let me tell you. He took you into his house, as it were, under protest. He gave you a bed with an air that seemed to say he regretted doing it, but still he did not like to refuse; and you ate your dinner before him in fear and trembling, lest he should reconsider his hospitality and order you out of the house.

Whether it was a natural inflexibility of joints, or whether it was a high sense of personal dignity, I do not know; but certainly General Dubbley, the landlord of the Hominy House, in the village of Hopskotch, New Jersey, was the most dignified man I ever saw. The halo which he threw round a glass of whisky and water was perfectly wonderful. You might have imagined you were drinking "green seal" to judge by the lofty expression of his countenance as he handed you the bottle. At the dinner-table he fairly awed the appetite out of one; and I shall never, as long as I live, forget the thunder-cloud which gathered on his brow when, one day, I unluckily asked to be helped to soup twice. When Lafayette passed through Hopskotch, General Dubbley was one of the committee that received him. I did not know him at that period, not having been born, but I have formed a theory that from this epoch may be dated his tremendous dignity. Whether this interview with the French patriot had any thing to do with turning the General's hair green, I can not say; but it is, nevertheless, a fact that he was remarkable for possessing a lock of bright verdant olive on either side of his head. This eccentricity of color, I presume, must remain forever a mystery.

As I was saying, I sat in the bar-room. General Dubbley stood behind the bar counting the contents of the till with Olympian dignity. Quarter-dollars seemed to become thunder-bolts in his hands. I was very weary. Weary of Hopskotch, weary of Dubbley, weary of the Presidential candidate over the mantle-piece, who seemed to have been born with a patch of strawberries on each cheek; weary of the old newspapers; weary of every thing, in fact, except the memory of my dear Annie to whom I was engaged, and on whose account I had left New York and immured myself, in mid-winter, at the Hominy House, in order, before our marriage, to settle some matters connected with my property, which lay near Hopskotch. I yawned in the very teeth of General Dubbley.

The door opened ere my teeth closed again, and a man entered, and, shaking off the snow



that lay in thick flakes on his coat, advanced pected nothing more than to be turned out myto the wood fire that blazed and crackled on the broad hearth, and spread out his hands to the cheering warmth. He was a very seedylooking man. He had but one coat on-an old, threadbare evening coat—which was tenderly buttoned across a chest which seemed afraid to breathe too lustily lest it should burst the frail buttons. His shoes were old and soaked, looking as if he had found them after they had been boiled for soup by Lieutenant Strain and his companions on the Isthmus. His trowsers were also wet, and very scanty, and shrank from contact with his shoes as if they had been as sensitively constituted as the mimosa. Poor fellow! he looked as if he had not had a dinner in his stomach, or a cent in his pocket for a very long

As he entered, the General raised his head from the till and looked at him severely. I saw the poor man shrink a little, but presently he seemed to muster up sufficient courage to go up to the bar.

"Can I have a bed here to-night?" he asked, in a timid voice.

"Full, Sir, full!" said the General, frowning until his old eyebrows fairly creaked; "besides, we seldom have accommodation for stran-

The poor man gave a glance at his threadbare coat, and smiled. But, oh! how sad the smile was! Patient, but very sorrowful!

"It is a very bad night," said the stranger, pleadingly; "and I am not particular as to where I sleep. Any where would do for me."

Unphilosophical stranger! A worse method than a confession of heedlessness of comfort could not have been adopted to win the General's favor. If he had blustered up to the bar and shouted for a bed of rose-leaves with every leaf ironed out, the majestic Dubbley might have overlooked the seedy coat; but not to care where he slept! that settled him.

"Sorry, Sir, but can't accommodate you;" and with this brief intimation the Jove of Hopskotch commenced once more to make quarterdollars look like thunder-bolts.

The stranger sighed; looked wistfully at the bright fire; gave another hopeless glance at the wooden Dubbley, and then moved slowly to the door. It was more than I could stand. Olympas had no terrors for me at the moment.

... "Stay!" I cried, advancing from the obscure corner in which I had been seated; "stay, Sir, for a moment. This weather is too inclement for any human being to wander in at night. I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, but there are two beds in my room, and I esteem it my duty to offer you one of them. Pray accept it."

I almost lost the murmured thanks with which the seedy man accepted this impetuous offer, in the consideration of General Dubbley's countenance. I don't think I ever beheld such a picture of astounded dignity. My heart sank after my speech was fairly out; for really I ex-

self; and, what is more, I believe that I would have gone. To my surprise, however, the General took another tone.

"If Mr. Massy was willing to proffer such indiscriminate hospitality," he said, "he was perfectly satisfied."

For the first time the truth burst upon me that the General was not so awful as he looked. and that by the aid of a little resolution he might even be reduced to the position of a landlord. I plucked up courage from this supposed discovery, and having opened the breach, pushed on.

"I want some supper, General Dubbley," said

peremptorily.

"Sir, you have had your supper," answered the General, clutching madly at the last rag of his importance that was being torn so ruthlessly from him.

"No matter; I wish to sup again. I sometimes sup frequently during an evening."

I was reckless with victory, and began to talk wildly.

"You shall be served, Sir."

And the General abdicated his thunder-bolts and disappeared into the kitchen. I had conquered. A hand was laid very gently on me, and the stranger now spoke audibly to me for the first time.

"I am very, very much obliged to you," he said, "for all this kindness; but if in getting this supper you put yourself to inconvenience on my account, may I beg that you will countermand it?"

"Not at all," I replied, diplomatically; "but as you have reminded me of it, perhaps you will favor me by supping with me—that is, if you have not supped?"

"I have not dined," said the stranger, with a feeble smile. "I see through your kind ruse," he added; "and to a gentleman who can act so feelingly as you have done. I have little shame in confessing that if I have not dined, it was because I had no money."

"Come, come!" said I, trying to bluster away those confounded tears that always will get in my eyes when I hear such things, "Come, we will have a jolly good supper together, and then we will talk of business matters afterward. Let us sit by the fire until it is ready, and, meanwhile, drink this."

So saying, I invaded the General's Olympian domains, and pouring out a stiff horn of applejack, forced it upon my new friend. It did him good, I am certain, for I saw the dim eyes brighten and the thin cheek flush; and it was not the fire-light that did it, cheery as it was.

I never met a more delightful man than this seedy stranger. He had been every where, seen every thing, done every thing, knew every body. He was a finished scholar, an original critic, a delightful singer, an epitome of wit. He so fascinated me, that we sat up in my room until almost twelve-an unearthly hour in Hopskotch, where the people go to roost with the chickensand it never once entered into my head to ask



him who he was, what he was called, or how it | magic bell? Whenever I drew it forth, and was that he was wandering about in the snow without any money. I even went to bed without locking my door, or putting my watch under my pillow.

It was the gray dawn of the morning when some one sitting on my bedside awoke me suddenly. I started upright in an instant, and beheld my friend. He was completely dressed, and in the dim light seemed like a departing ghost. For a moment, in the incoherence of my ideas, I had a confused idea that he was about to rob me, and seized him instinctively by

"Don't be alarmed," he said, with a smile. "I intended to awake you, and before I wentfor I am going immediately—I wished to thank you for your extreme kindness to me. God bless you for it! I have but little to offer you in the way of return, but what I have is yours. Here is a crystal bell," and he drew a tiny glass bell from his pocket, a thing like a child's toy. "It was forged in distant lands, where the sun makes the rocks vocal, and its maker sang over it in the furnace the spells known only to the children of the East. It is the touchstone of truth. Whoever utters a falsehood to him who bears it about, that moment the crystal bell will vibrate. Scoff at the story now, if you will, but try the talisman—it will never betray you. Farewell!"

And laying the little bell upon the counterpane, before I could sufficiently collect my scattered senses he glided to the door and went out, closing it softly after him.

I took up the bell mechanically, and examined it. It was entirely formed of what seemed to be the purest crystal. The tongue was also of crystal, but flexible as the finest watch-spring. I tried to ring it, but although the ball at the end of the pendant tongue visibly struck the clear sides of the bell, it did not emit the slightest sound. I tried it again and again, and always with the same result.

I got up and looked for my watch. It was safe. My pockets were untouched; my drawers intact. My seedy friend, therefore, was not an impostor. Again I returned to the mysterious bell, and agitated its crystal tongue in vain. Not even a muffled tinkling was to be drawn from it. Had the pendulum been a feather it could not have been more silent.

All day long I felt wretchedly uncomfortable with the crystal bell in my pocket. I scarcely answered the sneering inquiries after my seedy friend with which General Dubbley assailed me. I scarcely took the trouble to inform him that I had not been robbed. I was indifferent to the display which he made of his counting his spoons in my presence. The last words of my mysterious guest continually rang in my ears-"Whoever utters a falsehood to him who bears it, that moment the crystal bell will vibrate."

Annie Gray! sweet, truthful, pure-eyed Annie Gray! why was it that your face continually rose up before me whenever I touched the emotion, but I subdued it.

looked through its crystal walls, why was it that your fair countenance seemed dimly visible within, but clouded with some horrible shadow? And when I thought of you, why did the name of that hateful Aubyn always flicker in big letters before my mind's eye?

I suffered positive torture. Here was I, engaged to be married to one of the sweetest girls in New York, beloved by her to my heart's content, and rich enough to satisfy her every wish, when in comes a stranger, who puts what he calls a talisman for testing truth into my hands, and straightway I begin to doubt the dear girl whom I had never doubted before. Did she really love me, or was it only for my wealth that she became mine? Did she not rather prefer that horrible Harry Aubyn, who danced so well, and who talked so charmingly about nothing? The more I tried to conquer this abominable fantasy of jealousy the more positive it became, until at last I had worked myself into such a fever of excitement that I could bear suspense no longer. Yes! I would instantly hurry to New York and test this wondrous gift! It was folly-madness; I knew that well enough, but still I would test it—test it all the more willingly, for I had such faith in Annie. But why did she encourage that empty dandy, Harry Aubyn?

In less than two hours I was in New York, ringing madly at Annie Gray's door.

As I entered the drawing-room hastily, out walked Mr. Aubyn. We saluted coldly, but I could have strangled him at the moment, if such things were permissible in this century. I must have been rather pale and disordered-looking, for I had scarce entered the room when Annie's first words were

"Oh, Gerald! has any thing happened?"

Dear girl! how could any but a madman doubt that anxious, fond look-that quivering lip? I kissed her forehead, and reassured

"Annie, dear, why do you have that Mr. Aubyn here in my absence? You know I don't like him."

"Why, Gerald, I really can't help if he calls. I don't care about his visits, I assure you; but I can not be rude to him, I have known him so

Gracious heavens! was it fancy? or did I hear a faint, crystalline tinkling in my pocket? A cold shiver ran through my frame; but I endeavored to dissemble my agony, and, with a forced smile, went on.

"So you don't like him really, you little puss! Come now, confess that at one time you did care a little—a very little—for Aubyn, your old playmate?"

"Why, what ails you, Gerald? You look so queer. I assure you, I never cared any thing for Harry Aubyn.

Tinkle! tinkle! in my pocket. I felt the blood rush to my head; it was a Niagara of



"And you love your poor Gerald, then, better than any body else; better even than the old school-fellow you have known so long?"

I do," and she kissed me gently on the fore-

Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle! in my pocket. Plain, clear, distinct. Every vibration of the crystal bell thrilled through my frame. If the bells of every cathedral, headed by Tom of Lincoln, had pealed altogether at my ear they could not have moved me half so much as that sharp, shrill crystal tintinnabulation from that horrible bell.

I could bear it no longer.

"Traitress!" I shouted, flinging away the tender arms that wound around my neck. "Hypocrite! I despise you! Yes, madam, the eyes of your dupe were opened in time. You shall not laugh at the credulous Gerald Massv."

"Gerald! are you mad?"

"Not quite; though a week after our marriage I would have been, impostor that you are! But I know you. Know that you don't love me. Know that you have lied to me three times within this last half hour."

She tried to embrace me; but I flung her off. She wrung her hands, and the big tears rolled over her cheeks, and her gentle head was bent, as if stricken with some great blow. She acted her part excellently well.

"What can you mean, Gerald? I have never deceived you in thought or word. If you have proofs of my hypocrisy advance them, but do not storm me down with assertions.'

"My proofs are here!" I cried, holding up the bell triumphantly—the triumph of despair. "Here! look on this talisman, falsest of women, and tremble!"

"But, Gerald, are you sane? I see nothing but this bell."

"And this bell, as you call it, has told me within the last half hour that you are a worthless woman."

One tigress-like leap, and she caught it from my hand. With flaming eyes she held it aloft, and then dashed it on the ground. A crash, like the bursting of a thousand hand-grenadesa thundering of cathedral bells, that seemed to shake the world; and, looking up, I saw General Dubbley standing over me in a dignified attitude.

"Mr. Massy," said he, "the dinner-bell has been ringing these ten minutes; but you appear to have been sleeping so soundly that you have not heard it. Dinner waits."

And so it was a dream. No seedy friendno talisman-no falsehood in sweet Annie Gray. I rubbed my eves and went into dinner; but as I ate my soup under the awful eye of the General, I confess I regretted the non-reality of that portion of my dream in which I had subdued the Thunderer of the tavern.

I never told Annie Gray that I had ever doubted her even in a dream, until we had been a month married.



OUBTLESS the future history of the Eastern world depends more upon Turkey and "What a fool you are, Gerald! Of course the dominions of the Sultan than it does on England, France, or Russia, precisely as the fall or permanency of an arch depends on the key-stone. Could we imagine a result so happy as that the European powers could decide among themselves who should have this and who that portion of the dominions of Abdul Medjid, there would be no time lost in carving them up and seizing on white and brown. But it is precisely that impossibility which is the preservation of Mohammedanism, and thus the jealousies of nations calling themselves Christian are perpetuating the creed of the False Prophet. In this state of Eastern affairs, every one asks, with a sort of simultaneous desire for information on the subject, "When will Islam fall?" and, without attempting to be a prophet, the writer having passed a number of months among the Oriental nations, and in close companionship with Turks and Christians of every form and name, has thought it possible that some rambling notes on their manners and customs, as well as their religious ways of thinking and acting, might be interesting.

> The subjects of the Grand Turk are not all Turks nor all Mussulmans. The Turks, indeed, form but a small portion of his people, though they are vastly the most important, occupying as they do the stations of honor in almost every part of the empire. In this respect it is somewhat remarkable that there is not more nationality among the different people of the East. They submit to be governed by men who have neither interest, property, nor family among them with as much grace and satisfaction as colonial Englishmen receiving a governor-general from the home country.

> But there are Christians of a dozen orders, and religionists or no-religionists of a dozen names, besides Jews, among the subjects of the Sultan, and to a man they submit to the powers that be without an idea of change, or thought of bettering their condition by a new system.

> Of course, in all times the Mohammedan religion has been the favorite, and its professors have lorded it over the believers in a Messiah; but not to their very great inferiority. Sultan himself has always been in the hands of his Armenian banker, and, indeed, all the money affairs of his dominions are controlled by Christians of this denomination. It is true that he has at times exercised his power of cutting off the heads of the bankers, as their tombstones in the burying-ground of Pera abundantly testify.

> No one can have visited the great Christian burial-place on the hill of Pera without observing these slabs, with curious headless figures carved on them, and Armenian inscriptions which, they will easily learn, relate to the freedom which the late Sultan was accustomed to use with the necks of his money furnishers. He "made them bleed," in the common accepta-



tion of the phrase, and when they would not | even here, in Frank dress, and was not molestbleed gold any longer he took the red blood.

The bigotry of the Mussulmans is not unlike that of other religions. They adhere to their fanatical views just so long as it suits their purposes, but no longer. They adhere to their religion even to death. No class of men are more devoted to their creed; but, at the same time, the rigid requirements of it are easily strained to suit circumstances.

A Mussulman will submit to death at any time rather than say that Mohammed is not a prophet of God; but the same man will readily eat pork or drink wine, if he can do it without the knowledge of his friends. In fact, every year is making great changes in this respect among the followers of Mohammed who associate with the Franks. But let no one imagine. on this account, that the hold of the Mohammedan religion on their intellects is any less strong.

The creed of the Mohammedan has always been incorrectly translated. It should read: "There is one God," or, "God is God, and Mohammed is a prophet of God," not "Mohammed is the prophet of God." The ordinary translation would appear to imply that Mohammed was the only prophet; but, on the contrary, the Mussulman believes in the divine mission of all the Old Testament prophets, and of Jesus Christ himself. They place Mohammed at the head of the prophets, because they believe him to have been the last and the best able to communicate the word of God to man. There is not, therefore, such a vast difference in the historical religion of Mohammedans and Christians; and it was a source of astonishment to me, as I learned more of their religion, to find how much, after all, we had in common, even in their views of the life and mission of Christ; for I could at all times talk freely with them so long as I did not differ from them. But their prophet was an adroit man, and commanded his followers never to dispute on the subject of religion with any one. Hence my dragoman, who was an intelligent Mussulman, familiar with the Koran and the traditions, would ride by my side and talk for hours on the subject of his creed, and when at length, provoked by some extreme absurdity, I would say to him, "But see now, for a moment, how absurd that is!" he would rein his horse back, fall in behind very respectfully, telling me that he could not debate with me; that was forbidden him; and a little while after we would resume our conversation.

Great changes have taken place of late years in the bigotry and fanaticism of the Turks. No better illustration of this can be given than in the opening of their mosques every where to public entrance. In some of the interior cities this is not yet accomplished; but in all the cities which are frequented by Franks the mosques are now free to public visit. In Cairo the mosque El Azhar alone remains nominally

ed in an hour's examination of its curious arch-

The children are still brought up in the strictest abhorrence of Christians. This is owing to the fact that their mothers are allowed the care of them until they arrive at reasonable age to go abroad with their parents; and the customs of the East keep women far from the influences that have already so much changed the men. They do not see Frank gold, the grand converting power. They do not understand the power of Frank steamers and railways, and the superiority of all the manufactures of the Christian nations. In the seclusion of the harem they know nothing of the advance of knowledge and power in the world, which their lords and masters, wrapped in Turkish stolidity, can not fail to appreciate, and they therefore teach their children, as they were taught, to hate and despise the believers in Jesus. It is the women and children, therefore, who insult the Christian in the East. In walking through the streets of Cairo it was a common occurrence to meet a woman who would thrust her vail aside to spit on the ground before me by way of curse; and once, in the very heart of the city, at the entrance of the Bab Zooayleh, I was walking by the side of an American lady who was riding on a donkey, when a boy spat in her face as coolly as if it were the ground. The young whelp has to thank his mother for an awful thrashing that I gave him, which he will remember till he dies; and which I administered in the presence of hundreds of Mussulmans, who looked on in silence, if not with approval.

The peculiarities of the Mohammedan religion are its appeals to the individual, and the equality which it gives to every person. It makes no distinctions among men, and the Sultan on his throne at Constantinople dare not violate its laws any more than the beggar at his gate.

It is this which has stood in the way of the advance of liberal principles in Turkey, and ten years ago I think there can be no doubt that the Sultan would have forfeited throne and life if he had ventured to issue the decree which has recently been issued, giving equal privileges in his dominions to men of all religions. And today, should Abdul Medjid utter the heresy that Mohammed is not a prophet of God, he would sleep with the camel-driver of Mecca in twentyfour hours, and his throne would pass to a more faithful representative of the founder of Islam.

A discussion of great interest to the religious world is now going on in England and America upon the effect of the late Hatti Houmaoun, and it is very manifest that its extent has been much mistaken by the people of both those countries. It was not understood in any part of the Turk's dominions last spring, not even in Constantinople, that the Sultan had decreed a permission to Mohammedans to become converts to Christianity, or had promised to protect reneclosed; but I found no difficulty in going in gades in such cases. On the contrary, the opin-



ion was most freely expressed, and Lord Red-| morning he was found dead with the finger in cliffe unquestionably so understood it, that the Sultan and his advisers had most carefully avoided any such pledges.

The reason for this is in what I have already stated. The Sultan has no power to issue such a decree, or if he should issue the paper, he would have no authority to enforce it. The first renegade would be burned, strangled, drowned, or otherwise done away with, and any attempt to punish his murderer would be overpowered by the entire race of Mohammedans rising to overthrow the throne of the Sultan. There is a higher power in Turkey than he: it is the religion. Let the Sheik El Islam but point his hand toward the Sultan, and cry out, "He is an enemy to the religion!" and the throne will be vacant in an hour.

This is no idle statement. It is the very root of the Mohammedan faith. It is this which makes its strength. Every man, woman, and child in the dominions of the Sultan knows that he has an appeal from him to the common faith. and that if he is condemned contrary to "the religion," he is sure of rescue by that appeal to the higher law. On this ground no Mussulman would fear to kill a renegade, though the Sultan might have decreed every thing that the Christians could ask. And on this same account it is that Christians will do well to abandon any hope of success in converting Mohammedans through the aid of such decrees. It is beginning at the wrong end. For the government of Turkey is unlike that of any other nation in just this, that there is no visible supreme power. The Sultan can not do as he would. He is controlled by an invisible, omnipotent power, prevailing from Russia to Abyssiniathe faith of Islam—and no decree of his is of any avail on religious subjects. If he should forbid the use of the Koran, his order would fall idle, and he would perish. His is not the autocratic power we have been taught to regard it. The Emperor of Russia decrees a change in the Greek faith and it is changed; the Parliament of England enact an alteration in the rubric of the Book of Common Prayer, and it is done; the Pope says the Virgin was immaculate from conception, and it is believed by the faithful thenceforth; but if the Sultan should attempt to alter one of the prostrations in the noon-day prayer, or should seek to add one iota to the requirements of the faith of the true believer, he would fail utterly, and perish in any attempt to enforce it.

Religious equality prevails here. The Sultan is no higher in the mosque than the humblest pauper, except only as he is for the time the representative of the Prophet. The temporal power in Turkey is always necessarily the defender of the faith, and an appeal to the Sultan or the governor for the time, in the name of Mohammed, is There was a terrible instance never in vain. of this in Cairo last winter. A man had been murdered, and in his death struggles had bitten off a finger from the hand of his slayer. In the door, and at any hour of the day, and wanders

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his teeth. The brother and wife of the dead man demanded vengeance, and appealed to Mohammed Bey, the chief of the Cairene police, for the arrest of the guilty person, who was as unknown to them as to him. He was busy about a hundred matters, and this murder was not of sufficient importance to require him to devote the whole power of his police to this alone, to the abandonment of every thing else. Said Pasha, the Viceroy, was at a country palace somewhere in the neighborhood, and was roused at midnight by a wailing under his windows, and the loud cries of men and women. Demanding to know the cause of the disturbance, the wife of the murdered man replied to him, and "in the name of the religion," as they express it, called on him to avenge her, and threatened that if he failed to do it she would find her way to Stamboul, and call on the Sultan, his liege lord and the head of the faith, to avenge her of her foe.

The Viceroy sent an express for Mohammed Bey, and, in the extreme of his anger and zeal, gave him seven days in which to find the murderer; and on the seventh day the murderer was not found, and Mohammed Bey has not since been heard of. His head paid the forfeit of the failure—he was decapitated.

It is this ability of the lowest to appeal to the highest in the name of the faith that makes one of the strongest attachments of the lower classes to their religion. It is related of Mohammed Ali, that he was accustomed to be arrested in his progress through the streets of Cairo by poople of every grade, who demanded his interposition in the name of the religion, and never in vain.

The Koran and the traditions are the law of all, Mohammedan countries, and they are the higher law, superior to every decree of Sultan or Viceroy. If therefore the clergy, who are the only doctors of the law, decide that a decree is contrary to the letter or the spirit of the Koran, it is equivalent to a decision by our courts in America that a law is unconstitutional, and it becomes a dead letter.

In Constantinople, more than any other part of the Mohammedan country, the influence of intercourse with the Franks is manifest. This was, of course, to be expected from the thousands on thousands who have poured through the streets of that city, and from the tremendous displays of English and French power which the armies and navies of those nations have made in the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. the change has been rapid and progressive. Five years ago, admission to the great mosque of Saint Sophia was absolutely forbidden to Christians. Two years ago, it was to be obtained on an order from the Sultan's Minister of Home Affairs, and the payment of a large bucksheesh, equivalent to nearly five dollars for each visitor. At present, the Frank who is curious to enter it turns in without hesitation at any



through its grand aisles without molestation. The kneeling devotee, who is muttering his prayers by rote, follows the stranger with curious gaze as he strolls about over the mattings, looking up to the gorgeous dome; and halfnaked dervishes beg coppers from him as readily as they would from a follower of the faith, and with much more hope of success.

Speaking of the dervishes leads me to remark that they are in the Mohammedan Church very much like some classes of monks in the Church of Rome, except that their fanaticism runs in a strange direction. There are many classes of dervishes, and they are each given to their own forms of worship. In all parts of the East the traveler meets them, wearing the steeple-crowned felt hat, or bareheaded, with tangled beards, and frequently naked from head to foot, excepting an undressed sheep-skin around the waist. But I particularly refer to them now for the sake of remarking how very little respect the Mohammedans have for them. Not long since they commanded almost the worship of the faithful. I asked an educated Mussulman his opinion of the howling dervishes, and their sincerity. He replied that the amount of howling or vehemency of his worship was no test of the man's sanctity, but he must know the man himself to be able to express an opinion on his character. He did not think any better of a man because he was a dervish. This would have been heresy a few years ago.

The practices of the dervishes remind one very forcibly of some customs that have prevailed in America in times of great excitement in the churches. The very common plan of holding a public meeting in the street, or on a square of the city, is not dissimilar to scenes at home. They usually surround a pole, on which is a silken flag, and, without speaking, commence their worship in a circle, which consists of bowing their heads in unison toward the centre of the circle and ejaculating the name of God. One by one the by-standers are induced to enter the circle and join the worship, which becomes more violent as it proceeds, and is interrupted by occasional shouts of the more excited devotees, ending with these in epileptic fits or total exhaustion of the physical strength, when they fall on the ground and their places are supplied by others.

Not infrequently the dervishes enter a coffeeshop and take possession of it, to the no small delight of the proprietor, who is sure to realize a large sale of coffee, in consequence, to spectators who are drawn in to look on. I remember one evening when I found such a performance going on in the Ezbekieh in Cairo, in an extemporaneous coffee-shop, made of reeds and mats. We dismounted from our donkeys to look in on the scene, and after standing ten minutes or so we missed one of our donkey boys. The next instant I caught sight of him in the circle, throwing his head backward and forward, and grunting "Allah!" most furiously; and he

suddenly slipped out of the circle and was at the donkey's side as I mounted. I asked him what he was about, and he said it was fun. I asked him what the others in the circle were doing, and he said some went in for fun and others "for the religion."

I did not see the ceremony of the Dosa, when the dervish sheik rides his horse over the breasts of the faithful. It occurred a few days after I left Cairo, but several Mohammedans whom I spoke with about it characterized it as brutal and superstitious. All readers are, of course, familiar with this ceremony. In Cairo it occurs in the great square of the Ezbekieh, and is witnessed by thousands of spectators. The intelligent portion of these regard it with horror, the ignorant with a sort of stupid feeling of wonder, not exactly knowing whether to believe or disbelieve in it. The few fanatics who subject their bodies to the terrible ordeal are not unlike those to be found in America. Indeed, there is little doubt that if a new sect were "started" in our own country, one of the tests of faith in which was similar to this, submitting to be ridden upon by an iron-shod horse, that sufficient numbers would be found to make the spectacle as strange as it now appears to us in Cairo.

Indeed I think the remark a safe one, that there is no phase of Mohammedanism that does not find its counterpart in Christianity—and in Protestant Christianity. Fanaticism is the characteristic of the human mind when its energies are directed toward one class of ideas, or, rather, when its affections are so directed.

Certainly nothing can be more like a church at home in some respects than is a mosque in the time of the sermon. It is very manifest that the turbaned or tarbouched true believers squatted on the floor are very dissimilar to the worshipers in a New England Sunday congregation; but the principle of the thing, the idea of it, is the same. The pulpit is an elevated structure on one side of the mosque, very much such an affair as a pulpit in an old church with an ornamental sounding-board over it; and when the praying is over the preaching begins, a clergyman ascending this place and expounding the Koran and its principles to an audience of believers, who sit patiently listening to his eloquence. The church "tone" of the clergyman is quite as evident as in one of our assemblies, and not infrequently the nasal accent, which has been the prerogative of some classes of our preachers for time immemorial.

Thus far, in this rambling article, I have endeavored to give the reader some notions of the religious habits of the Mussulmans. The grand question yet recurs whether, after all, the Mohammedans have any attachment to their religion—any such decided love for it as to induce them to cling to it in the face of persecution, or of temptation, which is stronger than persecution?

circle, throwing his head backward and forward, and grunting "Allah!" most furiously; and he continued this till I lifted my hand, when he continued this till I lifted my hand, when he



theless, I believe it to be a fixed fact that no if he called himself a Nazarene. class of religionists on the earth are so devoted to their creed as these men, and I do not believe that any amount of labor bestowed on them with a view to their conversion, by what is commonly called moral sussion, is of any value whatever. A hundred thousand missionaries sent to Turkey to convert the Turks by argument and preaching will waste their breath and strength. They might as well preach to the rocks of Mount Lebanon. The immediate reply to this, of course, is that the spirit of missions requires us to trust in God for the result, while we continue to work by means, and wait his blessing on the means. This is very correct; but the mission boards might as well establish grist-mills on the Nahr el Kelb, and wonder why they didn't grind out converted Mussulmans, as to establish missions and forbid the use of schools and other means for reaching the new generation. It may be taken for truth that a run of stone in a mill is as likely to make Christians out of Turks as the oral preaching or labor of the missionaries with them. The reader must understand that no missions, so far as I am informed, are now sustained with reference to the Mussulmans. The American missions in the East have devoted their energies to the Oriental Christians of various names and orders.

Nevertheless, I may say, in passing, that my remarks on this subject apply as well to missions among the Oriental Christians as among the Turks. It is vain to hope for a change in the Eastern people of this generation, either individually or collectively. The religion of the Cross is a religion that must reach the heart. This word—the heart—has a peculiar significance in this and like uses of it. I am understood when I say that the Eastern people have no such heart. They must be educated to it first before they can appreciate or feel any religion. Until they are so educated they will follow ancient creeds, customs, and teachings with a blind obstinacy that is worse than that of a beast—that is only to be found in an idiot or an ignorant

I had a servant with me for some months in the East, an intelligent Nubian, and the most faithful fellow in the world. Knowledge of religion he had none. He did not connect an idea with the word "Allah." Still he washed himself and prayed at stated intervals each day because his master had so taught him. A Prussian baroness wished to buy him of me, and made him many brilliant offers to leave my service and enter hers. She was about going home to Europe, and wished to take him along. Her effers were sorely tempting. Her pay was more than five times as much as he had ever received, and his master had freed him, so that he was at liberty to go. But he refused. The reason which he gave me was sufficient: "I was afraid I should be made a Christian." He had been educated in a horror of this idea. It was Franks in their mosques, and even in their a part of his very life, and he would die rather streets, is an actual departure from their an-

For the Arabic word (Nazara) is almost the same old word that Pharisees shouted in derision at the Lord when he came from Galilee-the same name that has been used in derision and contempt of his followers for two thousand years.

I am informed that the missionaries at Constantinople have reason to believe that there are more instances than one of actual conversions of Mussulmans, who have not hitherto dared to acknowledge the fact; and these instances operate but to prove the generality of the truth I have stated.

Western gold and Western power have, in ten years, operated to make great, incredible changes in the character of the Moslem nations. I have already referred to this in the matter of the opening of the mosques to public visit. It is even more manifest in the late decree of the Sultan, giving equal privileges to Christians, Jews, and Mussulmans within his dominions, and the reception which this decree has met with.

In Jerusalem, the Governor assured me that it met his unqualified approval, and that of all the leading Mussulmans within his pashalic. In Smyrna it was received with great favor; and when I left the East it was reported that a Christian Governor was to be appointed over that most important district of the Sultan's dominions. Since that time, disturbances occurring at Mecca and in various parts of the Hejaz, attributed to the opposition of the people to this decree, serve to show us what might and probably would have been the effect of it a few years since at Stamboul itself.

It should be remembered by the person who desires to understand the Mussulman character that the religion of the individual is his entire There are no men among them who are religious in one society and not in another; nor can there by any possibility be such a thing as a man who is religious in his profession and worldly or irreligious in his dealings with his fellowmen. The entire life of the Mussulman is regulated by the law of the Prophet, and it controls his every action. This is one of the adroit ideas of Mohammed, by which he succeeded in fastening the Koran upon the whole soul of the man. He eats by it; he drinks by it; he marries and divorces by it; he dresses by it; he rises in the morning, washes and walks the streets, buys and sells, thinks and sleeps by the Koran and the traditions. Thus the reader will be able to understand how much importance is attached to a change in the outward manners and customs of the Turk. To say that a Romanist in Rome had become more civil to Protestant travelers, or had adopted a style of dress peculiar to Americans, would not by any one be thought an indication of a process of Protestantizing having commenced; but the adoption of Frank dress by the Turks, and the toleration of than undergo the intense shame he should feel cient religious traditions, and a loosening of the



hold which the Koran and its teachers have on them. In one of the interior cities of Asia I was once the cause of an altercation between the Sheik of the mosque and the people of the town, which well-nigh became a serious riot, and which did result in sundry stones flying in close proximity to my head. The cause was the willingness of the Sheik to admit me to the mosque, and the opposition of the fanatical and ignorant people who kept me out. Sheik expounded to them the law, and assured them there was nothing in it to prevent my admission; but they replied with the customs of their fathers for centuries, and denounced death on the Christian who should enter the sacred precincts. I have no doubt that in five years' time Christians will enter that same mosque with perfect freedom.

It is not unusual to see the effect produced on Turkish manners and customs by Western civilization. It is found in their houses, where chairs and tables are now often seen, as well as knives and forks, and other Christian implements.

I was particularly struck with the respect paid in Egypt to the English government, of whose great power and vast resources the natives have derived some idea from the communication they have with England and Englishmen by the Indian overland route; and in this connection I may mention the singular fact that the Times newspaper, potent as it is in England, and surprising as its vast influence there appears to us in America, has also prodigious power along the shores of the Mediterranean, and in the palaces of Eastern potentates.

Something more than a year ago there was an article in the Times, the substance of which was a hint that the Viceroy of Egypt was not doing his duty to the Allies, and that it might be proper for England to take him in hand after she had finished with Russia.

The effect produced on Said Pacha by this article, I was informed by a gentleman who saw him when he read an Arabic translation of it, was violent in the extreme. He was furious about it, and issued an order forthwith suppressing that copy of the paper, and commanding every copy that could be found to be destroyed. Nevertheless, he has the most profound respect for the power of England; and it was perhaps his knowledge of that power, and of the desire that England has at all times had to possess the Isthmus, that made him so specially angry at this article. But in Egypt the idea is universal that an English protectorate, if not an actual English possession of the country, is close at hand. In public places, by public men, I frequently heard it talked of as a certainty, and the only subject of discussion was whether England or France would be the preferable pro-

I believe that the conviction of the approaching downfall of Islam is growing strong among its followers. This may seem incredible, but I have had many conversations with intelligent

or English, and had visited Europe, who would unhesitatingly speak of their hope that there were better things in store for their people, and that some day, under a European government, the land of the Turk might produce something worthy of rank among the nations of the world.

I have written thus much by way of showing a few of the signs of the times in the dominions of the Sultan, and, as I said at the commencement, without the idea of being a prophet. There are a hundred other signs that I might mention, but they are all only illustrations of the general fact, that Christian intercourse with the Turks is working a change in their religion. slowly but perceptibly.

I have said that there is no hope of the conversion of Turks by aid of decrees from the throne, because they are powerless; and I might add, that if freedom were granted to the Mohammedans to become converts, there is still very little hope of reaching them either by preaching or by teaching, and missionaries or mission schools for the Turks would be wastes of labor and money, so long as there were no other influences at work to their aid.

Let me not for an instant be understood as depreciating the value of mission labor in the Levant, or as intimating that the noble men and women who are at work there are by any means wasting their days. Far otherwise. I believe that they are most eminently successful, and that their labors are already amply repaid by their success among the Oriental Christians. And I believe the time is approaching when every missionary will have enough to do in those fields, if there were hundreds of them. But it ought to be understood at home that other means besides preaching and teaching are of use in mission work any where, and that low, starvation salaries are not economical ways of doing the work. Missionaries to the East should be well paid, and enabled to sustain respectable appearances among the natives, and to impress them with the temporal advantages as well as the spiritual which Protestant nations enjoy. The missionaries themselves do not appreciate the importance of this as much as passing travelers do, who hear among the natives their opinions of the missionaries freely expressed. The way to reach the Eastern man's heart is through his eyes. I can see the old-fashioned man ridiculing this idea, and saying that it is not the right way to do mission work. It is the way. If the missionary wishes to preach to a crowd, let him have the means of attracting a crowd, and of feeding them, as their Lord did. He did not object to preaching to them, though he knew they came for the loaves and the fishes.

There are two ways in which Turkey may be Christianized, and neither of these is by simple preaching and teaching. The one way is by the contact of Western nations, Western manners, and Western gold.

Depend upon it, gold is the great civilizer. Gold will introduce the new on the wrecks of the Mussulmans who had learned to speak French old. The first effect of this Western influence



will be infidelity, and when the nation is infidel it may be Christianized. This process is slowly going on now. Fewer Turks pray now than did formerly, and many who pray have their eyes open and look around at passing strangers. An infidel is within reach of missionary labor; a Mohammedan is not.

But there is another and a swifter process, which all observers of the East are hoping and working for. It is coming-it must come-it will come. The difficult labor of bolstering up the present effete government will soon be too expensive to the Western nations, and Europe will find it necessary to divide the dominions of the Sultan, and the haughty Turk will have a Christian for his lord and master, and Christians for governors, magistrates, and police-offi-Then the terrible higher law of which we have spoken will have no power in the land. The murderer of a renegade will find the rope uncomfortably close around his throat, and renegades will become numerous from day to day. When that time comes the religion of the False Prophet will vanish in a single generation. The children of Mussulmans, familiarized to Christian ideas, will laugh at their fathers' beards when they see them going through the absurdities of their worship; and fast young men, associating with Christians, and learning Christian manners and customs, will grow up to lord it over the lonely and deserted harems of the last of the Turks.

In anticipation of that day, which may come at any moment now—which will come in a few years at the latest—every missionary that can be sent to the Orient should be sent forthwith, and the strength and wealth of the Western churches should not be spared in the endeavor to give Protestant Christianity a prominence in the lands of the False Prophet.

SOWING IN TEARS.

STRAIGHT and still the baby lies, No more smiling in his eyes, Neither tears for wailing cries.

Smiles and tears alike are done; He has need of neither one— Only *I* must weep alone.

Tiny fingers, all too slight, Hold within their clasping tight Waxen berries, scarce more white.

Nights and days of weary pain, I have held them close—in vain: Now I never shall again.

Crossed upon a silent breast, By no suffering distressed, Here they lie in marble rest.

They shall ne'er unfolded be, Never more in agony Cling so pleadingly to me.

Never! oh, the hopeless sound To my heart, so closely wound All his little being round! I forget the sweet release Unto him—the radiant peace, And the untold happiness!

I forget the shining crown, Glad exchange for cross laid down, Now his baby brows upon.

Yearning sore, I only know I am very full of woe— And I want my baby so!

Selfish heart, that thou shouldst prove So unworthy of the love Which thine idol doth remove!

Blinded eyes, that can not see, Past the present misery, Joy and comfort full and free!

Oh! my Father, loving Lord! I am shamed at my own word: Strength and patience me afford.

I will yield me to Thy will; Now Thy purposes fulfill; Only help me to be still.

Though my mother-heart shall ache, I believe that, for Thy sake, It shall not entirely break.

And I know I yet shall own, For my seeds of sorrow sown, Sheaves of joy around Thy throne!



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLL.—SOMETHING WRONG SOME-WHERE.

THE family had been a month or two at Venice, when Mr. Dorrit, who was much among Counts and Marquises, and had but scant leisure, set an hour of one day apart beforehand for the purpose of holding some conference with Mrs. General.

The time he had reserved in his mind arriving, he sent Mr. Tinkler, his valet, to Mrs. General's apartment (which would have absorbed about a third of the area of the Marshalsea), to present his compliments to that lady, and represent him as desiring the favor of an interview. It being that period of the forenoon when the



their own chambers, some couple of hours before assembling at breakfast in a faded hall which had once been sumptuous but was now the prey of watery vapors and a settled melancholy, Mrs. General was accessible to the valet. That envoy found her on a little square of carpet so extremely diminutive in reference to the size of her stone and marble floor, that she looked as if she might have had it spread for the trying on of a ready-made pair of shoes, or as if she had come into possession of the enchanted piece of carpet bought for forty purses by one of the three princes in the Arabian Nights, and had that moment been transported on it, at a wish, into a palatial saloon with which it had no connection.

Mrs. General, replying to the envoy as she set down her empty coffee-cup, that she was willing at once to proceed to Mr. Dorrit's apartment, and spare him the trouble of coming to her (which, in his gallantry, he had proposed), the envoy threw open the door, and escorted Mrs. General to the presence. It was quite a walk, by mysterious staircases and corridors, from Mrs. General's apartment, hoodwinked by a narrow side street with a low gloomy bridge in it, and dungeon-like opposite tenements, their walls besmeared with a thousand downward stains and streaks, as if every crazy aperture in them had been weeping tears of rust into the Adriatic for centuries, to Mr. Dorrit's apartment: with a whole English house-front of window, a prospect of beautiful church-domes rising into the blue sky sheer out of the water which reflected them, and a hushed murmur of the Grand Canal laving the door-ways below, where his gondolas and gondoliers attended his pleasure, drowsily swinging in a little forest of piles.

Mr. Dorrit, in a resplendent dressing-gown and cap—the dormant grub that had so long bided its time among the Collegians had burst into a rare butterfly-rose to receive Mrs. General. A chair to Mrs. General. An easier chair, Sir; what are you doing, what are you about, what do you mean? Now, leave us!

"Mrs. General," said Mr. Dorrit, "I took the liberty-"

"By no means," Mrs. General interposed. "I was quite at your disposition. I had had my coffee."

"I took the liberty," said Mr. Dorrit again, with the magnificent placidity of one who was above correction, "to solicit the favor of a little private conversation with you, because I feel rather worried respecting my-ha-my younger daughter. You will have observed a great difference of temperament, madam, between my two daughters?"

Said Mrs. General in response, crossing her gloved hands (she was never without gloves, and they never creased and always fitted), "There is a great difference."

various members of the family had coffee in | it?" said Mr. Dorrit, with a deference not incompatible with majestic serenity.

"Fanny," returned Mrs. General, "has force of character and self-reliance. Amy, none."

None? Oh, Mrs. General, ask the Marshalses stones and bars. Oh, Mrs. General, ask the milliner who taught her to work, and the dancingmaster who taught her sister to dance. Oh, Mrs. General, Mrs. General, ask me, her father, what I owe to her, and hear my testimony touching the life of this slighted little creature, from her childhood up!

No such adjuration entered Mr. Dorrit's head. He looked at Mrs. General, seated in her usual erect attitude on her coach-box behind the proprieties, and he said, in a thoughtful manner, True, madam."

"I would not," said Mrs. General, "be understood to say, observe, that there is nothing to improve in Fanny. But there is material there-perhaps, indeed, a little too much."

"Will you be kind enough, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "to be-ha-more explicit? I do not quite understand my elder daughter's having -hum—too much material. What material?" "Fanny," returned Mrs. General, "at present

forms too many opinions. Perfect breeding forms none, and is never demonstrative."

Lest he himself should be found deficient in perfect breeding, Mr. Dorrit hastened to reply, "Unquestionably, madam, you are right." Mrs. General returned, in her emotionless and expressionless manner, "I believe so."

"But you are aware, my dear madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "that my daughters had the misfortune to lose their lamented mother when they were very young; and that, in consequence of my not having been until lately the recognized heir to my property, they have lived with me as a comparatively poor, though always proud, gentleman, in-ha hum-retirement!"

"I do not," said Mrs. General, "lose sight of the circumstance."

"Madam," pursued Mr. Dorrit, "of my daughter Fanny, under her present guidance, and with such an example constantly before her-"

(Mrs. General shut her eyes.)

-"I have no misgivings. There is adaptability of character in Fanny. But my younger daughter, Mrs. General, rather worries and vexes my thoughts. I must inform you that she has always been my favorite."

"There is no accounting," said Mrs. General, "for these partialities."

"Ha-no," assented Mr. Dorrit. "No. Now, madam, I am troubled by noticing that Amy is not, so to speak, one of ourselves. She does not care to go about with us; she is lost in the society we have here; our tastes are evidently not her tastes. Which," said Mr. Dorrit, summing up with judicial gravity, "is to say, in other words, that there is something wrong in-ha-Amy."

"May we incline to the supposition," said "May I ask to be favored with your view of Mrs. General, with a little touch of varnish,





"Excuse me, madam," observed Mr. Dorrit, rather quickly. "The daughter of a gentleman, though—ha—himself at one time comparatively far from affluent-comparatively-and herself reared in-hum-retirement, need not of necessity find this position so very novel."

"True," said Mrs. General, "true."

"Therefore, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "I took the liberty" (he laid an emphasis on the phrase and repeated it, as though he stipulated, with urbane firmness, that he must not be contradicted again), "I took the liberty of requesting this interview, in order that I might mention the topic to you and inquire how you would advise me?"

"Mr. Dorrit," returned Mrs. General, "I have conversed with Amy several times since we have been residing here, on the general subject of the formation of a demeanor. She has expressed herself to me as wondering exceedingly at Venice. I have mentioned to her that it is better not to wonder. I have pointed out to her that the Reverend Mr. Eustace, the classical tourist, did not think much of it, and that he compared the Rialto, greatly to its disadvantage, with Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges. I need not add, after what you have said, that I have not yet found my arguments successful. You do me the honor to ask me what I advise. It always appears to me (if this should prove to be a baseless assumption I shall be pardoned), that Mr. Dorrit has been accustomed to exercise influence over the minds of others.'

"Hum-madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "I have been at the head of-ha-of a considerable community. You are right in supposing that I am not unaccustomed to—an influential position."

"I am happy," returned Mrs. General, "to be so corroborated. I would therefore the more confidently recommend that Mr. Dorrit should speak to Amy himself, and make his observations and wishes known to her. Being his favorite besides, and no doubt attached to him, she is all the more likely to yield to his influence."

"I had anticipated your suggestion, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "but-ha-was not sure that I might—hum—not encroach on—"

On my province, Mr. Dorrit?" said Mrs. General, graciously. "Do not mention it."

"Then, with your leave, madam," resumed Mr. Dorrit, ringing his little bell to summon his valet, "I will send for her at once."

"Does Mr. Dorrit wish me to remain?"

"Perhaps, if you have no other engagement, you would not object for a minute or two-" "Not at all."

So Tinkler the valet was instructed to find

Miss Amy's maid, and to request that subordinate to inform Miss Amy that Mr. Dorrit wished to see her in his own room. In delivering this charge to Tinkler, Mr. Dorrit looked severely at him, and also kept a jealous eye upon him I —ha hum—am not pleased with you. You

until he went out at the door, mistrusting that he might have something in his mind prejudicial to the family dignity—that he might have even got wind of some Collegiate joke before he came into the service, and might be derisively reviving its remembrance at the present moment. If Tinkler had happened to smile, however faintly and innocently, nothing would have persuaded Mr. Dorrit to the hour of his death but that this was the case. As Tinkler happened, however, very fortunately for himself, to be of a serious and composed countenance, he escaped the secret danger that threatened him. And as on his return-when Mr. Dorrit eved him again-he announced Miss Amy as if she had come to a funeral, he left a vague impression on Mr. Dorrit's mind that he was a well-conducted young fellow, who had been brought up in the study of the Catechism by a widowed mother.

"Amy," said Mr. Dorrit, "you have just now been the subject of some conversation between myself and Mrs. General. We agree that you scarcely seem at home here. Ha-how is this?"

A pause.

"I think, father, I require a little time."

"Papa is a preferable mode of address," observed Mrs. General. "Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism, are all very good words for the lips. You will find it serviceable, in the formation of a demeanor, if you sometimes say to yourself in company—on entering a room, for instance-Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism."

"Pray, my child," said Mr. Dorrit, "attend to the-hum-precepts of Mrs. General."

Poor Little Dorrit, with a rather forlorn glance at that eminent varnisher, promised to

"You say, Amy," pursued Mr. Dorrit, "that you think you require time. Time for what?"

Another pause. "To become accustomed to the novelty of my life, was all I meant," said Little Dorrit, with her loving eyes upon her father, whom she had very nearly addressed as poultry, if not prunes

and prism too, in her desire to submit herself to Mrs. General and please him.

Mr. Dorrit frowned, and looked any thing but pleased. "Amy," he returned, "it appears to me, I must say, that you have had abundance of time for that. Ha-you surprise me. You disappoint me. Fanny has conquered any such little difficulties, and—hum—why not you?"

"I hope I shall do better soon," said Little

"I hope so," returned her father. "I—ha— I most devoutly hope so, Amy. I sent for you, in order that I might say-hum-impressively say, in the presence of Mrs. General, to whom we are all so much indebted for obligingly being present among us, on-ha-on this or any other occasion," Mrs. General shut her eyes, "that



make Mrs. General's a thankless task. You—ha—embarrass me very much. You have always (as I have informed Mrs. General) been my favorite child; I have always made you a—hum—a friend and companion; in return, I beg—I—ha—I do beg that you accommodate yourself better to—hum—circumstances, and dutifully do what becomes your—your station."

Mr. Dorrit was even a little more fragmentary than usual, being excited on the subject, and anxious to make himself particularly emphatic.

"I do beg," he repeated, "that this may be attended to, and that you will seriously take pains and try to conduct yourself in a manner both becoming your position as—ha—Miss Amy Dorrit, and satisfactory to myself and Mrs. General."

That lady shut her eyes again on being again referred to; then, slowly opening them and rising, added these words:

"If Miss Amy Dorrit will direct her own attention to, and will accept of my poor assistance in, the formation of a surface, Mr. Dorrit will have no further cause of anxiety. May I take this opportunity of remarking, as an instance in point, that it is scarcely delicate to look at vagrants with the attention which I have seen bestowed upon them by a very dear young friend of mine? They should not be looked at. Nothing disagreeable should ever be looked at. Apart from such a habit standing in the way of that graceful equanimity of surface which is so expressive of good breeding, it hardly seems compatible with refinement of mind. A truly refined mind will be ignorant of the existence of any thing that is not perfectly proper, placid, and pleasant." Having delivered this exalted sentiment, Mrs. General made a sweeping obeisance, and retired with an expression of mouth indicative of prunes and prism.

Little Dorrit, whether speaking or silent, had preserved her quiet earnestness and her loving look. It had not been clouded, except for a passing moment, until now. But now that she was left alone with him, the fingers of her lightly-folded hands were agitated, and there was repressed emotion in her face.

Not for herself. She might feel a little wounded, but her care was not for herself. Her thoughts still turned, as they always had turned, to him. A faint misgiving which had hung about her since their accession to fortune, that even now she could never see him as he used to be before the prison days, had gradually begun to assume form in her mind. She felt that in what he had just now said to her, and in his whole bearing toward her, there was the well-known shadow of the Marshalsea wall. It took a new shape, but it was the old, sad shadow. She began with sorrowful unwillingness to acknowledge to herself that she was not strong enough to keep off the fear that no space in the life of man could overcome that quarter of a century behind the prison bars. She had no blame

proach him with, no emotions in her faithful heart but great compassion and unbounded tenderness.

This is why it was that even as he sat before her on his sofa, in the brilliant light of a bright Italian day, the wonderful city without, and the splendors of an old palace within, she saw him at the moment in the long-familiar gloom of his Marshalsea lodging, and wished to take her seat beside him, and comfort him, and be again full of confidence with him, and of usefulness to him. If he divined what was in her thoughts, his own were not in tune with it. After some uneasy moving in his seat, he got up, and walked about, looking very much dissatisfied.

"Is there any thing else you wish to say to me, dear father?"

"No, no. Nothing else."

"I am sorry you have not been pleased with me, dear. I hope you will not think of me with displeasure now. I am going to try more than ever to adapt myself, as you wish, to what surrounds me—for indeed I have tried all along, though I have failed, I know."

"Amy," he returned, turning short upon her. "You—ha—habitually hurt me."

"Hurt you, father! I!"

"There is a—hum—a topic," said Mr. Dorrit, looking all about the ceiling of the room, and never at the attentive, uncomplainingly-shocked face, "a painful topic, a series of events which I wish—ha—altogether to obliterate. This is understood by your sister, who has already remonstrated with you in my presence; it is understood by your brother; it is understood by—ha hum—by every one of delicacy and sensitiveness except yourself—ha—I am sorry to say except yourself. You, Amy—hum—you alone, and only you—constantly revive the topic, though not in words."

She laid her hand upon his arm. She did nothing more. She gently touched him. The trembling hand may have said, with some expression, "Think of me; think how I have worked; think of my many cares!" But she said not a syllable herself.

There was a reproach in the touch so addressed to him that she had not foreseen, or she would have withheld her hand. He began to justify himself, in a heated, stumbling, angry manner, that made nothing of it.

"I was there all those years. I was—ha—universally acknowledged as the head of the place. I—hum—I caused you to be respected there, Amy. I—ha hum—I gave my family a position there. I deserve a return. I claim a return. I say, sweep it off the face of the earth, and begin afresh. Is that much? I ask, is that much?"

He did not once look at her as he rambled on in this way, but gesticulated at and appealed to the empty air.

life of man could overcome that quarter of a century behind the prison bars. She had no blame to bestow upon him, therefore: nothing to re-



eradicate the marks of what I have endured, and can emerge before the world a—ha—gentleman unspoiled, unspotted—is it a great deal to expect—I say again, is it a great deal to expect—that my children should—hum—do the same, and sweep that accursed experience off the face of the earth!"

In spite of his flustered state, he made all these exclamations in a carefully suppressed voice, lest the valet should overhear any thing.

"Accordingly they do it. Your sister does it. Your brother does it. You alone, my favorite child, whom I made the friend and companion of my life when you were a mere—hum—baby, do not do it. You alone say you can't do it. I provide you with valuable assistance to do it. I attach an accomplished and highly-bred lady—ha—Mrs. General, to you, for the purpose of doing it. Is it surprising that I should be displeased? Is it necessary that I should defend myself for expressing my displeasure? No!"

Notwithstanding which, he continued to defend himself, without any abatement of his flushed mood.

"I am careful to appeal to that lady for confirmation, before I express any displeasure at all. I—hum—I necessarily make that appeal within limited bounds, or I—ha—should render legible, by that lady, what I desire to be blotted out. Am I selfish? Do I complain for my own sake? No. No. Principally for—ha hum—your sake, Amy."

This last consideration plainly appeared, from his manner of pursuing it, to have just that instant come into his head.

"I said I was hurt. So I am. So I-haam determined to be, whatever is advanced to the contrary. I am hurt that my daughter, seated in the-hum-lap of fortune, should mope and retire, and proclaim herself unequal to her destiny. I am hurt that she should—ha -systematically reproduce what the rest of us blot out, and seem-hum-I had almost said positively anxious—to announce to wealthy and distinguished society that she was born and bred in-ha hum-a place that I, myself, decline to name. But there is no inconsistencyha-not the least in my feeling hurt, and yet complaining principally for your sake, Amy. I do; I say again, I do. It is for your sake that I wish you, under the auspices of Mrs. General, to form a-hum-a surface. It is for your sake that I wish you to have a-ha-truly refined mind, and (in the striking words of Mrs. General), to be ignorant of every thing that is not perfectly proper, placid, and pleasant."

He had been running down by jerks, during his last speech, like a sort of ill-adjusted alarum. The touch was still upon his arm. He fell silent, and after looking about the ceiling again for a little while, looked down at her. Her head drooped, and he could not see her face, but her touch was tender and quiet, and in the expression of her dejected figure there was no blame—nothing but love. He began to whim-

per just as he had done that night in the prison when she afterward sat at his bedside till morning, exclaimed that he was a poor ruin and a poor wretch in the midst of his wealth, and clasped her in his arms. "Hush, hush, my own dear! Kiss me!" was all she said to him. His tears were soon dried, much sooner than on the former occasion, and he was presently afterward very high with his valet, as a way of righting himself for having shed any.

With one remarkable exception, to be recorded in its place, this was the only time in his life of freedom and fortune, when he spoke to his daughter Amy of the old days.

But now the breakfast hour arrived, and with it Miss Fanny from her apartment, and Mr. Edward from his apartment. Both these young persons of distinction were something the worse for late hours. As to Miss Fanny, she had become the victim of an insatiate mania for what she called "going into society," and would have gone into it head-foremost fifty times between sunset and sunrise if so many opportunities had been at her disposal. As to Mr. Edward, he, too, had a large acquaintance, and was generally engaged (for the most part, in dicing circles, or others of a kindred nature) during the greater part of every night. For this gentleman, when his fortunes changed, had stood at the great advantage of being already prepared for the highest associates, and having little to learn: so much was he indebted to the happy accidents which had made him acquainted with horse-dealing and billiard-marking.

At breakfast, Mr. Frederick Dorrit likewise appeared. As the old gentleman inhabited the highest story of the palace, where he might have practiced pistol-shooting without much chance of discovery by the other inmates, his younger niece had taken courage to propose the restoration to him of his clarionet: which Mr. Dorrit had ordered to be confiscated, but which she had ventured to preserve. Notwithstanding some objections from Miss Fanny that it was a low instrument, and that she detested the sound of it, the concession had been made. But it was then discovered that he had had enough of it, and never played it, now that it was no longer his means of getting bread. He had insensibly acquired a new habit of shuffling into the picture-galleries, always with his twisted paper of snuff in his hand (much to the indignation of Miss Fanny, who had proposed the purchase of a gold box for him that the family might not be discredited, which he had absolutely refused to carry when it was bought), and of passing hours and hours before the portraits of renowned Venetians. It was never made out what his dazed eyes saw in them, whether he had an interest in them merely as pictures, or whether he confusedly identified them with a glory that was departed, like the strength of his own mind. But he paid his court to them with great exactness, and clearly derived pleasure from the pur-



pened one morning to assist at these attentions. It so evidently heightened his gratification that she often accompanied him afterward, and the greatest delight of which the old man had shown himself susceptible since his ruin, arose out of these excursions, when he would carry a chair about for her from picture to picture, and stand behind it, in spite of all her remonstrances, silently presenting her to the noble Venetians.

It fell out that at this family breakfast he referred to their having seen in a gallery, on the previous day, the lady and gentleman whom they had encountered on the Great Saint Bernard. "I forget the name," said he. "I dare say you remember them, William? I dare say you do, Edward?"

"I remember'em well enough," said the latter.

"I should think so," observed Miss Fanny, with a toss of her head, and a glance at her sister. "But they would not have been recalled to our remembrance, I suspect, if Uncle hadn't tumbled over the subject."

"My dear, what a curious phrase," said Mrs. General. "Would not inadvertently lighted upon, or accidentally referred to, be better?"

"Thank you very much, Mrs. General," returned the young lady, "no, I think not. On the whole, I prefer my own expression."

This was always Miss Fanny's way of receiving a suggestion from Mrs. General. But she always stored it up in her mind, and adopted it at another time.

"I should have mentioned our having met Mr. and Mrs. Gowan, Fanny," said Little Dorrit, "even if uncle had not. I have scarcely seen you since, you know. I meant to have spoken of it at breakfast, because I should like to pay a visit to Mrs. Gowan, and to become better acquainted with her, if papa and Mrs. General do not object."

"Well, Amy," said Fanny, "I am sure I am glad to find you, at last, expressing a wish to become better acquainted with any body in Venice. Though whether Mr. and Mrs. Gowan are desirable acquaintances, remains to be determined."

"Mrs. Gowan I spoke of, dear."

"No doubt," said Fanny. "But you can't separate her from her husband, I believe, without an Act of Parliament."

"Do you think, papa," inquired Little Dorrit, with diffidence and hesitation, "there is any objection to my making this visit?"

"Really," he replied, "I—ha—what is Mrs. General's view?"

Mrs. General's view was, that not having the honor of any acquaintance with the lady and gentleman referred to, she was not in a position to varnish the present article. She could only remark, as a general principle observed in the varnishing trade, that much depended on the quarter from which the lady under consideration was accredited to a family so conspicuously niched in the social temple as the family of Mr. Dorrit.

At this remark the face of Mr. Dorrit gloomed considerably. He was about (connecting the accrediting with an obtrusive person of the name of Clennam, whom he imperfectly remembered in some former state of existence) to blackball the name of Gowan finally, when Edward Dorrit, Esquire, came into the conversation, with his glass in his eye, and the preliminary remark of "I say—you there! Go out, will you!" Which was addressed to a couple of men who were handing the dishes round, as a courteous intimation that their services could be temporarily dispensed with.

Those menials having obeyed the mandate, Edward Dorrit, Esquire, proceeded.

"Perhaps it's a matter of policy to let you all know that these Gowans—in whose favor, or at least the man's, I can't be supposed to be much prepossessed myself—are known to people of importance, if that makes any difference,"

"That, I would say," observed the fair varnisher, "makes the greatest difference. The connection in question, being really people of importance and consideration—"

"As to that," said Edward Dorrit, Esquire,
"I'll give you the means of judging for yourself.
You are acquainted, perhaps, with the famous
name of Merdle?"

"The great Merdle!" exclaimed Mrs. Gen-

"The Merdle," said Edward Dorrit, Esquire.
"They are known to him. Mrs. Gowan—I mean the dowager, my polite friend's mother—is intimate with Mrs. Merdle, and I know these two to be on their visiting-list."

"If so, a more undeniable guarantee could not be given," said Mrs. General to Mr. Dorrit, raising her gloves and bowing her head, as if she were doing homage to some visible graven image.

"I beg to ask my son, from motives of—ha—curiosity," Mr. Dorrit observed, with a decided change in his manner, "how he becomes possessed of this—hum—timely information?"

"It's not a long story, Sir," returned Edward Dorrit, Esquire, "and you shall have it out of hand. To begin with, Mrs. Merdle is the lady you had the parley with, at what's-his-name place."

"Martigny," interposed Miss Fanny, with an air of infinite languor.

"Martigny," assented her brother, with a slight nod and a slight wink, in acknowledgment of which Miss Fanny looked surprised, and laughed and reddened.

"How can that be, Edward?" said Mr. Dorrit. "You informed me that the name of the gentleman with whom you conferred was—ha—Sparkler. Indeed, you showed me his card. Hum. Sparkler."

"No doubt of it, father; but it doesn't follow that his mother's name must be the same. Mrs. Merdle was married before, and he is her son. She is in Rome now, where probably we shall know more of her as you decide to winter there.



ing in company with Sparkler. Sparkler is a very good fellow on the whole, though rather a bore on one subject, in consequence of being tremendously smitten with a certain young lady." Here Edward Dorrit, Esquire, eyed Miss Fanny through his glass across the table. "We happened last night to compare notes about our travels, and I had the information I have given you from Sparkler himself." Here he ceased; continuing to eye Miss Fanny through his glass, with a face much twisted, and not ornamentally so, in part by the action of keeping his glass in his eye, and in part by the great subtlety of his smile.

"Under these circumstances," said Mr. Dorrit, "I believe I express the sentiments of-ha -Mrs. General, no less than my own, when I say that there is no objection, but—ha hum quite the contrary—to your gratifying your desire, Amy. I trust I may—ha—hail this desire," said Mr. Dorrit, in an encouraging and forgiving manner, "as an auspicious omen. It is quite right to know these people. It is a very proper thing. Mr. Merdle's is a name of-ha -world-wide repute. Mr. Merdle's undertakings are immense. They bring him in such vast sums of money that they are regarded as-hum -national benefits. Mr. Merdle is the man of this time. The name of Merdle is the name of the age. Pray do every thing on my behalf that is civil to Mr. and Mrs. Gowan, for we will-ha we will certainly notice them."

This magnificent accordance of Mr. Dorrit's recognition settled the matter. It was not observed that uncle had pushed away his plate and forgotten his breakfast; but he was not much observed at any time, except by Little Dorrit. The servants were recalled, and the meal proceeded to its conclusion. Mrs. General rose and left the table. Little Dorrit rose and left the table. When Edward and Fanny remained whispering together across it, and when Mr. Dorrit remained eating figs and reading a French newspaper, uncle suddenly fixed the attention of all three, by rising out of his chair, striking his hand upon the table, and saying, "Brother! I protest against it!"

If he had made a proclamation in an unknown tongue, and given up the ghost immediately afterward, he could not have astounded his audience more. The paper fell from Mr. Dorrit's hand, and he sat petrified, with a fig half way to his mouth.

"Brother," said the old man, conveying a surprising energy into his trembling voice, protest against it! I love you; you know I love you dearly. In these many years I have never been untrue to you in a single thought. Weak as I am, I would at any time have struck any man who spoke ill of you. But, brother, brother, brother, I protest against it!"

It was extraordinary to see of what a burst of earnestness such a decrepit man was capable. His eyes became bright, his gray hair rose on been innocently the means of exposing me to

Sparkler is just come here. I passed last even- | his head, markings of purpose on his brow and face which had faded from them for five-andtwenty years, started out again, and there was an energy in his hand that made its action nervous once more.

> "My dear Frederick!" exclaimed Mr. Dorrit, faintly. "What is wrong? What is the matter?"

> "How dare you," said the old man, turning round on Fanny, "how dare you do it? Have you no memory? Have you no heart?"

> "Uncle!" cried Fanny, affrighted, and bursting into tears, "why do you attack me in this cruel manner? What have I done?"

> "Done?" returned the old man, pointing to her sister's place, "where's your affectionate, invaluable friend? Where's your devoted guardian? Where's your more than mother? How dare you set up superiorities against all these characters combined in your sister? For shame, you false girl, for shame!"

> "I love Amy," cried Miss Fanny, sobbing and weeping, "as well as I love my life-better than I love my life. I don't deserve to be so treated. I am as grateful to Amy and as fond of Amy as it's possible for any human being to be. I wish I was dead. I never was so wickedly wronged. And only because I am anxious for the family credit."

> "To the winds with the family credit!" cried the old man, with great scorn and indignation. "Brother, I protest against pride. I protest against ingratitude. I protest against any one of us here who have known what we have known, and have seen what we have seen, setting up any pretension that puts Amy at a moment's disadvantage, or to the cost of a moment's pain. We may know that it's a base pretension by its having that effect. It ought to bring a judgment on us. Brother, I protest against it, in the sight of God!"

> As his hand went up above his head and came down on the table, it might have been a blacksmith's. After a few moments' silence it had relaxed into its usual weak condition. He went round to his brother with his ordinary shuffling step, put the hand on his shoulder, and said, in a softened voice, "William, my dear, I felt obliged to say it; forgive me, for I felt obliged to say it!" and then went, in his bowed way, out of the palace hall, just as he might have gone out of the Marshalsea room.

> All this time Fanny had been sobbing and crying, and still continued to do so. Edward, beyond opening his mouth in amazement, had not opened his lips, and had done nothing but stare. Mr. Dorrit also had been utterly discomfited, and quite unable to assert himself in any way. Fanny was now the first to speak.

> "I never, never was so used!" she sobbed. "There never was any thing so harsh and unjustifiable, so disgracefully violent and cruel! Dear, kind, quiet little Amy, too, what would she feel if she could know that she had



such treatment! But I'll never tell her! No, good darling, I'll never tell her!"

This helped Mr. Dorrit to break his silence.

"My dear," said he, "I—ha—approve of your resolution. It will be—ha hum—much better not to speak of this to Amy. It might—hum—it might distress her. Ha. No doubt it would distress her greatly. It is considerate and right to avoid doing so. We will—ha—keep this to ourselves."

"But the cruelty of uncle!" eried Miss Fanny. "Oh, I never can forgive the wanton cru-

elty of uncle!"

"My dear," said Mr. Dorrit, recovering his tone, though he remained unusually pale, "I must request you not to say so. You must remember that your uncle is—ha—not what he formerly was. You must remember that your uncle's state requires—hum—great forbearance from us, great forbearance."

"I am sure," cried Fanny, piteously, "it is only charitable to suppose that there must be something wrong in him somewhere, or he never could have so attacked Me, of all the people in the world."

"Fanny," returned Mr. Dorrit, in a deeply-fraternal tone, "you know, with his innumerable good points, what a—hum—wreck your uncle is, and I entreat you, by the fondness that I have for him, and by the fidelity that you know I have always shown him, to—ha—to draw your own conclusions, and to spare my brotherly feelings."

This ended the scene; Edward Dorrit, Esquire, saying nothing throughout, but looking, to the last, perplexed and doubtful. Miss Fanny awakened much affectionate uneasiness in her sister's mind that day, by passing the greater part of it in violent fits of embracing her, and in alternately giving her brooches, and wishing herself dead.

CHAPTER XLIL.—SOMETHING RIGHT SOME-WHERE.

To be in the halting state of Mr. Henry Gowan; to have left one of two Powers in disgust; to want the necessary qualifications for finding promotion with another, and to be loitering moodily about on neutral ground, cursing both, is to be in a situation unwholesome for the mind, which time is not likely to improve. The worst class of sum worked in the every-day world is ciphered by the diseased arithmeticians who are always in the rule of Subtraction as to the merits and successes of others, and never in Addition as to their own.

The habit, too, of seeking some sort of recompense in the discontented boast of being disappointed, is a habit fraught with degeneracy. A certain idle carelessness and recklessness of consistency soon come of it. To bring deserving things down by setting undeserving things up, is one of its perverted delights; and there is no playing fast and loose with the truth, in any game, without growing the worse for it.

In his expressed opinions of all performances in the Art of painting that were completely destitute of merit, Gowan was the most liberal fellow on earth. He would declare such a man to have more power in his little finger (provided he had none) than such another had (provided he had much) in his whole mind and body. If the objection were taken that the thing commended was trash, he would reply, on behalf of his art, "My good fellow, what do we all turn out but trash? I turn out nothing else, and I make you a present of the confession."

To make a vaunt of being poor was another of the incidents of his splenetic state, though this may have had the design in it of showing that he ought to be rich; just as he would publicly laud and decry the Barnacles, lest it should be forgotten that he belonged to the family. Howbeit, these two subjects were very often on his lips, and he managed them so well, that he might have praised himself by the month together, and not have made himself out half se important a man as he did by his light disparagement of his claims on any body's consideration.

Out of this same airy talk of his it always soon came to be understood, wherever he and his wife went, that he had married against the wishes of his exalted relations, and had had much ado to prevail on them to countenance her. He never made the representation, on the contrary seemed to laugh the idea to scorn, but it did happen that, with all his pains to depreciate himself, he was always in the superior position. From the days of their honeymoon, Minnie Gowan felt sensible of being usually regarded as the wife of a man who had made a descent in marrying her, but whose chivalrous love for her had canceled that inequality.

To Venice they had been accompanied by Monsieur Blandois of Paris, and at Venice Monsieur Blandois of Paris was very much in the society of Gowan. When they had first met this gallant gentleman at Geneva, Gowan had been undecided whether to kick him or encourage him, and had remained for about four-andtwenty hours so troubled to settle the point to his satisfaction, that he had thought of tossing up a five-franc piece on the terms "Tails, kick; heads, encourage," and abiding by the voice of the oracle. It chanced, however, that his wife expressed a dislike to the engaging Blandois, and that the balance of feeling in the hotel was against him. Upon that, Gowan resolved to encourage him.

Why this perversity, if it were not in a generous fit?—which it was not. Why should Gowan, very much the superior of Blandois of Paris, and very well able to pull that prepossessing gentleman to pieces, and find out the stuff he was made of, take up with such a man? In the first place, he opposed the first separate wish he observed in his wife, because her father had paid his debts, and it was desirable to take an early opportunity of asserting his independence.



feeling, because, with many capacities of being otherwise, he was an ill-conditioned man. He found a pleasure in declaring that a courtier with the refined manners of Blandois ought to rise to the greatest distinction in any polished country. He found a pleasure in setting up Blandois as the type of elegance, and making him a satire upon others who piqued themselves on personal graces. He seriously protested that the bow of Blandois was perfect, that the address of Blandois was irresistible, and that the picturesque ease of Blandois would be cheaply purchased (if it were not a gift, and unpurchasable) for a hundred thousand francs. That exaggeration in the manner of the man, which has been noticed as appertaining to him and to every such man, whatever his original breeding, as certainly as the sun belongs to this system, was acceptable to Gowan as a caricature, which he found it a humorous resource to have at hand for the ridiculing of numbers of people who necessarily did more or less of what Blandois overdid. Thus he had taken up with him; and thus, negligently strengthening these inclinations with habit, and idly deriving some amusement from his talk, he had glided into a way of having him for a companion. This, though he supposed him to live by his wits at play-tables and the like; though he suspected him to be a coward, while he himself was daring and courageous; though he thoroughly knew him to be disliked by Minnie; and though he cared so little for him after all that if he had given her any personal cause to regard him with aversion, he would have had no compunction whatever in flinging him out of the highest window in Venice into the deepest water of the city.

Little Dorrit would have been glad to make her visit to Mrs. Gowan alone; but, as Fanny, who had not yet recovered from her uncle's protest, though it was four-and-twenty hours of age, pressingly offered her company, the two sisters stepped together into one of the gondolas under Mr. Dorrit's window, and, with the courier in attendance, were taken in high state to Mrs. Gowan's lodging. In truth, their state was rather too high for the lodging, which was, as Fanny complained, "fearfully out of the way," and which took them through a complexity of narrow streets of water, which the same lady disparaged as "mere ditches."

The house, on a little desert island, looked as if it had broken away from somewhere else, and had floated by chance into its present anchorage, in company with a vine almost as much in want of training as the poor wretches who were lying under its leaves. The features of the surrounding picture were, a church with hoarding and scaffolding about it, which had been under suppositious repair so long that the means of repair looked a hundred years old, and had themselves fallen into decay; a quantity of washed linen spread to dry in the sun; a number of houses at odds with one another and

In the second place, he opposed the prevalent feeling, because, with many capacities of being otherwise, he was an ill-conditioned man. He found a pleasure in declaring that a courtier with the refined manners of Blandois ought to rise to the greatest distinction in any polished grotesquely out of the perpendicular, like rotten pre-Adamite cheeses cut into fantastic shapes and full of mites; and a feverish bewilderment of windows, with their lattice-blinds all hanging askew, and something draggled and dirty dangling out of most of them.

On the first floor of the house was a Banka surprising experience for any gentleman of commercial pursuits from a British city-where two spare clerks, like dried dragoons, in green velvet caps adorned with golden tassels, stood, bearded, behind a small counter in a small room containing no other visible objects than an empty iron-safe with the door open, a jug of water, and a papering of garlands of roses; but who, on lawful requisition, by merely dipping their hands out of sight, could produce exhaustless mounds of five-franc pieces. Below the Bank was a suite of three or four rooms with barred windows, which had the appearance of a jail for criminal rats. Above the Bank was Mrs. Gowan's residence.

Notwithstanding that its walls were blotched as if missionary maps were bursting out of them to impart geographical knowledge; notwithstanding that its weird furniture was forlornly faded and musty, and that the prevailing Venetian odor of bilge-water and an ebb-tide on a weedy shore was very strong, the place was better within than it promised. The door was opened by a smiling man like a reformed assassin—a temporary servant—who ushered them into the room where Mrs. Gowan sat, with the announcement that two beautiful English ladies were come to see the mistress.

Mrs. Gowan, who was engaged in needlework, put her work aside in a covered basket, and rose, a little hurriedly. Miss Fanny was excessively courteous to her, and said the usual nothings with the skill of a veteran.

"Papa was extremely sorry," proceeded Fanny, "to be engaged to-day (he is so much engaged here, our acquaintance being so wretchedly large!), and particularly requested me to bring his card for Mr. Gowan. That I may be sure to acquit myself of a commission which he impressed upon me at least a dozen times, allow me to relieve my conscience by placing it on the table at once."

Which she did with veteran ease.

"We have been," said Fanny, "charmed to understand that you know the Merdles. We hope it may be another means of bringing us together."

"They are friends," said Mrs. Gowan, "of Mr. Gowan's family. I have not yet had the pleasure of a personal introduction to Mrs. Merdle, but I suppose I shall be presented to her at Rome."

"Indeed!" returned Fanny, with an appearance of amiably quenching her own superiority.
"I think you'll like her."

"You know her very well?"

tity of washed linen spread to dry in the sun; a "Why, you see," said Fanny, with a frank number of houses at odds with one another and action of her pretty shoulders, "in London one



knows every one. We met her on our way here, and, to say the truth, papa was at first rather cross with her for taking one of the rooms that our people had ordered for us. However, of course, that soon blew over, and we were all good friends again."

Although the visit had, as yet, given Little Dorrit no opportunity of conversing with Mrs. Gowan, there was a silent understanding between them, which did as well. She looked at Mrs. Gowan with keen and unabated interest; the sound of her voice was thrilling to her; nothing that was near her, or about her, or at all concerned her, escaped Little Dorrit. She was quicker to perceive the slightest matter here than in any other case—but one.

"You have been quite well," she now said, "since that night?"

"Quite, my dear. And you?"

"Oh! I am always well," said Little Dorrit, timidly. "I—yes, thank you."

There was no reason for her faltering and breaking off, other than that Mrs. Gowan had touched her hand in speaking to her, and their looks had met. Something thoughtfully apprehensive in the large, soft eyes, had checked Little Dorrit in an instant.

"You don't know that you are a favorite of my husband's, and that I am almost bound to be jealous of you?" said Mrs. Gowan.

Little Dorrit, blushing, shook her head.

"He will tell you, if he tells you what he tells me, that you are quieter, and quicker of resource, than any one he ever saw."

"He speaks far too well of me," said Little Dorrit.

"I doubt that; but I don't at all doubt that I must tell him you are here. I should never be forgiven, if I were to let you—and Miss Dorrit—go, without doing so. May I? You can excuse the disorder and discomfort of a painter's studio?"

The inquiries were addressed to Miss Fanny, who graciously replied that she would be beyond any thing interested and enchanted. Mrs. Gowan went to a door, looked in beyond it, and came back. "Do Henry the favor to come in," said she. "I knew he would be pleased!"

The first object that confronted Little Dorrit, entering first, was Blandois of Paris in a great cloak, and a furtive slouched hat, standing in a corner, as he had stood on the Great Saint Bernard, when the warning arms seemed to be all pointing up at him. She instinctively recoiled from this figure, as it smiled at her.

"Don't be alarmed," said Gowan, coming from his easel behind the door. "It's only Blandois. He is doing duty as a model to-day. I am making a study of him. It saves me money to turn him to some use. We poor painters have none to spare."

Blandois of Paris pulled off his slouched hat, and saluted the ladies without coming out of his corner.

"A thousand pardons!" said he. "But the Professore here, is so inexorable with me, that I am afraid to stir."

"Don't stir, then," said Gowan, coolly, as the sisters approached the easel. "Let the ladies at least see the original of the daub, that they may know what it's meant for. There he stands, you see. A bravo waiting for his prey, a distinguished noble waiting to save his country, the common enemy waiting to do somebody a bad turn, an angelic messenger waiting to do somebody a good turn—whatever you think he looks most like!"

"Say, Professore Mio, a poor gentleman waiting to do homage to elegance and beauty," remarked Blandois.

"Or say, Cattivo Soggetto Mio," returned Gowan, touching the painted face with his brush in the part where the real face had moved, "a murderer after the fact. Show that white hand of your's, Blandois. Put it outside the cloak. Keep it still."

Blandois' hand was unsteady; but he laughed, and that would naturally shake it.

"He was formerly in some scuffle with another murderer, or with a victim, you observe," said Gowan, putting in the markings of the hand with a quick, impatient, unskillful touch, "and these are the tokens of it. Outside the cloak, man!—Corpo di San Marco, what are you thinking of!"

Blandois of Paris shook with a laugh again, so that his hand shook more; now he raised it to twist his mustache, which had a damp appearance; and now he stood in the required position, with a little new swagger.

His face was so directed in reference to the spot where Little Dorrit stood by the easel, that throughout he looked at her. Once attracted by his peculiar eyes, she could not remove her own, and they had looked at each other all the time. She trembled now; Gowan, feeling it, and supposing her to be alarmed by the large dog beside him, whose head she caressed in her hand, and who had just uttered a low growl, glanced at her to say, "He won't hurt you, Miss Dorrit."

"I am not afraid of him," she returned, in the same breath; "but will you look at him?"

In a moment Gowan had thrown down his brush and seized the dog with both hands by the collar.

"Blandois! How can you be such a fool as to provoke him! By Heaven and the other place too, he'll tear you to bits! Lie down, Lion! Do you hear my voice, you rebel!"

The great dog, regardless of being half-choked by his collar, was obdurately pulling with his dead weight against his master, resolved to get across the room. He had been crouching for a spring at the moment when his master caught him.

"Lion! Lion!" He was up on his hind legs, and it was a wrestle between master and dog. "Get back! Down, Lion! Get out of his sight,



Blandois! the dog?"

"I have done nothing to him."

"Get out of his sight, or I can't hold the wild beast! Get out of the room! By my soul, he'll kill you!"

The dog, with a ferocious bark, made one other struggle as Blandois vanished; then, in the moment of the dog's submission, the master, little less angry than the dog, felled him with a blow on the head, and standing over him, struck him many times severely with the heel of his boot, so that his mouth was presently bloody.

"Now get you into that corner and lie down," said Gowan, "or I'll take you out and shoot you!"

Lion did as he was ordered, and lay down licking his mouth and chest. Lion's master stopped for a moment to take breath, and then, recovering his usual coolness of manner, turned to speak to his frightened wife and her visitors. Probably the whole occurrence had not occupied two minutes.

"Come, come Minnie! You know he is always good-humored and tractable. Blandois must have irritated him-made faces at him. The dog has his likings and dislikings, and Blandois is no great favorite of his; but I am sure you'll give him a character, Minnie, for never having been like this before.'

Minnie was too much disturbed to say any thing connected in reply; Little Dorrit was already occupied in soothing her; Fanny, who had cried out twice or thrice, held Gowan's arm for protection; Lion, deeply ashamed of having caused them this alarm, came trailing himself along the ground to the feet of his mistress.

"You furious brute!" said Gowan, striking him with his foot again. "You shall do penance for this." And he struck him again, and

"Oh pray don't punish him any more!" cried Little Dorrit. "Don't hurt him! See how gentle he is!" At her entreaty, Gowan spared him. and he deserved her intercession, for truly he was as submissive, and as sorry, and as wretched as a dog could be.

It was not easy to recover this shock and make the visit unrestrained, even though Fanny had not been, under the best of circumstances, the least trifle in the way. In such further communication as passed among them before the sisters took their departure, Little Dorrit fancied it was revealed to her that Mr. Gowan treated his wife, even in his very fondness, too much like a beautiful child. He seemed so unsuspicious of the depths of feeling which she knew must lie below that surface, that she doubted if there could be any such depths in himself. She wondered whether his want of earnestness might be the natural result of his want of such qualities, and whether it was with people as with ships, that, in too shallow and rocky waters, their anchors had no hold, and they drifted any where.

He attended them down the staircase, jocose-

What devil have you conjured into | ly apologizing for the poor quarters to which such poor fellows as himself were limited, and remarking that when the high and mighty Barnacles, his relatives, who would be dreadfully ashamed of them, presented him with better, he would live in better, to oblige them. At the water's edge they were saluted by Blandois, who looked pale enough after his late adventure, but who made very light of it, notwithstandinglaughed at the mention of Lion, in his ugliest manner.

> Leaving the two together, under the scrap of vine upon the causeway, Gowan idly scattering the leaves from it into the water, and Blandois lighting a cigarette, the sisters were paddled away in state as they had come. They had not glided on for many minutes when Little Dorrit became aware that Fanny was more showy in manner than the occasion appeared to require, and, looking about for the cause, through the window and through the open door, saw another gondola evidently in waiting on them.

> As this gondola attended their progress in various artful ways; sometimes shooting on ahead, and stopping to let them pass; sometimes, when the way was broad enough, skimming along side by side with them; and sometimes following close astern; and, as Fanny gradually made no disguise that she was playing off graces upon somebody within it, of whom she at the same time feigned to be unconscious, Little Dorrit at length asked who it was?

> To which Fanny made the short answer, "That gaby."

"Who?" said Little Dorrit.

"My dear child," returned Fanny (in a tone suggesting that before her uncle's protest she might have said, You little fool, instead), "how slow you are! Young Sparkler."

She lowered the window on her side, and, leaning back and resting her elbow on it negligently, fanned herself with a rich Spanish fan of black and gold. The attendant gondola, having skimmed forward again, with some swift trace of an eye in the window, Fanny laughed coquettishly, and said, "Did you ever see such a fool, my love?"

"Do you think he means to follow you all the way?" asked Little Dorrit.

"My precious child," returned Fanny, "I can't possibly answer for what an idiot in a state of desperation may do, but I should think it highly probable. It's not such an enormous distance. All Venice would scarcely be that, I imagine, if he's dying for a glimpse of me."

"And is he?" asked Little Dorrit, in perfect simplicity.

"Well, my love, that really is an awkward question for me to answer," said her sister. "I believe he is. You had better ask Edward. He tells Edward he is, I believe. I understand he makes a perfect spectacle of himself at the Casino, and that sort of places, by going on about me. But you had better ask Edward, if you want to know."



"I wonder he doesn't call," said Little Dorrit, after thinking a moment.

"My dear Amy, your wonder will soon cease, if I am rightly informed. I should not be at all surprised if he called to-day. The creature has only been waiting to get his courage up, I suspect."

"Will you see him?"

"Indeed, my darling," said Fanny, "that's just as it may happen. Here he is again. Look at him. Oh, you simpleton!"

Mr. Sparkler had, undeniably, a weak appearance; with his eye in the window like a knot in the glass, and no reason on earth for stopping his bark suddenly, except the real reason.

"When you ask me if I will see him, my dear," said Fanny, almost as well composed in the graceful indifference of her attitude as Mrs. Merdle herself, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Little Dorrit-"I think I rather mean what do you mean, dear Fanny?"

Fanny laughed again, in a manner at once condescending, arch, and affable; and said, putting her arm round her sister in a playfullyaffectionate way:

"Now tell me, my little pet. When we saw that woman at Martigny, how did you think she carried it off. Did you see what she decided on in a moment?"

"No, Fanny."

"Then I'll tell you, Amy. She settled with herself, Now I'll never refer to that meeting under such different circumstances, and I'll never pretend to have any idea that these are the same girls. That's her way out of a difficulty. What did I tell you when we came away from Harley Street that time? She is as insolent and false as any woman in the world. But in the first capacity, my love, she may find people who can match her."

A significant turn of the Spanish fan toward Fanny's bosom indicated, with great expression, where one of these people was to be found.

"Not only that," pursued Fanny, "but she gives the same charge to Young Sparkler, and doesn't let him come after me until she has got it thoroughly into his most ridiculous of all ridiculous noddles (for one really can't call it a head) that he is to pretend to have been first struck with me in that Inn Yard."

"Why?" asked Little Dorrit.
"Why? Good gracious, my love!" (again very much in the tone of You stupid little creature) "how can you ask? Don't you see that I may have become a rather desirable match for a noodle? And don't you see that she puts the deception upon us, and makes a pretense while she shifts it from her own shoulders (very good shoulders they are, too, I must say)," observed Miss Fanny, glancing complacently at herself, "of considering our feelings?"

"But we can always go back to the plain

"Yes, but if you please we won't," retorted Fanny. "No; I am not going to have that However, as Miss Fanny called out with much

done, Amy. The pretext is none of mine; it's hers, and she shall have enough of it."

In the triumphant exaltation of her feelings, Miss Fanny, using her Spanish fan with one hand, squeezed her sister's waist with the other, as if she were crushing Mrs. Merdle.

"No," repeated Fanny. "She shall find me go her way. She took it, and I'll follow it. And, with the blessing of fate and fortune, I'll go on improving that woman's acquaintance until I have given her maid, before her eyes, things from my dressmaker's ten times as handsome and expensive as she once gave me from hers!"

Little Dorrit was silent: sensible that she was not to be heard on any question affecting the family dignity; and unwilling to lose to no purpose her sister's newly and unexpectedly restored favor. She could not concur, but she was silent. Fanny well knew what she was thinking of-so well, that she soon asked her.

Her reply was, "Do you mean to encourage Mr. Sparkler, Fanny?"

"Encourage him, my dear?" said her sister, smiling contemptuously, "that depends upon what you call encourage. No, I don't mean to encourage him. But I'll make a slave of him."

Little Dorrit glanced seriously and doubtfully in her face, but Fanny was not to be so brought to a check. She furled her fan of black and gold, and used it to tap her sister's nose, with the air of a proud beauty and a great spirit who toyed with and playfully instructed a homely companion.

"I shall make him fetch and carry, my dear, and I shall make him subject to me. And if I don't make his mother subject to me too, it shall not be my fault."

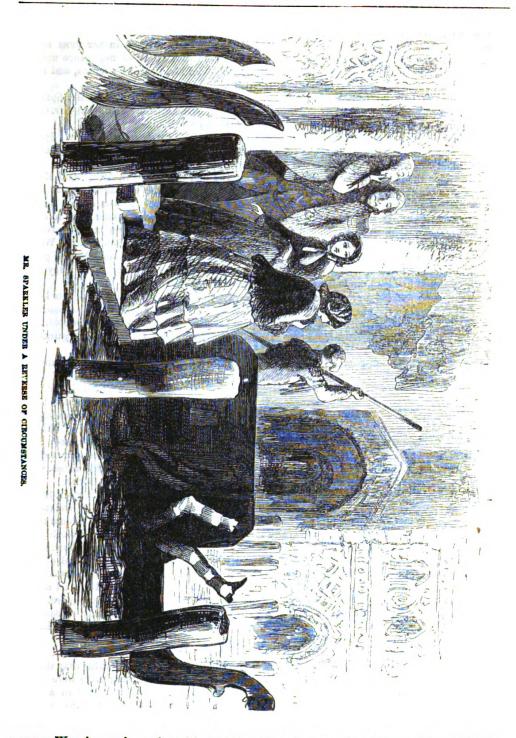
"Do you think-dear Fanny, don't be offended, we are so comfortable together now-that you can quite see the end of that course?"

"I can't say I have so much as looked for it yet, my dear," answered Fanny, with supreme indifference; "all in good time. Such are my intentions. And really they have taken me so long to develop, that here we are at home. And Young Sparkler at the door, inquiring who is within. By the merest accident, of course!"

In effect, the swain was standing up in his gondola, card-case in hand, affecting to put the question to a servant. This conjunction of circumstances led to his immediately afterward presenting himself before the young ladies in a posture which in ancient times would not have been considered one of favorable augury for his suit; since the gondoliers of the young ladies having been put to some inconvenience by the chase, so neatly brought their own boat into the gentlest collision with the bark of Mr. Sparkler as to tip that gentleman over like a large species of ninepin, and cause him to exhibit the soles of his shoes to the object of his dearest wishes, while the nobler portions of his anatomy struggled at the bottom of his boat in the arms of one of his men.







rose more restored than might have been expected, and stammered for himself with blushes. "Not at all so." Miss Fanny had no recollection of having ever seen him before, and was passing on, with a distant inclination of her head, when he announced himself by name. Even then, she was in a difficulty from being unable to call it to mind, until he explained that Dorrit likewise. In fact, upon the family." he had had the honor of seeing her at Martigny.

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concern, Was the gentleman hurt, Mr. Sparkler | Then she remembered him, and hoped his ladymother was well.

"Thank you," stammered Mr. Sparkler, "she's uncommonly well—at least, poorly."

"In Venice?" said Miss Fanny.

"In Rome," Mr. Sparkler answered. "I am here by myself, myself. I came to call upon Mr. Edward Dorrit myself. Indeed, upon Mr.

Turning graciously to the attendants, Miss

Fanny inquired whether her papa or brother was within? The reply being that they were both within, Mr. Sparkler humbly offered his arm. Miss Fanny accepting it, was squired up the great staircase by Mr. Sparkler, who, if he still believed (which there is not any reason to doubt) that she had no nonsense about her, rather deceived himself.

Arrived in a mouldering reception-room, where the faded hangings, of a sad sea-green, had worn and withered until they looked as if they might have claimed kindred with the waifs of sea-weed drifting under the windows, or clinging to the walls and weeping for their imprisoned relations, Miss Fanny dispatched emissaries for her father and brother. Pending whose appearance, she showed to great advantage on a sofa, completing Mr. Sparkler's conquest with some remarks upon Dante—known to that gentleman as an eccentric man in the nature of an Old File, who used to put leaves round his head, and sit upon a stool for some unaccountable purpose, outside the cathedral at Florence.

Mr. Dorrit welcomed the visitor with his highest urbanity and most courtly manners. He inquired particularly after Mrs. Merdle. He inquired particularly after Mr. Merdle. Mr. Sparkler said, or rather twiched out of himself in small pieces by the shirt-collar, that Mrs. Merdle, having completely used up her place in the country, and also her house at Brighton, and being, of course, unable, don't you see, to remain in London when there wasn't a soul there, and not feeling herself this year quite up to visiting about at people's places, had resolved to have a touch at Rome, where a woman like herself, with a proverbially fine appearance and with no nonsense about her, couldn't fail to be a great acquisition. As to Mr. Merdle, he was so much wanted by the men in the city and the rest of those places, and was such a doosed extraordinary phenomenon in buying and banking and that, that Mr. Sparkler doubted if the monetary system of the country would be able to spare him: though that his work was occasionally too many for him, and that he would be all the better for a temporary shy at an entirely new scene and climate, Mr. Sparkler did not conceal. As to himself, Mr. Sparkler conveyed to the Dorrit family that he was going, on rather particular business, wherever they were going.

This immense conversational achievement required time, but was effected. Being effected, Mr. Dorrit expressed his hope that Mr. Sparkler would shortly dine with them. Mr. Sparkler received the idea so kindly, that Mr. Dorrit asked what he was going to do that day, for instance? As he was going to do nothing that day (his usual occupation, and one for which he was particularly qualified), he was secured without postponement, being further bound over to accompany the ladies to the opera in the evening.

At dinner-time Mr. Sparkler rose out of the sea, like Venus's son taking after his mother, and made a splendid appearance ascending the or not; though indeed both she and Amy knew

great staircase. If Fanny had been charming in the morning, she was now thrice charming, very becomingly dressed in her most suitable colors, and with an air of negligence upon her that doubled Mr. Sparkler's fetters, and riveted them.

"I hear you are acquainted, Mr. Sparkler," said his host, at dinner, "with—ha—Mr. Gowan. Mr. Henry Gowan?"

"Perfectly, Sir," returned Mr. Sparkler.
"His mother and my mother are cronies, in fact."

"If I had thought of it, Amy," said Mr. Dorrit, with a patronage as magnificent as that of Lord Decimus himself, "you should have dispatched a note to them, asking them to dine today. Some of our people could have—ha—fetched them and taken them home. We could have spared a—hum—gondola for that purpose. I am sorry to have forgotten this. Pray remind me of them to-morrow."

Little Dorrit was not without doubts how Mr. Henry Gowan might take their patronage; but she promised not to fail in the reminder.

"Pray, does Mr. Henry Gowan paint—ha portraits?" inquired Mr. Dorrit.

Mr. Sparkler opined that he painted any thing, if he could get the job.

"He has no particular walk?" said Mr. Dorrit.
Mr. Sparkler, stimulated by Love to brilliancy, replied that, for a particular walk, a man ought to have a particular pair of shoes; as, for example, shooting, shooting-shoes; cricket, cricket-shoes. Whereas, he believed that Henry Gowan had no particular pair of shoes.

"No speciality?" said Mr. Dorrit.

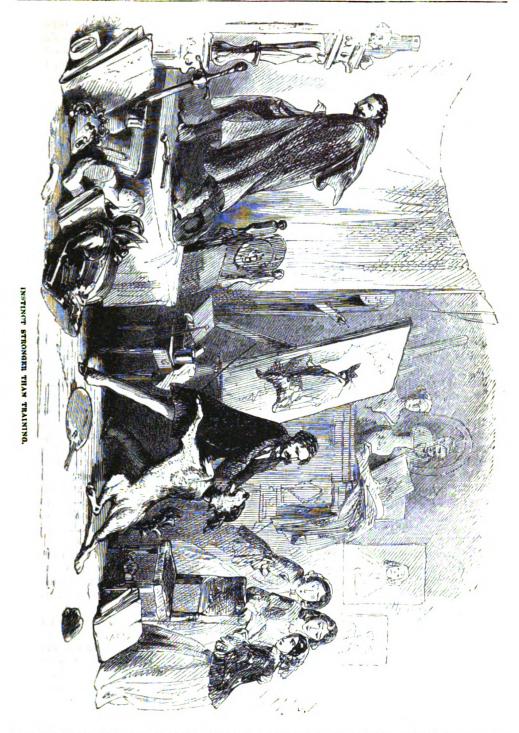
This being a very long word for Mr. Sparkler, and his mind being exhausted by his late effort, he replied, "No, thank you. I seldom take it."

"Well!" said Mr. Dorrit. "It would be very agreeable to me to present a gentleman so connected with some—ha—Testimonial of my desire to further his interests, and develop the—hum—germs of his genius. I think I must engage Mr. Gowan to paint my picture. If the result should be—ha—mutually satisfactory, I might afterward engage him to try his hand upon my family."

The exquisitely bold and original thought presented itself to Mr. Sparkler that there was an opening here for saying there were some of the family (emphasizing "some" in a marked manner) to whom no painter could render justice. But for want of a form of words in which to express the idea, it returned to the skies.

This was the more to be regretted as Miss Fanny greatly applauded the notion of the portrait, and urged her papa to act upon it. She surmised, she said, that Mr. Gowan had lost better and higher opportunities by marrying his pretty wife; and Love in a cottage, painting pictures for dinner, was so delightfully interesting, that she begged her papa to give him the commission, whether he could paint a likeness or not; though indeed both she and Amy knew





he could, from having seen a speaking likeness on his easel that day, and having had the opportunity of comparing it with the original. These remarks made Mr. Sparkler (as perhaps they were intended to do) nearly distracted; for while, on the one hand, they expressed Miss Fanny's susceptibility to the tender passion, she herself showed such an innocent unconsciousness of his admiration, that his eyes goggled in his head with jealousy of an unknown rival.

Descending into the sea again after dinner, and ascending out of it at the Opera staircase, preceded by one of their gondoliers, like an attendant Merman, with a great linen lantern, they entered their box, and Mr. Sparkler entered on an evening of agony. The theatre being dark, and the box light, several visitors lounged in during the representation; in whom Fanny was so interested, and in conversation with whom she fell into such charming attitudes, as she had

concerning the identity of people in distant boxes, that the wretched Sparkler hated all mankind. But he had two consolations at the close of the performance. She gave him her fan to hold while she adjusted her cloak, and it was his blessed privilege to give her his arm down stairs again. These crumbs of encouragement, Mr. Sparkler thought, would just keep him going; and it is not impossible that Miss Dorrit thought so too.

The Merman with his light was ready at the box-door, and other Mermen with other lights were ready at all the doors. The Dorrit Merman held his lantern low, to show the steps, and Mr. Sparkler put another heavy set of fetters on over his former set, as he watched her radiant feet twinkling down the stairs beside him. Among the loiterers here was Blandois of Paris. He spoke, and moved forward beside Fanny.

Little Dorrit was in front, with her brother and Mrs. General (Mr. Dorrit had remained at home); but on the brink of the quay they all came together. She started again to find Blandois close to her, handing Fanny into the boat.

"Gowan has had a loss," he said, "since he was made happy to-day by a visit from fair ladies."

"A loss?" repeated Fanny, relinquished by the bereaved Sparkler, and taking her seat.

"A loss," said Blandois. "His dog, Lion." Little Dorrit's hand was in his as he spoke.

"He is dead," said Blandois.

"Dead?" echoed Little Dorrit. "That noble dog?"

"Faith, dear ladies!" said Blandois, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, "somebody has poisoned that noble dog. He is as dead as the Doges!"

CHAPTER XLIIL-PRUNES AND PRISM.

MRS. GENERAL, always on her coach-box, keeping the proprieties well together, took pains to form a surface on her very dear young friend, and Mrs. General's very dear young friend tried hard to receive it. Hard as she had tried in her laborious life to attain many ends, she had never tried harder than she did now to be varnished by Mrs. General. It made her anxious and unhappy to be operated upon by that smoothing hand, it is true; but she submitted herself to the family wants in its greatness as she had submitted herself to the family wants in its littleness, and yielded to her own inclinations in this thing no more than she had yielded to her hunger itself in the days when she had saved her dinner that her father might have his supper.

One comfort that she had under the Ordeal by General was more sustaining to her, and made her more grateful, than to a less devoted and affectionate spirit, not habituated to her struggles and sacrifices, might have seemed quite reasonable. And, indeed, it may often be observed in life, that spirits like Little Dorrit do not appear to reason half as carefully as the

little confidences with them, and little disputes | folks who get the better of them. The continued kindness of her sister was this comfort to Little Dorrit. It was nothing to her that the kindness took the form of tolerant patronage; she was used to that. It was nothing to her that it kept her in a tributary position, and showed her in attendance on the flaming car in which Miss Fanny sat on an exalted seat, exacting homage; she sought no better place. Always admiring Fanny's beauty, and grace, and readiness, and not now asking herself how much of her disposition to be strongly attached to Fanny was due to her own heart, and how much to Fanny's, she gave her all the sisterly fondness her great heart contained.

> The wholesale amount of prunes and prism which Mrs. General infused into the family life, combined with the perpetual plunge made by Fanny into society, left but a very small residue of any natural deposit at the bottom of the mixture. This rendered confidences with Fanny doubly precious to Little Dorrit, and heightened the relief they afforded her.

> "Amy," said Fanny to her one night, when they were alone, after a day so tiring that Little Dorrit was quite worn out, though Fanny would have taken another dip into society with the greatest pleasure in life, "I am going to put something into your little head. You won't guess what it is, I suspect."

> "I don't think that's likely, dear," said Little Dorrit.

> "Come, I'll give you a clew, child," said Fanny. "Mrs. General."

> Prunes and prism, in a thousand combinations, having been wearily in the ascendant all day-every thing having been surface and varnish, and show without substance-Little Dorrit looked as if she had hoped that Mrs. General was safely tucked up in bed for some hours.

"Now, can you guess, Amy?" said Fanny.

"No, dear. Unless I have done any thing," said Little Dorrit, rather alarmed, and meaning any thing calculated to crack varnish and ruffle surface.

Fanny was so very much amused by the misgiving, that she took up her favorite fan (being then seated at her dressing-table with her armory of cruel instruments about her, most of them reeking from the heart of Sparkler), and tapped her sister frequently on the nose with it, laughing all the time.

"Oh, our Amy, our Amy!" said Fanny. "What a timid little goose our Amy is! But this is nothing to laugh at. On the contrary, I am very cross, my dear."

"As it is not with me, Fanny, I don't mind," returned her sister, smiling.
"Ah! But I do mind," said Fanny, "and

so will you, Pet, when I enlighten you. "Amy, has it never struck you that somebody is monstrously polite to Mrs. General?"

"Every body is polite to Mrs. General," said Little Dorrit. "Because-"



"Because she freezes them into it?" inter- | style. Which I most decidedly should not be rupted Fanny. "I don't mean that; quite different from that. Come! Has it never struck you, Amy, that pa is monstrously polite to Mrs. General?"

Amy, murmuring "No," looked quite confounded.

"No; I dare say not. But he is," said Fanny. "He is, Amy. And remember my words. Mrs. General has designs on pa!"

"Dear Farmy, do you think it possible that Mrs. General has designs on any one?"

"Do I think it possible?" retorted Fanny. "My love, I know it. I tell you she has designs on pa. And more than that, I tell you, Pa considers her such a wonder, such a paragon of accomplishment, and such an acquisition in our family, that he is ready to get himself into a state of perfect infatuation with her at any moment. And that opens a pretty picture of things, I hope! Think of me with Mrs. General for a mamma !"

Little Dorrit did not reply. "Think of me with Mrs. General for a mamma!" but she looked anxious, and seriously inquired what had led Fanny to these conclusions.

"Lard, my darling," said Fanny, tartly. "You might as well ask me how I know when a man is struck with myself! But, of course, I do know. It happens often; but I always know it. I know this, in much the same way, I suppose. At all events, I know it."

"You never heard papa say any thing?" "Say any thing?" repeated Fanny. "My dearest, darling child, what necessity has he had, yet a while, to say any thing!"

"And you have never heard Mrs. General say aby thing?"

"My goodness me, Amy," returned Fanny, "is she the sort of woman to say any thing? Isn't it perfectly plain and clear that she has nothing to do at present but to hold herself upright, keep her aggravating gloves on, and go sweeping about? Say any thing! If she had the ace of trumps in her hand, at whist, she wouldn't say any thing, child. It would come out when she played it."

"At least, you may be mistaken, Fanny. Now may you not?'

"Oh yes, I may be," said Fanny, "but I am not. However, I am glad you can contemplate such an escape, my dear, and I am glad that you can take this for the present with sufficient coolness to think of such a chance. It makes me hope that you may be able to bear the connection. I should not be able to bear it, and I should not try. I'd marry young Sparkler first."

"Oh, you would never marry him, Fanny, under any circumstances."

"Upon my word, my dear," rejoined that young lady, with exceeding indifference, "I wouldn't positively answer even for that. There's no knowing what might happen. Especially as I should have many opportunities afterward of treating that woman, his mother, in her own accepted the commission with his own free ele-

slow to avail myself of, Amv.'

No more passed between the sisters then; but what had passed gave the two subjects of Mrs. General and Mr. Sparkler great prominence in Little Dorrit's mind, and thenceforth she thought very much of both.

Mrs. General, having long ago formed her own surface to such perfection that it hid whatever was below it (if any thing), no observation was to be made in that quarter. Mr. Dorrit was undeniably very polite to her, and had a high opinion of her; but Fanny, impetuous at most times, might easily be wrong for all that. Now, the Sparkler question was on the different footing that any one could see what was going on there, and Little Dorrit saw it, and pondered on it, with many doubts and uneasy wonderings as to the end of it all.

The devotion of Mr. Sparkler was only to be equaled by the caprice and cruelty of his enslaver. Sometimes she would prefer him to such distinction of notice that he would chuckle aloud with joy; next day, or next hour, she would overlook him so completely, and drop him into such an abyss of obscurity, that he would groan under a weak pretense of coughing. The constancy of his attendance never touched Fanny; though he was so inseparable from Edward, that when that gentleman wished for a change of society he was under the irksome necessity of gliding out like a conspirator, in disguised boats and by secret doors and back ways; though he was so solicitous to know how Mr. Dorrit was, that he called every other day to inquire, as if Mr. Dorrit were the prey of an intermittent fever; though he was so constantly being paddled up and down before the principal windows that he might have been supposed to have made a wager for a large stake to be paddled a thousand miles in a thousand hours; though whenever the gondola of his mistress left the gate, the gondola of Mr. Sparkler shot out from some watery ambush and gave chase, as if she were a fair smuggler and he a custom-house officer. It was probably owing to this fortification of the natural strength of his constitution with so much exposure to the air and the salt sea that Mr. Sparkler did not pine outwardly; but, whatever the cause, he was so far from having any prospect of moving his mistress by a languishing state of health, that he grew bluffer every day, and that peculiarity in his appearance of seeming rather a swelled boy than a young man became developed to an extraordinary degree of ruddy puffiness.

Blandois calling to pay his respects, Mr. Dorrit received him with affability as the friend of Mr. Gowan, and mentioned to him his idea of commissioning Mr. Gowan to transmit him to posterity. Blandois highly extolling it, it occurred to Mr. Dorrit that it might be agreeable to Blandois to communicate to his friend the great opportunity reserved for him. Blandois



gance of manner, and protested he would discharge it before he was an hour older. On his imparting the news to Gowan, that Master gave Mr. Dorrit to the Devil with great liberality some round dozen of times (for he resented patronage almost as much as he resented the want of it), and was inclined to quarrel with his friend for bringing him the message.

"It may be a defect in my mental vision, Blandois," said he, "but may I die if I see what you have to do with this."

"Death of my life," replied Blandois, "nor I neither, except that I thought I was serving my friend."

"By putting an upstart's money in his pocket?" said Gowan, frowning. "Do you mean that? Tell your other friend to get his head painted for the sign of some public-house; and to get it done by a sign-painter. Who am I, and who is he?"

"Professore," returned the embassador, "and who is Blandois?"

Without appearing at all interested in the latter question, Gowan angrily whistled Mr. Dorrit away. But next day he resumed the subject by saying, in his off-hand manner, and with a slighting laugh, "Well, Blandois, when shall we go to this Mecænas of yours? We journeymen must take jobs when we can get them. When shall we go and look after this job?"

"When you will," said the injured Blandois, "as you please. What have I to do with it? What is it to me?"

"I can tell you what it is to me," said Gowan. "Bread and cheese. One must eat! So come along, my Blandois."

Mr. Dorrit received them in the presence of his daughters and of Mr. Sparkler, who happened, by some surprising accident, to be calling there. "How are you, Sparkler?" said Gowan, carelessly. "When you have to live by your mother wit, old boy, I hope you may get on better than I do."

Mr. Dorrit then mentioned his proposal. "Sir," said Gowan, laughing, after receiving it gracefully enough, "I am new to the trade, and not expert at the trade mysteries. I believe I ought to look at you in various lights, tell you you are a capital subject, and consider when I shall be sufficiently disengaged to devote myself with the necessary enthusiasm to the fine picture I mean to make of you. I assure you," and he laughed again, "I feel quite a traitor in the camp of those dear, gifted, good, noble fellows, my brother artists, by not doing the hocus-pocus better. But I have not been brought up to it, and it's too late to learn it. Now, the fact is, I am a very bad painter, but not much worse than the generality. If you are going to throw away a hundred guineas or so, I am as poor as a poor relation of great people usually is, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you'll throw them away upon me. I'll

should be bad, why even then, you may probably have a bad picture with a small name to it, instead of a bad picture with a large name to it."

This tone, though not what he had expected, on the whole suited Mr. Dorrit remarkably well. It showed that the gentleman highly connected, and not a mere workman, would be under an obligation to him. He expressed his satisfaction in placing himself in Mr. Gowan's hands, and trusted that he would have the pleasure, in their characters as private gentlemen, of improving his acquaintance.

"You are very good," said Gowan. "I have not foresworn society since I joined the brother-hood of the brush (the most delightful fellows on the face of the earth), and am glad enough to smell the old fine gunpowder now and then, though it did blow me into mid-air and my present calling. You'll not think, Mr. Dorrit," and here he laughed again, in the easiest way, "that I am lapsing into the freemasonry of the craft—for it's not so; upon my life I can't help betraying it wherever I go, though, by Jupiter, I love and honor the craft with all my might—if I propose a stipulation as to time and place?"

Ha. Mr. Dorrit could erect no-hum-suspicion of that kind on Mr. Gowan's frankness.

"Again, you are very good," said Gowan. "Mr. Dorrit, I hear you are going to Rome. I am going to Rome, having friends there. Let me begin to do you the injustice I have conspired to do you, there—not here. We shall all be hurried during the rest of our stay here, and though there's not a poorer man with whole elbows in Venice than myself, I have not quite got all the Amateur out of me yet—compromising the trade again, you see!—and can't fall on to order, in a hurry, for the mere sake of the sixpences."

These remarks were not less favorably received by Mr. Dorrit than their predecessors. They were the prelude to the first reception of Mr. and Mrs. Gowan at dinner, and they skillfully placed Mr. Gowan on his usual ground in the new family.

His wife, too, they placed on her usual ground. Miss Fanny understood, with particular distinctness, that Mrs. Gowan's good looks had cost her husband dear; that there had been a great disturbance about her in the Barnacle family, and that the dowager Mrs. Gowan, nearly heartbroken, had resolutely set her face against the marriage, until overpowered by her maternal feelings. Mrs. General likewise clearly understood that the attachment had occasioned much family grief and dissension. Of honest Mr. Meagles no mention was made, except that it was natural enough that a person of that sort should wish to raise his daughter out of his own obscurity, and that no one could blame him for trying his best to do so.

so, I am as poor as a poor relation of great people usually is, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you'll throw them away upon me. I'll do the best I can for the money, and if the best



Mrs. Gowan the touch of shadow under which she lived, and she even had an instinctive knowledge that there was no truth in it. But it had an influence in placing obstacles in the way of her association with Mrs. Gowan, by making the prunes and prism school excessively polite to her, but not very intimate with her; and Little Dorrit, as an enforced sizar of that college, was obliged to submit herself humbly to its ordinances.

Nevertheless, there was a sympathetic understanding already established between the two, which would have carried them over greater difficulties, and made a friendship out of a more restricted intercourse. As though accidents were determined to be favorable to it, they had a new assurance of congeniality in the aversion which each perceived that the other felt for Blandois of Paris; an aversion amounting to the repugnance and horror of a natural antipathy toward an odious creature of the reptile kind.

And there was a passive congeniality between them besides this active one. To both of them Blandois behaved in exactly the same manner, and to both of them his manner had uniformly something in it which they both knew to be different from his bearing toward others. The difference was too minute in its expression to be perceived by others, but they knew it to be there. A mere trick of his evil eyes, a mere turn of his smooth white hand, a mere hair's-breadth of addition to the fall of his nose and the rise of his mustache in the worst movement of his face, conveved to both of them equally a swagger personal to themselves. It was as if he had said, "I have a secret power in this quarter. I know what I know."

This had never been felt by them both in so great a degree, and never by each so perfectly to the knowledge of the other, as on a day when he came to Mr. Dorrit's to take his leave before quitting Venice. Mrs. Gowan was herself there for the same purpose, and he came upon the two together, the rest of the family being out.

"A thousand pardons, sweet ladies," said Blandois of Paris. "Excuse me. Am I too many here?"

"You are welcome, Sir," said Little Dorrit, greatly disconcerted. "Will you take a seat?"

The two had not been together five minutes, and the peculiar manner seemed to convey to them, "You were going to talk about me. Hah! Behold me here to prevent it!"

"Gowan is coming here?" said Blandois, with a smile.

Mrs. Gowan replied he was not coming.

"Not coming!" said Blandois. "Permit your devoted servant, then, when you leave here, to escort you home.'

"Thank you; I am not going home." "Not going home!" said Blandois. "Then

I am forlorn.

That he might be; but he was not so forlorn his own boat and followed it. as to roam away and leave them together. He sat entertaining them with his finest compli- thought again as she retraced her steps up the

ments, and his choicest conversation; but he conveyed to them, all the time, "No, no, no, dear ladies. Behold me here expressly to prevent it!"

He conveyed it to them with so much meaning, and he had such a diabolical persistency in him, that at length Mrs. Gowan rose to depart. "I had hoped," she said, "that I might have sat with you a little while when you had no visitors; but I know how difficult that is, your circle of acquaintance being so very comprehensive."

"Being so very comprehensive," repeated Blandois, with a bow. Her eyes had slightly turned toward him, as if she would have said, "I wonder it should comprehend this man," and he had spoken and bowed immediately. "Being," he now said again, rendering his softest homage to the Dorrit hospitality, "so very comprehensive."

"But I shall see you, my dear, at Rome," said Mrs. Gowan.

"I also," said Blandois, "aspire to the felicity of again seeing Miss Dorrit at Rome. Farewell! All happiness until we meet!"

"He had carefully reserved this salutation until they had taken leave of one another. On his offering his hand to Mrs. Gowan to lead her down the staircase, she retained Little Dorrit's hand in hers with a cautious pressure, and said, "No, thank you. But, if you will please to see if my boatman is there, I shall be obliged to you."

It left him no choice but to go down before them. As he did so, hat in hand, Mrs. Gowan whispered.

"He killed the dog."

"Does Mr. Gowan know it?" Little Dorrit whispered.

"No one knows it. Don't look toward me: look toward him. He will turn his face in a moment. No one knows it, but I am sure he did. You are?"

"I-I think so," Little Dorrit answered.

"Henry likes him, and will not think ill of him; he is so generous and open himself. But we feel sure that we think of him as he deserves. He argued with Henry that the dog had been already poisoned when he changed so and sprung at him. Henry believes it, but we do not. I see he is listening, but can't hear. Good-by, my dear! Good-by!"

The last words were spoken aloud as the vigilant Blandois stopped, turned his head, and looked at them from the bottom of the staircase. Assuredly he did look then, though he looked his politest, as if any real philanthropist could have desired no better employment than to lash a great stone to his neck and drop him into the water flowing beyond the dark arched gateway in which he stood. No such benefactor to mankind being on the spot, he handed Mrs. Gowan to her boat, stood there until it had shot out of the narrow view: when he handed himself into-

Little Dorrit had sometimes thought, and now



staircase, that he had made his way too easily into her father's house. But so many and such varieties of people did the same, through Mr. Dorrit's participation in his elder daughter's society mania, that it was hardly an exceptional case. A perfect fury for making acquaintances on whom to impress their riches and importance, had seized the House of Dorrit.

It appeared on the whole to Little Dorrit herself that this same society in which they lived greatly resembled a superior sort of Marshalsea. Numbers of people seemed to come abroad, pretty much as people had come into the prison; through debt, through idleness, relationship, curiosity, and general unfitness for getting on at home. They were brought into these foreign towns in the custody of couriers and local followers, just as the debtors had been brought into the prison. They prowled about the churches and picture-galleries much in the old, dreary, prison-yard manner. They were usually going away again to-morrow or next week, and rarely knew their own minds, and seldom did what they said they would do, or went where they said they would go: in all this again very like the prison debtors. They paid high for poor accommodation, and disparaged a place while they pretended to like it; which was exactly the Marshalsea custom. They were envied when they went away, by people left behind feigning not to want to go; and that again was the Marshalsea habit invariably. A certain set of words and phrases, as much belonging to tourists as the College and the Snuggery belonged to the jail, was always in their mouths. They had precisely the same incapacity for settling down to any thing as the prisoners used to have; they rather deteriorated one another, as the prisoners used to do; and they wore untidy dresses, and fell into a slouching way of life; still always like the people in the Marshalsea.

The period of the family's stay at Venice came, in its course, to an end, and they moved, with their retinue, to Rome. Through a repetition of the former Italian scenes, growing more dirty and more wretched as they went on, and bringing them at length to where the very air was contaminated and diseased, they passed to their destination. A fine residence had been taken for them on the Corso, and there they took up their abode in a city where every thing seemed to be trying to stand still forever on the ruins of something else, except the water, which, following eternal laws, tumbled and rolled from its multitude of fountains.

Here, it seemed to Little Dorrit that a change came over the Marshalsea spirit, and that Prunes and Prism got the upper hand. Every body was walking about St. Peter's and the Vatican on you must know, Mrs. Merdle." somebody else's cork legs, and straining every visible object through somebody else's sieve. Nobody said what any thing was, but every body said what the Reverend Mr. Eustace somebody else said it was. The whole body of travelers seemed to be a collection of voluntary human much engaged, and in such request, that I fear

sacrifices, bound hand and foot, and delivered over to the Reverend Mr. Eustace and his attendants, to have the entrails of their intellects arranged according to the taste of that sacred priesthood. Through the rugged remains of temples, and tombs, and palaces, and senatehalls, and theatres, and amphitheatres of ancient days, hosts of tongue-tied and blindfolded moderns were carefully feeling their way, incessantly repeating Prunes and Prism, in the endeavor to set their lips according to the received form. Mrs. General was in her pure element. Nobody had an opinion. There was a formation of surface going on around her on an amazing scale, and it had not a flaw of free speech in

Another modification of Prunes and Prism insinuated itself on Little Dorrit's notice, very shortly after their arrival. They received an carly visit from Mrs. Merdle, who led that extensive department of life in the Eternal City that winter; and the skillful manner in which she and Fanny fenced with one another on the occasion almost made her quiet sister wink, like the glittering of small-swords.

"So delighted," said Mrs. Merdle, "to resume an acquaintance so inauspiciously begun -at Martigny."

"At Martigny, of course," said Fanny. Charmed, I am sure!"

"I understand," said Mrs. Merdle, "from my son Edmund Sparkler, that he has already improved that chance occasion. He has returned quite transported with Venice."

"Indeed!" returned Fanny. "Was he there long?"

"I might refer that question to Mr. Dorrit," said Mrs. Merdle, turning the bosom toward that gentleman; "Edward having been so much obliged to him for rendering his stay agreeable."

"Oh, pray don't speak of it," returned Fan-"I believe papa had the pleasure of inviting Mr. Sparkler twice or thrice-but it was nothing. We had so many people about us, and kept such open house, that if he had that pleasure it was less than nothing.'

"Except, my dear," said Mr. Dorrit, "except-ha-as it afforded me unusual gratification to-hum-show by any means, however slight and worthless, the-ha, hum-high estimation in which, in-ha-common with the rest of the world, I hold so distinguished and princely a character as Mr. Merdle's.

The bosom received the tribute in its most engaging manner. "Mr. Merdle," observed Fanny, as a means of dismissing Mr. Sparkler into the background, "is quite a theme of papa's,

"I have been-ha-disappointed, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "to understand from Mr. Sparkler that there is no great—hum—probability of Mr. Merdle's coming abroad."

"Why, indeed," said Mrs. Merdle, "he is so



not. He has not been able to get abroad for some years now. You, Miss Dorrit, I believe, have been almost continually abroad for a long time."

"Oh dear yes," drawled Fanny, with the greatest hardihood. "An immense number of years."

"So I should have inferred," said Mrs. Merdle.

"Exactly," said Fanny.

"I trust, however," resumed Mr. Dorrit, "that if I have not the—hum—great advantage of becoming known to Mr. Merdle on this side of the Alps or Mediterranean, I shall have that honor on returning to England. It is an honor I shall particularly esteem."

"Mr. Merdle," said Mrs. Merdle, who had been looking admiringly at Fanny through her eye-glass, "will esteem it, I am sure, no less."

Little Dorrit, thoughtful and still solitary, though no longer alone, at first supposed this to be mere Prunes and Prism. But as her father when they had been to a brilliant reception at Mrs. Merdle's, harped, at their own family breakfast-table, on his desire to know Mr. Merdle, with the contingent view of benefiting by the advice of that wonderful man in the disposal of his fortune, she began to think it had a real meaning, and to entertain a wish, on her own part, to see the shining light of the time.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 5th of November, the day following the Presidential election. The telegraphic reports are already sufficiently full to indicate the general result to be in favor of the Democratic party. That such would be the case was unmistakably indicated by the October State elections in Pennsylvania and Indiana. In the former State the Republicans and Americans united, but were defeated by about 3000 votes. In Indiana the Democratic candidate for Governor succeeded by about 6000 majority. In Ohio the Republicans had a large majority. In Florida, where the contest was between the Democrats and the Americans, the former were successful by a majority of a few hundreds. We are unable to give the result of the November elections for Members of Congress; but previous to this the Democrats had gained enough to overcome the small majority against them in the House of Representatives. The Senate remains Democratic as before. That party will, therefore, have possession of every department of the Government.

In Kansas the prompt and energetic measures of Governor Geary have almost entirely put an end to the anarchy which has so long prevailed. Under date of the 10th of October, he writes that many of the principal disturbers of the peace were leaving the Territory. Five days later he gives an account of the arrest and disbandment of a Free State company, consisting of about 240 men, who had just entered the Territory, abundantly supplied with arms and munitions, but with few of the usual equipments of emigrants. He assured them that they were welcome as peaceful emigrants, but that he would suffer no party of men to enter into or travel through the Territory with a warlike or hostile appearance, calculated to renew the vio-lence which had lately prevailed. The members of the party denied that they came with any hostile intentions, affirming that their organization was merely for their regulation and defense on their march. They were released from arrest upon surrendering the arms which were not claimed as individual property, and breaking up their company. The Governor says that under present circumstances, and at this season, the Territory is a very undesirable place for emigrants unprovided with means. At the election on the 6th of October, Mr. Whitfield was chosen delegate to Con-

gress; the Free State men refused to vote at all.—About a hundred Free State prisoners are confined at Lecompton. They were taken by the United States troops just after an action with the other party, in which a number of lives were lost. The Grand Jury have found bills of indictment for murder against a large number of them, and their trial is now in progress. They have published a statement complaining of the treatment to which they have been subjected while prisoners.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In Mexico the Government is involved in difficulties from within and without. Insurrections are breaking out in every quarter. That of Vidaurri in the North has assumed a formidable aspect. He has taken Mier, and at the latest dates was threatening Camargo with forces superior to those of the Government. The Spanish fleet destined to act against Mexico, in order to compel the payment of the debts due to Spanish subjects, is at Havana, awaiting the arrival of its commander to set sail for Vera Cruz. There is even talk of a new Spanish conquest of Mexico. The British Government also has taken measures to dispatch a naval force to compel the settlement of English claims upon the treasury.

Spain has also a project in hand to bring the republic of *Dominica* again under her sway. Some time since a law was passed permitting those Dominicans who chose so to do to declare themselves Spanish subjects. Those who availed themselves of this permission received the name of *Matriculados*. They soon avowed themselves in favor of Spanish dominion, and asked for aid to carry out their designs from the Governor-General of Cuba. This was promised, and a Spanish vessel of war has been sent to their assistance with arms and ammunition.

In Nicaragua some fighting has taken place. The army of the Confederation had occupied Massaya, and Walker marched upon that place from Granada. The Confederates sallied out on the 12th of October to give him battle, but were forthwith repulsed and driven back, followed by the forces of Walker, who took possession of all the strong points in the city. Intelligence now came that a large body of natives were attacking Granada, which was held by but a small body of men. Walker abandoned Massaya, and marched back upon Granada. Upon reaching the heights near



the capital he found them occupied by the enemy. He at once attacked them, routing them at all points with great slaughter. If we may credit the reports given of these transactions, the entire loss of the Confederates in both actions amounts to 1100 men, while that of Walker was but 16 killed and 28 wounded. Decrees have been issued by the President ratifying the treaty with the United States; confirming all contracts for labor, no matter for how long a term, and condemning all persons who, having made a contract to work for a period longer than six months, shall refuse to fulfill it, to forced labor on the public works for the time of the unexpired service. A still more important decree abolishes all the decrees of the old Constituent Assembly and Congress on the ground that many of them are unsuited to the present condition of the country. Among the decrees which are specially enumerated as abrogated is the act of 1824 abolishing slavery. The repeal of this statute, says the new decree, "revives the original laws, and therefore the right to hold slaves is acknowledged by the Government of Nicaragua. Of course the acknowledgment of the right to hold slaves imposes the obligation to secure owners in the enjoyment of their property." The official journal contains a list of confiscated estates to be sold at auction on the first day of January, 1857. The property in and near Granada is appraised at \$753,000, "besides forty or fifty farms, houses, etc., in the department of Rivas, valued at from 300 to 1000 dollars."

The Government of *Peru* has addressed to that of the United States a formal protest against the recognition of Walker as President of Nicaragua. It regards this as equivalent to a formal declaration in favor of the political ideas from which filibustering expeditions originate, and declares that Peru considers her rights of sovereignty and independence as thereby menaced.

EUROPE.

Although the last few months have been marked by no striking events, there is a general feeling of uneasiness and insecurity. It is admitted that the ends proposed to be attained by the late war have been only partially secured by the peace of Paris. Russia has gained largely in prestige by the struggle through which she has passed, and has suffered no losses that will not be easily repaired, while the events at the coronation have manifested that there is no danger from discontent at home. She may also confidently look for the support of Austria and Prussia in opposition to the Western powers. The Franco-English alliance depends wholly upon the policy of the Emperor Napoleon; and no one ventures to predict what would follow the event of his death or incapacity. Various rumors are current respecting his health: some affirm it to be very precarious; according to others he is subject to attacks of mental disturbance, amounting to temporary insanity. Meanwhile a stringent financial pressure has arisen in France. The specie of the empire, in spite of every effort to the contrary, disappears from circulation; and notwithstanding the flattering report of the Minister of Finance, there has been a serious depreciation in the funds. There is also much distress, and consequent discontent, among the laboring classes, especially in Paris, where the rents have risen to an exorbitant price.

There are several questions yet unsettled, none of them perhaps of great importance in themselves, but any one of which may occasion serious embar-

rassment. We take advantage of the dearth of incidents to give a brief resume of the present aspect of the vexed questions which are likely for some time to give occupation to the diplomacy of Europe.

Foremost among those growing out of the late war is the question as to the organization of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. Their dependence upon the Sublime Porte was very slight. The Hospodars were elected by the nobles, and merely received investiture from the Sultan, with the approval of Russia. The Sultan received a moderate annual tribute, but had no power to interfere in the internal government; and no portion of the territory could be occupied by Turkish troops. Soon after the war broke out, the Russians marched into the country and assumed all the rights of government. When they retreated to the Crimea, the Austrians took military possession of the Principalities, with the consent of the belligerents, and, upon one pretext or another, refuse to leave. The Commission appointed by the Peace Congress to determine the new organization, has up to this time accomplished nothing. The natural policy of France and England would be to unite the two Principalities into a single government, which, under Western protection, might serve as a barrier against the advance of Austria or Russia toward the mouth of the Danube. Such is unquestionably the wish of the inhabitants. But it is opposed by both Turkey and Austria, who apprehend that the Principalities would form the nucleus of an independent State which would absorb the whole of European Turkey, and endanger the allegiance of the Sclavic and Romanic provinces of Austria. Russia apparently remains neutral in the matter; while France and England find it difficult to reconcile the dictates of sound policy with the very natural wish to gratify their Turkish ally. So the matter remains to be decided by the new Congress, which is expected to meet in a short

A two-fold dispute has arisen from the attempt to "rectify" the boundary between Russia and Turkey. The avowed object of the change was to secure the freedom of navigation of the Danube by removing Russia from the neighborhood of the mouths of that river. At the Paris Conference the question arose whether a town called Bolgrad should belong to Turkey or Russia. Of this town, which is not marked on any of the ordinary maps, it was merely known that it was situated near or upon a lake communicating with the Danube. The Russians produced a map, from which it appeared that no harm could result from their retaining the place; and it was so agreed. But it is now said that the map was defective; that there are two Bolgrads-a lesser one at the very head of the lake, and a larger one a little further north. the line runs close by the larger, the lesser one falls within Moldavia. Russia claims both. The difference in territory is trifling; but if Russia carries her point, she retains a position of considerable importance in a military point of view, her frontier still practically touching the Danube. a similar nature is the dispute as to the possession of the Isle of Serpents, opposite the mouths of the Danube, from which it is distant about thirty miles. It is the only island in the Black Sea, and is a desolate rock. The Russians have for some time held possession of it, and no express stipulation was made for its surrender. But as it lies



be made in a manner to command the navigation of the Danube, it is evident that, according to the spirit and intent of the treaty, it should be given up to Turkey. The few Russians who kept the light-house were summarily removed by an English force some time since. The Russian Government seemed indisposed to acquiesce in this procedure; and at the latest dates the affair was unsettled.

More important and embarrassing is the Neapolitan embroglio, since it involves the question of the right of one State to interfere in the internal affairs of another. After having settled the preliminaries of peace, the Congress of Paris undertook to regulate the affairs of the minor Powers, so far as they seemed to be of general concern. The attention of France and England was particularly directed toward Naples, where the tyrannous administration of the King seemed likely to arouse an insurrection, which might in the end endanger the tranquillity of Europe. King Ferdinand was notified that it was absolutely necessary for him to govern in a less arbitrary manner. He received this notification with an ill grace, denying the right of any foreign Power to dictate the manner in which he should rule. A brisk diplomatic correspondence ensued, in which Austria and Russia became involved. Prince Gortschakoff addressed a circular to the Russian representatives at foreign courts, characterizing the conduct of France and England toward Naples as a violation of the principles in support of which, as they alleged, they took up arms against Russia. The Czar admits that one ruler may advise, and even exhort another, but has no right to go beyond this. All the monarchs of Europe are equal, among themselves; and to seek to obtain from the King of Naples concessions as to the internal administration of his dominions by threatening demonstrations, is to seek to govern in his place, and to proclaim the right of the strong over the weak. That sovereign, says the Russian circular, is subjected to pressure not because he has violated any engagements with foreign courts, but because he governs his own subjects in his own way. France and England, meanwhile, finding remonstrances of no avail, proceeded to prepare a fleet to enter the Bay of Naples; but owing, as is supposed, to

directly off the territory ceded to Turkey, and may | the remonstrances of Austria, orders have not as yet been given for its sailing. The English vessels lie at Ajaccio, while the French remain at Toulon: they have, however, suspended diplomatic intercourse with Naples. The French Moniteur, in announcing this fact, takes occasion to declare that this is not a hostile or coercive measure; and that the preparation of a fleet, to be sent, if necessary, into the Neapolitan waters, has no character of menace, and is not intended to support or encourage those who seek to shake the throne of the King of Naples.

A quarrel has broken out between England and Persia. About midway between the eastern shore of the Caspian and the western frontiers of British India is the city of Herat, the capital of a small state of the same name. It was formerly subject to Persia, but has for more than a century been an independent chieftainship, although the Persians have repeatedly sought to regain their dominion. It is a place of considerable commercial and military importance, and the English have long been aware that its possession by Russia would seriously endanger their dominions in India. Three years ago they extorted a treaty from the Shah, by which he engaged not to march any army upon Herat, unless it was threatened with foreign invasion and solicited his aid. It is alleged that he has violated this treaty by taking an active part in favor of one of two claimants of the chieftainship. There is much uncertainty as to the precise state of things at Herat; but it is believed that the city has been occupied by the Persians, and so completely is Persia under the control of Russia, that a Persian occupancy is practically equivalent to one by Russia. As long ago as July, the British Government formally demanded that the Persian forces should be withdrawn from Herat; and no satisfactory answer having been received, an expedition has been fitted out at Bombay to be dispatched to the Persian Gulf in order to compel the Shah to abandon Herat. This city is to British India very like what Cuba is to our Mississippi Valley; and the position of England in respect to Herat is almost identical with ours in respect to Cuba. She professes to have no designs upon it herself, but is determined that it shall not fall into the hands of any power capable of using it to her disadvant-

Literary *M*utices.

The Poetry of the East, by WILLIAM ROUNSE-VILLE ALGER. (Published by Whittemore, Niles, and Hall.) A loving enthusiasm for the genius of the Orient has inspired the composition of this rare collection of poetical gems. The mind of the author is imbued with the contemplative, ideal spirit which breathes through the most admirable productions of the Oriental muse. His volume betrays nothing of the dusty researches of the bookworm and pedant, but presents the fruits of congenial labor which has been prompted only by reverence and sympathy. The studies, which have here found choice expression, have not been his task, but his delight. Leaving the crowded and busy avenues of modern practical life, in whose service literature is so often compelled to drudge, he has rejoiced in communion with the old fathers of song, who have clothed the dreams of passion

dious verse. His endeavor to represent the mystical sublimity of the East in the homely dialect of common life has, perhaps, been as successful as was compatible with the nature of his plan. He has derived his materials, not from the original poems, which he has produced in an English dress, but from the English, Latin, and German translations, which have been executed by different Oriental scholars. A work of this kind must, of course, depend less on its form than its essence. In order to exhibit a faithful representation of the profound ideas, the subtle conceptions, the luxuriant fancies, and the impassioned sentiments of Oriental poetry. the grace and smoothness of versification must be often sacrificed. A rugged aphorism must often suffice for the expression of a pregnant thought. We must pardon licenses of diction which would be unnecessary and intolerable in original composiand musings on the mysteries of being in melo- tien. In this respect Mr. Alger has certainly ven-



tured upon the confines of forbidden ground, but his fault is amply atoned for by his pervading fidelity to the spirit of the East, for which he has been willing to renounce the seductive beauties of ex-

The dissertation on Oriental poetry which introduces the volume is a graceful specimen of literary discussion, abounding in sound critical views, and presenting an acute, and, as we believe, a just analysis of the genius of the East. In studying the peculiar literature of which the author treats, we should never forget the comprehensive character of its poetry. It includes a singularly varied range of subjects. It extends not only to strictly imaginative themes, but to religious, metaphysical, geographical, philological, historical, and mathematical researches. Most Oriental treatises on these sciences are written in measure and rhyme. The ancient laws of the state were framed in verse. The children's school-books are almost invariably composed in poetic form. A remarkable feature of this poetry is its profusion of verbal conceits. Many of these are wrought up into forms of elaborate ingenuity. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the poetical literature of the East is composed entirely of audacious hyperbole and extravagant metaphor. Some of its narrators employ a diction no less graphic and transparent than that of Homer. It has elegiasts who might vie with Simonides in pathos and simplicity-epigrammatists with all the brevity and point of Callimachus-humorists not less genial than Sterne-satirists as trenchant and bitter as Swift—and thinkers in whose speculations lie the germs of most of the philosophical theories now known, from Spinoza's to Locke's, and from Berkeley's to Hegel's. Still the differences between the poetry of the East and of the West are numerous and strongly marked. The former is more "of imagination all compact," more sensitive, passionate, subtle, and mysterious. "It is to us what wine is to water, the peacock to the hen, the pain to the pine, the orange to the apple." Like the clime in which it is born, it is vast in mystery, warm with passion, far-vistaed with reverie, rich in jewels, redolent with perfumes, brilliant in colors, and inexhaustible in profusion."

The most characteristic specimens of Oriental poetry are found in the literature of the Hindoos, the Arabs, and the Persians. The doctrine of the metempsychosis, with its ascetic aims and painful penances reducing all life to a ritual system, properly belongs to the Hindoo race. The Epicurean softness and luxuriousness, which we so often associate with the East, are Persian. But the love of perilous enterprise, the passion for arms, and the thirst for revenge are peculiarly Arab. first may be represented by the elephant, the second by the gazelle, and the third by the lion." The Hindoo muse is characterized by the love of meditation. Her children see every thing reflected in reverie. The Arab muse is distinguished for active passion and wild impulse. Her children are free from introspectiveness, and delight in outward scenes, achievements, descriptions. "The sap in their tree seems blood, and the blood in their veins fire." The Persian muse is marked by delicacy of sensation. A vital fancy is diffused throughout her works. Victor Hugo calls the Persians "the Italians of Asia." There is a fourth muse in these countries, differing from those already named, and not confined to either clime, but enjoying the freedom of each. This is Sufism, | progress of commerce, of literature, of the arts, of

whose peculiar distinction is an intense subjectivity. "Her adherents turn all faculties inward in concentered abstraction, and heighten their consciousness till it is lost in boundless identification. Thought and sensation, transfused and molten, flow through formless moulds into ecstasy.

The passion of love is copiously treated by the bards of Arabia. Their works on this subject embody an impassioned tenderness in images of surpassing warmth and brilliancy. One poet says to his mistress, "In the day of resurrection all the lovers shall be ranged under my banner, all the beauties under thine." Another says of his, "One night she spread forth three locks of her hair, and so were exhibited four nights together." Another sings to his lute, "The sun beams from thine eyes, the Pleiades shine from thy mouth, and the full moon rises from the upper border of thy vest. From the model of thy form hath God originated beauty, and the fragrance of the zephyr from thy disposition.'

The Arabic poetry is remarkable for the descriptive power with which it sets forth the life of the people and the scenery of the clime. "It conjures up visions of tawny brows, flowing beards, soft eyes, picturesque turbans, pawing chargers, and patient dromedaries." We seem to be in the land of the date-tree and the fountain, the ostrich and the giraffe, the tent and the caravan. The richness of the Bedouin language, and something of the character of the people who use it, are shown in the fact that it has eighty names for honey, five hundred for the lion, and a thousand for the sword. The love of the Arab for his horse is romantic and touching. The mother of the young warrior who has been slain in battle caresses his steed on its return home with tender human affection. She takes its hoof in her bosom, and kisses its head, and presses her cheek against its neck. The palmtree comes next to his mistress and his steed in the regard of the Arab. One poem, in a hundred and thirty-six couplets, celebrates the hundred and thirty-six uses to which the leaves and fibres of the various palms are applied.

The lyric poetry of the Persians presents the most intoxicating cordials and the daintiest viands which can be found at the banquet of literature. The eye is bewitched at the sight of "ruby vases filled with honey, and crystal goblets filled with thick-purpled wine, and golden baskets full of sliced pomegranates. The flavor of nectarines, tamarinds, and figs is on the tongue. If we lean from the balcony for relief, a breeze comes wafted over acres of roses, and the air is full of the odor of cloves and precious gums, sandal-wood and cedar, frankincense forests, and cinnamon groves." The specimens in the various kinds of poetry presented by Mr. Alger appear to be well chosen, and we are sure they will be welcomed by the thoughtful and cultivated readers among whom he hopes to find "fit audience though few.

Westward Empire; or, the Great Drama of Human Progress, by E. L. MAGOON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The hint of this work seems to have been derived from Bishop Berkeley's famous expression, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," and an elaborate historical analysis is given in order to illustrate its truth. In the opinion of the author, none of the great elements of civilization have traveled Eastward since the commencement of history.



social culture, has always tended toward the West. No great Eastern turnpike, canal, or railway was ever built. No great vessel for navigation to the East was ever launched. Every important enterprise by land or sea has commenced in the East, and received its development in the region of the setting sun. The author treats his subject in four grand historical divisions, namely, the age of Pericles, the age of Augustus, the age of Leo X., and the age of Washington. He traces the elements of our present civilization to their respective sources, points out the antecedents of the national heroes who are conspicuous in all time, and thus defines the relations of the present to the past and future. Mr. Magoon is a firm believer in human progress. Without this faith, history, in his view, would be an insoluble enigma-a huge collection of isolated fragments, and the sublime drama of humanity would remain barren of significant results. In the vast domain of nature absolute death has no place. Every end forms the beginning of something greater than itself. Apparent dissolution is the precursor of a new birth. The decay of every organization is but the development of a fresher type of being. This law is universal, although it applies with more palpable justness to the higher gradations of existence, and is best exemplified in the unceasing progress of humanity toward its predetermined goal.

In tracing the development of the law of progress, the writer finds the chief landmarks of his subject in the literature, art, science, philosophy, and religion of the respective ages, which represent the course of universal history. The present age, which has concentrated in its bosom the fruits of all the centuries of the past, is characterized as the age of amelioration, while the previous epochs denote the predominance of artistic beauty, of martial force, and of scientific invention. From the time of Washington, the great forces of society tend toward the establishment of armed freedom. This is the essential condition of progress in intelligence and cultivation. With us, the practical effect of the government is to afford the most salutary protection to each department of productive thought. Our view of liberty, unlike that of the ancients, does not elevate the State over the individual. It does not regard citizenship as the highest phase of humanity, but as affording the means for the highest development of the human faculties. The science of freedom is destined to find its noblest application on the American continent. With the prevalence of popular education the people become incapable of adopting any other than republican institutions. The qualities belonging to high culture, which may be dangerous when confined to a few, are thus diffused among the many, and become of unspeakable advantage. The tendency in our country and age is to derive light from every quarter for the completion of our consistent and comprehensive scheme of thought. Equality and liberty will be realized in more perfect social organizations, and more harmonious systems of philosophy, as the great truths which they imply are more fully affirmed in the reason and conscience of the people. Such are some of the leading ideas which are developed in this volume, with great variety of illustration and with ample and ingenious argument. The hopeful views which it presents of the promise of American society will not commend themselves to every understanding, but they furnish copious materials for philosophical speculation.

A Child's History of Rome, by JOHN BONNER (published by Harper and Brothers), is designed to present the authentic portions of Roman history in a form adapted to the comprehension of juvenile readers, and, at the same time, suited to interest and instruct the mass of intelligent persons who are not students by profession. The peculiar merits of the work consist in its accurate discrimination, its simple and animated style of narrative, and its pure and generous moral tone. The legends, which have been handed down from remote antiquity as descriptive of historical events, but which are now universally conceded by competent scholars to be of fabulous origin, are not made use of by the writer as legitimate materials for his work; although, on account of their celebrity, and in some cases of their beauty, he has not hesitated to give them a place by themselves in illustration of the fanciful conceptions of an early age. In point of felicitous composition and excellence of tone, we think Mr. Bonner has attained even greater success in these volumes than in his previous work on the same plan, which has received a general welcome from all classes of readers.

The Banished Son, and other Stories of the Heart, is the title of a new volume of the complete works of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, now issuing from the press of T. B. Peterson. Mrs. Hentz has gained a cherished place in many hearts by the deep feeling, natural pathos, and descriptive energy of her writings, which also possess the additional charm of a pure and graceful style. Mr. Peterson's collected edition of her works is recommended by its beauty and convenience.

Harper and Brothers have published a new School History, by JACOB ABBOTT, intended to furnish a complete text-book in this branch of study for the use of classes in the higher seminaries of learning. It is not a mere dry catalogue of names and dates, nor a lifeless skeleton of the events of antiquity, but a genial and attractive exposition of the progress of the world from the earliest ages to a comparatively recent period. Commencing with the primitive traditions of the human race, it follows the unfolding of history through the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, and British Empires, and terminates with the organization of the American Republic and the establishment of the American Constitution. The comprehensiveness and brevity of this history make it no less suitable for a work of reference than for a manual of study.

T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, is publishing an illustrated duodecimo edition of the complete works of Charles Dickens, of which six volumes have now appeared. It is never too late for one who has not read them to begin Mr. Dickens's books, and every new edition is a new temptation to read them again. With a clear type, a fair page, and an occasional illustration by way of resting-place, we know no pleasanter way of passing an evening at home, or a day in the rail-cars, than by renewing our acquaintance and cementing our intimacy with Mr. Pickwick and Ralph Nickleby, Fagan the Jew, and Oliver, like whom we constantly ask for more. In none of his later books has the facile pen of Boz sketched a rival to these earlier children of his fancy, and, with the exception of that horrible malformed wretch Quilp, there are none of his elder born that we do not feel a certain attachment to and affection for. Even the Artful Dodger is a favorite, and one can't help a shuddering sympathy for Bill Sykes.



Editor's Cable.

ECTURES AND LECTURING.—A few years Li since, when the steam-engine was harnessed into the service of the printing-press, we were ready to conclude that oral instruction would have to yield the palm, without dispute, to written literature. We really did not see how a fair debate could be longer maintained. Previously to that era, when the steam-engine introduced its revolutionary agency, we had been wont to believe that speech had the strong side of the controversy, and that the little member, working its lever on an insignificant fulcrum, was the most powerful of mechanical contrivances to fulfill the boast of Archimedes, by lifting the world. But when we saw steam made to do the bidding of editors, publishers, and the whole host of bookcraft, we began to think that speaking intellect had seen its best days. Oratory would be doomed either to obsoleteness or to decay; authors would rise into the ascendant, and readers would far outnumber hearers. We even imagined, in the first shock of amazement, that the ear, so long the great official collector of revenues for the brain, would retire on a pension, and that the eye, realizing the panegyric of Addison, would literally become the most perfect of the senses. But we forgot, in our hasty generalization, how the law of compensation rules every where; nor did it occur to us, that just as steam navigation had quickened the genius of ship-architects and led to vast improvements in the structure of sailing vessels, so the new motor, in the service of newspapers and books, would call out other forms of the talking mind. And yet this has been the practical result. Literature has gone in pursuit of the million, penetrated highways and hedges, pressed its way into cottages, factories, omnibuses, and railroad-cars, and become the most cosmopolitan thing of the century. The working man considers cheap literature as a domestic necessity, and he enters it, like bread and raiment, on the account current with his pocket. It has a free ticket on all lines of public conveyance, and travels more miles, any year, than Bayard Taylor or Madame Ida Pfeiffer. A similar movement has gone on among the speakers of the day. They, too, have entered on a search after the public, and in the capacity of lecturers are laboring in the wide missionary field of human advancement. If "the schoolmaster is abroad," so is the lecturer, and a respectable crowd is at his heels, anxious to follow him up that memorable mount, called the Mount of Knowledge, which once flashed its summit on us in the original pictorial splendors of our early school-books.

Side by side, then, these two popular movements have progressed, growing out of the same general state of society, governed by similar circumstances, and tending alike to the elevation of the masses. But lest the reader should attach a wrong meaning to the phrase "cheap literature," as here used, let us caution him against supposing that we have any reference to the vulgar trash which is so often included under this designation. "Cheap," it may be, but "literature" it is not, any more than chattering apes are men, or virulent poison is food. We speak of "cheap literature" as applied to numerous works in every department of thought, that are prepared, printed, and circulated for the benefit of the many; works that, without abating the true dignity of science and art, are so written as to reach the popular mind; takes place in the history of all who become part

works within the compass of small pecuniary means. Such books do not deserve to be stigmatized. If they are "cheap," that does not necessarily derogate from their contents, since they have been brought within the scope of the poor man's purse by the same advances in civilization which have reduced many of the luxuries of a past age to the level of his table. The cheapest thing in the world is the Gospel, if the cost of its pulpit and church instrumentalities is tried by a commercial standard, and yet this cheapness is a main element of its power, and fore-ordained by Him who declared, in the same breath that asserted the divineness of his miracles, "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." Viewed. indeed, in a philosophic light, the cheapness of so much wholesome literature suggests the idea of its incorporation into that new and wonderful system of providential agency by which economy and comfort-minimum cost and maximum advantages - are now in course of reconciliation. In this same category we place lecturers and lectures. as expressing a most gratifying and hopeful tendency toward an era when poverty, except in its most oppressive shape, will no longer offer any impediment in the way of human progress. For it must not be forgotten that, hitherto, the large masses of the people have had little or no opportunity to be cultivated by oral discussions of general topics. Science was as much of a luxury as wine, or "purple and fine linen." Eloquence and oratory were rare treats-too rare to form an appetite. Apart from the pulpit, the popular mind had not, until recently, any appropriate and effective institution that could speak to its instincts and arouse its sentiments. It was virtually dead to the gifts of language. But the times have changed. Heaven has always cared for the souls of the poor, and, in painful contrast, society has neglected their intellects. How much goodness has thus been lost by the want of awakened mind none can tell. Happily for mankind we now begin to feel that Christian virtue and intelligence are in partnership for the interests of the world. Wealth is considerate of artisans and their mental necessities; and benevolence is stirred to make every one a recipient of whatever it can confer. By the prevalence of this earnest feeling in behalf of the diffusion of knowledge, the lecturer has been brought into the public arena, and he now holds a prominent position among those agents who work in the present and herald the future.

But it is not in this light only that lecturers are to be contemplated. They are valuable auxiliaries in the philanthropic scheme of educating the masses, but they are much more. They are acting on an immense surface of prepared mind-men and women who are more or less trained to think and appreciate, who are always in waiting for the best ideas of the day, and glad to give them a genial welcome, come from what source they may. What now is their intellectual condition? Much that they have learned needs revivifying. If they have managed, in the wear and tear of life, to preserve their tastes and aspirations, they have had a good deal of their knowledge hidden under the accumulating rubbish of secular experience or thrown into the background of earlier years. No plan of study, no redemption of time from pressing business, can altogether prevent this result. It



and parcel of this toiling, struggling, boisterous world. What, now, can be a more signal benefit to this large and increasing class of persons than the opportunity, afforded by lectures, of reviewing their former acquirements and recovering their grasp of them? The old furniture—never out of fashion, thank fortune—is handsomely dressed; a good, glossy varnish is applied, stains and scratches disappear, and you can see your face again in the polished walnut and mahogany. A thousand associations, forgotten long ago, gather around the topic; the hereditary anecdotes of the college—the dry humor of some old professor—the fun of classmates, or pleasant images of other kinds-touching reminiscences—tones never remembered but to bring back youth and hope; all enter into the delight of the hour. Often we have experienced this in listening to a lecture, and we know from the testimony of others what a fruitful source of happiness it is thus to have the pictures, which line the walls of our brains, retouched by the magical art of an elegant and instructive lecturer. Nor does the advantage end here. One who has not tried it can scarcely estimate the strength and animation which the mind receives by this occasional return to its former channels of reflection. Like the geologist, studying the sea-marks of other ages and tracing the recession of the waters and the gain of the land, he reads the boundary lines of his earlier manhood, and notes the strides forward. Did our popular lecturers confer no other good, the mere fact that they are such a review-system to a large number of cultivated people, would entitle them to honorable recognition among the intellectual stimulants of the age.

But these lectures are valuable on another account. Literature and science are not equal to the demands of the times; they are not able to do the whole work of inward training. No; far from it. We need to know many things that talent hardly cares to write a book about, or, if put in a volume, would not answer the purpose half so well. We want them, moreover, in a talking style. A little more of elegant dishabille; a free, bold, Anglo-Saxon hittingness; a flavoring spice that tone and manner only can give; all that great something in original speech which rhetoric can not teach, and yet is often the finest, richest, strongest essence of an individual mind: these are qualities that may most aptly and effectively characterize the Lecture as distinct from the Essay, Narrative, Disquisition, and Review. Furthermore, we may remark that much of our well-informed intellect is now in a sort of transition state between books and observation, between literature and outward life. It is not tied down to rigid methods. It is a student of the world, fresh, hearty, and impulsive. Not yet expert in the most difficult of arts-observation, but longing to have another wisdom than that contained in libraries; feeling that trade, commerce, travel, and other worlduniting agencies, are multiplying its external relations, and conscious, at the same time, that it must wait for wealth and leisure to provide this schooling, it naturally seeks such aids as will promote its object. It is an age of intense activity and commercial grandeur. Men have a conviction of power over winds and waves never before possessed. A strange impulse, deeper far than a mere love of money, is working in the vitals of their being and urging them outward and onward

this the spirit of the age; but it is the spirit of sovereign manhood, weary of its minority, claiming its rights, and stretching out its mighty hands to grasp its delayed inheritance. In these characteristics of the times all our better classes of intellect participate, and to their wants Lectures are admirably adapted. They need living mind to place them in living contact with the whole living world; and in no way can they have it as cheaply, as easily, and as effectively as in the right kind of Lectures. Books have their office; God hath set his seal on them by embodying his revealed will in this specific form. Nothing great or good was ever done that was not connected, in some way, with the influence of books; say all this, and then say, too, books are not men. You can not put half a soul in them. If you could gather all the libraries of the world together, and, standing among their massive shelves, rising in tiers above you, like stepping-stones, toward lofty heights, and sweeping around you in a horizon of amplest circle—a vast amphitheatre of intellectual wonder and ecstasy-who would think of this grandeur as the aggregated wisdom, imagination, sentiment. heroism, faith, hope, love of the human race? Books are broken fragments. Books are products of insulated hours—dissevered nights—sundered years. Our life, and our life-time, and our lifecapacity are not, and never can be, literary commodities. But the living speaker, commanding subject and audience by fullness of knowledge and potency of will-every muscle and nerve in the service of thought and emotion, every pulse obedient to the intellect—what is like it? The position of the speaker, as the most active, complete, vital force that can operate on mind and inspire heart, is but partially apprehended; and yet, society ought to be sagacious enough to see that, just now, his offices could be rendered tributary to its advancement.

The idea of a lecturer, then, in this country, is that of a popular educator occupying the broad field, where American mind is finding its excitement and its reward. Whatever enters into social and national thought ought to have a clear, vigorous, earnest exponent in him. The topics of the day, as already well-defined to the eye, and as related to past and future, ought to pass through his crucible, refined from their dross. Our instincts, traditions, hopes, pursuits, and aims ought to speak forth in him. The people should have their indistinct conceptions and anticipations made audible in his utterance, and their own heart-throbs should come back to them in his inspiriting eloquence. What every-day mind is in its grapplings with the urgent questions of the age; what commercial mind is in its most liberal scope; what philosophic mind is in the speculations of the closet; what scientific mind is in its wide research; what political mind is in statesmanship as separate from all party entanglements; what moral mind is in its interpretations of the laws of Providence, as now revealing themselves in the spirit and structure of society; all these should have, as far as possible, their adequate expression in him. How are these subjects treated now? The limited attention which they receive is confined chiefly to newspapers and magazines. We need the counterpart of these publications, organized in flesh and blood relations to the people. We need a much more general and direct contact of our best to conquer this long-rebellious earth. We call intellect with the judgment, taste, and feelings of



the masses. There is a grand moral in every thing; a wisdom underlying every profession and business; a "cosmos" in the social world as well as in the material universe; and what we want is to see these truths and sentiments, so fraught with inspiring influences, brought to bear on the popular mind. We have the sacred office of the Ministry for our pulpits—a divine institution to preach the Gospel and save the world. Turning from the sanctuary and treading over a wide field, we come to the politicians, who, at periodical seasons, thunder their batteries on the public ear. Here is a vast space of territory in which we might give exercise to speaking talent, and this is the ground for lecturers to occupy. Nor can the educational machinery of our country be considered complete until this is accomplished. Losing sight of the pulpit for a moment, as specially related to the recovery of man as a fallen moral being, and taking it simply as an agent acting on thought, feeling, and volition, it obviously illustrates the great law of intellectual sympathy, and indicates the method of Providence that mind should adopt in its efforts to influence society. It establishes the vocation of speech as the surest and strongest means to cultivate the world. Hence we argue that society should attach a peculiar importance to this office, and give it full play in the work of human improvement.

Public opinion, therefore, ought to take up this matter, and establish the Lecture as an institution. Whether lecturers shall be technically considered as constituting a profession matters little; but it concerns us seriously to attach a proper dignity to their position, and set a high estimate on their services. Let them have a place, an honorable place, among the intellectual sovereigns of the land, and let them be well paid for their labor. The motives of distinction and reward, combined with a love of usefulness, will be sufficient to secure the best sort of ability. No doubt any such effort to develop lecturing into a thorough and general system will be regarded by some as visionary. There is no reason, however, to suspect its final success. Social instincts may be depended on as well as mechanical laws. All that we need is adaptation. Taste is inherently diffusive. It spreads from one to another. It is real leaven, working through the whole masses. If we have seen great ideas again and again penetrating the body social and the body politic, we may safely conclude that other sentiments will win their way into the hearts of the people. Every man knows what an advance there has been, within twenty years, in the habit of reading; every man knows what a decline has taken place in certain amusements. Intelligence, taste, and refinement have outgrown them. Better things have been substi-tuted for them. Religion and education have sowed the seed of that harvest which we are now reaping. But we must continue the movement. We must introduce other agencies if they are demanded, and especially must we solve the problem-How to employ the intellect we have been forming? Lectures, it seems to us, are eminently suited to promote the ultimate objects of popular education. They are in harmony with the dispositions and habits of our people. They are slight taxes on our time and money. They gratify social feelings, afford entertainment, quicken curiosity, arouse prompt and energetic thought, diversify study, and stimulate the entire nature. They | short and simple annals of the poor—when Cowper

are a banquet at which every one is sure to find something to please his palate, and from which he retires with an appetite for more nutriment.

Viewing the lecture in the light of a means for the intellectual and social improvement of the people, we may very properly insist that it should be strictly adapted to its own legitimate end. Subjects should be chosen because of their suitableness. A man of practical sense will not select a topic because it is a mine of wealth in itself, and still less because it may afford an opportunity for rhetorical display. One motive only ought to control him; viz., utility—not as understood in the cant of the day, but utility in reference to all that constitutes genuine popular culture. Private tastes and personal accomplishments ought not to be obtruded. A man should not show what he has read nor what have been his pursuits, but what his audience should read and pursue. themes connected with scholarly life and coming within the province of written literature are not appropriate to lectures. Without being liable to the charge of "abstractions," they may, nevertheless, be foreign to the spirit of the occasion. A leading aim of the lecturer ought to be to avail himself of pre-existing sympathies so far as practicable, and to speak (if the expression may be allowed) to an opening in the hearts of those before him. Tact is necessary here, as in every thing else connected with public speaking. It is an uphill business to create, first of all, an interest in your topic, and then make it tell on an audience. Better build on a foundation already laid, than excavate as preparatory to your edifice. If you take a subject on which the average cultivated mind of the community has bestowed some reflection, you will have a greater probability of success. Hobbies are to be locked up at home. Save them for the boredom of friends, who can laugh and suffer. If you have any little crotchet—any private fondling-caress it in your library, but intellectual poodles are abominable in public. Beware of Greece and Rome, Crusades, Dark Ages, Feudal System, and the French Revolution, unless you have remarkable disclosures to offer on these hackneyed matters. They are but one remove from "My name is Norval." You may illustrate, now and then, from such things, but side-pictures, in the shape of small wood-cuts, are quite sufficient. Let all the "isms" go by the board. They are a family in which insanity is a hereditary disease. Avoid even the rising extravagancies of fashionable intellect, and keep your enthusiasm as one of the sacred gifts-not to be profaned by common use. Use statistics sparingly; most persons dislike figures outside of the ledgers. Shun all such subjects as inhabit out-of-the-way places, infesting garrets and rooms having a musty smell; and seize the foremost truths of the day, that live out beneath the great firmament, and breathe mountain air. One fact should never be forgotten, viz., whatever topic is discussed, the people like to see the image of humanity in it. Despite of warsdespite of selfishness and sin-man was never as near to man as now. The most popular literature, the most welcome science, the most acceptable reforms, are those which embody the cardinal sentiment of philanthropy. A human heart is getting its seat-ay, and its throne-in every thing. Who would have thought, when Hannah More and Legh Richmond began the work of writing the



made the strings of his lyre pulsate with the throbs of his own tenderness-or, at a later period, when Burns, and afterward Wordsworth, pleaded the worth of man and the sanctity of human brotherhood, that in so short a time Parliaments would have their solicitude awakened in behalf of factorychildren? And who would have imagined, fifty years since, that the heroines of this age would be Mrs. Fry, Miss Dix, and Miss Nightingale? The fruits of this spirit are every where appearing; and, indeed, the characteristic of the age is not so much its learning, its science, its genius, as the moral temper infused into these things. What finer field can a lecturer have than to trace the manifold bearings, as exemplified before our own eyes, of the mechanical and tasteful arts; of chemistry, astronomy, and navigation; of all literature, philosophy, and laws, on the fortunes, character, and welfare of the human race! The instructions of the intellect may thus be made to minister to the sentiments, and the ancient union of intelligence and love once more be seen.

Style also merits close attention. If it is always a matter of importance how your thoughts are communicated, it is emphatically so in speaking; for your hearer has not the leisurely privilege of a reader to go back and question the context, or to analyze the equivocal thought. Style is, therefore, a grave consideration; not a thing to be tried by the rules of the toilet, but one involving a positive exercise of sound sense. Remember what a speaking style is; viz., mind every moment forging a connecting link with other minds; mind in earnest motion and close contact; mind touching eyes and ears every instant, and receiving, as well as awakening emotions with inconceivable rapidity. Anglo-Saxon is the style. The sharp, cleancut words-the words that ring and echo-the words that, instead of cumbering, heighten the elasticity of the idea, are your true vocabulary. For effect-straightforward, rifle-shot effect-nothing compares with it. You may look at the sweep of the wind over a ripe harvest-field, or watch the long roll of the billowy sea, if you are writing a fine essay; but if you are determined to be a real speaker, alive all through to subject and audience, you must master the language of the dogmatic will, the resolute purpose, the imperial soul—the noble, glorious, old Anglo-Saxon. Men that came forth from northern forests; hard and sturdy men, with granite and iron in them; such men have given us words full of their vigorous nature; and if you want to stir and shake the dull souls of the day, they, and they only, are your implements. But beware of the intense. Volcanoes are rare, and intense occasions rarer. Short sentences are good, if you do not have too many of them. Like an eagle, describe a small or a great circle according to the height at which you fly. Style is very much a matter of temperament; one's blood and nerves have a close connection with it. Your mood, too, has its influence. By studying yourself in body and mind you will have some idea of what you are, and how you should express thought and emotion. Logic and rhetoric are great auxiliaries, but they are entirely subordinate to the individualism of one's own organization. Go into your mind's chamber and form style there. You may gain no slight aid from authors. Notice particularly what writers affect your intellect most directly and promptly; you will probably derive advantage from a careful analysis of their style, in the way that kings were commemorated. Since Vol. XIV.—No. 79—I.

for the mind is not often moved except by such as cast their thoughts in moulds similar to its own. Connectives—such as and, but, hence, yet—require no small dexterity. They are the joints of thought in expression, and you will need art in using them. If your ideas grow, as they should, out of each other, you will clearly indicate it in the judicious position of these little words.

Speak, do not read. Prepare your subject well by writing fully; and recollect that you can not exaggerate the value of writing as a mental discipline. It marshals a man's faculties, trains, perfects them far better than any other method. But it belongs to your private habits. The manuscript has no more business on the platform before the public than your study-wrapper and embroidered slippers. Readers can not be orators. A certain kind of eloquence they may present, but eloquence is not oratory. Do not recite from memory, for this is most stiffening to the brain and enfeebling to the manner. Nor will you at all need it, if you get your mind completely pervaded-" saturated" -with your topic. At first you may be embarrassed, but fail rather than read. Go at it again -again-again, if need be, and if you have a speaker in you victory is sure; if you have not, try another vocation.

Be not tedious. Said an old preacher: "There is no religion after the hour is out;" and Whitfield justly remarked, that if a minister could preach like an angel for more than an hour, the people ought to be angels to hear him. We shall prove our appreciation of this good sense by closing our lecture on Lectures and Lecturers.

Dr. Channing, in his admirable lectures on the "Elevation of the Laboring Classes," observes: "We hear much of the improvements of our age. The wonders achieved by machinery are the common talk of every circle; but I confess that, to me, this gathering of mechanics' apprentices, whose chief bond of union is a library, and who come together weekly to refresh and improve themselves by the best instruction which the state of society places within their reach, is more encouraging than all the miracles of the machinist. . . The present meeting indicates a far more radical, more important change in the world than the steam-engine or the navigation of the Atlantic in a fortnight..... On this account, I take more pleasure in speaking here than I should feel in being summoned to pronounce a show-oration before all the kings and nobles on earth."

These are noble sentiments. Every liberal mind feels their truthfulness-their calm but earnest

A psalm of praise for winter! It has come again, and brought with it the privileges of the lectureseason. Thanks for both!

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHILE the impassioned political orators have been appealing to the fathers of the country, the liberality of citizens has been erecting statues to show the appearance of the fathers as they lived. Jonathan has not been as anxious as John to build monuments. The street statues of the great foreign cities are so generally the portraits of kings, that, in abolishing kings, we seemed also to have abolished the desire of commemorating any body



the effigy of the gracious Third George was tumbled down at the Bowling Green, we do not know of any statue raised to any body in any public place of the city.

But the sun of the Fourth of July of this year rose upon an altered state of things. That showery sun looked upon the new equestrian statue of Washington in Union Place, the work of H. K. Browne, already known among the most eminent of our sculptors. The city of New York—the greatest city upon the Western Continent—appropriated fifty dollars, or some similar sum, toward paying the expense of inaugurating the statue of the greatest man in the history of the Western Continent. There was a salute, a burst of music, an oration, and the statue of Washington was inaugurated.

It is a simple and effective bronze equestrian statue. The horse moves slowly westward; the rider, in military uniform, raises the right hand, as if—there is the fault of the work—as if what? The left hand falls by his side, holding the hat. The likeness seems to be admirable. It is the Washington we all love to think of; the calm, strong leader - reserved, dignified, and benign. But the hand should not have been raised. It injures the simplicity, without enhancing the effect of the work. It is a statue of Washington; not particularly the military chief, but the man Washington, in the costume that symbolizes the career with which the popular mind generally associates him. That is the only fault that strikes the observer. Of course, there is but one great equestrian statue—there could be but one—and that is the Marcus Aurelius upon the Capitol Hill in Rome. If you try to do something different from that, you have Clark Mills's statue of General Jackson. The man, himself, will differ from the Emperor, but the great general effect must be the same; for one man sitting upon a slow-trotting horse will very much resemble another man sitting upon another slow-trotting horse. General Washington in his costume is certainly not very much like Marcus Aurelius in his costume; but the general effect of the statue of each is alike-for the simple reason that the horse is necessarily so conspicuous in both works.

Mr. Browne's Washington shows us the great man in his habit as he lived. The eye is not troubled by the costume, as it is in Greenough's statue at the Capitol. The work is not allegorical or symbolical; it is a portrait of the man. It is the old subject, but it has a new grace, a fresh interest.

Carlyle, in one of his Latter Day pamphlets, makes great fun of the statue-building mania, and laughs at it because it dwindles into a mere fashion, and a man's statue becomes no indication of his superiority. And surely Europe is full enough of royal rubbish of this kind to justify the sneer. But whoever remembers the colonnade of the Uffizi at Florence, remembers a range of marble portraits of great Italians, of which Italy may be proud and glad. That range of statues is a visible and palpable history. How many hundreds of Italian peasants know of the Medici only in that way? and, whether we like them or not, there is no doubt that they were great men in the history of Florence. It is not necessary that the man who is commemorated should always be a good man. Let the base men be pilloried in the immortality

the words, A traitor. So will the horror at his infamy and the fact of his crime be forever refreshed in the popular memory.

While New York raised her statue to Washington in July, Boston raised hers to Franklin in September. There was a difference in the ceremony. Boston always does such things with selfrespect, with a dignified elaboration which marks the event and honors the actors. New York hustles them off as if she were ashamed of herself to be caught, in the nineteenth century, honoring any body with a statue. New York makes the inauguration of the Washington statue an unimportant episode in her Fourth of July celebration. Boston devotes an autumn day to the festival, summons all her citizens, invites all the people of the State, and compels the country to know that she is honoring one of her children. New York invites an eloquent divine to say a few words at an early hour in the morning, when the beautiful work is unvailed to the sun. Boston deputes one of her orators to prepare a careful and elaborate discourse, which all the papers publish and every body may read and enjoy. New York scarcely knows, when all is over, that it has raised a statue. Boston is consciously proud of its act, and every visitor will be made to know it.

It is a curious corollary that Boston is probably the city most distinguished in all history, whether ancient or modern, for the general high average of prosperity and intelligence. It is called the Athens of America. But it undoubtedly realizes (to use its own word) what the Athens of Greece only symbolized.

The statue of Franklin, by Richard S. Greenough, we have already mentioned in our Chair. It is a noble work; the figure clad, like Browne's Washington, in the clothes of the time; the hat under the arm; a cane in one hand; the head bent a little forward, and the movement slightly advancing. It is the apotheosis of Poor Richard, in the same way that Boston is the apotheosis of Poor Richard's principles.

Benjamin Franklin was a type of the Yankee good-sense, industry, intelligence, and boldness. Few men would have originated the maxim, "A penny saved is a penny earned," and then have quietly exposed themselves to a stroke of lightning for the purpose of settling a scientific principle. And yet it is just that union in the Yankee character of poetic heroism and practical thrift that has put Massachusetts at the head of civilized States. Franklin had a juicy generosity of nature, of which few of his biographers make much mention, and which was undoubtedly the reason why the Puritan atmosphere was not altogether congenial to him. You would fancy Poor Richard to be the last man in the world who would like a nation so apparently frivolous as the French; but Franklin was always at home in France. His exact, practical nature fully sympathized with the French scientific accuracy. This extended to the intellectual sphere, and he had the freedom of thought which distinguished French society, and the easiness of morals for which they were no less remarkable. He was, in fact, more sensible than the Puritans from whom he emigrated; for he made due allowance for all the facts of Nature, many of which they denied.

is commemorated should always be a good man. It is proper that his statue should stand where Let the base men be pilloried in the immortality it does. If Boston, in any sense, may be said to of marble. Under the statue of Arnold engrave have made him, it is still true that he taught Boston.



Philadelphia laughs at the zeal with which Boston honors a Philadelphian; but though he lived in that city, he brought his capital from Yankeeland. Imagination, enthusiasm, the poetic height and depth, were denied to Franklin. But if you compare the patriarchial blandness, and the sweetness beneath the sense of his aspect, with the sad severity of Carver, of Winthrop, and of the early Puritans, you have just his superiority, just that which Boston needs to cherish in her own development, and of which the perpetual presence in living art of the gracious philosopher is the best possible ally.

But while we build statues to great men we lose great men. While Franklin's image is honored and hailed, because men loved his fair character, George Steers is laid in his grave lamented, because we knew and honored his power. There are many ways in which men may serve their country. Patriotism, like all other love, imposes no special duty; it is a universal inspiration of service. The powdermonkey who brings the charge to the cannon and the general who conducts the war are both patriots, are both doing their duty. "They also serve who only stand and wait," says Milton of the angels. In time of war the man who manages a ship so as to secure peace to his country is a patriot. In time of peace the man who builds ships so that peace may be perpetuated by the more rapid diffusion of the benefits of commerce, he is no less a patriot.

George Steers was a ship-builder. But consider how much the world depends upon ships. Whoever improves the mechanic arts upon a great scale by the introduction of principles, is a great human benefactor. George Steers confessedly did that. He built the America, and the America beat the other yachts. That was a triumph of national pride. But it was more than that: it was the triumph of a principle in construction. Steers takes rank with Arkwright, with Eli Whitney. The sagacity of Whitney quickened the picking of cotton, and the sagacity of Steers made ships sail faster. They both saved time to labor, and time is money.

Now in this country our permanent prosperity depends upon labor. Labor creates capital, and whoever helps labor adds to capital. Such a man as George Steers is therefore a public benefactor; and the grief that was felt at his death was the homage of a real feeling. There was mingled with it a great deal of feeling for the young man cut off as it seemed in the fullness of his performance. George Steers was not a promising young man; he was a performing young man. He was one of those who give character to the nation; who make the country a land worth living in; whose intelligent industry is the highest condition of a citizen of a free country.

Such men do not die; they live in the fostering memories of those who personally knew them, and in the principles which they bequeath to the arts in which they wrought. How easily and how gladly the country could have spared many whose names are in the public mouth, and been a gainer when they were gone. It is a harsh thing to say, but it is true. But when a man like George Steers dies, the country has lost not only a man who dignified it, but it deplores a real benefactor.

little domestic war which every great city main- and go over the whole ground at the breakfast-ta-

tains for its private amusement has been conducted with delightful acrimony. The opera war-the discord of our academy of concord—has been filling the papers a little, and multiplying proof of the hopelessness of any operatic success in the country.

The case stands thus: If the manager pays the rent demanded he is out of pocket. If the Academy obtains the rent it demands it is equally out of pocket. What a fearful gulf of capital and interest our stately temple of the Muses has become. Both sides are in the right. Why should a Manager pay a losing rent? Why should an Academy let itself at a losing rent? There is the horrible fact. If the Academy goes on, it loses money. If it stops, it loses money. It remains firmly set upon the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, and like an obstinate man in the crowd, it will neither move on nor stand still. It merely loses money. Lights flash from all the windows; fashion and beauty roll to its doors, enter, and illuminate it with greater brilliancy; the implacable institution persists in being unprofitable. Desolation and darkness brood over it, and in it the voices of melody are hushed—in vain, the inexorable Academy obstinately loses money. Sinbad had his Old Man of the Sea whom he could not shake off, nor scold off, nor bribe off. New York has its fearful Opera-house masquerading in deceitful white and gilt, and not to be cajoled or frightened out of being a dead loss to every body and every thing.

Why not pull down our barns and build cheaper? That is one way out of the difficulty. Why not understand that we do not care about an Opera-house, notwithstanding the innumerable times that the "Italian opera is now placed upon a permanent footing in the city of New York." Why not understand that the public cares only to be amused, and does not in the least care whether Signora Squallina is paid two dollars or two thousand dollars a night? Why not understand that the public laughs at letters and letter-writers upon the subject of the opera; and if there is a good opera at a cheap rate, will be sure to go and enjoy It is a ludicrous fatuity which leads opera people to suppose that their private quarrels are so important that the public must needs care to know all about it. If the head of a factory quarrels with his hands, he does not make a flourish in the newspapers about it. He quarrels it out quietly in the factory, and if the work can not go on, the doors are closed, and the public is deprived of those wares. In these opera wars nobody ever understands the case. One thing only is always made perfectly clear: that somebody is losing mon-It is sometimes the injured honor of the singers who have been deputed to sing the part of Rinaldino, when their position and fame and conceded abilities imperatively demanded that they should have been allotted to the rôle of Rinaldo. Forthwith all the human passions rush into play, and the Primo Tenore and his party are ready to go to the death upon Rinaldo.

Well, Kid says the public will have it so; that the opera-audience likes to know all about the opera squabbles; that general principles are of no avail when applied to the opera. Alas! had we not learned it? Has not even old Gunnybags, who cares for the opera as much as he cares for a pure Tartar pronunciation, learned it, because the WHILE the war of politics has been raging, that Misses Gunnybags will insist upon taking sides,



ble and the dinner-table. Miss Delia Gunnybags | not lovelier? Thalberg is a great artist. There are has even favored us with the following note upon the subject.

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,-What is the country to the opera? You men are so busy saving the country, that you seem to forget that our opera institutions are in danger. What is the use of a country without an opera? Why should our civic institutions fall away from under our feet, and no man raise his voice or his hand to save them?

"Here is that dear Mr. Maretzek-the author, as you know, of the Maretzek tie, and of other inestimable benefits to society—who hired the Operahouse, and started upon a career of success and prosperity. Did he know the terms? Did he know how many seats were reserved? Is he new in the management of the opera? I scorn to reply. Well, Sir, what beautiful operas we had! that ravishing La Grange!—Tril, lil, la! Can you not hear her, softest of Easy Chairs? What happens? Who is this ruthless being who bears down upon the happy musical family of Maretzek with a paper of impossible terms? I scorn to name him. What did he want? He said he wanted the rent to make some approach to the interest of the investment, so that the Academy might not be losing money all the time. Pitiable pretense! Who does not know, respected and dear Sir, that he wanted to squeeze more dollars out of the unhappy and persecuted manager! I admire the heroism of the author of the neck-tie. Without hesitation he declares for his own side. With firm resolution he shuts the doors of the Academy and his own purse-strings. Why should he submit to a heartless landlord? Why should that lovely edifice be closed? Why should we girls be left without resource? Where can we show our operacloaks, or talk with the youth of the city? Where can we see each other's bracelets, and scrutinize the size of dearest Maria's solitaires? Is society safe upon its present basis when the opera is silent? Who will open its mouth and its doors? I pause for a reply.—Yours, for the neck-tie and the opera, "DELIA GUNNYBAGS."

So do we, dearest Miss Delia. So does an agonized city, and, indeed, country, for the opera is not ours, but national.

Meanwhile Mr. Thalberg has come, and you must criticise Maria's solitaires at his concerts.

MR. THALBERG has arrived, and he is one of the greatest pianists. Many Delias and Marias will have heard him before they see these lines.

Thalberg and Liszt have been the two great rivals in the world of pianos, and the verdict has been rendered which is so frequent a verdict in similar cases of rivalry: Thalberg is the more polished, exquisite, and elaborate artist; Liszt the more flery, passionate, and enthusiastic. There is more art in Thalberg's playing—more power in Liszt's. Thalberg has talent, Liszt has genius.

That is the general award—how shall we tell if it be true? Thalberg comes now to us for the first time; Liszt never came to us at all. Then we can not tell how true that judgment is. Then why not enjoy the rare gift of this accomplished artist without bothering our brains to know if he be better or worse than somebody else. Let his lithe fingers charm our critical sense into satisfaction. Do you ask, when you eat a fragrant, luscious pear, whether a blooming peach were not better? Do you ask, if the husband, having left something at home,

other great artists. We have heard others. Let us now hear him, and be glad that he has comeprovided always he puts his tickets at a reasonable

THE hegira from the watering-places is long ago accomplished, and the great army of fashion is once more in winter-quarters. The autumn gales howl along Newport beach, and wail over the Lake of Saratoga, and they will not be comforted, for the beautiful are not. But here in Broadway, there in Chestnut Street, elsewhere in other and sunnier streets, they are now to be found. How they spread! How they sail! Mere meditative old men like us have only to leave our Chairs for a moment, and we wish never to return, so brilliant are the streets and the rooms which the lovely belles adorn. It was but yesterday that we moved slowly down town in the morning, envying the happy husbands and fathers who have the privilege of paying for all the splendor that irradiates the autumnal city, when our musing was interrupted by an impediment.

But who would not be so impeded? Who would not be snagged upon flounced silk forever, and go down in a chaos of expansive skirt, calling it a happy destiny?

Such was ours. We wanted, indeed, to pass; but passing was impossible. We tacked to one side, but the silken bell floated in the same direc-We tacked to the other, but the airy sprite of brilliant silk drifted still before us. We drew back, and made a direct effort. In vain, in vain. Turn, or tack, or rush as we might, we could only encounter that lovely skirt swaying, and drifting, and spreading. Once we were nearly by, when, to our horror, we felt ourselves deliciously driven against a lamp-post by a substance as of solid cloud-a soft but persistent pressure, to which even Mentor or Zeno himself would have utterly succumbed, how much more an ardent disciple of Epicurus, like this Easy Chair. Again we retreated, happily defeated. Failure was beginning to be so fascinating, that we feared to drop into pure passivity, and follow that meandering magnet until we arrived in some awful presence-perhaps of the Sultan of that silken houri.

Naturally we bethought ourselves of our duty as a public counselor. Suppose-we imaginedsuppose that instead of an old, mere meditator, we were now an active youth, hurrying to his daily avocations, somewhat belated, haply, by the fatigue of last evening's opera and subsequent supper. How should we pass? How would it be possible to discharge our duties in the temple of Plutus while this unseen Calypso ensnared us by her impregnable skirt? What kind of excuse to offer to Ralph Nickleby or the senior partner of Dombey and Sons, or even to Solomon Gunnybags himself, that we had been so long delayed by the impossibility of passing a woman's skirt? What were our situation worth-and how if a mother, and younger children, and decayed aunts, and uncles who had been unfortunate, and the venerated and bed-ridden grand-parents were dependent upon the slender pittance of our salary? What excuse could we make to the family connection for their abbreviated bread and butter? Could we say the rest was lost upon a lady's skirt? How when you have a blush-rose, whether a tea-rose is were hurrying up town, either by omnibus or upon



his feet, and saw us, as it were, upon the very outskirts of his spouse? What matter for scan. mag. ! for tes-parties, forsooth! for Mrs. Grundy: good heavens!

It was clear that something must be devised, and that immediately, to secure some means of passing a skirt. Should it be a system of hoopage a device of skirt-cooperage, by which the hoops should be constructed of India-rubber, and so interlaced that they all communicated with a flexile tube that might be worn upon the exterior as a belt around the waist, so that, upon emergency, the quick hand of a damsel or matron could seize the tube, and, applying it to the mouth, inflate the hoops and swell the skirt to the utmost proud expansion when the street was clear, and with equal facility and rapidity open the valve and suffer the expansion to collapse when the way was thronged, or when eager passengers were compelled to pass?

That would be one method. The passer could speak the lady from a distance, or telegraph by intelligible signs, as to a draw-bridge, and so the way be opened.

But Peevish suggests another method, which has also its advantages. Peevish is a man responsible for his own suggestions. We say nothing of them critically. We do our duty in submitting them.

"The only way," says Peevish, in a late paper read with great applause before the Historico-Geographical Society, "the only way to arrest this spread of skirts is to show the fairer sex what they are doing, and how they look, by boldly wearing hoops in our breeches! Let us expand as lovely woman expands, and when we encounter each other in the street, the utter impossibility of passing, the total stop that will be put to the commerce of this great city, by reason of the want of a practicable thoroughfare, will instantly bring skirts to reason and enable the streets to be used.'

The Historico-Geographical Society passed a vote of thanks to Peevish, and then took coffee and other light refreshments, after which they threaded their way homeward with great difficulty through the skirts.

Perhaps we had all better vote thanks to Peevish, and take, at least, thought upon the matter. Think, for instance, how magnificently the French military trowser would expand under a judicious system of cooperage. But ah! what separation in families! Upon what distant terms would What mutual lovers live with their adored! losses-yes, but perhaps, what mutual gains! At least, it is Peevish's proposition; and the Historico-Geographical Society passed a vote of thanks for it, and then passed a pleasant hour at coffee.

Mr. George Peabody's hospitality in London was a kind of Oriental, fabulous generosity, and well deserved the remarkable reception it has won for him in this country. A rich man who spends his money well is a public benefactor, and Mr. Peabody is surely entitled to that praise. Perhaps the smooth-tongued orator, Mr. Everett, was hardly correct in calling his dinners "international banquets;" but, in a sense, he was not far from wrong.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the Danvers boy, grown into the London banker, has achieved a unique renown. He has made dinnergiving a fine art—not that his dinners were so much better than other people's dinners, but he

were suddenly called upon to say what are the most celebrated dinners, you would have to confess the Peabody dinners. Other tables have assembled more wit and wisdom, more beauty and fashion, but none, after all, have been so notedof none have so many people heard as of the Peabody dinners.

Whoever has eaten one of them will not forget The benign host, the brilliant table, the universal good-fellowship-without speaking of the speaking, for dinner-table eloquence is the most dreary of all, by reason that nobody has any thing to say, and every body tries to be funny-all these things abide pleasantly in memory. And from the windows-say of the Star and Garter at Richmond -the eye fell upon that soft, fair landscape, that scene of lovely pastoral tranquillity—the view from Richmond Hill, with all its associations of a peculiarly social character harmonious with the occasion. The guests were chiefly countrymen, but countrymen in a foreign land. They had, therefore, that spirit of conciliation and sympathy which does not always prevail at home, but which makes a distant meeting so agreeable. Pride and pleasure were mutual. Every body complimented every body else, and all were cheerfully happy. The foreigners who were present shared in the general hilarity and good feeling. The Englishman praised America, and the American did not fail to return the courtesy in kind. The dinners were large and the satisfaction was not less. Every body was contented, except those who were not asked, and those who fancied they might make political capital by finding fault.

It was not strange that the giver of such pleasant dinners should be warmly welcomed when he returned to his early home. There is a story of a king in Bokhara, who ordered the gates of a great khan never to be closed, but to remain open for the whole world to come in. In another way, the banker of London has also flung wide his doors. It was meet that the giver of dinners should be dined. It was right that the host of so many occasions on which dinner speeches had been made, should be spoken to at dinner. It was fit that an accomplished orator, who had known by experience the scope of the foreign banquets abroad, should produce his polished periods at the domestic feast. It has certainly been singular, in the midst of the fiery and persuasive eloquence and noble exhortation of the political crisis, to hear the silver piping at a placid dinner-table. Pax illiscum! Let us hope they had good appetites and enjoyed their dinners.

Mr. Peabody's name is that of an American merchant who has made money and spent it well. The immediate occasion of the Danvers dinner was not the Richmond dinners, but it was the noble munificence which gave thousands of dollars to found an institution of education in that little town. The same munificence had contributed to the Kane expedition to the North Pole, and to scores of other generous enterprises. The same general good feeling which showed itself publicly in such benefactions, revealed itself privately in assembling fellow-countrymen abroad to taste the pleasure of social union.

We are glad, as we sit in our Easy Chair and survey the world, to find such generosity acknowledged and honored. It is easy to say that nothing is easier than to give good dinners and to found academies if you only have the money. Then succeeded in making them distinguished. If you why has not Gunnybags done it? Why have not



all the men who have the means done the same thing? Because they must first have the will to do it. It is in vain that you put the breaks into the hands of a man who is not an engineer, and it is in vain that a man is rich if he does not know how to use his money. There are hundreds of men who might build universities in New York. Peter Cooper is the one man who has done it. His praise is not the less because it was easy to do it if he had the money and chose so to expend it. His praise is that he did so choose. And so did George Peabody; who is not Cicero, nor Mæcenas, nor the Magnus Apollo, but an American gentleman who makes both names more illustrious.

Therefore we are glad he would not dine in New York, and would dine in his native Danvers; therefore we are glad that Mr. Everett made one of his smooth speeches, and that general festivity and cheerfulness marked the day. The dinner was good, the speeches were better, the feeling was best of all. In the rich autumn day stood the guest and the orator, each, also, in their autumn time; and on the morrow, as their young countrymen read and pondered, they could not fail to grow thoughtful, and to draw a moral, not, perhaps, without a sigh.

VERY few original American paintings have acquired much national celebrity. Many have been admired and studied in local exhibitions, and the names of many painters are dear to every man who loves his country, and who knows that every country records the progress of its development in great works of art. But excepting one or two pictures of West's, which were not good in themselves, and are known only because they were carried about for exhibition-West being only, by birth, an American—and excepting Leutze's Washington Crossing the Delaware, and, perhaps, one or two works of Allston's-whose name is much more famous than any of his pictures-there are no works so famous as the series of the Voyage of Life, by Thomas Cole.

Cole was not a man of masculine genius, but of a tender fancy and talent, which showed itself in the sweet sunny tone of his pictures as well as in the subjects they illustrated. A work of Cole's upon the wall is a touch of summer—a glimpse of Arcadia, a strain from dream-land. His fancy was essentially romantic, and conventionally romantic. He was an artist of impulse and feeling, rather than of thought. He had no originality of conception, but a delicate skill in rendering the usual and average romantic conception, which gave him a popularity which would have been denied to a more sinewy power.

No pictures in the National Academy Exhibitions were ever so generally popular and pleasing as Cole's. Every body stopped before them, looked at them, and admired them. The hue was lovely, the scene serene, the sentiment soothing and sweet. If the subject was The Past and Present, the picture of the Past represented a feudal castle in its prime of medieval splendor; knights in armor running a brilliant tilt in the sunshine of ladies' favor; banners flying; battlements frowning, and all the glittering gaud of chivalry. The Present was the same castle ruined; flowers blooming in the clefts of crumbling walls; long moss weeping from the towers; universal sadness, silence, and decay. Or if the theme was the Course of Empire, it was treated in a series of pic-

tures representing a wilderness; then a settlement; then a town expanding into the meridian splendor of a metropolis; and gradually declining, until the wilderness claimed its own again, and the ruins of civilization made the desolation more desolate.

In all these pictures there was a tenderness and sweetness of feeling not to be well described. The sentiment and the moral were obvious, and every body could read as he ran. The works told their own story, and the story was very simple. So when the artist essayed to represent in color the Voyage of Life, he followed the same fancy, and painted the series which, upon the whole, as we said, may be considered the most famous of recent American pictures. The idea is as old as thought; the treatment is most pleasing. In the first picture the child issues in a flower-wreathed boat from a cavern, the sun is rising, the scene is of morning and childhood. In the second the landscape is broader. The young mariner sees visions and dreams dreams. Youth beholds palaces in the clouds. In the third picture the boat is driving toward the open sea, while storms gather and gloom. In the fourth the scene is the midnight ocean, and the broken boat drifts upon its waves; while the gray-headed wanderer sits and listens to the guardian angel who whispers to him of heaven.

Every thing in the pictures is symbolical and carefully elaborated, and the artist doubtless regarded them as the great work of his life.

Cole was fortunate in his friends and in his fame. The purity of his mind pervades all his works, and deepened all his friendships. No young man of sensibility to art, in this country, will ever forget the first impression of Cole's works, that gentle purity of feeling which transfigured them all. No pictures could be selected which would be more sure of a universal popularity, and therefore of universal æsthetic benefit, than this series. They have the magic of arresting attention and exciting interest. The man who should secure their circulation in the country, who should hang them permanently upon the walls of city and of country homes, would be a public benefactor.

It is, therefore, most fortunate that their present possessor, the Rev. Principal of the Spingler Institute in New York, has had the series engraved in a manner quite worthy their excellence, and of the highest honor to the art of engraving in this country. James Smillie is a name already distinguished in our history of engraving; but his last work is his best. The original pictures are rendered with exquisite fidelity, and every lover of art, and of American art, both in its form of painting and engraving, may now possess a permanent memorial at a moderate rate. Of course a work of such importance, and executed in such a manner, involves a very large expense; but we wish particularly to notice, and to commend to every reader, the public spirit of a gentleman who, owning a series of celebrated and beautiful pictures, has them made accessible, in the most perfect manner, to all his countrymen. Most of the owners of fine pictures are content to imprison and hang them in a gallery to which the public has small chance of access with or without fee; but here is a picture-owner who secures to us all the pleasure he possesses, at a not extravagant expense.

This Easy Chair sincerely hopes that he will



have no occasion to repent of his enterprise, and ready fullness which belongs to the attachés and asks why Gunnybags will not have some of his fine pictures engraved?

DARLEY'S Outlines of Margaret are also published in time for the holidays, and will be sure to make a holiday of every day on which they are seen. The genius of this artist is unsurpassed in the especial department to which it is devoted. His dramatic power, his humor, his poetic grace, his tenderness, and sweetness, and power, are all amply shown in this last and beautiful work. It was a labor of love, not a publisher's commission. These drawings were all made six years ago, because the artist was so impressed by the picturesque power of the work they illustrate; and they are, in a sense, better than the work itself. They make distinct what was left confused in the story, and they prune away all the superfluity. There can be no lovelier Christmas gift to any of the beautiful Margarets who have wept over the fascinating tale.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Novy Svyat, Warsaw, Sept., 1956.

HARDLY had our last record been dispatched from the Adelphi in Liverpool, where the portly Radleigh does service after the manner of an oldtime host, and makes one forget the smoke, the fog, and the bustle of his city by his appliances of comfort and the magnitude of his bill; hardly, we say, had this been done, at the hands of "Boots" brightened with a shilling, than a sudden and a wild suggestion came to our thought, taking this singular form:

-All the world is talking of Moscow, and the coronation; all the world is going to Moscow; why not we?

No sooner thought than said; and no sooner said than begun.

We jerk at the bell-a quite unnecessary jerk; for English tavern-bells all ring at a touch.

John appears with an expectant "Please, Sir?" "John, is there a steamer from this port to St. Petersburg?"

John is staggered. "Really, Sir, since you ask me, Sir, couldn't say, Sir."

- "You don't know about the boats?"
- "That's where it is, Sir," says John.
- "Could any body tell me about the house?" we asked.
- "Boots, I de'say, Sir. Shall I send him up, Sir ?"

Boots may come up. Boots does come, in a waistcoat of shiny black cotton, with sleeves, looking very glossy, and makes a quick pull at his scalp in token of respect.

We ask again after a steamer for St. Petersburg.

Boots scratches his head, thoughtfully, and looks down a moment. He recovers, looks up, with "Beg pardon, Sir, but is it the Irish coast you'd be sailing for?"

"No; Russian."

"Oh, Lud!" (involuntarily, for Boots begs pardon again, and assures us he couldn't say at all.)

Our next effort to gain the necessary informa-tion is with the landlord himself. He also is entirely ignorant. How different all this (if we had time here to drop an observation upon it) from the | cow-taking in view of the speed of the different

conductors of our American houses!

The result is, that no steamer sails from Liverpool to St. Petersburg. If we go thither, we must take the rail to London; and from London where can one not go?

We sleep upon the project. We dream of the weird capital of Middle Russia; of the barren steppes lying between it and the northern capital; of the breezy Baltic, and of the magnificent quays of the Neva. We wake with these images in our thought, and determine to give them chase.

We sipped our coffee leisurely, ordered a second mustin, bade good-morning to our host, and set off from Radleigh's for Moscow, as coolly as we have set off on other mornings (not long gone by) from our garret in Eighth Street for the iron palace of Franklin Square.

Boots, who carried our humble portmanteau to the Lime Street Station, gave another twitch of his scalp for adieu, and in half an hour we were hurtling through the dismal tunnel, and presently emerged upon the velvety green plains of West Lancashire.

It is but an aggravation to course by express through England; not a chimney-top swims by but the curious traveler wishes to see more; not a green nook of valley flashes on the sight but the loiterer wishes he might stroll there; not a church tower looms up but there comes an agony of eagerness to wander under it. Keeping these things, therefore, all in the reserve of our thought, we give ourselves up to Punch and the carriage-cushions until the breadth of England had floated past us, and we were safely landed under the iron arches at Euston Station. In an hour more we were uncabbed at the door of the Bedford, in Covent Garden Square.

Twenty-four hours in London, given up to inquiries and to the regulation of our passport, were sufficient to place us again upon our track toward Middle Russia.

We took a cab for the Southeastern Station, and dashed down to Dover, reaching there only in time to step on board the Vigilant steam-packet, bound for Ostend. There was not much in our portmanteau to tempt the curiosity of the customsmen, so we escaped easily from their hands, and gave an hour or two to a stroll about the place, looking curiously at the funny bathing-machines drawn up on the beach, and reflecting, like most travelers, upon the historic memories of the place, which are set down in the guide-books; and which, otherwise, would be very apt to escape reflection.

We did, however, try to conjecture in what hotel the great American diplomatic conference may have held its sessions. "Here," said we, looking at the windows of the Bath Tavern (where they charge four francs for a dinner, and a franc and a half for a bed), "here, possibly, those estimable men may have dined and slept. Here, doubtless, they partook of Champagne and oysters, and discussed Cuba. From one of those windows they may have looked out (in company with their Secretary, Mr. M'Crea) upon the salt water, and recalled their distant land-possibly with a tear or two."

We strolled on, musing upon the mutability of human affairs, until our supper was ready at the "Allemagne;" after which we set off for Brussels.

The nearest route which we could take for Mos-



Berlin, and thence to Stettin, where we would find a steamer for the Neva.

Brussels is not a place one turns his back upon without regret; and only the hope of a speedy return, and the quick coming on of the Moscow

files, kept us from lingering there.

A week's travel will easily take a man from the Belgian to the Russian capital; and a fortnight ras still at our command before the day fixed for the Coronation. But there might be delays by sea; there might be delays in St. Petersburg; in short, we determined to seize time by the forelock, and to show these leisurely Europeans what we Americans understood by dispatch.

"En avant," said we; which our Flemish porter, from the Hôtel de Suede, did not understand;

but we did, and acted thereby.

You buy but one ticket from Brussels to Berlin, and when you have reached the Rhine at Cologne, having escaped all the vexations of the Prussian police (who dog you at every station from Herbesthal to the River Rhine), you settle yourself in your carriage for an undisturbed ride from under the shadow of the Cologne Cathedral to the station at Berlin.

The map will show you that it is no small reach of way: you pass over it, indeed, under the care of four several railroad administrations: the first of these undertaking your safe delivery at Minden; the second at Brunswick; the third at Magde-

burg; and the fourth at Berlin.

Here and there something came to the eye through the carriage window which we counted worth the noting down. Thus near to Bielefelda fine old castle town, lying between Minden and Cologne-we saw whole acres of green field, striped with snow-white streaks, looking oddly enough, and puzzling us strangely in the distance; but the striped landscape presently revealed itself as a drying-ground for the Bielefeld linens.

We looked sharply out for the swine as we passed through Westphalia-albeit we were going to an imperial fête—but we could not observe that the Sassendorf pigs differed materially (inspected from a railway carriage) from pigs in less favored parts of the world. Our conviction is, that the

goodness of a ham is in the "curing."

At Minden we alight for the purpose of tasting some of the viands which we see through an iron trellis of the station-house. But as we go thither a heavy hand is laid upon our shoulder. We look up wonderingly and interrogatively. The official, in huge chapeau, says, "Ihre Passe."

And we can not moisten our lip with a cup of Hochheimer without establishing our identity!

The official does not, or will not, comprehend. (We do not boast of our German.) He takes our passport, and spends so much of time in its perusal that we have only time to rush to the train before we are again floating toward Hanover and Bruns-

A fine bridge stretches across the Weser, near to Minden, and fertile meadows, backed by wooded hills, offer a relief to the monotonous plain country we have passed over.

Neither Brunswick nor Hanover, as one sees them from the railway track, are worth seeing again; but with Magdeburg it is different.

Magdeburg is on the Elbe, with gray, storytelling roofs, as we saw them at dusk; and a beautiful company of twin church-spires; and on the | gan to see the islands in the Gulf of Finland; and

conveyances—was to go directly from Brussels to | chimney-stacks of the outermost houses of the town were nests of storks, which we recognized and valued as so many types of the old Deutschland. It was quite dark before Potsdam was reached, and nothing could be seen of Berlin-as we approached it in the dead of night-but a low flat wilderness of lamps. We found our way directly to the Hôtel de St. Petersbourg, and slept soundly after twenty-six hours of consecutive railway travel.

> Half a day was all that could be allowed us in the city of Frederick the Great, if we wished to be in Stettin in time for the steamer Vlademir. We had only time for a run through the Royal Museum and a glance at the statuary which confronts us here and there, and away we go over the gloomy marshes of Pomerania, on the way toward the Baltic. The horizon is like a horizon at sea-as far away, as low, and as monotonous. Only here and there we see a stalwart peasant stalking over the barren meadows, marshaling, with his dog, a great flock of Pomeranian geese.

> Stettin was crowded with voyagers toward the coronal fête; there was not a bed to be had; so we dozed upon a musty lounge in the office of the inn.

waiting for the day.

The Russian Consul countersigned our passport (already countersigned by the American Minister and the Russian Embassador at Berlin), and, fortified with this, we were authorized to receive our passage-ticket for a trip upon the good ship Vlademir. She is strong and clean, and equipped for a shipment of a hundred passengers with comfort, But now, in the face of the great fete, she was to carry one hundred and seventy-five. Even this seems a small number for those accustomed to the monstrous arks which make their voyages in our northern lakes; but let our home people imagine one hundred and seventy-five passengers installed upon our smallest-sized coast-going steamers of Charleston or Savannah, and they may form some idea of our cargo and confusion.

Away, afloat in the mid-Baltic, we enjoyed a traveler's legitimate study of these one hundred and seventy-five representatives of European civilization. It is cold business at the first, and distant. The "Who are you?" of every traveler's look staggers your curiosity and chills your humanity. But with the sea and the sun this mutual distrust is softened; affinities declare themselves; and the coalitions of taste, of business, or of pleasure are established for the voyage. Tongues are untied, and the piquancy of gossip-not to say

scandal-redeems the time.

Among the passengers were the Baron de Secbach, illustrious by reason of his influence (real or supposed) in forwarding the recent Peace Conferences of Europe; the General Belle Garde, who held a command in the Crimea; Lablache, the world-renowned singer, attended by Bosio, Tagliafico, Lotti, and others, who were journeying by order toward the seat of the imperial files. These last greatly relieved the ennui of the trip by the improvisation of a concert upon the steamer's decks, under the light only of the stars shining out of the clear northern sky. It was worth while to listen to such voices at such a time! No orchestral accompaniment could equal the plashing of the waves, and no theatre walls could give such force to the "prayer of Moses" as the night-sky on the Baltic gave it.

With such relief the time passes, until we be-



speedily after them the prodigious batteries which lie around the city of Cronstadt.

We slacken our speed and come to anchor under the guns of a beautiful frigate lying in the stream. The customs people board our vessel, and while the portmanteaus are under inspection, another barge comes toward us, bringing the representatives of the Imperial police. The passports are delivered up by the captain, and four several lists are forthwith prepared for the department of war, of police, of justice, and of foreign affairs.

This completed, the passengers, with their luggage, are transferred to a lesser steamer, which alone can pass up to the city of St. Petersburg through the shallows of the river.

As we pass on toward the Neva, the police officer who remains on board invites us one by one into the cabin, where, after submitting to a police inquiry as to our profession and intentions, we are intrusted once more with our passports.

The sail above Cronstadt is but short before we begin to see the gilded dome of the Church of Isaac, and we know by that sign that the capital is near by. Presently we enter the Neva; but the twilight is fading fast, and only glimpses are caught of the spire of the Admiralty, and the huge hulk of Peter the Great's Fort, before we find ourselves moored to a Russian dock, at the "Quai Anglais," before the great capital of the North.

Three hours are spent, even with a modest portmanteau, under the hands of the examining police, before we are at liberty to inquire our way (where no word of French, English, or German, seems to be understood) to the *Telachov* House, in the little *Morskava*.

Sad apartments at the best, and strangely filthy; but the air of the Baltic, and the close cabin of the Viademir, have provoked a longing for sleep which makes one forget the discomforts of even a Russian hotel.

The traveler to Moscow may safely count upon a loss of from two to three days in securing the proper regulations of his passport.

The commissary, with infinite politeness, refers you to the bureau of police. At the bureau of police (when your turn for conversation shall have arrived) they will direct you to the Office of Foreign Affairs. At the Foreign Affairs, after three hours of patient attendance, you are reminded that it will be necessary that your papers should be countersigned at the American legation: from this point you are referred back to the police, and are at length empowered, on presentation of your credentials, to purchase a ticket for Moscow.

With this secure, you give yourself up to the hands of the isvochik, who is a capital coachman, with long beard, full Tartar pantaloons, a blue long-coat tied about his waist with a faded crimson sash, and a bell-crowned hat with narrow brim. His tariff, or rather the police tariff, is small; and for something less than twenty cents he is bound to drive you from end to end of the city. His horse is sleek and fat, and he drives with inimitable skill; but we have no praises for the droschky: the bench on which you sit astride behind the isvochik may offer good exercise for a dyspeptic (especially over the rough paving of the Perspective Newski), but it compares hardly with the cushioned seats of even a New York omnibus.

Perspective is a street name in Petersburg, and it gives at once an idea of how their streets are composed—great reaches of magnificent façades— what we may do one day, when satisfied of the

great bridges and quays-great baits for the eye and imagination-great designs of the Great Peter. as he perspected in the future; but greater after all to the eye, and in the distance than near by, and in earnest. You are stifled by no narrowness in streets or houses; no gables hang over you as they do in Magdeburg or Hamburg; but, on the other hand, the pavement is execrably rough, and the long lines of palaces and palatial houses you find to be only of brick plastered over, with great piles of debris, flung off by the winters' frosts, lying at their bases. Upon the Winter Palace and the Palace Anitchkoff you see traces of recent repairs, where the stucco has been supplied again, giving an idea of cheapness and meanness which does not well accord with the magnificent perspectives of the streets.

One church at least, and that a new one (hardly yet complete), is worthy of passing mention—the Church of Isaac, commenced as long ago as 1807. It is a Greek cross, with a dome far superior to either the Invalides or the Pantheon of Paris; and four majestic portals at either extremity of the cross, closed with bronze gates of the richest sculpture, and flanked, each one, by twelve columns (monlith) of the red porphyry of Finland. The architect (of French birth), M. Montferrand, has had the pleasure of growing old with his church; and now, at the age of seventy, he is giving the finishing touches to a monument of which he laid the foundation forty-nine years ago.

But we must not linger in St. Petersburg while the fite is waiting for us in Middle Russia.

Adieu, then, to our long-bearded isrochik, to whom we give an extra handful of copeks, for remembrance sake; adieu to the Perspective Newski, whose joltings we feel even now, and whose grand architectural ranges come to our eye here in Warsaw; adieu to Peter the Great, on his rock of granite; adieu to the Summer Garden (very cold it was), to the Marble Palace, to the Troitsk Bridge, and to the Tombs of the Czars!

We have now before us the four or five hundred miles of level land—of morass plain—with here and there a streak of cultivated soil, with a village, and its green-spired church upon the slope of a gentle swell in the landscape. Then we have forests of pine and birch, the white bark and the green boughs mingling pleasantly to the eye, and leading off to the far horizon without a break or a change.

The thing most noticeable to an American eye in this trajet are the American cars on which he rides. Suddenly, from the St. Petersburg of the moujiks and the droschkys, he finds himself transferred to a railway carriage which might have been built by Eaton and Gilbert, of Troy.

Ordinarily only one passenger-train a day passes over the road to Moscow; but with the plethora of the fits in St. Petersburg, there are from six to seven.

In about twenty-two hours the distance is usually gone over, making a safe rate of some twenty miles in the hour, stops included.

If the carriages remind of America, the track and stations certainly do not; for though constructed under the direction of American engineers, there is a completeness, a thoroughness, and a disregard for expense about them, which one never meets with in our railway constructions at home. Is this Russian accomplishment a type of what we may do one day, when satisfied of the



policy of building what we build for a century, instead of a period counted by months?

Beyond the Tver (a river we cross) the country seems more fertile, the cottages are more frequent, the villages multiply; and presently we come in sight of the country places belonging to the wealthier residents of Moscow. After these, the indescribable mingling of tower, minaret, crosses, domes, steeples, which mark the great city of Eastern Russia.

When Fenimore Cooper went to England and France, and wrote a book of his impressions, he told about Sensation No. 1, and Sensation No. 2. Of all this trip, from Radleigh's to the great Muscovite city (undertaken solely for our readers' satisfaction), we count that first sight of the greenand-gold swimming in the sky down the palaces and churches of Moscow as Sensation No. 1! So Eastern, so distant, so strange, so weird—so like a sudden soul-bath in some new sea of thinking!

There it was, the gorgeous Kremlin, at length! shining, glittering (the sun was an hour above the horizon)—not grand by any rules of art—not tasteful even, as Mr. Ruskin would count tastefulness—not useful one whit, as an American would calculate utility—but mocking at all your previous notions of fitness; dazzling you with its fine phantasmagoria; cheating you, and lashing you with its infinite, tortuous lines, into wonder and veneration!

As we go away from the station-house, after new police inspection, in the drocksky again (and a ruble at Moscow, just now, is less than a copek at St. Petersburg), we see low houses, white and shining, with long gardens before them—half reminding us of some suburban places in the neighborhood of London. We see winding streets with no perspective; and we see that there is, after all, filth and uncleanness even within sound of the bells of the Kremlin. We look for signs of the fire of 1812, and we fancy we see the smoke-stains around church door-ways. We hope even to see a bullet-mark; but remember that few balls were fired there.

The Sensation No. 1 lingers still, as we stop at the house of "Ivan Ivanoff Goward, na Bolshoi Dmietriefka v' domai Kooptcheeki Artemovoi pod No. 472, v' Moskoui." And another sensation, without particular number, comes over us when the day comes for payment, and we find that a dingy chamber, of the smallest imaginable capacity, has been jotted down to our account at the rate of eighty rubles per diem (say sixteen dollars a day)!

But have we not come for the coronal file—we, the Count de Morny, the Colonel Colt, the General Seymour, the Esterhazy, the Lablache, and the rest? Shall we count rubles in the face of the Ivan Veliki? Is not the American pocket (figuratively speaking) deep? Is not ours a great country, though we have no Petrowski Gardens? If we wear no gold on our coats, and no pearls embroidered on our jackets (as did Count Esterhazy), have we not California and Hurper's Magazine?

But how looks the city? Filled with the civilization of the West. Here and there are turbans; wild, strange head-dresses from the Caucasus; Armenians in long white beards and long straight caps; the everlasting sheepskin jackets; the long robes of the drochsky-drivers; and, from time to time, an equipage as purely Western as a

turn-out you might see every afternoon in Hyde Park.

They told a story (how true we can not say) the other day of the Count de Morny; how he bargained for three carriages for a day, before his own equipage had arrived, and what think you was the Voiturier's demand?

One hundred and eighty silver rubles, or about one hundred and thirty-five dollars! The Count demurred; an altercation ensued:—so the story ran.

We took no carriage, but with republican spirit and independence urged our way as we best could amidst the throngs that peopled the streets, growing denser and denser as the time drew nigh for the imperial entry of Alexander.

The story of this splendid parade will have reached you long ago through the columns of the London Times.

Once on a time somebody asked of Voltaire why he did not write such commentary on the works of Racine as he had already written on the poems of Corneille?

"The commentary is made already," said Voltaire; "there is only need to write at the end of every page, Beautiful, Majestic, Sublime!"

Shall we add our exclamations to those written already? Shall we attempt any description of that vast throng, glittering with steel, with gold, with plumes, with diamonds? Shall we endeavor to make any picture of that splendid train of warriors, princes, and monarchs, pouring through the streets of the Oriental city, with the air filled with that wonderful melody of bells?

From our position opposite to the Hotel Kotchioubey we see the arrival of the various embassadors and their suites, who wait in the salons of this palace (graciously offered by the Princess Kotchioubey) to join the imperial procession. The Count de Morny wears only the Grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, and its plaque of brilliants; but the Prince Esterhazy, who represents the realm of Austria, is absolutely covered with jewels, while his suite, made up of the princely families of Austria and Hungary—as fine a bevy of young fellows as you can often see—are in those magnificent Magyar costumes which call up involuntary exclamations of admiration.

The Prince Soutzo of Greece gave us a type of the most charming kind of that graceful Albanian dress, which, from the time of Byron's portrait down, has bewitched all verse-loving girls.

The Persian embassy was by no means so sumptuously arrayed as we had expected; still there was the unmistakable Oriental character, carrying our thought away upon the truncated caps and the jeweled cimeters to the glories of Bagdad, and the hanging gardens of Haroun al Raschid.

And as we contrasted a sleek old Persian, who smelled of sweet incense, and who had come up hither from the borders of the Euphrates, with the crisp Colonel Colt, maker of pistols, from Hartford, Connecticut, each a type of his nation, we wondered what fate was after all most enviable—to belong to the old or to the new—to dream life away in some bower of Bendermeer, where sweet flowers bloom and houris glance through the pomegranate leaves, or to chew tobacco, make money, and kick up a devil of a row?

straight caps; the everlasting sheepskin jackets; the long robes of the drochsky-drivers; and, from time to time, an equipage as purely Western as a confess that we are not of those who think that



every excellence, artistic, moral, political, educational domestic, centres in the Federal Union of America. We do sometimes envy the Persian his beard, the Turk his pipe, even the Frenchman his city gardens and his cufe.

And there at Moscow, seated straddle-wise upon a beam projecting over the street, full against the palace of her amiable highness the Princess Kotchioubey, looking upon the Emperor of all the Russias in his crimson pants, and with the cock's feathers crowning his chapeau; looking upon the princely ladies, very beautiful, with their rosy cheeks and flaxen hair (bringing back memory of what the old Saxon ladies are painted); looking on Parsee and Persian; looking at the giants who pranced by in livery, and who could not call their souls their own; looking at that Count de Morny who, ten years gone, could not so much as have found a seat with me astride the beam opposite to her gracious Highness of Kotchioubey; looking at the long-bearded, astute, self-satisfied Easterners, who were only paying a little visit of ceremony to a mushroom of a monarch, whose great-grandfather might have swept their courts of Bagdad; looking at the crisp American Colonel again, the moneymaking manufacturer, with a smack of the dam about him; looking at all these, we say, we grew philosophic, full of reflection, and wrought out, there upon the beam opposite to her Royal Highness of Kotchioubey, a series of observations by far too long and too serious to be set down here.

Indeed we are running to the end of our paper without yet giving a glimpse of the real essentials of the fee. We will look now one moment upon that day of coronation. The ceremony is to take place in the Church of the Assumption within the Kremlin, which will accomodate at the most only four or five hundred persons besides the official representatives of nations or provinces. To the Court of the Czars, indeed, some six thousand tickets of admission are issued; and for entrance within the walls of the Kremlin the favors are extended to forty thousand. Under which category shall we have the right to rank ourselves? Can we become attaché to the American Legation, and so establish our place among the five hundred? Or shall we purchase the privilege of some enterprising church worthy, who prefers a sum of twelve hundred francs to the honor of assistance?

We have no confessions to make; it is enough that we were there-within the precincts of the holy cathedral-jostled by Todleben, by Gortschakoff, my Lord Granville, and Mr. Seymour.

We saw the monarch enter, and the good Philarete, of venerable mien, extend to him the jeweled crown, which is token of sovereignty over all the Russias. We saw the young Emperor raise the bauble to his brow, and at the instant heard the wild burst of song from the cathedral choir, and the guns booming, and bells clanging from end to end of the city.

It was touching to see the fervor with which the Emperor embraced his mother after the ceremony, and with what feeling he met the salutations of all of the imperial family; an evidence, if evidence were needed, that no weight of ceremony, no artificial elevation, can wholly stifle the natural affections of the heart, or forbid the expression of that social dependence which reduces a monarch to the standard of a man.

Shall we say how the General Osten Sacken, who

crowd and heat, and was carried out? Or how my Lady Granville just missed of a faint, in full assembly?

Shall we describe the diplomatic costumes of the parties assembled; most of all, of the General Sevmour, and of the ladies in his suite; how Miss..

[We regret that a portion of our correspondent's letter is illegible here, having come by a late mail, all of which was very much injured in the transit. –E⊅s.]

... You have to imagine a bit of paper (a large bit to be sure) pricked through with pin-holes, representing every imaginable device, and held before a strong Argal burner, to form an idea of the illumination which followed, and completed the fetes. All the quaintnesses of this Oriental architecture, the Byzantine minarets, the Roman domes, the Persian verandas, were written out on the night sky, in lines of sparkling gold. Nor were the lampions confined, as in Paris illuminations, to the frieze columns and cornice, but even the ground lines were marked with living flame, so that the complete outline of the imperial monuments were traced on the air.

After the illumination were the balls, the opening of the new opera, the reviews of the army, and a thousand things we would like to describe to you if time and space were at our command.

We can only say now, that on Monday, the 15th of September, after a final visit to the Kremlin, and a pleasant benediction from our is rochik, we took passage in a pochta kareta (the Russians are responsible for the name) for this city of Warsaw.

Five days and five nights of open travel were before us; but, thank Heaven, they are over! The Beresina, that doleful river, is crossed (never to be crossed by us again); and here, on the fourth floor of the Hôtel d'Angleterre in the Novy Sryat, of the old Polish capital, we put our seal, and an end to the gossip of the month.

Editor's Dramer.

THE agony is over, and the man whom the peo-1 ple—at least the majority of the people—willed to be their chief magistrate is chosen President of these United States. Half of the people have been very sure that if he were elected the country would come to an end, if the world did not. But we are inclined to believe that the Union will last a little longer, and that we shall have some good times yet, in time to come. It has been said that a special Providence watches over children, drunkards, and the United States." They make so many blunders, and yet live through them, it must be that they are cared for, for they take very little care of themselves. So we are disposed to trust Providence, and not to worry.

Speaking of worrying, recalls an authentic and very good story of the Protector's times.

Cromwell was sending a special envoy to Sweden in the person of Bushrod Whitelock. The embassador was a very devout, but nervous, anxious body, and as he was about to embark he was detained at Harwich by a storm. The distracted state of the nation troubled his mind, and sleep would not come to his pillow. Tossing on his bed, he frequently uttered his distress in groans which came to the ears of his confidential servant lying in an adjacent room. At last the servant, who could brave a campaign, was overcome by the had the respect of his master, ventured to say,





CZAR KOLOKOL, KING OF BELLS, MOSCOW.

QUEEN OF BELLES. NEW YORK.

CITY HALL BELL.

"Pray, Sir, if you please, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly. Go on."

"Pray, Sir, do you not think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly I do."

"And pray, Sir, do you not think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it ?"

"To be sure he will."

"Then, Sir, pray excuse me, but may you not trust him to govern it the little while you are to live in it?"

To this question Whitelock had no reply to make,

but turning over he soon fell asleep.

We intend to do the same: not to go to sleep exactly-we never sleep in the Drawer-but to trust Providence to take care of the country while we live, and when we are gathered with the fathers.

"How far is it to Pimlico?"

"Well, Sir, if you keep on that road, as near as I can calculate, it is about twenty-three thousand nine hundred and ninety-four miles; but if you turn about and go just the other way, you will reach it in six miles."

The anxious inquirer turned his horse's head in short metre, and trotted off "the other way," having no notion of going round the globe to get to

ANECDOTES of the celebrated Dr. Mason, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of this city, are abundant, and some of them capital. The autobiography of Mr. Woodbridge, the blind preacher, furnishes many charming reminiscences of the glorious preacher. He was not always great. No man is. His manner was equal to his matter; and when the giant laid himself out to do his best he was without a peer in the pulpit. It used to be said of him that when he compared Napoleon to a royal Bengal tiger crunching the bones of the nations, the audience could hear them crack in his jawsthat is, we suppose, in the Doctor's, not the tiger's jaws.

Dr. Mason's estimate of Alexander Hamilton

was remarkable:
"Hamilton," said he, "was a wonderful man.

mind; he could overwhelm with his ability and eloquence the most gifted minds, and enter into the sympathies of the simplest and poorest man. Hamilton's mind," said he, "was like the proboscis of an elephant-it could tear up the mightiest oak, and dissect the filaments of a lily.

"The world has produced three men very much alike in mental and physical structure-St. Paul, John Calvin, and Alexander They resem-Hamilton. bled each other very much in stature; and from all we can gain from pictures and tradition of their aspects, movements, and bearings,

they looked very much alike. I have no doubt, if we could see them all three together, we should suppose they were brothers, born at one birth, down in Connecticut, where three children at a birth is not an uncommon event."

Whether this opinion is a sound one or not, there is no doubt the Doctor was a very good judge of a horse. A brother minister in the city, intending to purchase one, stopped the Doctor on the sidewalk to ask his opinion. After taking a good look at him, Dr. Mason pointed to the knees of the horse, which were worn, indicating that he was in the habit of stumbling. "That," said he, "is a good sign for a minister, but a very bad sign for a minister's horse."

Nor long ago, in one of the obscure streets of a city not far from our own, a son of the Emerald Isle by birth, and a son of the sea by trade, was on his bed to die. The priest had been sent for, and was ready to administer the last rites of the Church to the dying seaman, so soon as he should confess his sins. But Patrick had none of that kind of thing to boast of; indeed he said that, to the best of his recollection, he had no sins to confess at all, at all. He had been a sailor, he said, and had done his duty-swearing a little, and drinking his grog as well as the next man; but he had always come to time in a fight, and was never licked in his life, so that, for his part, he did not believe he had any thing on his mind to be sorry for; and so, "plase your riverence, let me off asy, and if you can't let me off asy, let me off as asy as you can."

"Bethink thee again, my son," said the priest. "Has no man ever lost his life, and perhaps his soul, from thy hand? Be honest now, for death is at the door."

"Your riverence is right," groaned the poor fellow; "I did once convert a Jew, but I had forgotten it."

"Convert a Jew! and sure, Pat, there was no sin in that. But how did you manage the matter, pray?"

"Well, your riverence must let me tell the story in my own way. I was setting him ashore in the ship's boat-me and Pete Mullins were-and we got to disputationing like about our religion, for he thought we were no better than pagans, and I knew he was worse, for I had seen the hathun He had not only vast compass, but versatility of | niggers and Indians at home, and they ain't half



as bad as Jews, and I told him so. He got very wrothy like, and when he laped up to give me a clip the boat went over onto one side, and over he went into the sea. As he came up I caught him by the hair of his head, and it came to me all at once that it would be a good time to convert him; and so, says I, as I drew his head out of the water,

"'Honey dear'-for I thought I would spake kindly to him-'honey dear, do you believe in the

Holy Catholic Church?'

"'Not a bit of it!' said he, as he cleared his mouth of the sea-water, and so I settled him down into it again. Once more I brought his chin to the top of the brine, and asked him tinderly,

"'Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church

now?'

"'I don't think I do,' he said, but not so decidedly as before, and I ducked him again; and now for the third time I raised him, and said,

"' Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church now?

"His voice was almost gone, but I heard him distinctly but feebly answer, 'Yes, I do;' and so, as these fellows, and especially the Jews, give up their religion so asy after they get it, I thought I would make him sure for the kingdom of heaven, and so I let him go. He never came up, and I hope to meet him in Paradise. That, your riverence, is the way I converted a Jew, and sometimes I feel as if I ought to have taken him into the boat, and let him take his chance of getting into the

The holy father admonished Pat that he did very wrong to let the Jew go to the bottom, and the poor fellow said he was very much of the priest's opinion. So he repented him sorely of his converting the Jew, received absolution according to the rites of his Church, and in a few minutes breathed his last.

THE pleasures of life are celebrated in song and story from age to age, but it was reserved for our

time, so fruitful in the discovery of new enjoyments, to learn that there is real pleasure in being hung. To prove it, the interesting records of the scaffold in years long past have been carefully searched, to find what light true history casts on a theme that may be personal to many. The most of those who are hung do indeed die and make no sign-certainly no sign that is expressive of any very pleasing sensations-and it is quite probable if all the silent votes, and all decided indications of dissatisfaction were counted in the negative, the proposition to regard hanging as a delightful recreation would be lost by a very decided majority. The fact is, that few who have been in that line have left any very distinct intimations of their sentiments on the subject now under consideration. There was a friend of Lord Bacon who meant to hang himself a little-just enough to know how it felt-but he lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly lost his life by trying to see how near he could come to the end and miss it. He said that he felt no pain, and that his only sensation was the fire below his eye, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. These colors were a source of pleasure to him for a moment, but his amusement was of very short duration, and came near ending in a tragedy. Captain Montagnac was hanged in France, and rescued from the gibbet at the interference of Viscount Turenne. He complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had now been called back, by his pardon, from a light of which the charm defied all description. Another criminal, who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that after a second of suffering a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, he said it was not worth the asking. The London Review says that this is the uniform testimony of men who have been rescued, after being in a state of suspense between

heaven and earth. The cases fill pages in books of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary; that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds; that colors of various hues start up before the sight; and after these have been gazed upon for a moment-but a moment that is indefinitely prolonged—the rest is oblivion.

This beautiful display of colors has been presented also to the drowning, who have been brought back to consciousness to tell of the pleasures instead of the pains they experienced, when the first pang was past. Still we think the pain has the preponderance. We can imagine a great many amusements more likely to be popular than that of hanging by the neck; and so long as cosmoramas can be seen for a shilling through a glass tube, sensible people will hardly care to look at them with their necks in a

noose. THE sewing - machines are



I can wear such baby-linen as that, do you?

seamstresses, so that it is thought in a year or two there will be no need of women at all. Old Grubbs says that he always thought them (the women, not the machines) the most useless and the most expensive invention that was ever made. They cost more than they come to, and fetch nothing at all when they get old. One of the editorial corps in the West complains bitterly that he has just been mulcted in the sum of \$250 for kissing a young lady against her will. A neighbor consoles him by relating his own experience. He kissed a young lady against her will one time, and it had cost him a thousand dollars a year ever since. Sewing-machines don't cost any thing like that; but a loving wife, even if Old Grubbs thinks she is only so so, is a thousand times better than a dozen of "them machines." The fact is, if we had to take our choice, instead of a sewing-machine we would have a "spinning-jenny." Not so, however, is the sad and bitter resolution of a Portland Yankee, who has become disgusted with the "hull femail sect." He writes: "I have gin up all ideer of wimen fokes, and have took to perlitikil life. Aingills in petticuts is well enough to look at, and for fellers to talk about, but, bless 'em! they're so slippery as eles, and when you fish for 'em, and get a bite, you somehow or other find yourself at the wrong end of the stringthey've cotched you! And when you've stuffed 'em with pea-nuts, and candy, and daggertypes, they'll throw you away as they would a cold tater. Leastways that's been my speriens. But I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheber, the Sleepin' Beauty, Kleopater's Needle, Pompey's • Pillar, and Lot's wife, with a steam-engine to help 'em. couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

"Samivel, bevare of the vidders," was very good advice, but who takes advice to keep out of the way of a bewitching woman. It is an impeachment of one's own good sense to suppose that he can not take care of himself when only a woman is in the case. Yet so honest, simple, and unsuspecting was a young merchant in New Orleans, Mr. Thomas P. Dobson, formerly of Slowville, Connecticut, that he never once mistrusted that the Widow Ivison had any designs on his person. Indeed, the widow had not for herself, but being the lone mother of a lone and lovely daughter, she thought it not unmeet that young Mr. Dobson, a thriving tradesman, should often see the daughter of her house and heart; and then, how could he help but love, and woo, and win her? Dobson was her frequently-invited guest; to church and opera Dobson often was asked to go with the widow and her daughter, but the widow was subject to sudden headaches, and the youthful pair were obliged to go without her maternal company and care. The widow kept an account at Mr. Dobson's store, and in fine weather Miss Emily was sent again and again to purchase some indispensable nothing, that nobody could select but herself. The widow thought she had him sure. Other people thought so too. Mr. Thomas P. Dobson thought nothing about it. While the widow was looking for him daily to call and ask for the hand of her daughter, he was looking for the widow to call and settle her bill. So matters stood when the young merchant called at the widow's one morning, and was kindly received by the young lady. After a little pleasant chat, he said at the rate of "two-forty."

he wished to see her mother, and presently the widow appeared, as pleasant as the morning of spring.

Mr. Dobson began, without any hesitation: Mrs. Ivison, as I am going to the North for goods, to be gone a few weeks, I called to see you in relation to our matters.'

"You are perfectly right, Sir; I admire your frankness. Have you spoken to my daughter, Mr. Dobson?"

"Why no, Madam, I have not indeed; as she is quite young, I presumed that the business was all in your hands."

"Oh no, Sir, not at all. It is all as she says. I leave it entirely to her."

"Well, then," said Dobson, rising and putting his hand to his breast-pocket, "I may as well leave

"Bill! bill, Sir!" screamed the widow, forgetting herself in her disappointment and vexation. What do you mean by a bill, Sir?

"Only a little bill of \$59 50 for things that Miss Emily has had at the store, Madam. Why are you surprised?"

"Because, Sir-because I thought it had been paid;" and showing the astonished young gentleman out, she promised to send a servant with the money in the course of the day.

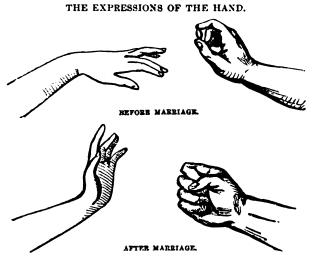
"I wonder," said Dobson, when he returned from New York, "what is the matter with the Ivisons. Miss Emily was as cool as an icicle when I called the other evening; and the widow gave me the cut direct when I met her in the street to-day. Somebody must have been telling lies about me while I was gone. I am glad, though, she paid her bill;" and then Dobson scratched away at his books and his head, and soon forgot the widow and her lone and lovely daughter.

None of Young's "Night Thoughts" were truer to the young heart's experience than these:

> Tis sweeter than all else below, The daylight and its duties done, To fold the arms for rest, and so Relinquish all regards but one; To see her features in the dark; To lie and meditate once more Some grace he did not fully mark, Some tone he had not heard before; Then, from beneath his head to take Her notes, her picture, and her glove, Put there for joy when he shall wake And press them to the heart of love; And then to whisper "Wife," and pray To live so long as not to miss That unimaginable day Which farther seems the nearer 'tis; And still from joy's unfathomed well To drink, in sleep, while on her brow Of innocence ineffable The laughing bridal roses blow.

WHEN railroads were a new institution, it was a frequent amusement to observe the consternation the fiery monster caused as he plowed his way through the world, over the hills and far away. They are quite as great a novelty now in some parts of the country as they were hereabouts twenty-five years ago. In Georgia, a short time since, a boy from the woods was at the depot when the train was on the track, and as he was gazing in stupid wonder at the fixins, and wandering in the cars, the whistle shricked its unearthly sound, and in a moment more the whole thing was driving on





"Oh, lordy!" screamed the boy, "stop it, stop it! I ain't a gwine!" and bursting open the door, he stood on the platform between the cars. Just then the train was crossing a deep and cavernous-looking gorge on trestle-work, and seeing the trees and fields far below him, the frightened booby fell on the floor and fainted away. Presently he came to, and looking up at the conductor, who stood by him, he cried with horror, "Say, stranger, tell me, oh, lordy! has the thing lit?"

An Eastern man writes us that a stage-driver, by whose side he was riding on the box a few weeks ago, told him the following story as they passed a wretched-looking farm-house, and the old farmer lounging about the door. The driver said:

"A Boston trader called at that house some time ago to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot he concluded not to take it, it was so full of skippers. As he was going off, the farmer said to him, 'Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?'

"The trader took another look at it, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied, 'Well, let it be a day or two longer, and I guess you can drive it right down!"

"ELIZA, my child," said a very prudish old maid to her pretty niece, who would curl her hair in beautiful ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it hims if"

"So he did, Aunty, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

Some years ago the Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., of this city, wrote a series of letters, in the Newark Daily Advertiser, to Working Men, over the signature of Charles Quill. Not long since he received a beautiful cane as a present from a young man who had derived great benefit from the perusal of the letters, now published in a book. The distinguished author has written the following interesting acknowledgment of the compliment:

"MY DEAR LITTLE JOHN ELLIOT,—It was a most agreeable surprise to me, when I received the beautiful oaken walking-stick, turned and carved for me by our good friends in Newark. And my satisfaction was derived not so much from the perfection of the work—the acorn, oak-leaves,

and significant quill—as from the proof it conveys that some poor labors of mine in former years were not ill received by the class for whom they were intended. All my life long I have had a warm side toward the working man. When I was yet a child I had a fondness for being in shops and factories, to witness the progress of handicraft; and now that I am getting old, I confess that my taste is unaltered. Still I say, speed the plow—speed the anvil—speed the loom.

"I hope, my dear boy, you will live to see the day when there shall be fewer jealousies between wealth and labor. Till that time comes, we must let the wicked and ignorant on either side complain, threaten, and magnify separate interests. The wise, mean while—whether men of capital or men of work—will admit the rights of all, in the

persuasion that the poor boy of to-day may be the wealthy statesman or philanthropist of to-morrow. I speak of to-day and to-morrow, because life is but a brief day. Yesterday I was, like you, a little boy; very shortly you will be a man. When that time comes, I trust you will see around you thousands of educated mechanics. Every time I enter your common schools, those palaces of the people, I am convinced that the next generation will enjoy an amount of light altogether unknown in this. God grant that with the light of natural culture our people may possess the crowning ornament of religion.

"When your education shall be complete, let me bespeak from you a sympathy for the workingmen. Some of these days you too, like your famous and sainted ancestor, will wield a pen; and though you will not employ the Indian tongue, you may write something for the entertainment of the industrious classes. You will not find them ungenerous in their returns. Commend me, with hearty thanks, to those who have done me the honor, and believe me to be, your warm friend,

"CHAS. QUILL."

PLEASE not, most attentive correspondents, to send any more anecdotes of the "Hard Shell Baptists" to the Drawer. We have had enough of them, and more than enough, and the following is the last:

"In the autumn of 1849 a party of ladies and gentlemen visited Mount Washington, Bullit County, Kentucky, to attend an Association of this much-abused and somewhat eccentric sect. For some time they were hospitably entertained at the house of Uncle Thomas Benson, a most worthy Baptist of the old line, who, in accordance with the customs of Kentucky, and the well-known habits of the people who were now his guests, supplied them plentifully with the 'good creature,' which they received with thankfulness, and used as if they loved it. One day the party were invited to go home to dinner with one of the brethren who had not a reputation for hospitality equal to that of their present host, and Boatman, a leading Hard Shell, objected to accepting the invitation. He was, however, finally overruled, and the party set off. Arrived at the house, they were kindly received, and Boatman left the company for a few minutes, but soon returned, a broad and beaming smile upon his face, and a huge bowl of



egg-nog in his hands. Presenting it in triumph to the party, he roared out, 'Well, friends, brethren and sisters, I thought we ought to have staid at old Uncle Benson's, but I find we are among God's good people up here wherever we go.'"

"THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER," from the German of Uhland, is one of those strange and startling conceits which no other language attempts:

There came three students over the Rhine— Dame Werter's house they entered in; "Dame Werter, hast thou good beer and wine? And where's that lovely daughter of thine?"

"My beer and my wine are fresh and clear— My daughter is lying cold on her bier." They stepped within the chamber of rest, Where shrined lay the maiden, in black robes dressed.

The first he drew from her face the vail; "Ah! wert thou alive, thou maiden so pale," He said, as he gazed with saddened brow, "How dearly would I love thee now!"

The second, he covered the face anew, And, weeping, he turned aside from the view; "Ah me! that thou liest on the cold bier, The one I have loved for so many a year!"

The third once more uplifted the vail, He kissed the lips so deadly pale; "Thee loved I ever, still love I thee, And thee will I love through eternity."

And that kiss—that kiss—with Promethean flame Thrilled with new life the quivering frame; And the maid uprose and stood by his side, That student's own loved and loving bride!

THE Crimean heroes are all the rage in the Old Country, now that the war is over, especially the Irish heroes. Their modesty is world famous, and they maintain their reputation. It was at one of the festivals, now so numerous, that an Irish soldier returned from the East was thus accosted:

"Well, Pat, my good fellow, and what did you do at the Alma?"

"Do! your honor? Why, I walked up bowldly to one of the inimy and cut off his feet!"

"Cut off his feet! and why didn't you cut off his head?"

"Ah, by my faith, that was off already!"

"I THINK our church will last a good many years yet," said a worthy but waggish deacon to the minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

THE bar is well represented in three veritable incidents that have come recently to hand. First, let us hear from the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, once a prince of good fellows, whom we remember to have seen and heard at the bar when he was a temperance man, and then again when he was not a temperance man—indeed, when he rather leaned the other way.

The Hon. Member of Congress was defending a man charged with murder, in Jessamine County, Judge Lusk presiding. The testimony against the prisoner was strong, and Tom struggled hard on the cross-examination, but to little purpose, for the old Judge was inflexible in his determination to rule out all the improper testimony offered on the part of the defense. At last Tom worked himself into a high state of excitement, and remarked that "Jesus Christ was convicted upon just such rulings of the court that tried him."

"Clerk," said the Judge, "enter a fine of \$10 against Mr. Marshall."

"Well, that is the first time I ever heard of any body being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was the quick response of Tom.

Here the Judge became very indignant, and ordered the clerk to enter another fine of \$20.

Tom arose with that peculiar, mirth-provoking expression of countenance that no one can imitate, and addressed the Court with as much gravity as circumstances would permit, as follows:

"If your Honor please, as a good citizen, I feel bound to obey the order of this Court, and intend to do so in this instance; but as I don't happen to have \$30 about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it of some friend; and as I see no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your Honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square up the amount of the fines that you have caused the clerk to enter against me."

This was a stumper. The Judge looked at Tom, and then at the clerk, and finally said,

"Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines; the State is better able to lose \$30 than I am."

That is very well; but we proceed, secondly, to say that is not so good as another from the same quarter. A Western correspondent writes to us that, on another occasion, in the same Jessamine County, this redoubtable lawyer was engaged in a trial before a Justice of the Peace. Tom tried to convince the Squire that he had made an erroneous decision on a certain point of law, and for this purpose he cited authorities from King Solomon all the way down, piling tome on tome, till the Justice was ready to swear that he didn't care a button for all his books, or Tom Marshall either. After Tom had exhausted his whole fund of argument and eloquence to no effect, he said,

"Will your Honor please to fine me ten dollars for contempt of court?"

"For what?" asked the astonished magistrate. "You have committed no contempt of court!"

"But," replied the illustrious Tom, in his own provokingly ludicrous way, "I assure you I have a most infernal contempt for it!"

And now, once more, which is thirdly; the same correspondent writes yet another incident that recently—he says, only a few days ago—transpired in one of those important little tribunals, a Justice's Court, in the independent republic of Brown County, Indiana.

A man by the name of Gray had sued a neighbor for killing his dog. The evidence was clear, and the lawyer of the plaintiff submitted the case in a few words. The counsel for the defense then rose and spread himself for a speech. He was just launching into the merits of the case after the usual exordium, "May it please the Court, we are proud to live in a land where justice is administered to the king on the throne and the beggar on his dunghill—" when the Squire, who had heard enough, interrupted him, and said,

"Mr. Hurd, you may go ahead with your speech, but the case are decided."

The lawyer very wisely reasoned that there was no use in expending his eloquence under such discouraging circumstances, and wound up with a few preliminary remarks.





WHAT IT MUST COME TO.

ecdote is told, in a recent review of Dean Swift, in a London magazine:

"When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a goldlaced waistcoat, a bag-wig, and other the like fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremonies as if he had been an entire stranger.

"'And pray, Sir,' said he, 'what may be your commands with me?

"'I thought it to be my duty, Sir,' replied Faulkner, 'to wait upon you immediately upon my arrival from London.

"'Pray, Sir, who are you?"

"'George Faulkner, the printer, Sir.'

"'You George Faulkner, the printer! Sir, you are the most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in gold-lace and other fopperies. Get out of my house, or I will at once have you sent to the House of Correction!

"Away went Faulkner, as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, he returned to the deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality.

"'My friend George,' said the Dean, 'I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, here has been an impudent fellow with me, just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat and other ridiculous garments, who said he was George Faulkner, the printer! I soon dispatched him, however!"

"Sampson was the strongest man," according to the New England Primer, and his greatest feat was carrying off the gates of Gaza on his shoulders. But that was nothing to what the Rev. Dr. Tyng of our city did at Williamstown last August, at a great haystack celebration. The Examiner, a re- | inspiring theme, of nine-tenths of the poetry that Vol. XIV.-No. 79.-I1*

THE annexed capital and not uninstructive an- | ligious paper, says, that as he was addressing a crowded assembly, about two thousand people, he waxed eloquent as usual, and "carried off the audience bodily." This exploit leaves Sampson and his gates altogether in the shade, and hereafter, when children are asked, "Who is the strongest man?" they will please to answer, "Dr. Tyng."

> VERY rarely is there more good sense in three verses of poetry than in the little poem we are about to copy. The old proverb, "God helps those who help themselves," is as true as it is old, and after all is said and done, in this country if in no other, a man must depend on his own exertions, not on patronage, if he would have or deserve suc-

THE EXCELLENT MAN.

They gave me advice and counsel in store, Praised me and honored me, more and more; Said that I only should 'wait a while,' Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation, I should, long ago, have died of starvation, Had there not come an excellent man, Who bravely to help me along began. Good fellow! he got me the food I ate, His kindness and care I shall never forget: Yet I can not embrace him-though other folks can, For I myself am this excellent man.

A VOLUME of humorous poetry-a portly volume, too, seven hundred pages thick-is that compiled by Parton, and published by Mason Brothers; but the most curious, if not the most amusing thing in the book, is the fact that the compiler states in the preface, that the whole range of literature, English and American, does not furnish a single piece of humorous poetry by a female writer! There is a nut for somebody to crack.

But if so be that the ladies are not given to writing humorous verse, they are the theme, the



fills this volume. Here is one of Tom Moore's sorrow with its ashes. epigrams, to a lady:

"Die when you will, you need not wear At heaven's court a form more fair Than Beauty here on earth has given; Keep but the lovely looks we see The voice we hear-and you will be An angel ready-made for heaven!"

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake; It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife." "Why so it is, father-whose wife shall I take?"

> "To win the maid the poet tries, And sometimes writes to Julia's eves: She likes a verse; but, cruel whim, She still appears a-verse to him!"

A CORRESPONDENT who does not wish his local habitation or his name to leak out, writes to us that a young woman in his village applied, a short time since, to the Chairman of the School Committee, who is also a Justice of the Peace, for a certificate that she might be legally entitled to the privilege of teaching school in one of the districts. The magistrate is a very worthy officer, but his education had been badly cared for when he was young. He was now under the painful necessity of showing his hand; and, after profound deliberation, he produced the following:

"A sertifit to keep cool.
"T. Jonson." " N. Y., June 9.

THE Boston Daily Journal says there is a man in that city, who during the past year or more has practiced as an apothecary, advertising in one or two of the penny papers in accordance with his profession. Some weeks since his tax bill was sent to him, but as it was not paid, a few days ago he received a note informing him that a warrant had been issued against his estate for the attachment of sufficient thereof to pay the amount of the tax, together with the costs. To this note the delinquent returned the following cool reply in writing:

"DEAR SIE-I received your very polite note, and though interesting only to myself, would inform you that I should be extremely happy to find myself with \$9 and odd, this morning, after seven years' sojourn in your goodly city-every thing in the shape of property, personal or otherwise, having vanished long ago. Nothing but a beggarly account of empty bottles (which I was insane enough at one time to advertise for sale, but can not even give away), remain for you. Trusting you may meet with better success among the rest of your acquaintances,

"I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

"P.S. Should it be in your power to place me in any position where I might obtain regular meals (however frugal they may be), you will confer a favor on "Yours, etc.,

In a modest but well-conducted periodical, under the management of the students of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, we find an article entitled "Greenwood, the City of Repose," from which we take the ensuing beautiful passage:

"In these still homes are thousands of little children, yet they all are quiet. There is no restless pattering of little feet or confusion of eager voices. They do not laugh or cry, and they have no wants. And here, too, are youths and maidens, yet no low words pass between them; they have no wild hopes of the future, no happiness with its glow, or | dat superior wegetable!"

They care nothing for pleasure or learning, fame or love. What a rest it must be to subdue all this thrilling life and emetion! And here are men who once seemed but the embodiment of thoughts and deeds, yet how changed! Here the merchant takes no interest in the morning papers with the prices current-is indifferent to the sale of stocks. The lawyer has forgotten his clients and fees; the pastor his flock. The politician does not attend to elections and stratagems; he even does not seek an office. The sailor does not watch the wind and weather, and is not particular about his reckoning; he has given up his vigilance and toil. The fireman does not start at the sound of the alarm-bell, or evince a feverish haste to be first at the post of danger. He has given up his engine and his feuds: such things do not interest him now. All these have left busy homes in yonder tumultuous city, yet they do not expect to return. However unfinished their business or unrealized their hopes, they will not close the one or realize the other. They have not even made arrangements to have their correspondence sent to their residence here. Should life and death depend upon their testimony, they will not be called as witnesses."

THE newspaper item was right which records the accident of the sloop-wreck on the North River, in September last, in these few, but graphic words:

"While the storm was at its height the vessel keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whisky rolled overboard.'

Among the Websteriana there is nothing of his better than the answer to the French Minister, who asked Mr. Webster, while Secretary of State, whether the United States would recognize the new government of France.

The Secretary assumed a very solemn tone and attitude, saying,

"Why not? The United States has recognized the Bourbons, the Republic, the Directory, the Council of Five Hundred, the First Consul, the Emperor, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Phillipe, the-

"Enough, enough!" cried the French Minister, perfectly satisfied by such a formidable citation of consistent precedents.

WE gave, not long since, in the Drawer, a specimen of the magniloquent language in which our "colored brethren" are so apt to indulge. Here is another "sample," and of actual occurrence in Washington Market, having been overheard by a friend, whom it pleased so much that he took it down at the time:

"My colored friend, George-Edward Fitz-Augustus, walked up to the wagon of a fat countryman, and, after peering for some time at his stock, inquired, 'Are dose good taters?'

"'Yes, Sir,' responded the countryman.
"'A tater,' resumed George-Edward Fitz-Augustus, 'is inevitably bad unless it is inwariably good. Dere is no medeocraty in de combination ob a tater. De exterion may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while de interion is totally negative. But, Sir, if you wends de article on your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man ob probability in your transactions, I, widout any furder circumlocutions, takes a bushel ob



Fashions for Werember.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.

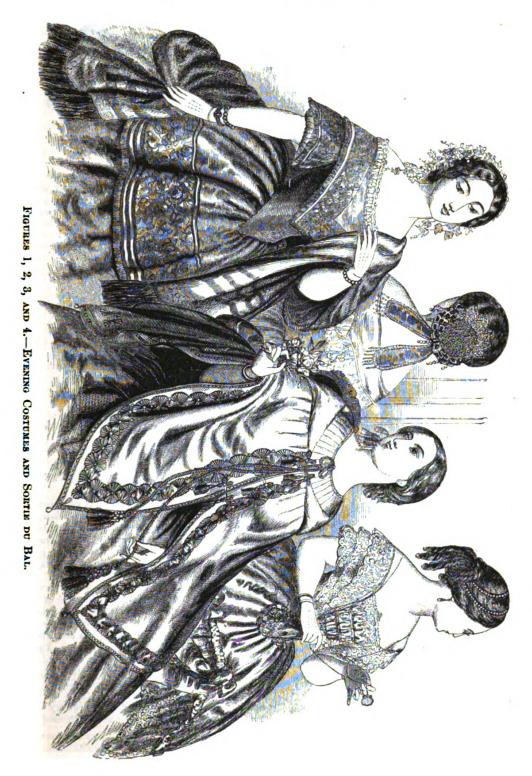


FIGURE 1 is a dress of rich light-blue taffeta, with flounces of velours épingle, representing tangled beds of roses, in their natural colors. The berthe and sleeves are similar in design, but narrower. The berthe forms epaulettes on the shoulders, and meets in a point about the mid-depth of the corsage, which is pointed. The skirt is full, with three flounces, of which only the upper one appears in the figure. Upon the edge is woven a narrow fringe, and narrow lines of blue velvet run parallel with the flounces. A bouillonnée of the same material as the dress trims its top, which is further enriched with an engrélure of point lace. The under-sleeves are puffed, with narrow stripes of cerise velvet running lengthwise. The hair is ornamented with autumn-tinted vine-leaves and green grapes.

In Figure 2, the HEAD-DRESS is a transparent, quarilled with black velvet, each mesh ornamented with a pearl, and surrounded with black lace, set on full, intermingled with ivy-leaves, berries, and crimson fuchsias.

Figure 3 is a SORTIE DU BAL of white glace. The shoulders are laid in narrow flat plaits, which merge in wider ones below. A deep pointed hood, with tassels at the back, falls upon the shoulders. Its general form is circular. The passamenterie is of azure velvet ribbon and lozenge-formed puffs of taffeta of similar shade, with a pearl on each corner. The spaces between the puffs are occupied by fan-shaped ornaments of bugles—blue and white alternately. A cord, with loops and tassels, gives an appropriate finish to this garment.

FIGURE 4.—EVENING DRESS. Hair à la Grec, with coiffure of miniature fruits and flowers. Long drops ornament the ears. Three rows of black lace cover the shoulders, and, forming the sleeves, terminate in a point at the waist, where they form a V-shaped front to the corsage. At the back the lace passes across, making three flounces over the dress, which is of azol-green taffeta. Alternate bouillonnées of lace and twists of the silk occupy the front of the corsage. The skirt is very full, and set on in hollow plaits, with three lace flounces, festooned, and caught up in front by ribbons.



FIGURE 5.—COIFFURE EN CHEVEU.

The Coiffure in Figure 5 will afford a hint for arranging the hair for ordinary occasions, independent of the ornaments here introduced. The wreath is of artificial fruits and flowers; the leaves being of varied tints of green and deep autumnal hues. A nœud of black velvet ribbon, with floats, is placed below. This may be spotted with pearls and edged with black lace.



FIGURE 6.—HEAD-DRESS.

The Head-Dress in Figure 6 is of velvet, similar to that described above; or it may be ornamented with straw buttons, with single straws of chenille.



FIGURE 7.—COIFFURE D'OUDE.

The Coiffure D'Oude (Fig. 7), is very novel. It is composed of light-blue or rose-colored lisse, or other similar texture, striped with satin ribbon, ornamented with rows of pearl. This is gracefully twisted, so as to form, with an opposite garland of white lilies, a wreath with trailing sprays. The drapery is fringed with gold.

Cloaks fashioned like those known as "traveling cloaks," are much in favor. They are of ladies' cloths. Bonnets are ornamented with bird-of-paradise plumes; shapes of the crown vary at pleasure; perhaps the curtains are less deep than heretofore, otherwise there is little change. They still flare greatly, and are small over the head.— Lappets, basques, and flounces, retain their popularity.—Skirts, when plain, are often trimmed up the front with passamenteries.—Buttons are in vogue for ornaments; many of these are very elegant.—Velvets and black laces are much used as

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXX.—JANUARY, 1857.—Vol. XIV.



HIS MAJESTY FRANK PENGUIN, KING OF THE BRUTES.

THE ANIMAL DECLARATION OF IN- | dia, and the various Menageries throughout the DEPENDENCE.

IT has been well known for some time in cer-tain circles that a movement was on foot

world; all the beasts were unanimous for free-

After deliberation, it was decided that the for the emancipation of the brute creatures (so first blow should be struck in America, while called) from the thralldom of man. For years mankind was absorbed in the Presidential eleca correspondence has been kept up between Af- tion. The next question was what part of Amerrica, the Rocky Mountains, the Jungles of In- ica should be selected? The Rocky Mountain

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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interest was urgent in favor of the other side of the Mississippi. An eloquent delegation from Hudson Bay pressed the claims of Canada. The Alligators, a large and powerful community, protested that it would be death to them to travel north of the Carolinas; and as they held a power of attorney from the fishes, who sympathized in the movement, though, from obvious reasons, they could not take an active part in it, their opinion had considerable weight. Finally, on the proposal of an ancient Gander, the question was referred to a Committee consisting of the Horse, the Monkey, and the Magpie. It has been pretended that this Committee did not discharge its functions with the integrity which might have been expected; the Jackass afterward brayed, within hearing of many respectable brutes, that the Horse felt his oats (of course implying that that vegetable had been used to corrupt him); and a young Crocodile asseverated, with many tears, that the Monkey did not come out of the business with clean hands. However this be, the report of the Committee was unanimous in favor of the Elysian Fields at Hoboken

—the time, a fine, bright November night, just before the election.

The decision being final, all the brutes submitted except the Alligators, who intrusted a friendly Polecat with their remonstrance. I regret that I am unable to give this document, which, I am told, was remarkably touching and effective; but, from reasons which delicacy forbids me to mention, it was never read, and still remains in the possession of its custodian.

On the evening fixed, the Monkey who served on the Committee, and who had had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Hobbs, picked all the locks of Barnum's Museum, and led the imprisoned animals forth. A boat belonging to the Staten Island Ferry Company had been chartered by the Jackass (a relative, as it appeared, of one of the managers), and by midnight the whole party had crossed the water without other accident than a rencontre with a party of police-officers, who, on being assured by the Parrot that they were all Democratic voters, let them pass without comment.

On reaching the ground, the fugitives found

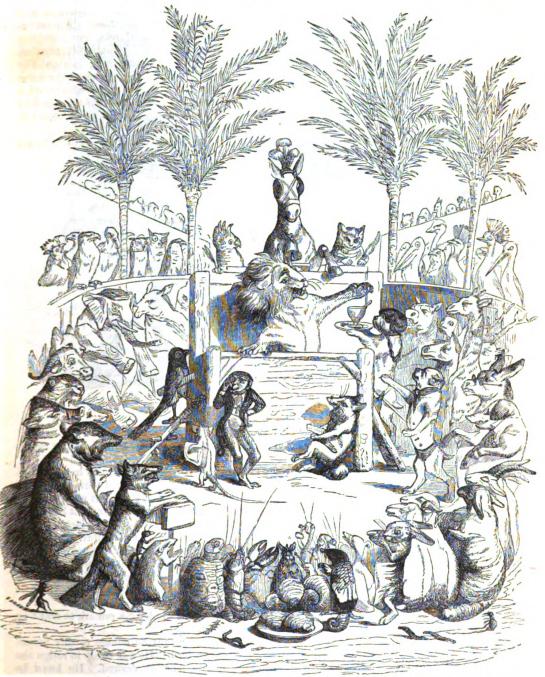


THE HYENA, WITH MUCH BITTERNESS, ROSE TO HOWL, ETC.



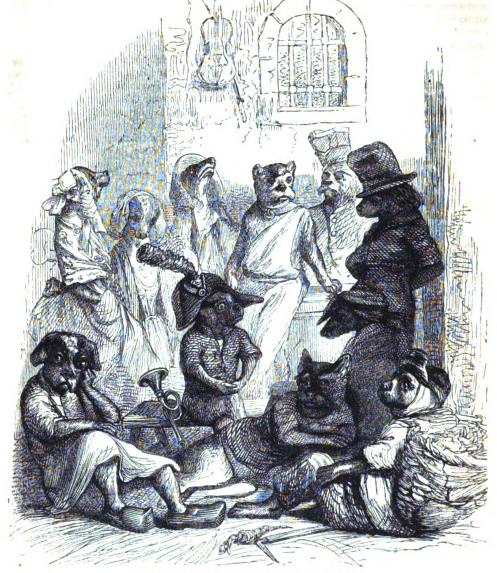
a large party assembled. Delegations had ar- | nity, as became deputies from Spain. rived from every country in the world. A select body was in attendance from the Zoological Gardens, headed by a fine Bull; and at least thirty representatives of the Jardin des Plantes, with a Frog as spokesman, were discussing the Rights of Brutes and the theories of Proudhon. Several Ermine, of judicial aspect, and an Eagle or two, with drooping wings, came special from Moscow and Siberia. A party of Bears, with famished looks and a terrible flavor of garlic, were standing on their hind-legs and their dig-

with the finest and smoothest brush in the world, might have been heard discoursing eloquently on the throne of the Cæsars to a group of Hippopotami, who were evidently delegates from the Nile. Apart from the common herd stood a small party of Lions of very distinguished aspect; they refused to fraternize with their fellow-creatures from Van Amburgh's, and communicated with the rest of the assemblage through the medium of their valets, the Hyenas. A serious Giraffe, from Barnum's, was



THE LION ENTREATS THE ASSEMBLY TO BELIEVE THAT IT IS NOT VANITY OR AMBITION WHICH INDUCES HIM TO SOLICIT





THE DOGS DECLARF THAT THEY WILL NOT SUBMIT.

noticed in close conversation with a female ostrich; from sentences which were overheard by the by-standers, he seemed to be urging her to adopt skirts, and so cease to scandalize the public by the exhibition of her legs. In fine, there were present members of nearly every respectable family in the Animal Kingdom-all impressed with the importance of the work in hand, and imbued with the noblest spirit of conciliation. Nothing was heard but exclamations of friendship on every side; and though an enthusiastic Wolf did strangle a Lamb, and a Fox, in a fit of absence of mind, choked a fat Duck, these accidents were rightly ascribed to the force of habit, and did not mar the harmony of the proceedings.

At about one o'clock the assemblage was called to order by a loud snort from a WILD BOAR, from Ceylon, who, in compliment to the country, moved that the Buffalo take the chair. | brute became visibly affected.]

The Porcupines volunteered to act as Secre-

The Buffalo, squatting on his hams, wished that some worthier person had been selected for the responsible post of President of this august assemblage. He was no orator; but he trusted that his heart was in the right place. [Loud applause from the Dogs and Vultures.] He had long been satisfied that man was not entitled to the sovereignty he had usurped over the world. What was man? Had not one of his own race described him as a biped without feathers? And should a biped command quadrupeds?

The EAGLE would have a remark to make on that subject.

The CHAIR meant no offense to any honorable brute or bird. He was ready to resign the chair, if any member desired. He knew he was incompetent- [Here the tender-hearted



his confidence; he had long known him, and, though their opinions differed on some points, he could speak favorably of his honorable friend. Especially his nose and ham-continued the Wolf, musingly, when he was interrupted by

The Ox, who declared that delicacy prevented his taking part in a debate which concerned so near a relative; but he moved that the meeting do now proceed to business.

An old Monkey moved that Committees on Credentials, on Resolutions, and on a Plan of Action be appointed. Carried unanimously.

The CHAIR appointed the Moles, assisted by an Owl, a Committee on Credentials; the Mag-

The Wolf declared that the Chair enjoyed | pie, the Rattlesnake, and the Panther a Committee on Resolutions; and the Mosquito, the Elephant, and the Cockchafer a Committee ona Plan of Action.

> A HYENA rose with great warmth to shriek that a Permanent President should be appointed.

> The Swan would feel obliged if the Hyena would not spit in her face.

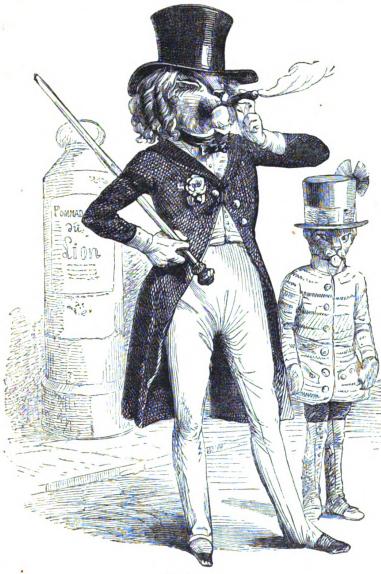
> The BLACK SNAKE hoped he had not come there to be insulted. He considered a reference to spitting personal.

An old TOAD, who had got into a rock under one of the Pharaohs, and been got out by the railroad engineers, did not wish to occupy the time of the assembly, but the presumption of



THE COLEOPTERON EXPRESS.





LEO JUNIOR

some animals was astounding. He would assure the Snake that he was present, and on questions of expectoration he would object to any one trying to head him off.

The RAVEN knew and respected the claims of the Toad; but he would submit to his honorable friend, whether, considering the advances which the young men of America have made in the art of expectoration, it would not be dignified and decorous and proper to relinquish the practice to them?

The Toad apologized for his want of information on the point. He had been 3563 years in a crevice of a rock. If the men of America were as great proficients as the Magpie said, he was not the reptile to deny them a monopoly of spitting.

Cries of Question, Question.

The CHAIR would ask his friend, the Wolf, what business was before the meeting?

The Wolf growled, abstractedly, that she was small but tender.

A Ram butted the Wolf to order. Not content with desecrating the very beginning of their proceedings by slaughtering one of his (the Ram's) children, this ferocious creature was evidently absorbed in horrible visions of eating her—

A VULTURE exclaimed that language failed to portray such depravity.

The Jackal concurred.

A Bull Dog snarled that, with the permission of the Chair, he would vindicate the outraged dignity of the assemblage.

The Wolf would ask leave to say that he had been misunderstood. His remark was made in a purely parliamentary sense.

The Jackass submitted that this was perfectly satisfactory.

The RAM being of this mind, rubbed his nose against that of the Wolf's in token of reconciliation.

On motion of the Mouse, the assembly resolved itself into

Committee of the Whole, with the Mule in the Chair.

A Cock rose to crow that the business before the meeting was the selection of a President. He was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and, albeit not given to crowing over others, he thought he might venture to say that no one there had so just an appreciation of the importance of the struggle in which they were about to engage as himself. Nor did he believe that there were any there whose peculiar capacity-ahem! he would not say more-was so well adapted to the responsible duties of President as his own. He had been accustomed to command. While his friend, the Lion, for instance, thought himself fortunate if he secured one partner in his home, he (the Cock) had never less than seven in his hareem. He had historic prestige too. His friend, the Frog, would certify that that highly intellectual

race of men, the French (groans from the assembly), who almost redeemed mankind, had chosen him to typify their best qualities. Personally, he had enjoyed the friendship of one of the greatest heroes of modern times—Santa Anna—under whose eye he had learned the art of war. [Here the Sloth was heard to snore, and the Hyena to laugh bitterly.] He (the Cock) was well aware of the motive of these ill-bred interruptions. But neither threats nor insults should divert him from his purpose. He offered himself as a candidate for the Presidency. He concluded with cock-a-doodle-doo.

The Horse had but a few words to neigh. With all due respect for the last speaker, he had a constitutional aversion to spurs; nor could he conceal his dislike of coxcombry. Cocks were very well in their way, and he would admit that this assembly would be badly off without them, considering their courage and military experience. Still, bearing in mind the qualities they required in a leader—coolness, watchfulness, bravery, skill, and strength—he thought the cock was not the animal to choose. He would prefer the Dog, the Newfoundland Dog. [The Dogs wagged their tails applaudingly: the Cocks crowed indignantly.]

The HYENA, with much bitterness, howled that they had listened to a one-horse argument in favor of the slave of man. What claim had the Dog to the supremacy of the brutes? Had lot be taken.

he not notoriously taken the side of their oppressors from time immemorial? He would go so far in his respect for man as to admit that he had given them a hint of which they should profit. He (man) had given to one animal the name of the King of Beasts. He was entitled to it. He was a King. He anticipated their applause when he nominated for President the noblest denizen of the forest, the Lion. [Roars from the Lions, and general confusion: Dogs bark, Oxen low, Sheep bleat, Crows caw, Cats mew, Hyenas laugh till a young one splits its sides and has to be carried out. In the confusion a cry is heard. An Elephant on his way to his seat has crushed a family of Rats; the Chair, on motion of a Tom-cat, calls the Rats to order for not keeping out of the way.]

The RHINOCEROS was not a beast of many grunts. He thought that something was due to the able animal who was the means of bringing them together. He nominated the Monkey for President. [Tremendous uproar.]

A TERRIER of doubtful breed snapped that if the Monkey was elected he would not submit. [Applause from the Lions, Dogs, and Cocks.]

The Moles and the Owl from the Committee on Credentials having reported that, so far as they could see, all the delegates were duly entitled to their seats, the Pig moved that a ballot be taken.



THE DUEL.



MAJOR-GENERAL COCK.

The Porcurines, after declaring that the task bristled with difficulties, reported the number of animals present to be 745; number necessary to a choice 373.

by him. The proposal was indignantly rejected; the Lion would, however, give the Dog a mission to Timbuctoo to organize matters there, in return for the Dog's friends' votes. The

The chair appointed two Mollusks scrutineers.

The result of the first ballot was:

				 261
 				 136
				 65
				 . 1
			 	 . 1
				 280

The Jackass rose and brayed: with the permission of the assembly he would withdraw the Cock.

The Goose cackled that that was just like him.

The HARE murmured tremblingly that he thought it would facilitate matters if both the Cock and the Goose withdrew their names, as they were evidently not the choice of the assembly.

The Cock crowed that the Hare lied and he

A Bull Dog barked to know if the Cock was responsible for his words?

The Cock. Of course, when and where you please.

The HARE would rise to apologize-

The Bull Dog growled that he would allow no such thing. Matters must now take their course. [He seized the Hare and drew him to one side.]

A second ballot was taken as follows:

The Lion	261
The Dog	42
The Monkey	
The Cock	
Scattering	147

After this ballot a conference took place between the leading friends of the Lion, the Dog, and the Monkey. The Lion's friends claimed for him the Presidency of right, and quoted Æsop, Phædrus, La Fontaine, Gay, and other writings of men to prove his divine right to the supremacy of beasts. The Monkey observed that the world had got over these old notions; that democracy was the only sensible form of government for the present age; and urged upon his rivals to withdraw, as the majority of the convention were evidently in his favor. The Dog's chief spokesman, the Terrier before-mentioned, repeated that if the Monkey was elected, he would not submit. Overtures were made on behalf of the Dog to the Lion, to the effect that if he (the Lion) would transfer his votes to the Dog, the latter would behave handsomely

by him. The proposal was indignantly rejected; the Lion would, however, give the Dog a mission to Timbuctoo to organize matters there, in return for the Dog's friends' votes. The Dog replied that the Lion's size alone protected him. The Monkey went out and chattered to the Scattering, winning over the Rats, who were mourning over the death of their friends, by liberal promises of cheese, in the event of his election. The Terriers also canvassed actively.

A third ballot was taken with the following result:

The	Lion	 													231
The	Dog	 			 										172
The	Monkey	 												,	324
The	Cock	 													-1
Scatt	ering	 													17

The Lion must make a few remarks. He entreated the assembly to believe that it was not vanity or ambition which induced him to solicit their suffrages, and to urge them to come to a decision. He was moved solely by considerations of the public good. Who was there in this assemblage so able to defend, to protect, to rule them as himself? "What hardy beast should dare contest his strength?"

A voice was heard to say that there might be a bird, perhaps, if not a beast. [This was afterward discovered to be a Peacock.]

The Monkey and his friends were actively engaged in tampering with the supporters of the Lion during this speech. After a few moments' silence,

The Pig (commonly known as the learned Pig) rose on his hind-legs, and grunted that it was evident that the assembly was embarrassed to choose between three such excellent candidates. He could understand it. Between the majestic Lion, the trusty Dog, and the sagacious Monkey, a conscientious brute might well hes-Believing, for his own part, that the itate. dispatch of business was the main consideration, and feeling satisfied that there was no prospect of coming to a choice, in consequence of the eminence of each of the three candidates before them, and the enmities aroused by that emi-

of whose soundness he was assured, and against whom even the most malignant could not breathe a word of scandal. He would propose his friend Frank Penguin, of Discord, in the Isle of New Hants. [Tremendous sensation. Cries of "Order!" "Put him out!" "Hurrah for the Penguin!" "Bravo Pig!"]

The ELEPHANT raised his trunk, and squeaked for a ballot. The Chair having fallen aslcep in the act of chewing the cud, a Flea was appointed a committee to wake him, which he did very skillfully by biting him within the nostril.

On the fourth ballot the votes stood:

The	Penguir	1														. ,		465
The	Lion			 											,	. ,		80
The	Monkey															 		108
	Dog																	
	Cock																	
	tering																	

The Dove moved that the vote be made

The Penguin returned thanks. He would try to deserve their confidence. It was not in his nature to contradict any one. He had once tried fighting, but it was so foreign to his tastes that he fainted in the attempt. He would never do it again. He would do just what they wanted, and if he was advised differently by different counselors, he would always be careful to follow the advice last received. As to his policy, man was to be overthrown, and he thought the best mode of achieving that end was to preserve a "masterly inactivity." The Penguin spoke at some length in a strain of piercing eloquence, quoting Hail Columbia, Shakspeare, and Martin Farquhar Tupper.

The JACKASS could not refrain from rising to congratulate the assembly on their choice of a President. He believed that history might be ransacked in vain for a parallel to the noble bird who was now their ruler. [Great enthusiasm, during which many of the Dogs, headed by the Terrier, withdrew, declaring that they would not submit.]

The Lion believed that an injustice had been done him, but he would bear it. His son there-Leo Junior-had advised him to bolt and set up a rival convention [Great



THE WOLF ON SENTRY.



THE OWL ON PATROL DUTY.

excitement, and general scattering in the Lion's neighborhood], but he had repelled the counsel. He would, however, make a suggestion. Why should they change their good old name? Had they not been known from time immemorial as the Animal Kingdom? Why talk of republics, like mere men? [Tremendous cheering.] He moved that the Penguin be crowned.

The Crow, assisted by the Kingfisher, was appointed to crown the Penguin. As the ceremony was performed the Elysian fields rang with shouts of "Long live King Frank Penguin!"

The Wolf moved that the meeting do now adjourn to Nebraska Territory, there to organize measures for the great War of Independence.

A number of Fowls objecting that this was rather far to go, a friendly Fox promised to help them along.

The meeting then adjourned.

II.

Within an incredibly short period of time the animals met in a convenient plain in Nebraska. The muster roll was called by a Parrot, and the following were reported as missing:

Seven Fowls, believed to have been eaten by a Fox.

Two Sheep, devoured by a Dog and a Wolf on joint account.

One Monkey, seized in Missouri on the ground that he was a Free State settler destined for Kansas.

Two Baboons, detained by the Free State Committee on suspicion of having Pro-Slavery designs.

Two Pigs, stopped at Cincinnati, and barreled.

Three Dogs, locked up by the Governor of Kansas as invaders.

One Tomtit, arrested by telegraphic order of the President for disturbing the peace and order of the country.

With these trifling exceptions the assembly was integrally the same as that which had met at Hoboken.

The meeting being organized, the Magpie read the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That it is our right, as it is our duty, to shake off the galling yoke of the human race, and to assert our paramount claims to the exclusive enjoyment of the earth; to resume our freedom in the forests, or the plains, or the swamps, as we please, and to lead the life which is best

suited to our instincts.

Resolved, That work is a nuisance, and that any animal who proposes any form of labor, shall be handed over to a committee, consisting of the Lion, the Bear, and the Wolf.

Resolved, That all things shall be in common between us, and that no animal shall be permitted to claim any thing as his own.

Resolved, That carnivorous animals are earnestly solicited to try a vegetable diet, as more wholesome and more conducive to the comfort of the community than that to which they have been used.

Resolved, That we except from our denunciation of the human race, one man whose services entitle him to our respect and veneration—Professor Agassiz.

Resolved, That deputations be sent throughout the world with these our resolutions, and that the same be communicated to every creature.

Resolved, That as we may not succeed in exterminating the human race for some time to come, a prize of \$500 be offered to the human creatures for the best poem descriptive of our declaration of independence, the same to be handed in to the office of the Evening Post, whose



editors are hereby authorized to pay over the prize-money; also a prize for the best life of King Penguin, with a full account of his genealogy and early youth, in the style of Mayor Wood's; also a prize for the best essay on the Rights of Brutes (Mrs. L — M — , Mrs. A — K — F — , Miss L — S — , need not apply); also, a prize for the best argument to show, from Grotius, Puffendorf, and other authorities, that we are entitled to our independence (the Hon. W-m L. M-y is assured that he may save himself the trouble of competing).

These resolutions being put by the Penguin from the throne, were carried unanimously.

A Coleopteron was chosen to be the bearer of these resolutions to foreign parts.

The GIRAFFE objected to his selection. He reminded her of the New York dandies whom she used to see when she was at Barnum's; he would not be good for any thing.

The Coleopteron replied with warmth, that he did not deny the analogy. If he had claimed head-work, it might have been urged as an objection to him; but he only sought a post for which his legs eminently fitted him.

The GIRAFFE withdrew her objections.

The Committee on a Plan of Action, reported that a commander-in-chief should be appointed.

The Young Lion, Leo Junior, proposed him-

A SNAPPING TURTLE rose to object. It was said that Leo was in the habit of tearing his food with his left paw instead of his right; this was fatal to his claims. It was also understood that he was in the habit of winking his eye, and every time he winked his eye, it meant something. This was not clear. It had been reported that he was a believer in the plurality of worlds; how could this be got over? In fine, his moth-

er had had a flirtation in her youth; his father had a lame leg; one of his brothers ate his food without mastication; and a fox, now dead, but who told it to a wolf, who mentioned it to a hawk, who whispered it to a barn-door fowl, who told the present speaker, had accused his great uncle of preferring mutton to beef. He submitted that these reasons should suffice to defeat Leo, and proposed a stall-fed ox, of steady habits and correct deportment.

At this moment the Magpie entered the assembly, and craved the attention of the meeting. He had, he said, important correspondence to read. It was as follows:

THE FOX TO THE HARE.

"SIR,-I am empowered by my friend, Doodle Cock, Esq., to demand a retraction of the words uttered by you in debate this morning. In case you should not see fit to retract or apologize, be pleased to name a management of the pleased to name a management o pleased to name a friend with whom I can arrange

The Hare, cried the Magpie, on receiving this communication, at once sat down to write an apology. Happily his friend, Bull Dog, Esq., dropped in and put a stop to the letter. He told the Hare plainly that he would not permit him to show the white feather-that he must either fight him or the Fox. Under his dictation, the Hare replied as follows:

THE HARE TO THE FOX.

"SIR,-I have no apology to make. My friend, Bull Dog, Esq., will arrange matters. Respect-CRAVEN HARE." fully yours,

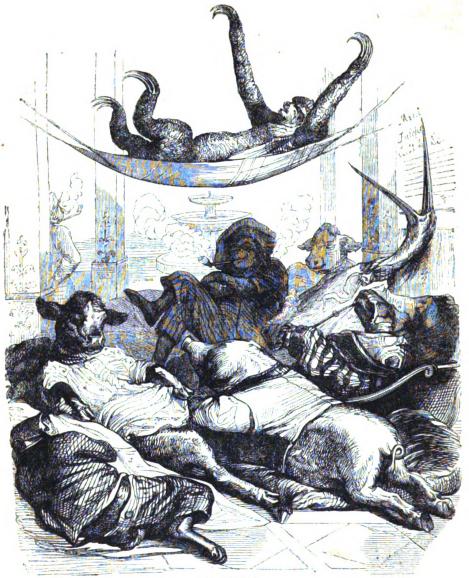
On receiving this the Fox wrote to Bull Dog:

"SIR,-In accordance with a letter just received from Craven Hare, Esq., I address you in reference to the meeting between that gentleman and my friend, Doodle Cock, Esq. My friend is anxious to arrange matters if possible; if not, we will meet,



OFFICE OF THE BARKER AND DITER-PRIVATE





THE BIVOUAG

if you please, this evening, outside the camp: weapons, spurs; distance, six inches. Respectfully yours, REYNARD FOX."

BULL DOG TO REYNARD FOX.

"SIR,—I apprehend that according to the Code of Honor, which must govern us, we have the choice of weapons. I therefore appoint teeth, and distance three inches. In the event of any other weapon being chosen, such as beak, claws, or spurs, I shall use my constitutional privilege of strangling the offender. Respectfully yours,

"Bull Dog."

REYNARD FOX TO BULL DOG.

"DEAR SIR,—I fear you have misapprehended the Code of Honor. If you refer to the work on the subject by Governor Hair-Trigger, you will find that you have no right to choose weapons, but that the choice is ours, as we are the parties most anxious for the fight. For my own part, candidly, and as a friend of both parties, I can not see why

your friend, Craven Hare, Esq., should object to fight with spurs.

"If, however, the meeting can not be arranged on any other terms, we are willing to waive our privilege, and to adopt the weapon of human duelists, the pistol. Very respectfully yours,

"REYNARD FOX."

BULL DOG TO REYNARD FOX.

"SIR,—I appreciate your civility, and reply that we will meet you, with pistols, this evening at seven. Respectfully yours, Bull Dog."

At the hour appointed, continued the Magpie, the parties were on the ground. The Cock, gentlemen, stood erect as a ramrod; the Hare, I am sorry to say, was in a pitiable plight, tried to double, and would have run away altogether but for the exertions of his friend, Bull Dog. The Fox, whose wit you know, playfully suggested that before meeting the Cock face to face,



the Hare should try a cocktail; which suggestion was instantly adopted by his sagacious second. Even that did not answer. The Hare was only held in his place by main force, and when shots had been exchanged, one of which, I regret to say, carried off the tail of a tom-cat who had come to see the affair, the cowardly animal could not be restrained from rushing to the feet of the Cock, throwing himself on his knees, and apologizing in the most abject manner.

At the close of his remarks the Magpie observed that on such an affair comment was superfluous. It must be obvious that the Hare had grossly insulted a valuable member of their assembly, and then attempted to shirk the responsibility of his acts; he had in fact only afforded him the satisfaction due from one honorable brute to another, when forced to do so at the tooth's point. He (the Magpie) therefore moved the expulsion of the Hare from their society, as a poltroon and a disturber of the public peace.

Bull Dog (who entered the meeting at that moment) was happy to second the motion. He had had some experience in the field, and it had been remarked of him, that when he took hold of any one he seldom let go; but he was compelled to say that he not only could make no defense of his late principal, but felt in honor bound to denounce him.

The Chair put the motion—Shall the Hare be expelled? requesting the Ayes to raise their tails, the Noes to hold them down.

The Chair pronounced the motion carried, there being only four Noes to several hundred Ayes. [It was afterward explained that of these four three were frogs, who requested to be counted among the Ayes, urging that they had no tails, and therefore could not raise them; but this motion was pronounced irregular, after a legal argument by the Owl, and a vote of censure was passed upon the frogs, who were admonished not to repeat the offense. The fourth was the Jackass, who, with loud brays, declared that it was quite impossible for him to raise his tail in such well-bred company.]

A BRUTE inquired of King Penguin what steps he proposed to take for the public defense? His Majesty replied that eighteen inches

were his usual step, and he did not think it consistent with his dignity to increase it.

The OSTRICH cried that if he had taken little part in the debate hitherto, the fact was due to an accident, and not to any want of zeal. The fact was, that on the way he had been pressed by hunger, and had lunched on a cask of cut nails, which had interfered with his digestion. He would now suggest that a commander-inchief was needed to lighten the heavy burdens of the Sovereign, and after the correspondence just read, he could think of no one so fit for the office as the Cock.

The Cock was elected commander-in-chief, with the title of Major-General, and instantly sent forth the Owl on patrol, and placed the Volf as sentinel to windward of the camp.

On recommendation of the Cockatoo, a newspaper was established, to be the organ of the insurgent animals, under the title of the Daily Barker and Biter. The Chair, confessing his inexperience in such matters, called upon any brute present who felt competent to edit the paper, to rise and state his views. Four hundred and sixty-three animals immediately rose and professed their willingness to undertake the duties of editor, and spoke confidently of their ability.

The KANGAROO, who had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, felt it to be his duty to state that, his pouch being empty, the post of editor would not be a salaried one for the present. Four hundred and sixty-two of the candidates then declared that, on reflection, they felt satisfied that their occupations would not allow them to undertake the editorship. The remaining candidate, the Baboon, was forthwith appointed.

The CALF hoped that the new journal would be free from personalities; and suggested that, to secure this all-important point, no names should ever be mentioned in its columns. Carried unanimously.

The Turker had seen so much mischief flow from party violence, that he trusted their organ would remain strictly neutral on all questions, and would express no opinions whatever. [Loud applause.] Carried nem. con.

The Goose believed that his experience in the newspaper world entitled him to speak. Not only had large numbers of his family filled conspicuous posts on the press, but there were very few journals to which he had not at some time or other lent a pen. So far as his observation went, no reliance could be placed in statements of fact made in newspapers; they were quite as often false as true. He therefore moved that, in order to prevent the propagation of error, the new journal be prohibited from making any statement of fact whatever. Carried unanimously.

The Chair then instructed the Baboon that the paper must be made entertaining, useful, and influential from the start. Forty foreign correspondents were engaged, who were to stay in the office; a lame Bear, with both fore-legs broken, found suitable employment as traveling commissioner; a Beetle was appointed to supervise contributions; telegraphic communications were promised by the electric Eel; the department of fashions and light literature was intrusted to the Hippopotamus. A number of oysters desired to contribute, but their offerings were rejected on the ground that the paper wished to keep clear of the shells. A Crab, however, assisted by a Wasp, obtained charge of the reviewing of books; while the Bluebottle Fly was charged with the department of music. No sooner were these arrangements made known than a number of Gulls sent in their names as subscribers, and an industrious Flea immediately offered a sum which we decline to mention for the exclusive use of the advertising columns



Flea-who had literary propensities-desired thus to advertise a new novel of his, entitled the "Ghostly Ghoul of the Grave-yard." The advertisement began thus:

"We believe that our acquaintance with light literature is pretty extensive, but we are obliged to confess that until we read the 'Ghostly Ghoul of the Grave-yard,' by the inimitable Jigger Flea, Jun., we had no idea of the power of the human imagination. After this, the novels of Scott, Bulwer, Cooper, James, Hawthorne, and Melville may be tossed into the fire. We understand that proofsheets have been sent across the water to Dickens and Thackeray; that the former has resolved, in consequence, not to proceed with Little Dorrit; and that the latter, in disgust, has renounced literature forever, and taken to drive a milk-cart," etc., etc.

The editor of the Barker and Biter was on the point of sending this to the printers when he was visited by a Leech, who, strange to say,

for one week. On inquiry it proved that the | like the Flea, came to purchase the exclusive use of his advertising columns. The editor at once remarked that one of the rules of his paper was to exclude quack notices.

The Leech replied with dignity that he excused the expression, though it hurt his feelings (on this he rubbed his eyes with the tip of his tail). He was no quack, as the editor would perceive by reading the advertisement he desired to insert. It began thus:

"Mankind has been afflicted with colds in the head, it is believed, ever since the expulsion from Paradise. It may, indeed, be a question whether Adam was or was not afflicted in this manner previous to the fall; but as in all things we perceive a beautiful and unerring fitness, the chances are that he was not, as there were evidently no pockethandkerchiefs at the time, and a fig-leaf can not be thought of as a substitute in this case. However this be, there is little room for doubt, considering the costume of our early parents, that they must



THE TIPSY REVELERS ARRESTED BY THE GUARD.



have taken cold at a very early period of their sinful career. It harrows every sensitive mind to reflect that the beauteous Eve—whose picture is so admirably drawn by the divine Milton—must have spoken at times through her nose, and been compelled to use her apron for purposes which we shrink from describing. Nor can it be questioned but Cain—"

"Sir," said the Editor to the Leech, after glancing at the remaining portion of the manuscript, "what on earth have you to do with Eve's nose? What will it profit you to publish a history of colds in the head, at ten cents per line?"

"My worthy friend," replied the Leech, fastening on him, "that is my business, not yours. Be careful to publish my address in small caps, east side of the frog-pond, hole No. 496. So long as you are paid your price, you don't care what you publish, do you?"

"Oh! certainly not," replied the Editor, who knew his trade.

III.

Matters were progressing bravely. Every night a bivouac fire was lit, around which the most somnolent brutes, under a special officer, mored in concert. But few incidents of moment had occurred. The Lynx had been caught awake while on duty, and had very properly been cashiered. A dinner had been given by the Cormorant to a select party of brutes: the Sponges got so much wine that they remained under the dinner-table till they were squeezed by the Elephant, who called next morning; and a dissolute Dog, returning home with an inebriated Goat in a riotous manner, was arrested by the guard and conveyed to the station-house.

Private theatricals had been got up by a select set of ingenious brutes, and operas and plays, written for the occasion by an old stage Rat, had been performed with astounding success. The prima donna, Madame Spaniela, and the baritone, Signor Porcupinini, had covered themselves with glory. On the morning after the performance the Bluebottle Fly thus commenced his criticism in the Barker and Biter:

"Ye gods! what heavens of bliss were opened to our souls, into what a paradise of maddening exquisite deliciousness were we plunged when the diva Spaniela, throwing herself on her lovely knees before the obdurate Porcupinini, burst into the ritournelle in the andante, and passing, with indescribable ligireté into an allegro staccato, gave the ut de poitrine, then floated down a liquid lake of florituri, and culminated in the inimitable, neverto-be-sufficiently appreciated C sharp! The Todini was great, the sensuous Bumbottomi was rich and mellow; but in comparison with the angelic Spaniela—ah! how they fade into oblivion," etc., etc.

Various little accidents had occurred to break the monotony of wood life. A curious quarrel had taken place between the Peacock and the Macaw. The former, who, as every body knows, officiated as Master of the Ceremonies to King Penguin, had axcluded the Macaw from a grand levee on the ground that his tail was not suffi-

ciently full. A Bald-headed Eagle, who happened to be in the company of the Macaw at the time, had resented the official outrecuidance of the Peacock and withdrawn with his friend. Some inquiry was instituted by order of the Penguin, and the following facts were elicited: The rule of ceremony was as the Peacock alleged-dress and full tails were indispensable: on the other hand, it was clearly shown that the part of the tail which the Macaw had not spread had, in fact, been put up a spout, in a difficulty into which the Macaw had got some time before. Friends of the Macaw indulged in remarks of a democratic and revolutionary tone (considering the recent establishment of the monarchy), and reflections were cast upon the conduct of the Peacock's sisters, and the courage of his uncle the Colonel; while the partisans of the Peacock contented themselves with repeating the story of the spout. But so far as could be ascertained, public sentiment, at bottom, among the Macaw's party, favored the Peacock, while the private sentiments of the court were on the side of the Macaw.

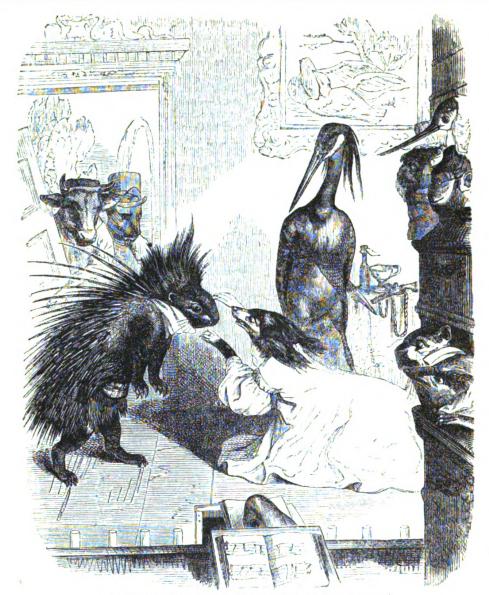
Several eloquent speeches had been made in the course of the debates. One dull day, when the business before the house was on the preservation of the Union of the Beasts, and the Parrot had been four hours on his legs, a Crocodile suddenly arrived in the assemblage, and was received with the applause due to his character and the length and hardships of the journey he had performed. The Parrot gracefully yielded the floor, observing, that he would pass to the third of his nine points on the following day.

The Crocodile, with a sob, cried that he would ask their indulgence to plead the cause of suffering brutedom. He believed, as they all did, that all brutes were born equal; and yet it was notorious that his intimate friends the Turtles were kept in a state of degrading inferiority. They were not allowed to fly through the airmerely through the prejudice of the rest of creation; they were compelled to adopt a slow, waddling, ungraceful gait, simply because beasts made up their minds that they could not walk otherwise, and would not try to teach them differently. He was satisfied, for his part, that with a proper course of training for several generations, the Turtles would not only learn to fly, but would run with his friend the Ostrich. and even sing like his honorable neighbor the Thrush. He would quote authority on the subject. [Here the learned brute read from U-T-C. by H-B-S., and various other works of men.] Why should they thus continue to outrage brutedom? Had they no heart? Was there no retribution to be feared? And who was the brute who dared to set himself above his fellows, and say that the seal of superiority had been set on him?

The SEAL inquired whether the Croeodile meant any thing personal?

A WOOLLY Horse observed that this and other matters would be regulated as soon as a





SIGNORA SPANIELA IN THE FAVORITE AIR, "TIDDLI FIDDLI,"

he would say that he entirely concurred in the view taken by his friend the Crocodile. It was a disgrace to the age that the wrongs of the Turtle should be allowed to continue without even a single effort to relieve them. At the present time especially, when they were all engaged in a holy movement for the redress of grievances and the assertion of the natural liberty of brutekind, it was disgusting to see the indifference with which many honorable brutes viewed the condition of the Turtle. Was he not a beast and a brother? Had he not a head, tail, legs, intestines, eyes, mouth, and et cæteras, like them all? Nay, which of them could boast of a shell like unto his? He would like to see how the Peacock, in whose tail he noticed a scornful curl,

judicial officer had been appointed. Meanwhile | rather enjoy such an experiment than otherwise. And this brute, this noble creature, this wonderful animal, was doomed, by the heartless selfishness of his fellows, to wallow in mud-holes and swamps, to grope painfully through reeds and bogs, and to squeak in a manner that shocked the sensitive ear! He blushed for his kind when he thought of it. Let the honorable brutes dwell on the subject. Let them remember that they were responsible to future ages for the proper use of their opportunity, and that if they willfully left the Turtle in his present degraded condition while they were embarking in a revolution based on the very principles whose violation he illustrated, they would only have themselves to blame if the Fates punished them by meting out to them the measure they had would look, if he (the Woolly Horse) were to meted to the Turtles. [The elequent animal set his hoof on his back; yet the Turtle would here lay down amidst thunders of applause.]



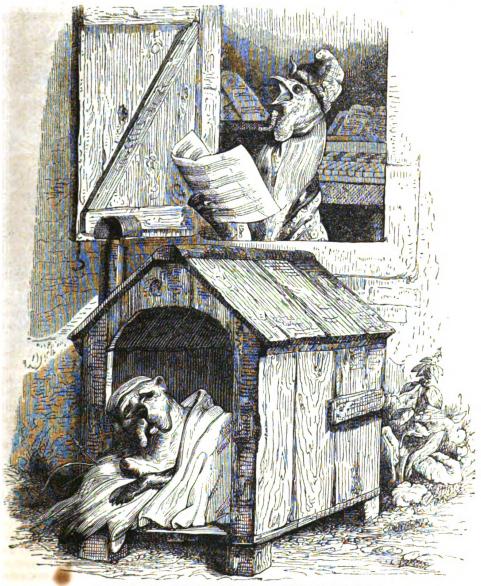
The Fox had long been impressed with the importance of the subject, and had intended to call the attention of the assembly to it at an early day. He thought for the present, however, that the election of a judge should take precedence of all other matters.

character of the melodies selected by the military vocalist. Though it was well known that the worthy Commander-in-Chief had led a pretty wild life, and his delicate affair with Miss Coddle Shanghai was quite fresh in every one's memory, he persisted in commingling sacred music

The beasts concurring, the meeting adjourned for the day.

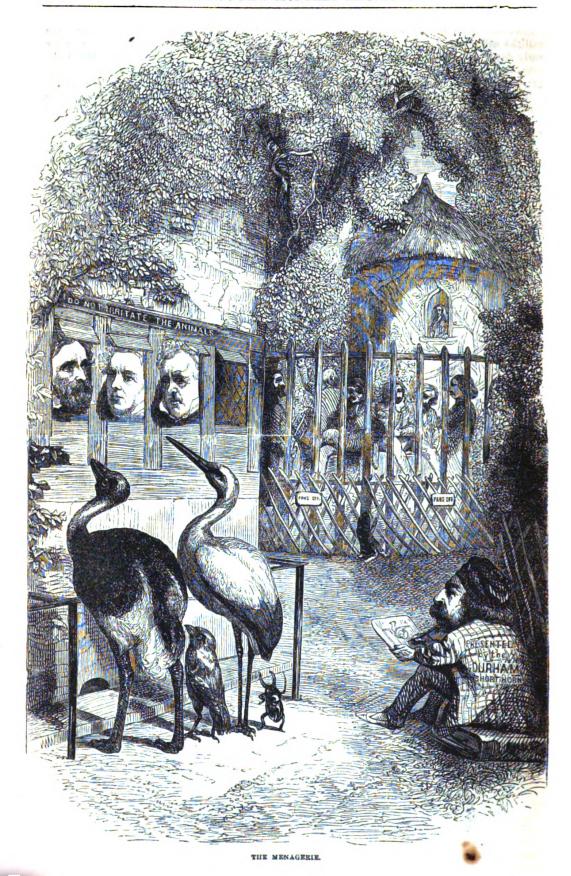
It was, in fact, urgent that this office should be filled, for already some important legal cases had arisen and were awaiting settlement. A formal complaint had been laid before his Majesty by Dog Noble, Esq., protesting against the disturbance of his slumbers by Major-General Cock. It appeared that the worthy Commander-in-Chief was given to vocalizing at undue hours, having visions of operatic distinction; old Mr. Dog, whose conscience troubled him o' nights, protested that he couldn't get a wink of sleep. What aggravated the case was the outrageous

tary vocalist. Though it was well known that the worthy Commander-in-Chief had led a pretty wild life, and his delicate affair with Miss Coddle Shanghai was quite fresh in every one's memory, he persisted in commingling sacred music with profane, and sang operatic bravuras to the most orthodox psalm-tunes. Dog Noble had borne, he said, with false notes, and flagrant violations of all the laws of harmony; but he could not bear to have his religious feelings insulted. His well-known piety left him no choice but to protest. When the complaint was laid before the King, Frank declared that the conduct of the Cock was unjustifiable, and that he would have him dismissed the army. An hour afterward, at the close of an interview with the Cock, his Majesty gave out that Dog Noble had best apologize without loss of time. That evening, having had the case re-explained by Dog, Jun., King



MAJOR-GENERAL COCK OPERATES AS A NIGHTMARE ON DOG NOBLE. VOL. XIV.—No. 80.—L





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Frank swore that he had put up with Doodle Cock long enough; but before retiring to roost, after receipt of a letter from the Commander-in-Chief, he gave orders for the arrest of Dog Noble.

Under these circumstances, the necessity for the appointment of a responsible judicial officer was apparent to every beast. Three candidates for the office were informally nominated—the Mule, the Fly-Catcher, and the Raven. The claims of the Raven rested, first, on his appearance, which was admitted to be judicial; and second, on his known keenness of scent. Friends of the Fly-Catcher urged that his very name proved his expertness at the pastime which is known to be the chief occupation of judges. As for the Mule, it was said on his behalf, first, that he was obstinate, and therefore not likely to be influenced by arguments of counsel; second, that he was somewhat deaf, and therefore that his attention would not be easily diverted from the matter in hand; and third, that as a descendant of the Ass, he had in a measure hereditary claims to judicial eminence. The friends of all three canvassed actively, and bets were made freely by the Stag, the Pointer, and the Hawk. On the day before the election, however, the following correspondence appeared in the Barker and Riter:

Important Correspondence.—The Vacant Judgeship.
"To Reynard Fox, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,-The undersigned, citizens of the Animal Kingdom, and engaged more or less actively in securing its independence and watching over its welfare, have heard with deep regret that you do not intend to offer yourself as a candidate for the office of Judge. We had hoped that your known integrity, your remarkable ability, the unflinching strictness of purpose which has marked every step of your career, would have pointed you out ere this as the fit brute for the office, and that you would once more have sacrified your private wishes to the public weal. May we trust that it is not yet too late to solicit you to trample your individual desires under foot, and to devote to the commonwealth those shining qualities which have earned for you the name of the Aristides of Beasts? "We are, Sir,

"Your most obedient servants and admirers,

"THE Ox, THE ASS, THE GOOSE, THE ZEBRA, THE WORM, THE TURTLE, THE TURKEY, THE OYSTER, THE PELICAN, THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, THE GULL, THE FLATFISH, THE MOTH, and ninety-four others."

"To the Ox, the Ass, and others.

"GENTLEMEN,—When I retired from the office which I last received at your hands—that of superintending the journey of the unfortunate Fowls, who perished so unaccountably on their way hither—I resolved that no consideration should again induce me to relinquish the charms of private life for the dazzling splendors and the racking cares of office. I have found, gentlemen, in the delights of study and in the bosom of my family, a peace of mind and a beginness which I fear I should vainly seek elsewhere I am.

"At the same time, I am not insensible either to the reasoning so cogently put in your kind letter, or to the duty which every beast owes to the community. I admit that I do dread the misfortune of having a corrupt man in the position of Judge. And though I am far from setting so high a value on my poor abilities as you are pleased to place, I will say, however egotistical it may seem, that I am upright and straightforward, and that no man ever accused Reynard Fox of trick, equivocation, or double-dealing. If, therefore, it seems to you, on the one hand, that the danger of having a corrupt Judge, or a Judge of foreign habits and ideas, is imminent; and on the other, that it is my duty to serve the State, nominate me, I care not, I will serve.

"Frankly yours,
"REYNARD FOX."

The publication of these letters threw the brutal public into an uproar. The Fox had hardly been thought of, and his connections, especially among the fighting beasts, made him a most formidable rival. One passage in his letter dealt a fatal blow to his most dangerous competitor, the Mule. It was the sentence, "a Judge of foreign habits and ideas." Beasts asked what this meant? And then it came out, when it could no longer be concealed, that the Mule was a native of Spain, and had carried sherry over the mountains of Andalusia.

Uproar is a weak word to describe the scene which followed this astounding discovery. The Buffalo, though, from his position as chairman, he ought to have preserved a neutral attitude, confessed to the Mocking-Bird that he would despair of the success of their movement if so important an office as that of judge were intrusted to a foreigner. The 'Possum and the Wild Cat concurred. But the most vehement opponent of the foreigner was a Tiger from Hindostan, who declared that if the Mule were elected the country would be ruined in six months. Up and down the camp this Hindoo ran, roaring that destruction was at hand unless the Mule were defeated. The Eagle of the Rocky Mountains persisted that if the Mule were eligible in other respects his Spanish birth should not stand in his way. But he was in the minority; especially when the Booby wrote an article in the Barker and Biter to prove that the Mule had once carried a Jesuit on his back, and had the sign of the cross on his forehead, were the brutes resolved to have none of him.

So when the day came, they elected Reynard Fox by a great majority, and he made a speech on the occasion, which drew tears from the Stag, and almost overpowered King Penguin.

Here, unfortunately, our account of these ininteresting proceedings terminates. We have received, however, from an old acquaintance among the beasts, the cut on the preceding page, and a brief note with it, to say that the animals may shortly be expected to act on the offensive, and that they intend to establish zoological gardens for the accommodation and exhibition of various specimens of men.





AN EARTHQUAKE IN HONDURAS. N the 3d of August, 1856, accompanied by our faithful Caribs, Mañuel and his son José, we entered the Criba lagoon. We had a fine wind; so fresh was it blowing that it compelled us, as usual, to make ballast of ourselves by shifting our bodies on every tack. We did this against the expressed wishes of our Captain, who assured us that if she did turn over, he could soon free her of water.

she did turn over, he could soon free her of water. This I did not doubt; but previous experiments in the same line had convinced me of the fact that, if they were amphibious, I was not, and, apart from the inconvenience of getting wet, I knew there were a lot of sharks, barracotas, and other species of the finny tribe, who, though they eschew flesh that approaches the negro in texture or color, still have a decided penchant for flesh that is white.

The special object of our voyage here was to visit the ruins of some old British fortifications, which had been erected by

the English during the existence of a colonization project on the coast.

We landed at one of the small islands in the lagoon where the ruins were in the best state of preservation, but saw nothing to detain us; and after stopping long enough to regale ourselves in rather a jolly manner, started for the mouth of the Poyas River, where we saw a Sambo settlement.

We stopped on the Point for a view, and for some bananas which were growing there. We took in quite a supply of this fruit, as our journey up the river, from the swiftness of the current, was likely to prove both long and tedious. The scenery at this point is intensely beautiful; the trees and small shrubbery dotting the savanna in a picturesque manner, while beyond



rise the pine-trees, tall and straight as arrows. The red pitch pine abounds here, from which the former settlers obtained considerable quantities of tar and pitch, making these and mahogany the principal articles of export.

We hauled up on the Point to wait for Mafiuel, who was dispatched for the bananas; but before he returned we were startled by the peculiar movements of the air. A gust came from the south, and another from the north, and another, and another, carrying leaves and branches torn from the trees in its mad fury; clearly indicating the force and directions of wind.

But when they met, H-- and I began to think if we could get beneath the shelter of some of the neighboring hills our chances of being blown away would be less certain. By the time our Capitan returned the wind had died away, and a stillness and sultriness succeeded; and so oppressive was the atmosphere, I half-believed I was asleep and troubled by a furious nightmare.

Poor Manuel was frightened enough; and, between his curses and prayers, managed to exhaust himself to such a degree that nature gave way, and he sank to the ground. The birds flew above, uttering wild and mournful notes of terror. The trees were swayed with a to such things after a longer residence in the

terrible violence, the limbs cracking, and huge boughs were torn from their trunks and carried far over the lagoon, where they hung for a moment suspended in the air, and were then swept away, disappearing among the leaves of the tempest-tossed woods on the distant hills.

The cocoa-nut trees around us played still more surprising antics. Their long leaves, generally so graceful, were twisted into every imaginable form. For a moment they were horizontal, then their slender points would be directed toward the earth, when, suddenly, the direction of the whirlwind would change, and they would be thrown into the air, their long branches, like giant arms, stretching away toward Heaven as if supplicating for mercy; while the cocoa-nuts were dropping around us, as if with some sinister design on our skulls.

We remained in this agreeable state about two hours, when Nature finally resumed her sway, and we crawled over and looked at each other. Then we lighted our respective pipes and smoked. Then we laughed, and asked, "Who's afraid?" And then Miguel, who was the most frightened of the party, told us, with the utmost effrontery, that "we would get used

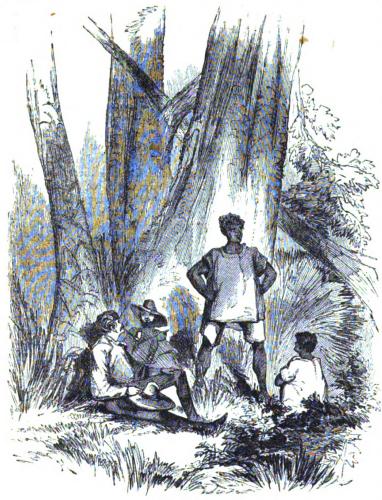
> country, and wouldn't mind them any more than he did !"

> After this assurance, we endeavored to do what we should have done in the first place, namely, analyze the natural phenomena we had just witnessed. Accordingly, we interrogated Mañuel, who replied that he thought it was an earthquake; but couldn't recollect if he felt any shocks or not.

We had felt none either, but certainly fancied we saw some, and were inclined to believe that his terror was the cause. He didn't deign to reply, but turned away his head with a look of offended dignity. He shaking with fear! That might be mentioned during a tornado or an earthquake, but must not be alluded to afterward.

We were both familiar with these things, - having frequently met the monsters in the interior, and I on the coast of Mexico; so we put our items together for some definite result.





" WHO'S AFRAID?"

"'Twasn't an earthquake, was it?" said H-"Don't think it was," I replied. "I recollect being tumbled out of bed by one of them, and don't think I can be mistaken. I should know the first movement-undulatory, horizontal, or perpendicular; made a vow on the occasion referred to, that I would never sleep in another bed in tropical countries, subject to outbursts of this unpleasant character: since the registry of which vow I have slept in a hammock or on the ground. One can't tumble out of the ground, and a hammock is the next safest thing. have been on the watch for el temblór since I first stepped into the country, and am positive I should know his first movements.'

After delivering the above—which raised me considerably in Mañuel's opinion, and confirmed what he had previously conjectured, that I was the most learned hombre in existence-I swelled immensely, and entertained serious thoughts of plunging into the stream and attacking an alligator. H- blew out a whiff of smoke as fleecy as a summer cloud, and while watching its fantastic movements and it to us to light our own from. The burning shapes, quietly remarked that I had better not; ember he threw on the sand floor for future use,

I had but little confidence in the buoyancy of water, and not the first particle of an idea of the art of propulsion as applied to the human figure in that element. I fancied a little manœuvre on a certain "sand-bar" should have given him some idea of myaquatic prowess, so I looked daggers at him; but he only smiled, and said that I would soon "come down"an expression which he invariably used when he thought I was constructing fortifications or other architectural edifices in the air.

I glanced at the monster, who was performing ground and lofty tumbling, and concluded I wouldn't go over after him, and secretly hoped he wouldn't come over after us, though I had the right barrel of my fowling-piece loaded with a double charge of large-sized buckshot, which I afterward discharged at an innocent parraquet,

though he was out of distance.

Our leg-of-mutton sail being spread, we glided quietly but rapidly toward the Sambo settlement. The banks of the river-like most of the rivers we visited on the coast-are low, and thickly covered by rank foliage, above which rise the stately palm and cocoa-nut. It was under one of these that we hauled up our dory, among a crowd of the natives, who came to the water'sedge to stare at us. Mañuel, however, gave them a lecture on etiquette in their own dialect.

What he said to them I never knew, but it impressed them wonderfully. He was very extravagant in his language when I was the topic, and from the very marked manner in which they bestowed their obsequious grimaces, he must have given us a royal character. They followed us in a body to the casa of their "Patron," who immediately placed himself, his cigarros, hammock, etc., at our perfect disposal. Coffee was immediately brought in, which was soon dispatched; and, like a true Spaniard, he carefully lighted his cigarro first, then handed that is, he thought so, since he recollected that | the draught through the hut keeping it alive.

While smoking, the tornado was discussed.

The old Patron suggested earthquakes as being the probable sequel to such atmospheric outbreaks, and continued by telling some frightful tales of those he had witnessed. He spoke of the eruption of the volcano of Coseguina, in Nicaragua, which threw its ashes hundreds of miles. Mr. Squier, in speaking of this eruption, affirms that sand fell in Jamaica, Vera Cruz, and Santa Fé de Bogotá, over an area of one thousand five hundred miles in diameter, and the sea for fifty leagues was covered with pumice; and a captain coasting along shore informed him that he sailed for a whole day through it without being able to distinguish, but here and there, an open space of water.

"By Jove!" said H—, "can this tornado be the result of an eruption of one of the chain of volcanoes on the Pacific? And is it not possible that the dreaded temblór may visit us before we reach our homes?"

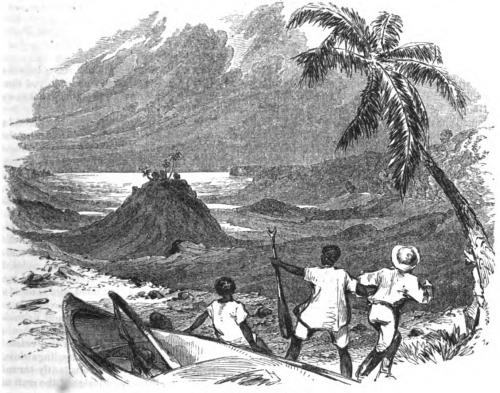
I thought this was about the season of the year when they were most likely to make themselves known. Then H—— told his tales of horror: How a building tumbled upon him, and how he crawled out of his unpleasant quarters, through a small aperture, and was saved. I, of course, had something to say about Southern California, Mazatlan, and Acapulco, in which latter place the cathedral was broken from top to bottom. I expatiated upon the terror of the inhabitants at the destruction of the abode of their favorite saints. Divers other equally interesting and consolatory yarns did we spin to-

gether, getting ourselves into quite a respectable state of excitement. So we took to our pipes again, as usual in cases of trouble, and whiffed, and resolved to start up the river in face of all the "shakers" that might visit us.

Thus, having got our courage up to the sticking point, we stuck to our resolution, and got off. In due course of time we reached the old sugar plantation, about eighteen miles from the mouth of the stream. Landing, we looked about the place for the old boilers, but could not find them. They are probably covered by sarsaparilla, or hidden beneath the flowing leaves of the feathery palm. Bananas abound here, thousands of trees growing spontaneously.

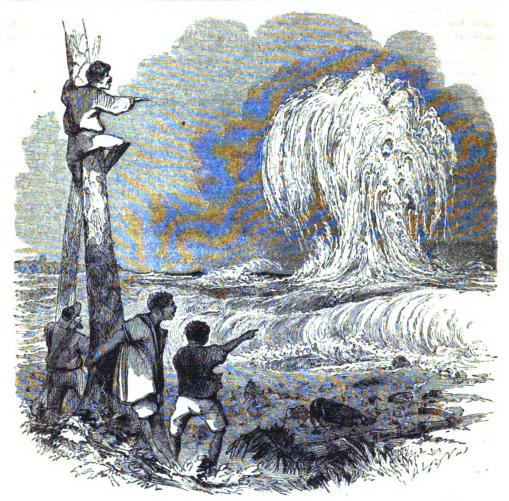
Fort Wellington, like the "Iron Duke," has departed this life, and only enough remains to mark the spot that was destined to be the centre of the "Victoria Province." Here we secured three or four Alacráns del Monte—The Mountain Scorpion, so dreaded by the natives. One of them was a royal chap, measuring fully five inches in length, but while securing him, he was accidentally wounded, and immediately stung himself, dying in most horrible agony from the effects of his own poison.

The Rio Poyas may be navigated by small vessels some fifty or sixty miles, and it was our original intention to paddle up the stream as far as the depth of water would allow us, taking en route some of the mahogany stations, and enter the country by the truck roads, some of which are fifteen, and even twenty miles in length, well built, and all the streams carefully bridged.



RECEDING OF THE WATER.





MEETING OF THE WATERS.

A good pit-pan, manned by half a dozen Ca- | we Indians. The principal difference between ribs, would shoot up the river with astonishing rapidity, but our dory was heavily built, intended solely for the bays and lagoons, and little adapted for the resistance of the swift river cur-Now our Carib was an athletic man, his son a promising boy; but they couldn't stem the current.

For myself, I am rather an active youth, fond of exercise; and having seen the Indians paddle from daylight to dark, thought I might, with some little exertion, do the same. Accordingly I took a paddle, and commenced my labors, in the teeth of all the remonstrances of our marinero.

"Amigo Don -," said he, "don't do it; you are an Americano del Norte, and really must not. You will lower yourself in the estimation of all the natives on the bank."

"Don't care!" I rejoined. "I shall be raised in the point of muscle, and that is of more importance to me."

"But you will fatigue yourself, Don -

"Don't care!" I continued; "all exercise, in moderation, that fatigues the body, is conducive to health in the highest degree."

"Oh, you Americans are just as stubborn as

us in that respect is, that not only do you convince us that you are always right, but that we are invariably wrong."

I did not think it necessary to reply to this. because my whole attention was devoted to the management of the paddle, which I understood but imperfectly. My first movement was well planned, but in giving the fancy twist at the end of the stroke, the blade turned the wrong way, and jammed against the side of the boat, with my finger between.

-, with his usual blood-thirsty disposition, said it was "nothing but a little hydraulic pressure!" He thought I should be discouraged; but I wasn't. I would have paddled then, even though I had been compelled to use my hat for an oar; so I continued, and to avoid a repetition of my accident, I held the paddle so far from the boat that the biceps and deltoids were frightfully mixed up. Indeed, I should not have been surprised if my arm had twisted, off like a lobster's claw! After struggling awhile, I gave in, dead beat; so we reluctantly turned our bow down stream, and resigned the craft to the management of the Caribs.



Borne along by the swift current we soon neared the little settlement, and the lagoon shortly after opened before us. Just then turning our eyes toward the ocean, we beheld every indication of another row among the clouds. It passed off with a little rain, and as the sounds of the retreating thunder died away, the sun for a moment showed himself, then disappearing behind some heavy clouds, took his departure for the day.

We landed again on the Point, and as if an atmospheric peculiarity was inseparable from this place, we noticed a quietness, not unlike that of our previous visit, pervading every thing with a gloom unpleasant in the highest degree.

Then came a low, rumbling sound, increasing in force as it came sweeping over the land from the south, so unlike thunder that we could not mistake it. The earth commenced trembling violently. Suddenly this changed, and a positive undulatory motion succeeded, that threw us to the ground. The earth rocked from the north to the south like the waves of the sea.

We straightened ourselves to rush to a tree for support, and it was with the greatest of difficulty we succeeded in walking. It seemed as though we were walking in mid-air; a feeling not unlike that which one experiences on shipboard as the vessel plunges into the trough of a heavy sea. The earth would apparently rise and meet the foot with such force, that we were sometimes thrown violently upon our faces. This caused a sickness, or dizziness more positive than that of the motion of the waves.

A cry of alarm from José directed our attention toward the lagoon; but it is almost useless to attempt description of the scene that opened before me. "Was I awake or dreaming?" I asked myself; "was I in the land of the living or in the spirit world?"

Many were the incidents of my past life that crowded themselves before me. I appeared to be looking upon myself from another world. All fear had now gone. I almost enjoyed it! Never can I forget the awful grandeur of the scene. It was no mental or optical illusion. The water was actually receding, leaving the bottom of the lagoon dry.

Away it went far toward the sea. The little island rose in the centre like a conical hill in some vast plain; its rough sides in dark relief against the retreating water. On the top of this little pyramid were a few trembling cocoanut trees, standing like ghosts nodding to the mighty flood.

All this time the trembling continued at short intervals. We had no thought of the danger that awaited us when the waters should return to find their level, so it came upon us in a moment, with all its fearful reality. The lagoon is here about five miles broad, and a valley was formed from its centre like the passage made for the Israelites across the Red Sea.

From every direction the waters rushed to a common centre, where, meeting, they rose in the air in an immense column, filling the heavens with an ocean of spray. Then falling, they came toward the land with the force of an avalanche, threatening us with instant destruction.



EFFECTS OF THE STORM.





EARTHQUAKE AT SAN JOSÉ.

A cry of terror escaped us, and the Madre de Dios of Mañuel fell upon our ears like a deathknell. On came the flood, carrying rocks from the bottom in its mad career. On it came, now all foam as far as the eye could reach, and now an unbroken mass as solid as a rock. Instinct prompted me to climb a tree; but this would have availed us little had we not been on rising ground. I had reached an elevation of about ten feet when the water struck the hill. - had followed my example, but Mañuel and his son were too much alarmed to seek safety even by climbing.

The destroyer tore off huge masses of earth in his passage, boiling up over the hill in a perfect whirlpool, in which whole trees, branches, and even stones were tossed about like feathers. Our poor ill-fated canoe made its appearance among the mass, knocked about by the tumbling, crushing waves! All this I saw before I thought of our crew. I presume the common danger by which we were surrounded made me less anxious about their fate than I should have been under other circumstances. Certain it is, that I was much attached to my devoted Carib; and equally certain it is, that when my attention was drawn toward him I witnessed his struggles with perfect calmness.

José was twined about a tree like a serpent, and Mañuel was breast-deep, battling the element with a giant's strength. The next moment he was torn from his footing, and went floating on the waves like a cork; but still he

lost his hold—the fury of the rushing waters was too much for him. I saw him sinking in the vortex of a powerful eddy! Then my impulse was no longer selfish, and I thought to drop from my comparatively secure position and rush to his assistance; but the absurdity of the idea became immediately evident, and my heart sank within me until its weight became maddening.

But oh! how buoyant my whole being became when he made his appearance but a few feet from me, crawling slowly up a huge cocoa-nut, against which the current had dashed him, which, with the strength of a dying man, he had clasped, and much to my delight raised himself above the water. How I shouted from joy when I saw him accomplish this, I clearly recollect; and the tear-drops that followed each other, one by one, over my cheeks, awoke me to the force of my outburst of feeling, which I know must have been great, by the physical prostration that followed. So weakened was I, that I found my hold gradually relaxing! I was slipping toward certain death.

But desperation nerved my arms, and I laughed at my weakness. I can recollect but little more until Mañuel touched me and brought me to myself. I had been there about two hoursclinging to the tree, unconscious of what had been passing around me, though I recollect when the water slowly turned toward its proper bed with but little less violence than when rushing upon the land. We were then standing kept his grasp upon the tree. All at once he knee-deep in the angrily-moving flood. "But



that was nothing," Mañuel said; "only a little ing the summer of 1855, when most of the indew." habitants sought the Plaza, where they remain-

How long I should have remained there I know not, but I found my nails had been dug into the tree, and the blood covered the ends of my fingers in clotted masses. My strength was gone; and H——, suffering even more than myself, looked ready for the tomb.

About dark we discovered our dory firmly lodged among some close shrubbery, which, being supported by heavy trees, resisted the action of the torrent. It was so wedged in that the united strength of the party was required to extricate it. We found it but slightly damaged; but its contents—our guns, paddles, and clothing—were gone forever.

We dragged our dory over the mud to the stream, but left it high on the bank, for the river was still violently agitated—sometimes rushing far up the bank, and immediately receding again to its former level. We made our way to the settlement, but found few of the Sambos had returned, most of them resolving to remain in the hills until all effects of the earthquake passed away.

We remained here several days. Manuel in the mean time repaired the dory, and made a couple of paddles. H--- and I killed time by wandering over the country, inspecting the ravages made by the flood. In one place we saw several gigantic trees piled one upon the other, many feet above where the water had reached. Its force must have jammed them beneath each other, as it will sometimes crowd ice, cake after cake, over some obstruction. The trees presented a wild heap as they lay together in an inextricable mass. In other spots bushes had been uprooted, and in their stead large pits were formed by the whirlpools. Along the sides of the larger hills huge excavations had been made, resembling the tracks of a mighty plow. Again there would be little pools nearly filled with fish, living and dead. In one place I saw a large shark, in whom life was nearly extinct. He was a fallen foe, but instinct was so strong that that I couldn't help dispatching him.

We retraced our steps to the village, sinking ankle-deep into the soft earth, and found our craft quite ready for the homeward start. Manuel had succeeded in getting a bag of corn from some natives just arrived from the interior, from whom I purchased a new sail for our little dory. They informed us that the water had swept back into the interior about fifteen miles. Very little of their property was destroyed, as most of the natives build their towns on rising ground. The corn we soon converted into "tortillas," which, with dried meat and bananas, composed our "ship stores" for the journey.

We embarked on our return trip not without some misgivings, when we found ourselves fairly upon the "briny deep." We dropped into several harbors en route. Among others, we made a short stay at Truxillo, where they felt the shocks very severely.

They were visited by a similar outbreak dur- he thought the water remained on the land an

ing the summer of 1855, when most of the inhabitants sought the Plaza, where they remained several days, sheltered by temporary tents of hide and cloth. A friend of mine, a Mr. R. Weed, who was there at the time, says he slept several nights under a table which some of the people had thrown in the Plaza for safety. He was not allowed to retain exclusive possession of it, as two men insisted upon renting the top, the "second story," as he called it, for sleeping purposes. After the earth had ceased its throes, he was the first to enter the houses, much against the wishes of his Spanish friends.

In conversation with some intelligent natives we were led to believe that one of the volcanoes on the Pacific had broken forth, to which they attributed the shocks then troubling us. They expected to hear of the destruction of some of the cities of San Salvador, though many months might elapse before they would receive the information, the postal arrangements between the different parts of the States being very imperfect. Two or three years ago the city of San Salvador was destroyed. It was considered by travelers to be the finest town in Spanish America. The buildings were constructed with architectural elegance, and all the requirements of a large and opulent community were abundant. Civilization had reached one of its highest flights there, and the refinements and education common among its people might be looked for in vain in many of our Northern towns.

We continued our course along the coast, feeling occasional evidences of the commotion on shore. Several times our crew insisted upon landing, lest there should be another "rush of mighty waters;" but they did not amount to much, being only sufficiently strong to lead us to conjecture what they might be if more violent. I was informed by a gentleman who endured the whole, that it lasted in one town twelve days, during which time there were no less than one hundred and fifteen shocks, eighteen of which were severe! After we reached our home we felt nothing of them, though the excitement was hardly abated. When we became a little refreshed they told us of the terrible times they had had, giving a glowing description of each little tremble, never for a moment dreaming of the delectable time we had enjoyed.

I gave them an idea of the "receding of the water," and was almost laughed at for imagining they would believe such "travelers' stories;" and I should have despaired convincing them of the seriousness of my statement, had it not been corroborated by a respectable old Spaniard who had seen a similar occurrence on the coast some years before. Then it was witnessed by many people, several of whom were carried out to sea by the retreating current.

All sorts of odd questions were put to us about the "interesting event." Many wanted to know if were we frightened? To one of these questioners H——unblushingly replied, No! though he thought the water remained on the land an



pipes full of tobacco while seated in a bend of the tree, and would have gone to sleep but for the subsidence of the water, which relieved him from the necessity. He came down, he said, preferring a more lowly position, but held himself in readiness to ascend his "bedpost" again if necessity required it.

I am in doubt to the present time if the listeners did not place more confidence in the "yarn" than in my statement of "facts."

The shocks were sensibly felt at our housethe "Doctor" described the motion as being throughout from north to south, and undulatory. He said the scenes about the town were intensely interesting. The great, coarse, swarthy hombre knelt beside the dark-eyed señorita, mingling his curses with her prayers to "Maria Santissima" for mercy. The streets were filled with these frightened natives at the first outbreak, who continued in their attitudes of prayer until their fear wore off sufficiently to allow them to rise. When the shocks returned they thought but little of the prayers they uttered in their terror. If they did, they probably concluded that San Juan and San Pedro, to whom they appealed, have not the entire disposition of such things; or in case they have, an appeal to them is not always answered at the moment when it is most desirable. Like the natives at Criba, many took to the mountains until the effects should pass away.

The custom-house was so much damaged that they were obliged to prop it, lest it should fall and bury the valuables in the ruins. The tiles were shaken off, leaving large spaces bare, exposing the cane-work frame beneath them. In the centre of the town stand a number of pillars, large and strong, all that is left of a once mag-



BROKEN PILLARS

unpleasantly long time; that he smoked fifteen | nificent residence. These pillars are between four and five feet in diameter, and some fifteen feet in height. On the top of each was placed a large slab of stone in lieu of a capital. Some of them were thrown over the side, while others were shifted completely off the masonry, which was cracked from top to bottom.

The old custom of collecting moneys with which to propitiate the saints and induce them to avert a recurrence of the earthquakes or other calamities is faithfully observed here. The procession-for procession it was-was headed by a full-grown señora bearing a cross and plate. The latter she thrust into the doorway of every house, and left when her demands were complied with. She was very generally successful, I noticed, as most good Catholics consider it their religious duty to add their mites together on these occasions. Following this woman are two boys carrying a box in the shape of a cross. This, on the front, is covered by a glass, a cloth being thrown over the whole. When an individual is a little "tight" on the money question, the cloth is removed from the box, and exposed within is a figure of Our Saviour done in clay and rags; the background being covered with little moons and suns, while on the sides there appear whole constellations of stars. this was exposed to the gaze of the hardened sinner he is expected to relent "sans ceremonie," and produce "dineros" by the handful.

Then by another "muchacho" a statue of the Virgin Mary is borne, which, like the preceding figure, is elaborately ornamented, being beautified by patches of tinsel and fancy-colored ribbons. In dressing their saints they remind me of the manner in which the Indians of California dress themselves, by putting on all the trash they own or can borrow. Following these came two boys carrying a large bell suspended on a stick. A third amused himself by beating the bell with considerable vigor. After these came innumerable little boys bearing little bells, which made little noises in comparison to the "Big Tom" that preceded them. Then followed some with candles, as if saints could not see who gave them money in broad day, without the assistance of artificial light!

The whole is swelled and enlarged by all the mob, black, white, and yellow, who sometimes break out into a sort of musical howl, each one on his own responsibility, making altogether the most ear-distracting "pot-pourri" conceivable. In this they use the nose solely, disdaining the usual medium, the mouth, for the issue of their harmonious notes, probably with the idea that, since "life was breathed into the nostrils of man," the most acceptable manner of offering chants is through the same organ.

This "screwing and bowing committee" visit the sinners on the most trifling pretenses. While in Leon, two years since, a party of them were going the rounds of the town, collecting money to offer one of the saints in consideration of his securing a succession of moonlight nights to enable some wandering padre to expedite his



journey to his native town. What miserly old saints they all are: you can only secure their good wishes by a liberal outlay of cash!

In Mr. Squier's work on Nicaragua he copies an account of similar proceedings from the narrative of some English traveler: "As a last resort, every saint in the churches of Leon-without exception, lest he should be offended-was taken from his niche and placed in the open air-I suppose to enable him to judge by experience of the state of affairs—but still the ashes fell! Toward night, however, a mighty wind sprung up from the north, and the inhabitants at last gained a view of the sun's setting rays, gilding their national volcanoes. Of course the cessation of the shower of ashes was attributed to the intercession of these saints, who doubtless wished to get under cover again, which opinion was strongly approved of by the priests, as they certainly would not be the losers by the many offerings; but during a general procession for thanks which took place the next day, it was discovered that the paint, which had been rather clumsily bestowed upon the Virgin's face, had blistered from the heat of the numerous candles burned around it, and half Leon proclaimed that she had caught the small-pox during her residence in the city, and in consequence of her anger the infliction they had just suffered was imposed upon them. Innumerable were the candles burned before the 'Queen of Heaven,' and many and valuable the offerings to her priests for the sake of propitiation."

One incident more of the earthquake, and I have done:

While riding along the river, enjoying one of our old haunts, we were much astonished by our beasts coming to a dead stand. Now we knew our mules were sound and true, having been tried on long and fatiguing tramps. They had forded and swum rivers where the current was terrible; but now they stopped, nor would our entreaties, or even a liberal application of the spur, be of the least avail.

Now it was our wish to cross the river at this precise moment, and their determination to move no farther on any consideration, more especially in the direction we desired. They stopped within a couple of hundred feet of the bank. They were planted; and though we indulged in the fond hope that, by wheeling with a sharp turn, they might forget their terror, we wheeled them until we began to tire without effect. This was something new; accordingly we began to think there must be a puma, or some other wild animal, secreted in the bush, and our mules must have seen it.

We were six in number, each armed with a large hunting-knife, and felt proportionately bold.

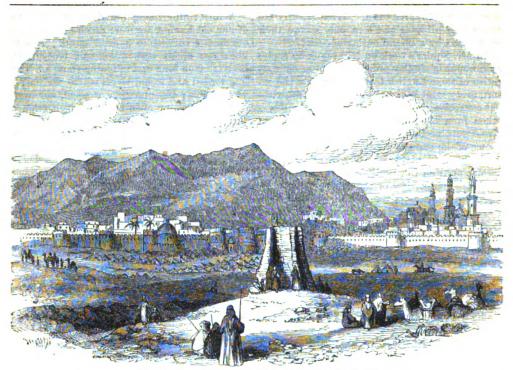
"Shoulder to shoulder they came down together, Six sugar-loafed hats and twelve legs of leather;"

and were somewhat surprised to find, instead of a wild animal, an immense crack in the bank one of the effects of the earthquake. Though but a few inches in width, it extended along the river about two hundred feet; then crossing, we traced its course on the other side, stretching far over the hill, in an irregular course, and finally losing itself in the distance.



COLLECTING MONRY.





VIEW OF EL MEDINA. THE BURIAL-PLACE OF MOHAMMED.

TO MEDINA AND MECCA. PREPARED FROM THE WORK OF LIEUT. BURTON. BY AN AMERICAN.

In the latter part of the summer of 1855 I was in Cairo. Walking, toward sunset of the warmest day in the season, when the gardens of the Esbekieh were thronged with panting Turks and suffocating women, alike anxious for a cool spot in those refreshing shades, I saw just before me two men, one of whom was dressed in the full Nizam costume, the richness of which was sufficient to establish him as a man of wealth and position, while the other, a young man, wore the French uniform, which had became fashionable with officers high in the service of the Viceroy. Their conversation was deliberate, and yet in a tone of voice that invited listeners, and I could not avoid hearing some of the sentences successively emitted with clouds of smoke from their mouths.

"By the name of Allah, I would have cut the infidel dog to pieces if I had known it!"

"I don't see what harm he did."

"Harm? Did he not throw dirt on the tomb of the Prophet? with whom be the peace of God forever! Did he not defile the most holy mountain? Allah preserve me! Did he not look with unsanctified eyes on the most reverend Kaaba? God keep me from the curse of the evil words!"

And hearing thus much, I passed on. I could not doubt to what the conversation had reference. A few weeks later the Hadi of 1855 returned to Cairo with the usual solemnities, and I mixed with the crowd at the head of the Mooski, the chief Frank street of Cairo, to see the procession of the Makhmil, with which the return is celebrated. An ancient Turkish shop- in Alexandria, disguised as a Mussulman, and

keeper-who had been my friend by reason of sundry purchases that I had made from himgave me a seat on his shop-front, and a half dozen of his particular friends were around me. When the sacred camel had passed, and the ceremonies were ended, I ventured to ask Mustapha Effendi, a gray-bearded Egyptian, some questions about the pilgrimage; and, with a little trouble, I succeeded in getting the entire party to talk about the Englishman who had succeeded in disguising himself so perfectly as to escape the most vigilant of them, and to perform the entire pilgrimage.

They knew the story well, and numberless were the curses they showered on Lieutenant Burton's unlucky head.

"He lived a month in the wakallah here in Musr. May our Lord and prophet remember him in the judgment!" said Ramadan, the jewel merchant.

"He was a hakim, and cured the daughter of Abdallah Amri, the silk merchant, whom may Allah preserve and keep, while he curses the hakim infidel!" growled Mohammed Rashwan.

"He lived with Khudabaksh, the cashmereseller. The evil eye be on both him and his guest!

Divers were the amusing items that I thus picked up in relation to the daring adventurer; while, on the other hand, at the English Consul's office, no one believed a word of it, and the English residents, almost to a man, denied the possibility of the thing.

Nevertheless, it was just so. In the spring of 1853, Lieutenant Richard F. Burton arrived



after living there and in Cairo until the proper season for the great pilgrimage, joined it, and actually accomplished this perilous journey, visiting the Mohammedan holy places, and making full notes and sketches in various points of special interest; thus succeeding in doing what had been repeatedly attempted, but never before accomplished, in such manner as to be of benefit to the world.

In 1503 one Ludovico Bartema-or, as the English translation has it, Lewes Wertomanus -having "no better reason than is the ardent desire of knowledge which hath moved many other to see the world and the miracles of God therein," departed from Venice, and passing through Alexandria and Cairo, visited Beyroot and Damascus, from which last place he started, "in familiaritie and friendshyppe with a certayne Captayne Mameluke," and actually visited Medina and Mecca, and made good his escape to Persia, being once in peril at Mecca, where, by the aid of a "fayre young mayde, who was greatly in love" with him, he avoided capture, and was similarly fortunate at Aden. His story, published at Milan in 1511, and in Willes and Eden's Decades (in England) in 1555, is interesting, but far from full.

In 1678, Joseph Pitts, a youth of fifteen or sixteen, was captured by Algerine pirates, and, after being in slavery some years, was taken by

his "patroon" to Mecca and Medina. He afterward escaped, and related his story in England, where it was published, and passed through several editions, the fourth of which was printed in London in 1708. It is very brief and unsatisfactory.

Giovani Finati, an Italian renegade in the army of Mohammed Ali Pasha, in the Hejaz, deserted, and visited Mecca, which he afterward described to Mr. Bankes, the English traveler, who printed his story, which is almost valueless, and not at all to be depended on.

Burckhardt (Sheik Ibrahim of renown) passed three months in Mecca in his Oriental wanderings, and his accounts are full and reliable, leaving almost nothing to be added; but he was too ill while at Medina to make any examinations or take any views; and this part of the field, most deeply interesting as the burial-place of the Prophet, remained unexplored until the visit of Mr. Burton, in 1853, the result of which he has given to the world in three large octavo

volumes, with illustrations, which we have embodied in this article.

As a precaution against even the remotest suspicion, Mr. Burton adopted the Oriental costume before he left England, and took passage on the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer from Southampton to Alexandria, where he landed in the character of an Indian doctor, an Eastern subject of the British empire, coming from one of their possessions in which the Mohammedan religion prevailed. He was already familiar with the Persian, Arabic, and other Eastern languages, and was, to a certain extent, skilled in the religion of the Mussulmans. This last accomplishment was more important for his purposes even than a knowledge of Arabic, since he might well be a follower of the true faith while he did not speak a dialect known to the Egyptians; but he could not be considered a Mohammedan unless he was thoroughly accomplished in the religion of the Prophet; for the true Mussulman shows his faith in every sentence that he utters, every motion of his arm and foot, every transaction of his slow life. This will be more readily appreciated by the reader when he understands that if a man were observed to take coffee, when offered him, with his left hand; or to touch his lips to the watergourd without the proper ejaculation to Allah: or to enter a mosque or a house with his left



DERVISES.

foot forward; or to do one of a hundred such little and apparently trivial things, he would be recognized as no believer. These observances are so thoroughly instilled into the mind of the Mussulmans that they are actually a part of their existence.

Having passed some weeks in Alexandria, visiting mosques and practicing medicine in Eastern style, he parted from his patients, to their immense regret and his own complete satisfaction, and went on to Cairo, where he at first lodged with Mizan Khudabaksh Namdar, a native of Lahore, but now resident in Cairo as a shawl merchant, whose acquaintance he made on the slow and tedious passage up the Nile before the present days of railway travel and com-

He had changed his character and costume while in Alexandria, adopting that of a dervise -a character suitable to every grade in society, from prince to beggar, allowing any style of clothing, from royal crimson to absolute nakedness, and suiting any style of life and behavior, from silent gravity to babbling insanity.

After some days' rest with his friend, he determined to change his quarters, and finding no room in the Wakallah Khan Khalil, the principal Khan in Cairo, he took a room in the Wakallah Gemaliyah, and lived here while the pilgrims gathered in the city, preparing for the great event of the year.

The pilgrimage to Mecca has been for several hundred years the pulse of the Mohammedan nations. Two great pilgrimages are made—the one from Damascus, and the other from Cairo. Each of these often consists of four to six thousand camels, and besides this vast army there are many thousands of pilgrims who go to Mecca by way of the Red Sea.

Doubtless in its origin the pilgrimage had a religious design, but that was not unmingled with worldly considerations. Mecca, from its position in a barren desert, is obviously unable to sustain itself as a city without foreign commerce, nor has it within itself any thing to induce that commerce except its Holy Places. Thousands of pilgrims arrive each year, bringing with them provisions and supplies of every sort, while they take away the sacred beads, sandalwood, henna for ladies' finger-dye, and other delicacies for the Mohammedan harems.

Still this small trade is not a sufficient reason for this great pilgrimage; and we must believe the fervor of the faith to be still warm in the hearts of men who come thousands of miles over burning deserts and wild wastes of sand, through perils innumerable, fatigues, deprivations, and sufferings oftentimes incredible to be borne, with earnest hearts fixed on the holy Kaaba at Mecca, and the grave of the Prophet at Medina.

From the earliest ages men have been accustomed to direct their hearts toward some spot more holy than others, and to let their wandering footsteps lead them there. The templepalaces, and even the rocks of Egypt, are mark- Abdullah, and it was not strange, two years

ed with the outline of footprints which pilgrims have left there as evidence of their journeys accomplished, and Jews and Christians alike seek to behold the Hill of Zion or the Tomb of the Lord before they die. The Moslems, with beautiful Oriental poetry, say that their word for pilgrimage, "Hadj," originally signified aspiration, and indicates the idea that man is a wanderer on earth and seeks an abiding city.

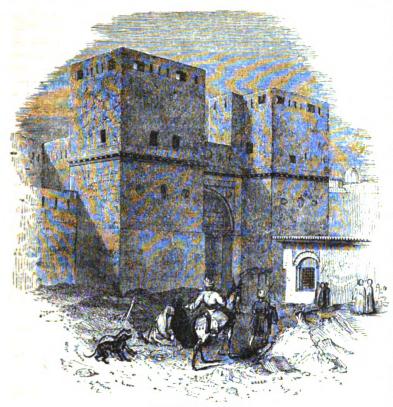
The Moslem religion requires every man to make the pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca, if he have, first, health; second, money for the road; and, third, money for his family during his absence. But this pilgrimage is far from being simply a journey to the Holy Places. The requirements of the pilgrimage are manifold. Upon assuming the Ihram, or pilgrimdress on his approach to Mecca, the Moslem assumes the obligations of the pilgrimage, and thenceforth is forbidden to cover his head with any covering, though he may carry an umbrella, and may dive under water, or even place his hands on the top of his head; but he may not wear cap or turban, nor may he put on any article of dress which is sewn or has seams in it. He must preserve absolute chastity, and is forbidden even to kiss a woman, much more to contract a marriage. All perfumes and oils are forbidden; he must not cut his nails or hair; he must not hunt wild animals, nor cut down a tree or pluck up a plant. Certain long prayers he must recite at every mount and dismount. He must always sleep in the manner of the Prophet, with his hand under his cheek, or leaning on his elbow.

These are a few of the numerous requirements of the pilgrimage, which thousands of Moslems annually assume voluntarily, in hope of everlasting rewards therefor, and which our daring Englishman assumed in undertaking his dangerous journey.

It was not many days before Burton was advised by a new friend, a Mussulman, whom he had met on the Nile steamer, and now found again in the Gemaliyah Wakallah, to lay aside his dervise's gown, pantaloons, and shirt, which he had worn as a Persian, and, in fact, give up all connection with Persia and the Persians. After due deliberation he decided to assume the character of a Pathan or Afghan, and to represent himself as an Indian physician, still frequenting the places where dervises congregated, and calling himself a dervise-which, we have before remarked, was not inconsistent with any other character he might assume. Little did his adviser dream of what was concealed under those dervise clothes.

Located in the Wakallah, he employed a teacher in the religion he had assumed-a course not apt to excite suspicion, since it is customary with the Mussulmans themselves, and especially in Cairo, where there are hundreds of religious sheiks ready to take pupils of any age, and give lessons in the holy faith. He was known to no one except as the Sheik





BAB EL NASE, CAIRO.

afterward, that the English residents in Cairo should doubt the possibility of an Englishman having lived so long in the city and escaped detection from the natives, while he entirely avoided the society of his fellow-countrymen.

The adventurer resided in Cairo until the time approached for his departure on the pilgrimage which commenced there, and then made his preparations, secured his passports in full character—a thing easily managed in the offices of Egypt—and hired his dromedaries of a Bedouin of Mount Sinai to convey him to Suez, for the sum of fifty piastres, or about two dollars and a half each.

On the morning of departure, duly mounted on his camel, he left the gateway of the city, the Bab el Nasr, or the Gate of Victory, addressing the salutation of peace to the sentry and the officer of the guard, and receiving in return their hearty "God speed you!" and then, with a last look at the walls of the city, which he might well imagine his eyes were not likely to behold again, he struck his heel into the neck of his camel and was away over the desert to Suez.

There are three routes from Cairo to Mecca. The one is by land all the way, around the Gulf of Akaba; the second is by sea from Suez; and the third is up the hill to Gheneh, and across to Cosseir, and thence across the sea to Jeddah and Mecca.

Sheik Abdullah had chosen the second route, and on his arrival at Suez was left to make an Vol. XIV.—No. 80.—M

arrangement for his passage down the sea to Yambu, the port nearest to El Medina, the first point of his desires. Here, for the first time, he began to be associated with pilgrims and others going on the same route, and formed associations that lasted during his entire journey.

Omar Effendi, a Circassian, grandson of a Mufti at Medina, and son of a Sheik Rakl, or chief officer of caravansa short, plump body, of vellow complexion and bilious temperament, gray-eyed, softfeatured, and beardless, not more than twenty-eight years old, mild and quiet generally, but, when roused, furious as a tiger; Saad the Devil, a negro servant born in Omar Ef-

fendi's family, but who becoming free had traveled—a fierce and furious, quarrelsome and unscrupulous scoundrel; Sheik Hamid el Lamman, a town Arab from Medina; and a Meccan boy, Mohammed by name, formed the principal characters who were to be his traveling companions for some time.

He came near being discovered by them at the very commencement of their alliance; for, becoming confidential, and having lent each and every one of them money, he allowed them to overhaul his medicine-chest, examine his pistols and watch, and finger all that he had. His watch was encased in copper, and marked with Arabic numerals on the dial; but a sextant which he had with him, though passed unnoticed at first, had nearly proved his ruin.

The boy Mohammed declared, so soon as he left the room, that he was an infidel from India—a suggestion that Omar Effendi combated most strenuously, while Sheik Hamid, who had discussed an abstract theological point with him an hour before, swore that the light of El Islam was on his countenance; whereupon they united in calling the boy a pauper, a fakir, an owl, a cut-off one, a stranger, a Wahabi, and sending him to Coventry generally. But the Sheik Abdullah left his sextant behind, and prayed five times a day for a week to recover his reputation.

The boy Mohammed was one from whom in Cairo he bought his pilgrim garb, "El Ihram," and the shroud with which all pilgrims start on



this journey. He was a chocolate-colored youth of eighteen, in all respects a sharp, fast boy, much on the Bowery pattern, and was homeward bound to Mecca. He was much too sharp for the Englishman's purposes, but fate threw him into his company again between Cairo and Suez, and he was one of the party now waiting a vessel.

They had not long to wait, but secured their places in the Golden Wire, a Sambuk of fifty tons, decked only on the poop, carrying two masts that raked forward, with one huge latteen sail on the main-mast and none on the mizzen, no reef ties, no compass, no log, no soundinglines, nor even the suspicion of a chart. Such probably, thought the traveler, were the craft of Sesostris, such the vessels of Ezion Geber, such the transports of which Ælius Gallus required a hundred and thirty for ten thousand men.

On the morning of a fiery July day, having boarded this vessel, they poled to the pier at Suez, where the Bey examined their passports, bastinadoed half a dozen who had none, and sent them back to Cairo for a further application of the same sort, and at ten o'clock they set sail and ran down to the roadstead.

The first look at the interior of the vessel showed a hopeless sight; for Ali Murad, the owner, had promised to take sixty passengers in the hold, and had taken ninety-seven. Piles of boxes and luggage in every shape filled the boat from stem to stern, and a torrent of Hadjis were pouring over the sides like ants into a sugar-basin.

As usual, the majority of pilgrims were Mograbbis or Moors from the north coast of Africa, a fierce wild race, known to France, and to us as well, by Algerine experience. The first thing to be done on board after gaining standing room was to fight for greater comfort. A few Turks, ragged old men from Anatolia and Caramania, were mixed up with the Mograbbis; and the former began the war by contemptuously elbowing and scolding their wild neighbors. The latter retorted; and in a few moments nothing was to be seen but a confused mass of humanity, each item indiscriminately punching and pulling,

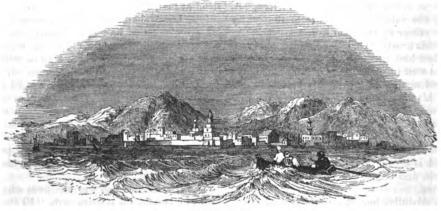
scratching and biting, butting and trampling, with cries of rage and all the accompaniments of a proper fray.

After fighting the first round out a pause was had, and a deputation sent to Ali Murad, the owner of the boat, to induce him to effect some change. He would not interfere, and the fray began again. The Mograbbis commenced it, and Saad the Devil seized the nabotes, or stout sticks used by boatmen of the Nile and Red Sea, and the Englishman and his party fell on with shouts of defiance. "I am Omar of Daghistan!" "I am Abdullah Ben Yusef!" "I am Saad the Devil!" shrieked each as he laid on his blows. In vain the enemy tried to scale the poop, and overpower its defenders by numbers. The fight was soon over, and the Mograbbis sued for quarter, which was promised provided they kept the peace; and thus all being made comfortable, at 3 P.M., July 6th, 1854, the crew and passengers recited the Fahtah, which is the first chapter of the Koran, with upraised hands to catch the blessing of Allah, and transferring it to the face by drawing both palms down over it, set sail for Yambu.

For twelve days of alternate calm and gales the crowded boat drifted, or drove down the Gulf of Suez and across the Gulf of Akaba to Yambu, the port of El Medina.

The only pause of interest which they made was at Moses's hot baths, a place to which the Mohammedans affix the miraculous bringing of water from the rock. Here are shown some deep indentations in the stone, said to be of the finger-nails of the Lawgiver, which were once deep enough, with the finger marks, for a man to lie down in each. The Mohammedans have a singular way of making the patriarchs and fathers gigantic. I have seen their tombs of Moses, Abel, Noah, and Joshua, and each is over a hundred feet long.

Yambu el Bahr (Yambu of the Sea) is one of the "Gates of the Holy City." It is at the end of the third quarter of the caravan road from Cairo to Mecca, the first being Akaba, the second Salma, the third Yambu, and the fourth Mecca. It is an unimportant place in the geography of the world not Mohammedan, and de-



VIEW OF SUEZ



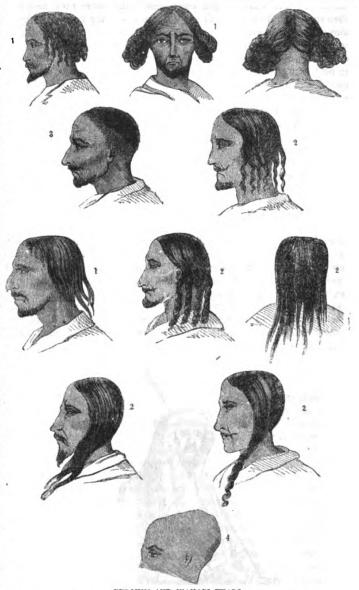
tained our adventurer only long enough to make his arrangements for camels to convey him with his servants to the Holy City. Sending for a mukharrij (the sheik of the camel owners), he contracted for four desert ships at three dollars each, agreeing to start on the evening of the next day with a grain caravan, guarded by an escort of irregular cavalary; for the Hazimi were out, and a more dangerous tribe of Bedouins to meet on the desert there is not. Having laid in seven days' provisions, polished and loaded his arms, and changed his dress for that of an Arab, in order to avoid paying the Bedouins' tax on all strangers, he bought a shugduf or litter for his camel, in which he could ride and take notes unseen by the Mussulmans, and was ready for the perilous undertaking before him. Perilous not alone from the Mussulmans, whose most sacred rites he was to invade with sacrilegious foot, but also from the Bedouins who inhabited the deserts he was to cross, and who regarded all travelers of whatever religion as sent by Allah for them to plunder.

A pleasanter meeting can well be imagined than that with a sheik of the Hazimi, dressed in his heavy cloaks, with the coiffure hanging over his fierce eyes, on a lonesome desert. The Bedouin Arab is an unknown person to the civilized world,

nor have travelers devoted sufficient attention to them as yet to be able to give a full idea of them. Their faces and styles of hair-dressing may be gathered from the sketches which the pilgrim took, and which we have copied. phrenologist would have no hesitation in ascribing to these heads firmness as well as animal passion, and in advising a traveler to be shy of his intercourse with them.

Nothing daunted by the prospect before him, the adventurer mounted his camel in the evening, for the travel was to be by night, and not in the hot day sun, and having with infinite difficulty collected the straggling party, they wound their slow way through the narrow streets of Yambu and out upon the desert.

Fearful was Sheik Hamid, and most timid



BEDOUIN AND WAHABI HEADS.

. General style of face 2. Ringlets; style called dalik.

3. Hair left on the crown called shusha. 4. Shaved head, showing general contour.

hammed, who was loud in his boasts within the walls of the town, became silent as they left the haunts of men and entered the wastes that are supposed to be inhabited by fiends.

The party consisted of twelve camels, traveling in Indian file, head tied to tail, loaded with boxes and bundles, on which sat the lazy owners of the packages half asleep, dressed in the coarsest and dirtiest of clothes. The course was east and northeast till three in the morning, by the light of a glorious moon, which they faced most of the time. The camp ground for the day's repose reached, Sheik Abdullah's little tent, the only one in the party, was pitched, and spreading their rugs on the ground, they slept till the sun was far up, and then dozed the day through.

The next day the party was increased by two of all men Saad the Devil, while the boy Mo- | hundred camels carrying grain, and an escort



of cavalry. The caravan got away some time before sunset, and at dark a cry of "Harami"-Thieves-in the rear, caused the utmost confusion. The usual plan of attack among the Bedouins is to alarm the caravan, and then, cutting off the rear camels, hang on to their tails, a movement that sets them off at a gallop, and they are soon in the desert beyond the reach of their owners. But in this case the attack was unsuccessful, and the robbers fled at the whistle of a bullet.

Their journey was most of all disturbed by fears of Sheik Saad, the old man of the mountains, a little brown Bedouin robber of vast fame. Countless are the stories of the old Sheik, wherewith the fearing traveler was regaled in the long day rests; but he had no opportunity of verifying them until they had passed Beer Abbas, a well and a long straggling village, where the caravan was detained for several days by reports of enemies between that spot and El Medina. In point of fact, the Hawamid, Sheik Saad's tribe, were on the road in force.

On the evening of the 23d they were ready for a start, and at 11 P.M. advanced, reachdawn, where they anticipated danger. Nor Prophet.

were they disappointed. As they approached, far up above them on the rocky hillside, they saw the bursting smoke, and then heard the sharp crack of the matchlocks at almost the same instant that the balls came down among the cavalry of the caravan. Bedouins, like hornets, swarmed over the crest of the rocks; boys, as well as men, carrying weapons and climbing like cats. It was useless to challenge them to come down on the plain and fight like men. They will do this in the eastern part of Arabia, but never in the Hejaz.

They directed their fire chiefly against the Albanian guard. Some of these called for assistance to the sheiks, who had joined the caravan at Beer Abbas; but these old men, dismounting and squatting in a circle, smoked themselves quietly to the conclusion, that as the robbers would not pay attention to them, it was a waste of breath to address them, and the Albanians were left to blaze away at the rocks. Twelve men and many camels lay dead on the sand before they succeeded in passing the gorge, and then hastening on, they reached Shahada-"The Martyrs," where are supposed to lie buring the Shuab el Hadj-The Pilgrim's Pass, at | ied forty men who fell fighting with, or for, the

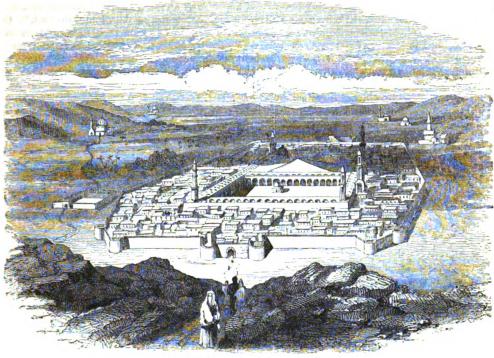
> This spot is interesting in connection with one of the absurd traditions of the Mohammedans. Near here is Jebel Warkan, "one of the mountains of Paradise," and the val-ley Sejasaj, "a valley of Heaven," as declared the Prophet himself, who said that seventy prophets had prayed there before himself, and that Moses, with seventy thousand children of Israel, passed the valley on his way to Mecca, and that in some future day Isa ben Maryam-Jesus the son of Mary-will pass here also, performing the greater and lesser pilgrimage.

It is but a barren desert valley, with a few tombs and a few ruins, and without a proper guide to relate them, one would never suspect the place of such honors. Nevertheless there are a thousand similar places of traditionary honors in the Hejaz, and the devout of the Mussulmans believe them. The Mohammedans' faith in the divine mission of Jesus Christ is an interesting subject. They rank him among the greatest



SHEIR ABDULLAR (LIEUTENANT BURTON).





EL MEDINA .- (BY A NATIVE ARTIST.)

of the prophets, and believe that he did not die, but that some one was substituted for him on the cross, and that he will yet return.

The last night in the desert was passed in hurrying onward. When the sun arose, all were driving their camels on, regardless of rough ground, and no one spoke to his neighbor.

"Are there robbers in sight?" asked he.

"No," said the boy Mohammed; "they are walking with their eyes; they will see their homes presently."

Rapidly passing the Valley of Akik, they came to a huge flight of steps, roughly cut in a long line of black scoriaceous basalt. Arrived at the top, they passed through a lane of black scoria with steep banks on both sides, and after a few minutes a full view of El Medina burst on

They halted, as if by word of command, and, all dismounting, sat down, jaded and hungry as they were, in imitation of the pious of old times, and feasted their eyes with a view of the Holy City.

"Oh, Allah, this is the haram of the Prophet; make it to us a protection from hell fire and a refuge from eternal punishment. Oh, open the gates of thy mercy, and let us pass through them to the land of joy!"

"Oh, Allah, bless the last of Prophets, the seal of prophecy, with blessings in number as the stars of heaven, and the waves of the sea, and the sands of the waste-bless him, O Lord of might and majesty, as long as the cornfield and the date grove continue to feed man-

rose from a hundred voices, and then the far wanderer understood the value of the phrase in the Moslem ritual, "And when his eyes fall upon the trees of El Medina, let him raise his voice and bless the Prophet with the choicest of blessings."

Nothing was more striking in the view than the gardens and orchards about the town in contrast with the desolation they had passed. Robust religious men enter the city on foot reverently, as the pilgrims approach Mecca, as did Ali himself. But our hero mounted his camel, having the excuse of a lame foot, and thus entered El Medina on the 25th of July, having been eight days from Yambu, a distance of 130 miles.

The way was crowded with multitudes coming out to meet the caravan. Most of the party walked, for the better convenience of kissing, embracing, and shaking hands with relatives and friends. Passing through the Bab (gate) Ambari, they defiled slowly down a broad dusty street, and at length arrived at Sheik Hamid's house, where Abdullah the Afghan was to lodge, having so arranged with his traveling companion.

The view of Medina, by a native artist, which is here given, must not be mistaken by the reader for an accurate view of the city. On the contrary, it bears very little resemblance to it, except as giving a fair idea of the interior appearance of the great mosque. But we give it to show the Oriental style of representation of cities, this being almost identical with their views of Mecca, Jerusalem, and even Bagdad. Such were the exclamations and prayers that They, in fact, consider a view of a mosque surrounded by houses sufficiently like any city for took the oath of fealty, which is known in Mosall practical purposes.

Whence arose the story that circulates among Christians, that the Moslems believe the coffin of Mohammed to be suspended between heaven and earth by some magnetic influence, it is now impossible to say. No Mussulman ever heard of the idea, and it is a pure invention of some story-seller, which has become current even in histories, geographies, and especially in religious books.

The Prophet, having accomplished his mission, laid his head down on the lap of Ayisha, his favorite wife, and died; and the companions of his flight and his triumph—the mighty men whose names even now ring in our ears like the sounds of clarions on the desert—hollowed out his grave and buried him in the dust of Arabia, and they afterward lay down and slept by him.

El Medina is the burial-place of Mohammed. It is remarkable that so many learned men have erred on this subject, and that so large a portion of the intelligent world still believe that the Prophet is entombed at Mecca. A volume would not suffice to contain the traditions which the Moslems preserve concerning the origin of the city, which they date in the centuries just after the deluge. The Arabic language they suppose to be as old, and they even have a tradition that the Almighty, when addressing the angels in command, uses the Arabic tongue, but when in accents of mercy, the Deir dialect of the Persian. The last king of the Amlik, the founders of El Medina, was, according to one tradition, slain by Moses, who invaded the city with an army of Israelites. Another story is, that when Moses and Aaron were coming northward, having accomplished their pilgrimage to Mecca, they did not dare enter the city El Medina, for fear of certain inimical Israelites then there, but pitched their tents on Mount Ohod. Aaron being about to die, Moses dug his tomb, and said, "Brother, thine hour is come, turn thy face to the next world!" whereupon Aaron lay down in the grave and died, and the great Lawgiver, with his own hands, covered him with earth, and then went his way to Canaan. Subsequently the Israelites settled in and around Medina. All the traditions agree in giving to the children of Jacob possession of this country for a long period; but at length, falling away from the worship of God, he raised up against them the Arab tribes of Aus and Khazraj, who conquered them, and held the land, with constant feuds between themselves, till the coming of Mohammed. But the Jews had certain prophetic sayings among them which were handed down to their conquerors, that it was not in the power of man to destroy the city, since it was preserved by Allah for the refuge of a Prophet to come, a descendant of Ishmael.

When Mohammed was preaching at Mecca, six men of the tribes of Aus and Khazraj heard him, and recognizing the long-expected teacher,

took the oath of fealty, which is known in Moslem history as the "Bayat el Akabat el-ula"— "The first fealty of the Mountain-road." On their return to Medina their statements caused such a sensation that the next year forty others went to Mecca, and took the same oath, at the same steep place, near Muna, whence it received its name.

The next year a large body of men went to Muna, and met the Prophet at midnight on the hill, where he enlisted them in his service, and promised them Paradise as their reward. But he refused to go to Medina as they wished. Two months and a half after this he received the inspired tidings that Medina was to be his asylum, and sent forward his friends Omar, Talhah, and Hamzah to prepare for him, and shortly afterward accomplished the flight—the Hegira—which is so well known to the world, and which is the commencement of the Mohammedan era.

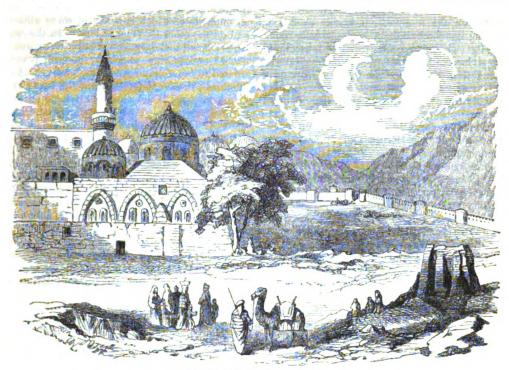
On his approach to the city, being asked where he would go, he replied, "Wherever this she-camel leads me." The camel advanced to the centre of Kuba, a village two miles southeast of Medina, and knelt on a place that is now consecrated ground. Here he rested five days, and laid the foundation of the first mosque. On the 16th Rabia el Awwal A.H. 1-that is, July 2, A.D. 622-at sunrise, he mounted his she-camel and rode toward the city. Numbers crowded to meet him and offer hospitality, but he trusted to the inspiration of the beast he rode, and, blessing the people, bade them stand aside and see what El Kaswa would do. She advanced to the spot where the Prophet's pulpit in the great mosque now stands, and there knelt, the rider exclaiming, "This is our place, if Almighty God please!" Then ensued great rejoicings; the Abyssinians came and played with their spears, the maidens of the Beni Najjar sang and beat their drums, and the wives of the Ansar celebrated the event with their shrill cries of joy, while all shouted, "The messenger of God is come!"

Having entered the house nearest to the halting place, Mohammed caused his wife to occupy the upper story while he took possession of the lower, and there remained seven months, while the mosque was erected where the camel knelt. He then moved into huts of unbaked brick adjoining the mosque and opening into it. These huts were occupied by himself, Abubekr (his successor), Ali, who afterward married Fatima his daughter, Omar, and the other companions of his flight.

The last ten years of his life were passed here. He was born on a Monday, his mission commenced on Monday, and he died at El Medina on Monday, the 12th Rabia el Awwal, A.H. 11. Monday is a white day to a Mussulman on this account.

When his family and companions debated where he should be buried, Ali advised El Medina, and Abubekr added a suggestion that it should be in the chamber of Ayisha, where he





THE PROPHET'S PLACE OF PRAYER.

had died. So it was done. He was buried under the bed on which he expired by Ali and the two sons of Abbas, who dug the grave with their own hands.

Since then the city has passed through the hands of the Califs, the Shereefs of Mecca, the Sultans of Stamboul, the Wahabis, and the Egyptians, and there is no reason to doubt that the dust of the Prophet lies undisturbed below the mosque that he founded.

This mosque, of one corner of which we give a view, is built around the spot where El Kaswa knelt, and is by most Mahommedans considered equal in rank to the Kaaba at Mecca. In those times of primitive simplicity it was built of rough stone and unbaked brick, and the angel Gabriel forbid its height to exceed that of the temple of Moses, which was fixed at seven cubits. Seven years afterward it was rebuilt, the Prophet and his companions carrying brick with their own hands.

El Sabrani says that an Ansar had a house adjoining, which Mohammed wished to purchase and make a part of the place of prayer. The owner was offered a home in Paradise in exchange for it, but pleading very gently his poverty on earth, declined the tempting offer. Osman bought it for 10,000 drachms, and sold it to the Prophet on the long credit proposed. It is questionable whether that lien has ever been satisfied.

In this mosque Mohammed spent the greater part of the day, teaching and preaching, and near it he died and was buried. Here was his place of prayer, and here is a favorite place for pray five times per day there, and remain in it his followers to worship. Here the wealth of as long as possible.

Islam was lavished in later years, and toward this spot the heart of the devout Mussulman has always turned with longings that Christians well know in thinking of Jerusalem. Medina became the second city of the three holy cities of the Moslems, Mecca being first and Jerusalem last. Califs rebuilt the mosque again and again with increased splendor. El Hakim (the founder of the sect of Druses) sent emissaries about A.H. 412, to steal the bodies of the Prophet and his two companions, Abubekr and Omar, who slept by him, but failed. In A.H. 550 two Christians, disguised as Moorish pilgrims, dug a mine from a neighboring house into the temple with the same intent, but were discovered and burned. El Malik el Din, who made the discovery, having been warned by a vision, surrounded the grave with a deep trench and filled it with molten lead, and the mighty dead have since been suffered to rest in peace.

There is a terrible solemnity in the idea of standing by the graves of Mohammed, Abubekr, and Omar, and, perhaps, there may be some reader of this article who will not think the peril and labor of the journey which the Englishman made poorly repaid when he found himself there.

Having performed the required ablutions and dressed in white clothes, the favorite color of the Prophet, he started on this holy errand. Mohammed said, "One prayer in this my mosque is more efficacious than a thousand elsewhere, save only in Mecca." It is the pilgrim's duty as long as he stays in Medina to



Passing through muddy streets, he came suddenly on the mosque. It stands choked up among ignoble buildings, some actually touching it. There is no outer front, and, as a building, it has neither beauty nor dignity. Entering the Bab el Rahmah-The Gate of Pity, every thing appeared mean and tawdry. usually the case in visiting great shrines. It is eminently so at Jerusalem. It seemed like a museum, a curiosity shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendor.

The mosque is about 420 feet in length by 340 in breadth, the direction of the long walls being nearly north and south.

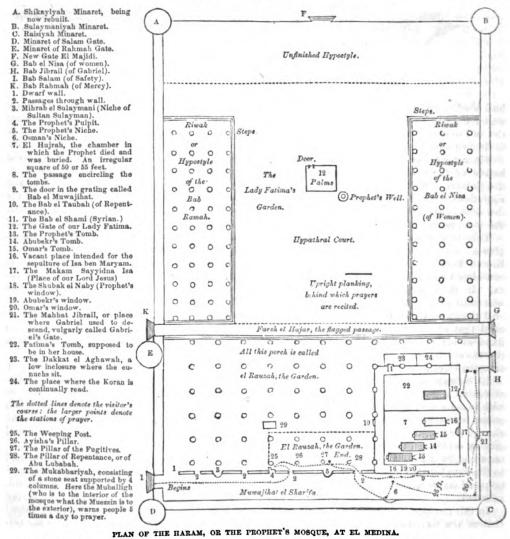
The reader, by examining the plan herewith given, will be able to follow a brief description of the mosque, and to obtain an idea of the localities in this sacred spot.

Entering by the gate F, the visitor is within an unfinished colonnade, in process of erection

through which, he finds himself in a large court, on one side of which is a row of three pillars, and on the other side one of four. In the centre is a small inclosure, full of palm-trees, and a nebbek or lote tree, of which the fruit is considered to be of immense value, and is sold at fabulous prices. Before him, at the lower end of the mosque, is the Garden, an inclosed and covered space, filled with columns, on which the wealth of the Arabians has been exhausted.

The southeastern part of this inclosure covers the site of the tombs, which are supposed to be placed as represented in the plan, while the vacant spot at 16 is to be occupied by Isa ben Maryam-Jesus the son of Mary-who the Mussulmans believe will one day return in person to the world, preceding the return of Mohammed himself.

The dotted line at the lower end of the plan represents the path of the pilgrim to the shrine, which, that the reader may obtain an idea of by the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid; passing the manner of performing a Moslem pilgrimage,



The long walls are 420 feet. The short walls 340. The Hujrah is an irregular square of 55 feet. marked with dots and called El Rauzah is about 80 feet long. Between the Hujrah and the eastern wall 20 feet. Between the Hujrah and the southern wall 25 or 26 feet.



we will describe. Commencing at the Gate of Safety, the two, Sheik Hamid and the Englishman, walked down the Muwajihat el Sharifah, or the Holy Front, reciting aloud this prayer, "In the name of Allah and the faith of Allah's prophet, O Lord, cause me to enter the entering of truth, to issue forth the issuing of truth, and permit me to draw near to thee, and make me a Sultan Victorious." Then follow blessings on the Prophet and other prayers. On the left hand was a low wall, painted with arabesques and pierced with small doors. In this wall are sundry small erections, the niche of Sultan Suleiman, the pulpit, and the niche of Mohammed, being on a favorite praying-place of the Prophet. Entering the Rauzah or garden by a small door, they turned to the left and knelt near the pulpit. The garden is so called from a saying of Mohammed. "Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of Paradise;" and the Mohammedans verily believe this spot to be a physical extract out of heaven, to be returned there at some day. He who is therein is therefore actually in Paradise, and this is one of the holiest places on earth.

Kneeling here, then, the pilgrim prayed, performed two prostrations in honor of the temple, and recited the 109th and 112th chapters of the Koran; after which, one prostration in gratitude to God for permitting this visit; and then the horde of beggars demanded their alms, as this was the time and place for alms-giving, as part of the ceremony.

The carpets of "the garden" are flowered, and the pediments of the columns are cased with bright green tiles, and adorned to the height of a man with gaudy and unnatural vegetation in arabesque. The windows in the southern wall are of stained glass, and were presented by Ghait Bey, one of the Mamaluke sultans of Egypt.

Returning through the low wall to the Holy Front, they passed on down it, and arrived at the mausoleum, repeating, as they went, the "Verily Allah and his angels bless the Prophet. Oh, ye who believe, bless him, and salute him with honor!"

The mausoleum, or hujrah, or chamber, so called from being the room of Ayisha, in which the Prophet died, is an irregular space of 50 or 55 feet on each side, separated from the walls of the mosque by a space 26 feet wide on the south and 20 on the east.

Inside these are supposed to be three tombs. There are two railings of dense iron work surrounding them, and no one can see the tombs by reason of a covering built over them, by some said to be stone, by others wood, which is covered with a richly embroidered curtain. In the outer rail on the south side, about five feet from the ground, are three apertures, called by the names of the Prophet and his two companions. Through these the pilgrim is permitted to look. The first is said to be about three cubits distant from the head of the Prophet. After reciting various prayers before each window, the substance of which was an invocation of reases to the great

dead, the pilgrim advanced to the window and looked into the gloom.

After straining his eyes for some time, he saw a curtain, or rather hangings, with three inscriptions in gold letters, informing readers that behind them lie Allah's Prophet and the two first califs. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is, moreover, distinguished by a large pearl resary and a peculiar ornament, the celebrated constellation of pearls, suspended to the curtain breast high.

The actual tomb is almost as much of a myth as the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It is many years, perhaps centuries, since any human eye has seen within the solid inclosure that covers it. Ibn Jubayr, who traveled A.H. 580, relates that the Prophet's coffin is a box of ebony covered with sandal-wood and plated with silver. Others relate similar descriptions of it; while the belief of the faithful is, that no one can approach it for the terrible blaze of light which proceeds from it. Once it is said that a vision directed the tomb to be cleaned of dust that had fallen on it, and a man was lowered in by a cord from above and cleaned it with his beard.

The Prophet's body is said to lie stretched at full length on the right side, with the right palm supporting the right cheek, the face fronting Mecca. In imitation of this, Moslems are always thus buried.

The face of Abubekr fronts the Prophet's shoulder as he lies just behind him, and Omar holds the same position in the rear.

Osman the Calif, and Hassan the Iman, desired to be buried here, and Ayisha consented to permit them, but by the will of God the only vacant space has been reserved for Isa ben Marvam.

Turning now to the north, on the east side of the tombs, the pilgrim approached the place of Gabriel's descent with the revelations, a small window in the east wall of the mosque, and reciting the "Peace to the angels," they turned to the west and arrived at the sixth station, the tomb of Fatima, daughter of Mohammed and wife of Ali.

Her house was next the Prophet's, and opened into it by a window which was never closed, and under it was her tomb, as some say. But it is more probable that she was buried in a neighboring cemetery, and not here.

A prayer was offered here of "Peace to the daughter of the messenger of Allah;" another in honor of the Hamzah, the martyrs who are buried at the foot of Mount Ohod; and one, with face fronting the eastern wall, for the souls of the dead in El Bahia, Abbas, Hassan, Ali, Osman, the Lady Fatima, and the Prophet's wives, all of whom are buried in the holy cemetery.

of the Prophet and his two companions. Through these the pilgrim is permitted to look. The first is said to be about three cubits distant from the head of the Prophet. After reciting various prayers before each window, the substance of which was an invocation of peace to the great



water, and beggars innumerable rushed on the hapless pilgrim. Mild beggars and picturesque, who sat contemplating napkins on the ground on which lay a few coppers; angry beggars who cursed, if not gratified; noisy and petulant beggars, especially women, capturing the pilgrim by his skirt; pretty beggars and ugly beggars, and the blind, halt, and diseased of all sorts—in short, such a crowd of beggars as one sees nowhere but in a holy city, and it doesn't matter much whether the city is Mohammedan or Christian.

The pillars which support the ceiling of the garden are among the most interesting relics in Medina. There is the weeping pillar; the pillar of perfume; the pillar of lots, so called because it stands on a spot of which Mohammed said to his wife that if men knew the value of the place they would cast lots to pray there; the pillar of repentance, that stands on the spot where Abu Lubabah tied himself to a palm-tree, vowing to remain there till released by God and the Prophet, a circumstance which did not take place till the tenth day; the pillar of the cot, standing where the Prophet was wont to sit on his palm-branch cot; the column of Ali; the column of envoys, where Mohammed was accustomed to receive such messengers, and numerous others which support as weighty traditions.

It was evening when the pilgrim left the mosque, with the left foot foremost, as the law prescribes.

There are five other mosques in El Medina which the pilgrim is expected to visit. They are the Prophet's mosque in the Munakah, Abubekr's near the fountain, Ali's, Omar's, and Balal's. None of these are remarkably elegant or worthy description here. Some fourteen others remain in the vicinity alone of forty that are said to have existed.

The principal places of pious visitation in the neighborhood are the mosques of Kuba, the cemetery El Bahia, and the Martyrs' Tomb, at the foot of Mount Ohod.

The first has been before mentioned. It is the oldest mosque in Islam. The lines of the walls were marked by the Prophet with an iron javelin, as indicated by the camel on which he rode, and this mosque is one of the specially holy places of prayer, more holy than El Aksa at Jerusalem.

The martyrs' tomb at the foot of Mount Ohod is the tomb of Hamzah, the uncle of the Prophet, and his companions who fell in one of Mohammed's great battles on this spot.

There is a tradition that seventy thousand saints, all with faces like full moons, shall cleave on the last day the yawning bosom of El Bahia. Ten thousand of the Ashab (companions of the Prophet) lie here. Their graves are forgotten because they were never marked. The first of all flesh who shall rise is Mohammed, the second Abubekr, the third Omar, and then the people of El Bahia.

The first person who was buried here was Os- | hands.

man ben Mazun, who died at Medina in the third year of the Hegira. The prophet kissed his forehead, and ordered him to be buried within sight of his own abode, and with his own hands planted two stones by the grave. They are long since gone.

The burial-places at a holy city are mournful spots, especially in Moslem countries, where burial is swift and almost indecent, and the grave-yard, as Burckhardt described this, "a confused accumulation of heaps of earth, wide pits, and rubbish, without a single rectangular tomb-stone." Here many a sad pilgrimage finds its end. The poor pilgrim has gone on his last journey, and the corpse, unattended by friends, is brought by hired buriers to the cemetery. They pause suddenly, and throw the uncoffined body on the ground. There is a lifelike pliability about it as it falls, and the tight cerements so define the outlines that it looks almost as if he knew what is about to occur. They have forgotten their tools, and while one man goes to fetch them, the others sit down to smoke. A shallow grave is scooped out-just high enough for the dead man to sit upright in when the angels come to interrogate him-the corpse is packed in; they have even the cruelty to throw the earth on his body unprotected by boards or palm-branches—a cruelty that might almost rouse a dead Mussulman-and so all is over. The man is blessed, for he has died a pilgrim-Shahid-in martyrdom, and ere long he will tread the halls of heaven.

Among the illustrious graves in El Bahia is that of Fatima, daughter of Asad and mother of Ali. She was buried with great pomp. The Prophet shrouded her with his own garment, to prevent hell from touching her; dug her grave, and lay down in it himself, that it might never be too narrow for her; assisted in carrying her bier, and prayed over her. On her tomb was written, "The grave hath not closed upon one like Fatima bint Asad."

The Damascus caravan arrived at Medina on the 28th of August, and changed the entire appearance of the place. Thousands of pilgrims, camels, horses, soldiers, and nondescripts filled the holy city and crowded the holy places. The English adventurer mixed freely among them, sustaining perfectly his character as Abdullah the Afghan, and joined them in their various ceremonies, all of which were individual, and none collective.

Mr. Burton had determined to remain in Medina till the last moment, and join the flying caravan, which usually leaves some days behind the main body and overtakes it. But it was suddenly announced that there would be none this year, in consequence of the refusal of Sheik Saad to pledge a free and safe passage to it, and the entire caravan was to start together.

Hastening around to purchase flour, rice, onions, dates, tobacco, and other provisions, he made ready to depart. His water-skins were rat-eaten, and he patched them with his own hands.



Sheik Hamid found a Bedouin-a well-built many Christians before me, and been stoned or old man, with regular features, a white beard, and a cool, clear eye-Masud by name, who came to bargain about the camels for the journey to Mecca and Mount Arafat, with whom an arrangement was concluded, and Abdullah now joined the great caravan, having up to this time been in most respects an individual traveler.

The caravans from Damascus and Cairo are the great sources of wealth to Mecca. The minor caravans from Bagdad and elsewhere are of less importance. The caravans leave Cairo and Damascus with great pomp. Each is under charge of a pasha of high rank, and each is guarded by an army of soldiers. Several thousand camels and horses, laden with pilgrims and goods, form the array, of which the chief object is the sacred camel, bearing the makhmil, which is a litter of bare poles when on the march, but covered gorgeously when resting; empty indeed, but the emblem of royalty, and designed to signify the power of the Sultan which accompanies the caravan. This idea, however, has naturally become corrupted, and now the makhmil is esteemed specially sacred, so that on its return to Cairo or Damascus the people believe it to contain some portion of the holiness of Mecca, and kneel before it with the most devout adoration. I well remember the furious looks of the natives of Musr, when I sat among them defiling the covering of the magnificent makhmil with my infidel gaze, and I have no doubt

otherwise abused, but for the presence of my body-guard, in the shape of old Sheik Houssein, the great Sheik of the Bedouins of Wady Mousa, whose presence was a full protection to his companions. The makhmil always accompanies the caravan, and is its centre. It had rested some days in El Medina, and on the 31st of August was ready to proceed.

Four roads lead from El Medina to Mecca. The Sultan's Way follows the coast; Yarik el Ghabir, a mountain path, impassable to the makhmil on account of its ruggedness; the Valley el Kura; and, finally, the Eastern Road, which owes its existence to Zubaydah, wife of Haroun el Raschid, who dug wells from Bagdad to Medina, and built a wall along the road to direct pilgrims over the shifting sands. The latter was the route now chosen by the commanding Pasha, and on this Abdullah, accompanied as usual by the boy Mohammed, proceeded.

The advance of the caravan is necessarily slow, and in such an immense crowd it would be surprising if delays did not often occur. But no accident to man or beast delays the main body of the travelers. In the sultry afternoon even of the first day beasts of burden began to sink. The fresh carcasses of asses, ponies, and camels dotted the wayside. Those that had fallen and died were abandoned to carrion birds, while those whose masters had cut their throats, whatever that I should have suffered the fate of according to the Koran, were surrounded by

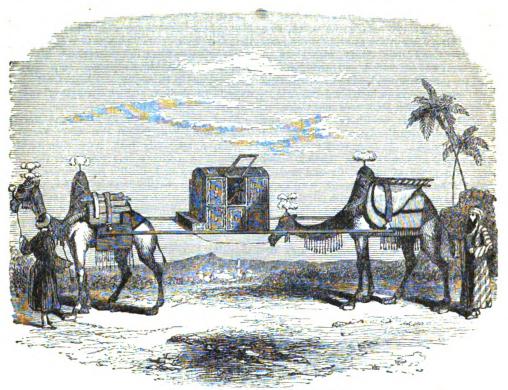
> troops of beggar pilgrims, who were cutting off steaks, and soon caused the entire carcasses to disappear.

Living is very simple on such marches. The pouches in the litter contain your water and provisions, which you use as inclined. Occasional venders of coffee, lemonade, and sherbet pass along divisions of the caravan. Few smoke while in motion. but the instant that the halt is made every man lights his pipe, and drinks coffee before eating his simple meal.

The appearance of the caravan was most striking as it threaded its lingering way over the smooth surface



CROSSING THE DESERT.



THE TAKTARAWAN, OR GRANDEE'S LITTER.

of the plain. To judge by the eye there were | els falling, and at the next of being drawn off, about seven thousand souls, some on foot, some on horseback, in litters or on the splendid camels of Syria, which are giants by the Haggin or Delluls of the Hejaz. There were eight gradations of pilgrims. The lowest hobbled along on foot. Then came the riders of asses, mules, and camels. Respectable men rode horses and dromedaries. The grandees were in litters of various shapes. The Taktarawan is literally any covered camel litter, but the most elegant style of travel is in the Taktarawan of two camels, carried on long poles between the two. Such a traveler has a led horse to mount when he wishes, and the man who travels in this style from Damascus to Mecca and back, must expend about six thousand dollars on his pilgrimage. Women and children of the poorer classes, who are broken down with the walk, pile themselves on the boxes with which their camels are loaded. The morning sun fell brightly on the glancing arms which surrounded the makhmil (now divested of its gorgeous coverings), and on the scarlet and gilded litters of the wealthy pilgrims. No man was dressed like any other. No two camels were caparisoned alike, and no one who has seen the Albanians or the Arnaouts need be told that no two soldiers were the same uniform. A band of half naked Takhuris marched with the Pacha's splendid equipage, and long-bearded Persians mingled with shaven Turks and brown Arabs. At times, in the night, travel became perilous by

litter, baggage, and man, by the thorny branches of the low acacias.

Crossing one vast waste about noon, they saw the air filled with those pillars of sand which the desert traveler always remembers, and which Bruce so graphically describes. They scudded on the wings of the whirlwind over the plain, huge yellow shafts, with lofty heads, which the Arab superstition has supposed to be the genii of the waste, and which might well cause such an idea.

There is discipline even in the Damascus caravan. A gun sounds the order to strike the tents, and a second to march with speed. There are short half hour halts at dawn, noon, afternoon, and sunset, for prayer, all regulated by the cannon, which sends its heavy roar down the long line. A discharge of these guns denotes the station for night or day rest, and, when marching in the night, the cannon announces various irregular halts.

The Emir of the Hadi was first in command, and under him was a Lieutenant or Wakil. The Emir el Surrah (of the Purse) had charge of the treasure and remittance to the Holy City, and the commander of the forces took care of the guard, about a thousand horsemen, halfbandit, half-soldiers, dirty, dressed each in his own fashion, picturesque indeed, and abominably useless in such a country.

Such was the motley mass that pressed on by day and by night, stifled now with the fierce reason at one moment of the danger of the cam- breath of the simoon, now weighed down with



the terrible rays of the sun, looking eagerly forward to the Holy City, and fearfully at the mountain passes through which they sometimes poured swiftly and hurriedly, fearing the matchlocks of the men of Saad.

They rested at length at the village of El Suwayrkiyah, about a hundred miles from Medina. It is a town of about one hundred houses, built at the base and on the sides of a basaltic mass, which rises abruptly from the clay plain. On the summit is a rude fortalice of uncut stone, and the lower part of the town is protected by a mud wall, with the usual semicircular towers. The town belongs to the Beni Houssein, a race of schismatics, who claim the allegiance of the surrounding Bedouin tribes. Here the caravanhalted, and the station was made memorable in the journey by a feast of fresh dates and mutton, an event so unusual in pilgrimage as to make the village itself worth a sketch, aside from its interest as an illustration of the towns of the Hejaz, one of which is like all the rest.

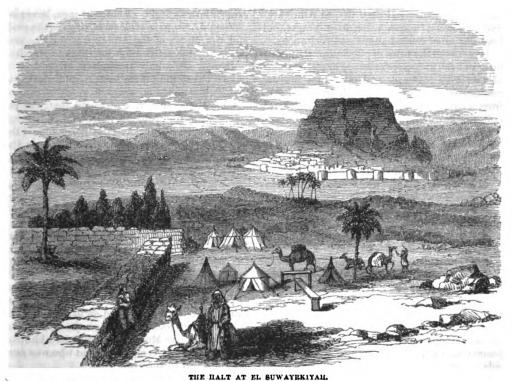
A little way to the northward of El Suwayrkiyah the Bagdad caravan, escorted by the Agayl tribe and the fierce mountaineers of Jebel Shamar, fell into the road and joined the Damascus caravan, increasing its numbers and its variety of picturesque costumes and persons. Persians, Kurds, Wahabis, and northeastern Arabs of every sort were in this party, who instantly commenced a quarrel with the Syrians; and refusing to camp with them, kept separate to a certain degree, meeting the latter only to quarrel.

A Wahabi seeing our English pilgrim smoking, expressed his undisguised contempt for tobacco, whereat the latter coolly offered him his

chibouk, and the former retorted by drawing a dagger, which he quietly sheathed when the smoker presented a pistol. Such little misunderstandings became common, and varied the monotony of the travel. But it was hardly monotonous. Lounging all day and all night long in his shugduf, the disguised Christian played well his part, and held daily discussions with his companions on the mysteries of Islam. At times the darkness of the nights was fearful. The camels tripped and stumbled over the low brush, tossing their litters like cock boats on a short sea. The black basaltic field was dotted with their huge and doubtful forms advancing with noiseless tread, looming like phantoms in the midnight air. The hot wind moaned, and whirled from the torches sheets of flame and fiery smoke, while ever and anon a swift traveling Taktarawan, surrounded by runners bearing gigantic mashalks (torches), threw a passing glow of red light over the dark road and the dusky multitude. Each pressed forward into the best path, thinking only of preceding others, and the whole scene was wild, strange, and fearful.

On the 8th of September the caravan reached El Zaribah, the appointed place for assuming the Ihram or pilgrim's garb, of which we have before spoken. It is nothing but two new cotton cloths, each six feet long by three and a half broad, white, with narrow red stripes and fringes, one thrown over the back, exposing the arm and shoulder, and knotted at the right side, while the other is wrapped around the loins from waist to knee, and being knotted at the middle or tucked in, supports itself.

After the toilet each pilgrim faced Mecca,



THE HALT AT EL BUW.

Vol. XIV.—No. 80.—N





BEDOUIN SHEIK IN TRAVELING DRESS.

and said aloud, "I vow the Ihram of pilgrimage and the little pilgrimage to God Almighty," and performed a two prostration prayer, followed by other exclamations and recitations.

Henceforth the rules of pilgrimage were absolute, and the unhappy (or happy?) pilgrim must abstain from perfumes and oils, from shaving, cutting, or breaking a single hair of his skin, from even scratching himself with his fingernails (a horrible provision in any Arab country, where the perfection of luxury is to scratch a flea-bite), from bad language, immorality, quarreling, and all light talk.

The women assumed the Ihram at the same time, dressing in white garments, and wearing a curious mask of split palm-leaves over the face, for the rule of pilgrimage forbids them to wear vails touching the features.

A wondrously picturesque scene was that on leaving El Zaribah. Crowds hurried along habited in the pilgrim garb, whose whiteness contrasted with their dark skins, their newly-shaven heads glistening in the sun, while the wild shout, "Labbayk, Labbayk!"—"Here am I!" from every voice rang in the air.

That evening they entered a doubtful pass, and stillness, the silence of apprehension, took possession of all. Suddenly there was on the hill-side a curl of smoke, a sharp report, and a dromedary in front of the Englishman rolled over

on the ground. Terrible confusion ensued; women screamed, children shrieked, men vociferated, each urging his beast to be first out of this pass of death; but the road being narrow, the mass jammed and became immovable. At every shot a shudder ran through the whole body as when a surgeon's scalpel touches a sensitive nerve. The horse guard were worse than useless. The Pasha spread his carpet in a safe place, and sat down to think and smoke. Then came the wild Wahabis, galloping their camels, with their elf-locks streaming in the wind, and their flaring matches shining in the twilight. Two or three hundred of them dismounting, scaled the rocky heights, and the robbers were routed and scattered: the

head of the column advanced, and the march became a furious flight. Bodies of men, boxes innumerable, baggage of all sorts, strewed the road, and the object of the attack was fully accomplished by the articles left for them to plunder.

Burton sat calmly through it all, pistols in hand; but finding them useless, and wishing to make an impression, shouted to his servant to get his supper ready, a demand that was received with disgust by his neighbors as evincing incredible heartlessness. All that night and the next day they pressed on, and, resting for a few hours in the evening, again marched till midnight.

At one in the morning, a loud shout rang down the line, "Mecca, Mecca! the sanctuary, the sanctuary! Here am I! Labbayk, Labbayk!" mingled with shrieks and sobs.

Looking out of his litter, he saw by the light of the southern stars the dim outlines of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain, which he knew as the end of his journey and the central point of Moslem devotion. Some dismounted to wait the day and enter Mecca on foot, but our traveler pressed on to the gate, and at two o'clock found himself at the door of the house of the boy Mohammed, who had hitherto been his constant companion, and who was now to be his host in the Holy City.

Mecca is little more than one vast mosque.



The original of the "House of Allah"—the Kaaba—which is the temple of the Mohammedans, is supposed to have been in heaven, where God made four jasper pillars with a ruby roof, and the angels went around it and praised him as they went. This house had its counterpart on earth, built by the angels.

"There were the ruby rocks,
And there in blocks the quarried diamonds lay,
Opal and emerald mountain, amethyst,
Sapphire, and chrysoprase, and jacinth stood
With the still action of a star, all light,
Like sea-based icebergs, blinding. These, with tools
Tempered in heaven, the band angelic wrought,
And raised, and fitted, having first laid down
The deep foundations of the holy dome
On-bright and beaten gold; and all the while
A song of glory hovered round the work
Like rainbow round a fountain.

"And now
So high and bright it shone in the mid-day light
It could be seen from heaven! Upon their thrones
The sun-eyed angels hailed it, and there rose
A hurricane of blissfulness in heaven
Which echoed for a thousand years."

Such, in the words of Bailey on a kindred subject, was the exquisite idea of the Mohammedans concerning the origin of their Holy Place. Nine other buildings have succeeded it, one of which was built by Abraham and Ishmael. The tomb of the latter is by the side of

the Kaaba, covered with two slabs, on which the golden spout pours the collected rain from the roof of the holy building, whither the pilgrims crowd to catch the drops of heavenly water.

The Kaaba stands in the middle of the large mosque, and in one of its corners is the black stone of Mohammedan celeb-This stone anterity. dates the Prophet, and was doubtless seized on by him because of some special respect paid to it by the idolaters who preceded him in Mecca. Its position is said to be that assigned to it by Abraham, and serves to mark the spot where circumambulation begins in the worship, for the patriarch himself is supposed to have learned all the complicated rites of pilgrimage. When Abraham built his house here and finished it, he ascended Mount Sabir, and called the world to visit the sanctified spot; "and all earth's sons heard him, even those in their father's loins or in their mother's womb, from that day to the day of the resurrection."

Scarcely had the first smile of morning beamed upon the rugged head of Abu Kubays when the pilgrim arose, bathed, and proceeded in pilgrim dress to the sanctuary.

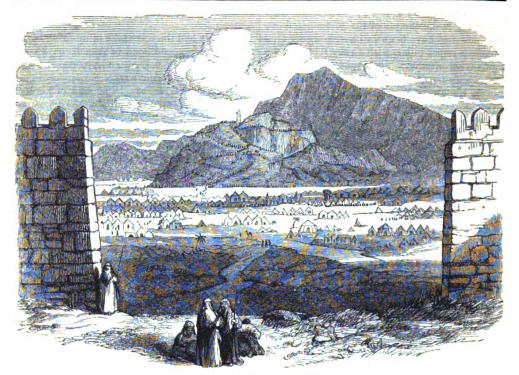
There, at last, it lay. The end of his long and weary pilgrimage, realizing the plans and hopes of many a year, the anxious concealment and longing desires of the late tedious months. The mirage medium of fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy hall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity, as in Egypt; no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty, as in Greece and Italy; no barbaric gorgeousness, as in the buildings of India. But the view was strange, unique; and his were almost the only Christian eyes that had gazed on it since the days of the Prophet of Islam. Of all the worshipers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Hajji from the far North. It was, to him, as if the poetic legends of the Arabs spoke truth, and the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine.

The forms and ceremonies through which the



THE PILGRIM COSTUME,





MOUNT ARAFAT AND THE CAMP.

pilgrim went, in and around the holy place are | tween his footprints the earth will always be too tedious for recital here.

There are fifteen places in and near Mecca where prayer is of special power, and reaches the ear of Allah most directly. But we shall not pause to speak of all these.

Mount Arafat, anciently called the "Mount of Wrestling in Prayer," and now the "Mountain of Mercy," is a mass of coarse granite, about a mile in circumference, rising from the plain abruptly, a low wall at the southern base being the line of demarkation. Its height is less than two hundred feet. The vast encampment of the pilgrims is made here, where they remain to hear the annual sermon preached from the back of a dromedary on the hillside. On the north was the regular camp of the guards; to the eastward the Shereef's encampment, with the grander pavilions; while on the southern and western sides the general crowd were disposed in circles, so arranged as to inclose and guard their cattle. The number this year was about 50,000. Ali Bey made it 83,000 in 1807, Burckhardt (in 1814) 70,000, and in 1854 and 1855 it was as low as 25,000—a sad falling off. The Arabs believe, however, that there are never less than 600,000 present to hear the sermon on Arafat; and if there are fewer mortals than this, the angels descend to complete the number.

When our first parents forfeited Paradise, saith the legend, they were cast down on earth. Eve fell on Arafat, and Adam in Ceylon. The latter proceeded to search for Eve, and began a journey of gigantic strides, for he was a man of might, of fabulous dimensions. Wher-

"country." Wandering for many years, he came at last to the Mountain of Mercy, where Eve was calling him, and he heard her, and their recognition gave the hill its name-Arafat. On its summit Adam erected a place of prayer, and here the two abode till death.

The scene was strange enough in the camp. Brawls were frequent. Arnaouts and Albanians sought quarrels. Men shouted the names of their absent female friends in view of the Holy Hill, having been paid to do so, as it was believed that thereby a visit the next year from the person thus named was insured. Night came, and they sought sleep, but a prayerful old gentleman praying all night in the next tent kept them waking, while shouts of laughter and clapping of hands in the coffee-house tents, with merry songs from the irreligious hempsmokers, helped to make the night hideous.

The next day was the day for the sermon; and in the afternoon the pilgrims crowded to the mountain, where a preacher occupied the place once occupied by the Prophet, and delivered a discourse which was received with wild shrieks and sobs of emotion. Our susceptible friend did not hear it, for as he was about leaving his tent he saw a vision of a beautiful Arab girl, the like of whose face he had not seen since leaving Christendom. All the afternoon he sat in his tent-door exchanging glances with her, as she was near him with a party of her friends, but he was unable to effect an acquaintance. She was a tall girl, about eighteen, with regular features, a skin dark colored but soft and clear, symever he set his foot a city afterward arose. Be- metrical eyebrows, the most beautiful of eyes,

and a figure all grace. The shape was what the Arabs love—soft, bending, and relaxed; no straightened neck, flat shoulders, nor toes turned out. She even threw her vail back once, and let the whole light of her countenance on him.

When the sermon was over, the crowd rushed down the hill with shouts, and mounting in hot haste, every man urged his beast in the "Dafa min Arafat"—The hurry from Arafat. It was sunset. The plain bristled with tent-pegs; litters were crushed, pedestrians trampled, and camels overthrown. He sought to follow the girl, but lost her forever. So many a vision of beauty is lost, never to be seen again.

To his intense disgust, an old Meccan acquaintance thrust himself into his litter, and he could not get the opportunity he desired to sketch the Holy Hill. But at length, seizing a moment when he had persuaded old Ali to look forward, he sketched it roughly on one of the small pieces of paper that he had prepared to carry in his hand; and then they rushed on with the torrent toward Muna, gathering on the way seven pebbles of granite for future purposes.

There are three places of stoning the devil at Muna, marked by pillars, being the successive spots where Satan appeared in person to Adam, Abraham, and Ishmael, and was driven back by

the simple process of stoning, taught them by Gabriel, and zealously imitated by all pilgrims.

The pillar of the Great Devil is a dwarf buttress of rude masonry, about eight feet high by two and a half broad, placed against a rough wall near the Meccan entrance of Muna. As the ceremony of stoning must be performed on the first day by all pilgrims between sunrise and sunset, and as the place is narrow, the performance is somewhat dangerous. The crowd the next morning was awful, all struggling, like drowning men, to approach as near as possible to the Devil. It would have been easy to ride over the heads of the mass. Among them were horses rearing, Bedouins on wild camels, and grandees on mules and asses, breaking their way through. The English pilgrim entered the crowd on a donkey, but was overthrown by a furious dromedary, and only saved himself by a judicious use of his dagger in the huge animal. At length, taking advantage of an opening, he approached the Satanic column, and cast each of his seven stones, exclaiming with each, "In the name of Allah, and Allah is almighty, I do this in hatred of the fiend, and to his shame!"

Then retiring, he removed the Ihram, this being the time for throwing off the pilgrim garb. The return from Muna to Mecca was rapidly accomplished; and having bathed and

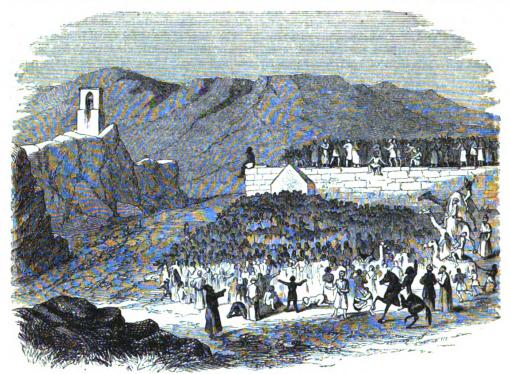
dressed he went to the Kaaba, to enter its holy adytum.

At the cry of "Open for the Hajji!" the crowd around gave way; two stout Meccans lifted him to the high door-step, and giving his name, nation, and other particulars, to the satisfaction of the guard, he was admitted to the centre of Islam.

Looking at the windowless walls, the officials at the door, and the crowd below. his feelings might well be for a moment fearful indeed. Notwithstanding, he made a close examination of it. The pavement is composed of slabs of fine marble, of various colors, mostly white. The walls are of the same material. The ceiling is covered with red damask flowered over with gold, which hangs down the side walls,



THE PRETTY BEDOUIN GIRL.



STONING THE GREAT DEVIL.

but is tucked up out of reach of pilgrims' hands.

A stout-hearted man-and none will deny him the possession of that, after all that he had accomplished-might well be pardoned for a moment of trembling awe in the position he now occupied. It was not alone the fierce men that surrounded him, and would have torn him in pieces had they known who he was; but who could stand in that centre of the living and dead Mussulman races and not see with supernatural vision the mighty and majestic rings that surrounded it-the men of a thousand years who lay under the ground, of every nation in Europe, Asia, and Africa, all with their faces on their hands, and their pale features turned toward that spot! Could they but rise, what sweeping circles would stand around him!

Many pilgrims do not enter the Kaaba. He who does must never afterward walk barefooted, take up fire with his fingers, or tell a lie. It is not every Mussulman who can afford the luxuries of slippers, tongs, and truth.

The Kiswah, or covering of the Kaaba, is a richly embroidered cloth, in eight pieces, two for each side, wrought in Cairo, and prepared at the expense of the Egyptian government. The origin or design of the custom of covering the Kaaba in this manner is unknown, though there is much in the vailing and the guardianship of eunuchs, which is strictly maintained, which reminds one of the care taken of a woman, and of the ancient practice of typifying the Church as a bride.

The pilgrim had not yet sacrificed at Muna, and in the late afternoon returned there to per-

form this rite, which is an imitation of the Prophet, though not binding on pilgrims. He should have performed this sacrifice after the first stoning of the devil, and had been guilty of great delay in thus putting it off; so that, in consideration of the circumstances, and his own meagre purse, he concluded to forego the ceremony, and only watch the others.

The usual sacrifice is a sheep; some preferred joining with others to buy a lean ox; none but the chief men sacrificed camels. The pilgrims dragged their victims to a smooth rock, above which stands a small pavilion, where the chief sacrifices had been made by the Pasha. Others stood at the door of their tents, and directing the victim's head toward the Kaaba, cut its throat, ejaculating "Bismillah, Allahu Akhbar!"

The sacrificer gives away the dead body of his victim to the poor, and parties of them were ready to pounce, like vultures, on the bodies so soon as the desired permission should be given. The surface of the valley became like a great slaughter-house, and the next day the land stank. Five or six thousand animals had been slain and cut up in this hot crater of Muna.

After midnight the pilgrim again repaired to the Devils, and this time threw twenty-one stones, seven at each of the three. Next day he prayed at the "Dragging-place of the Ram," being the spot where the Mohammedans say that Abraham was about to sacrifice his son Ishmael, and God substituted a ram, as our Scriptures relate of Isaac. The sword of Abraham descended on a granite rock, and split it in two pieces, which are shown at this spot. In



the same neighborhood apes abound, which are | stranger. But the pilgrimage was accomplishsupposed to be Jews transformed for offences ed, and a plunge into worldly pursuits followed against God.

That night was intolerable in the tents, and the next morning they returned to Mecca in time for the great sermon in the mosque. was a solemn and impressive spectacle. The great mass-thousands on thousands-among whom nothing moved save a few dervises, who, censer in hand, walked up and down the rows receiving unsolicited alms, were suddenly roused by the old preacher, who, after the muezzin had cried the call to the sermon, mounted the pulpit and addressed the waiting crowd. He was an old man, with snowy beard, wearing the coofea, a shawl thrown over his turban and drawn across the chin, and his robes were white as snow. He began with "Peace be with you, and the mercy of Allah!" and then his voice swayed the crowd to and fro, and they replied with loud Amens. And so ended the forms of the pilgrim duty at Mecca, and there was nothing more to be done.

The little pilgrimage consists in visiting in rapid succession four sacred places immediately around Mecca, and praying certain prayers in each. The pilgrim resumes his Ihram for this ceremony, and removes it when completed, nor did our Northern Hajji neglect this important

There are many spots of pious visitation at Mecca as at Jerusalem-the Prophet's birthplace, and that of Ali; a miraculous stone that once spoke to the Prophet when he was at the door of Abubekr, and told him that the latter was not at home; a place located as the spot where creation began; and a dozen other places of more or less importance are named to the

it, during which our hero, finding that there was no hope of his penetrating into the eastern part of the Hejaz, made ready to depart for Jeddah.

Bidding a long farewell to his numerous friends, but still accompanied by the boy Mohammed, his unfailing companion, he set out on a donkey, having forwarded his baggage by

Shortly after leaving the city other travelers joined them, and the party pressed on all night. Toward morning, weary and exhausted, the Englishman lay down to sleep, and when the others wished to go on he refused. They urged him, and assured him he would be robbed and murdered if left alone in the desert. He turned over with a sneering reply, "Son of my uncle, do not talk too much," and slept heavily. The boy Mohammed, who had been sleeping by him, said, "Do you know who he is?"

"No," said they. "Who is he?"

"The other day, when the Utaybah showed us death in the Zaribah pass, what think you he did?"

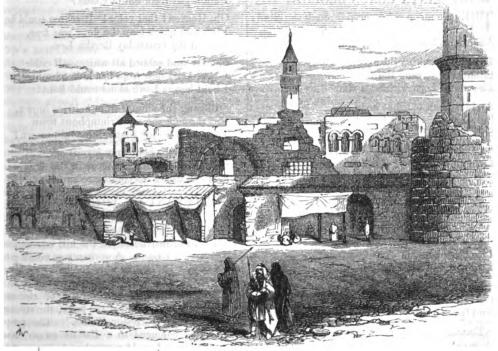
"Wallah! how should we know? What did he do?"

"He called for his supper."

The others looked on him astounded, and left him sleeping.

It was eight the next morning when he passed the archway of Jeddah, and here his perilous journey was ended, though it was still impossible to resume his own dress, or allow his nationality to be known.

Being short of funds, a visit to Mr. Cole, the English resident agent, was necessary, but not



PUBLIC SQUARE IN JEDDAH.



so easy to be accomplished as might be imagined. The janissary of the consulate would not admit a bad-looking character like Hajji Abdullah to the English presence, but a scrawl on a piece of paper sent up to Mr. Cole opened his house and heart; and his astonishment may well be imagined when he recognized the English officer in the hard-looking pilgrim.

In Jeddah Mr. Burton found nothing of interest to detain him longer than it was necessary to wait for the arrival of the English steamer upward bound, and in that time he amused himself as he best might in sketching persons and places, one sketch only of which he has given us.

Near Jeddah he found the Tomb of Eve, and his experience in regard to the size of the "mother of us all," agrees with my observations of the graves of the patriarchs. The boy Mohammed prayed that she might not rise to frighten the puny men of modern times.

While the steamer was lying at Jeddah, before her departure for Suez, he suddenly missed Mohammed. On inquiry, he learned that the boy had been on board the steamer, and had there found his old suspicions suddenly revived and confirmed. Hajji Abdullah, the expounder of Moslem law—the doctor, dervise, and pilgrim was, after all, an Englishman from India, and had laughed at the beards of the faithful. The boy, indignant or enraged at the successful trick of which he had been the longest and most complete victim, vanished utterly, without the ceremony of a farewell, and the pilgrim returned to Suez and Cairo wondering all the way why the Turks, who now knew his story, did not throw him overboard.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT ME.

THE pale moon shimmered through the blind; Heart-broken moaned the homeless wind, As if the whole world was unkind.

The chimes with wild harmonic din, From turrets, rang the New Year in— The infant born without a sin.

Amid a heap of ashes hoar, Like heart that ruin bravely bore, Still glowed the pine-log's dull-red core.

- "There is," thought I (as aerial mirth From belfries, tingled to my hearth), "No sadder heart than mine on earth!
- "It is the solemn midnight hour, When Santa Claus, with fairy power, On sleeping youth bestows his dower.
- "And many a curly head to-night, That dreams upon the pillow white, Beholds rare visions of delight.
- "Each urchin, true to magic laws, His head beneath the bed-clothes draws, And lists for fairy Santa Claus.
- "Through nursery-rooms the whispers run Of wonder if the deed is done, And longings for the morning's sun.

- "And all will make with seeking eyes, And all will meet with sweet surprise; For me alone no joy will rise.
- "There is but one gift prized by me, But one pure pearl in Life's dark sea; And none will bring me Bertha Lee.
- "For I am poor, if young and bold, And though her fondest vows I hold, I can not clasp the links with gold.
- "With bitter words and insults sore Her father chased me from his door, Yet Bertha loved me all the more.
- "And when we met in secret, said, The dying year shall not be dead Ere this great sorrow shall have fled."
- "Ah! women's vows, when skies are free, Like summer boats will tempt the sea, But at the first cloud turn and flee.
- "And Bertha since that last sweet tryst, When Hope from off her lips I kissed, Has given no sign that I am missed.
- "Though I have haunted every place Where I may hope to see her face, I find no token, or no trace.
- "Bells, ring your triumph through the sky! I joy not that the year should die:
 None mourn his burial more than I."

While thus I conned my sorrow o'er, And learned a pain unknown before, There came a tapping at my door.

A gentle tap—and then a pause. "Who's there?"—

"For me each bolt withdraws; I am a gift from Santa Claus!"

Oh, Heaven! that voice! It scarce could be! With one quick leap the door was free, And on my breast lay Bertha Lee.

She lay and sobbed all white—all cold. I kissed the dew from her hair of gold. I held her as Love alone could hold!

Still rang the chimes from belfries brown, But through the vast triumphant town There was no joy that mine could crown!

The midnight heard my joyous cry. "Bells, greet the New Year in the sky! None welcome his coming so much as I!"

THE TENANT OF THE OLD BROWN HOUSE.

"Oh! do whate'er thou wilt, I will be silent."

THE old brown house on the hill was at last to have a tenant. A woman was coming to dwell in it. No one in Ryefield had ever seen her. By letter she had made the bargain, and she gave no clew to her fortune or circumstances, save, at the foot of the page, the strong, bold signature—"Hester Wilde." The property, which belonged to a distant owner, had been, ever since I could remember, in my grandfather's care. It had not been inhabited for



years. There were strange stories about a murder which had once been committed there, though I believe there was no positive proof. Shrieks and groans, it was confidently reported, came forth from its windows at midnight; and strange forms, clad in the costume of long ago years, passed before them in ghostly conference. However this may have been, certain it is that the proprietor, Wilton Eldredge, had not visited it since he came of age; and the last family who inhabited it moved out at midnight, and came, as I have heard my mother say, to our house white with terror.

My grandfather, as in duty bound, had inserted an advertisement in the county paper at the beginning of every quarter, and, naturally anxious for the interests of his client, he was heartily glad to receive an application at length, and acceded to the proffers of Mistress Hester Wilde without troubling himself to make many inquiries concerning her character or circumstances.

She had written like a lady well bred and well educated, and yet the tone of her communications was hard and stern, and invited little freedom of reply. She had said she should bring no furniture, and requested that the house should be made habitable before the fifteenth of May.

"Put on your bonnet," said my grandfather, when he had finished the perusal of this letter, "put on your bonnet, Louise, and we will walk up the hill to the old house."

I obeyed him gladly. It was a delicious Maytime afternoon, bright with opening leaves and blossoms, sunshine, and a cloudless expanse of blue sky. Only about the brown house seemed to lie a heavy shadow. It might have been the effect merely of the dark row of tall, old poplars leading solemnly up to the door, but I fancied there was something in that unbroken silence, that still darkness, almost supernatural. With a balf shudder I involuntarily murmured, "And what if there should be another removal—if the ghosts should drive out the strange lady?"

My grandfather was a God-fearing man of the straitest sect of Puritans, and had no terror of any thing out of heaven. In his strong, unimaginative mind there was no foothold for superstition, and he answered me almost sternly, "Mistress Hester Wilde, if I have read her letters rightly, is not a person to be driven out of house and home by imaginary fears, and I had hoped you too had more sense than to talk of ghosts."

I was quieted, but not subdued. To me there seemed, in spite of myself, a strange mystery in the shadows that lay so thick about the old mansion, and I looked up at its windows—I could not help it—with a thrill of something very much like fear.

It had gone a long way toward ruin during those uninhabited years. Here and there panes of glass were broken in; bats whizzed in and out at the windows; and swallows built their nests in the chimneys. The furniture belonging to the old proprietors was stored away under lock

There were strange stories about a shich had once been committed there, believe there was no positive proof. In the diameter in the deserted rooms. In this task of arrangement I was to superintend the labors of my grandfather's trusty servant.

At length the repairs were completed. Bridget had put down the carpets the day before, and early in the morning we set out to prepare the house for the reception of its mistress. It was a large house, but Mistress Wilde had said she wanted little room, and so we only fitted up the most convenient apartments. There was a parlor-a stately parlor looking out upon the poplar walk. A rich but sombre carpet was upon the floor, and we arranged around the walls at regular distances the high-backed, embroidered chairs, which graced the best room during the Eldredge dynasty, and which Margery Eldredge had herself worked in her days of youth and love. A few paintings, portraits of the dead, hung upon the wall-cold and lifeless they were, and suited well the grim aspect of the room: we left them there. The kitchen would be dining-room and sitting-room if Mistress Wilde followed the country custom, and we took more pains to make that cheerful. The white floor was nicely sanded, and over the mantle I hung the only pleasant picture the house had to boast. This was the likeness of Margery Eldredge in the early days of her wifehood. She was the mother of Wilton Eldredge, the present proprietor, and the summer of her life never dawned-she died while it was yet spring. In the portrait she was fair, with a bright, bewitching, girlish beauty, try sweet and tender. When this picture was hung it seemed to brighten up the whole room. We put Margery's low sewing-chair and soft footstool of Berlin wool beside the little work-table; and when all else was set in order, I gathered a few early wild-flowers, and bestowed them in a dainty gilt-edged saucer on the white-covered toilet-table of the new mistress's bedroom.

She was expected that day; and in the afternoon my grandfather came over to remain with me and receive her. As the day drew toward its close and she did not come, I began to tremble at the quick approach of twilight, shutting in that long silent house. But I sat there, too proud to confess my undefined fears to the strong-minded man at my side. At length, and this time startling even him—we had not heard the stage stop at the distant gate—footsteps sounded on the graveled walk without, and a tall figure darkened the door-way.

"Mr. Cleveland, I suppose," she said, coldly and stiffly. My grandfather bowed. "I am Hester Wilde," she continued, bestowing a scrutinizing glance upon the premises.

She was a woman to whom I could not venture a single word of the earnest friendly welcome I had been planning in my own mind, so I sat still, and silently looked at her. She was



very tall, with a certain angularity and stiffness pervading not only her figure, but all her motions. She was not in the least pretty, and she never could have been. Her hair was straight, black, and coarse, giving evidence of extraordinary powers of endurance. Her eyes were black and very stern; rigid lines lay about her mouth—lines which suffering must have furrowed; and her features were not only masculine but irregular. She sat down, not in the easy sewing chair I had left vacant for her, but at the other side of the table, in an arm-chair as hard and stiff as herself, exactly facing the picture of Margery Eldredge.

"Is that a portrait?" she asked, after a time, in her cold, quiet voice.

"It is—of the mother of Wilton Eldredge, the owner of your new home, which I trust may prove a happy one," replied my grandfather, with the courtly politeness of a gentleman of the old school.

She uttered a cold "Thank you," and once more relapsed into silence.

Her age might have varied any where from thirty to forty. I could not tell. There was something in her expression which moved me to a silent sympathy, notwithstanding it was so forbidding. It never softened, except once or twice, when she glanced involuntarily at the portrait over the mantle, and then for a moment her face fairly gleamed with something which, in her, I was forced to pronounce untranslatable, which yet resembled the look other faces wear when any trifling thing recalls the aspect of one tenderly, mournfully beloved. She did not seem at all disposed to make conversation, and after a few moments my grandfather rose to wish her good-evening.

"Will she not be afraid?" I whispered aside. He looked at me with a sternness which was meant to be final; but I could not heed him, I was so timid in those days. She was a woman, and I thought it terrible to leave her there alone.

"Miss Wilde," I said. She started. A flush even rose to her sallow face as if she had not always been accustomed to hearing herself addressed by that name. "You have no servant engaged. Shall we not send Bridget over to sleep in the house with you to-night?"

"By no means," she replied. "It was one thing I wished to say to you, Mr. Cleveland. I would like you to find me a trusty boy, not more than fifteen years old, who will come here at night and morning, and do little jobs and any errands I may wish about the village. It is all the help I shall need." My grandfather bowed, and promised to execute her commission on the morrow; but I could not leave her so.

"Miss Wilde," I said, "I can't help telling you. They do say this house is haunted? What if you should see a ghost? I wish Bridget might come over."

She smiled, not unkindly, and answered with a tone just a little thawed, "I am not afraid. There are no dead people who want any thing of me; and no living ones either," she added, I entered. She was so absorbed that she did

after a moment, with a touch of something like sadness in her voice. She bade us good-evening—not rudely; though in her careless invitation to come again there was an evident intention to put its acceptance out of our power by her frigidity.

We went out. I turned round at the gate, and looked through the long row of poplars with an actual shudder. I met my grandfather's eyes fixed upon me with a curious twinkle. "Well, child," he said, "you have had your say; but you did not frighten Mistress Wilde. May you have as much sense some day. Ghosts indeed!"

"But, grandfather, wasn't there once a real murder committed in the house?"

"I do not know of any. Old George Eldredge died there very suddenly. The doctors called it apoplexy; only ignorant people said poison."

We walked the rest of the way in silence, but my thoughts were roaming up and down the poplar walk, or sitting in the silent house with Mistress Hester Wilde.

The next morning my grandfather found a boy suited to her needs, and I begged the privilege of taking him to his new mistress. She did not look as if she had closed her eyes.

"You did not sleep?" I queried, timidly.

"No;" then seeing my 'I-told-you-so' look, she added, with a queer kind of half smile, which I afterward found was peculiar to her, "but it was not ghosts—at least not such ghosts as you mean. If you live, child, you will find there are no spirits so potent as memories."

A verse came to my mind of a little fragment, written I never knew by whom. I murmured it aloud:

"The dead are engulfed beneath it, Sunk in the grassy waves; But we have more dead in our hearts to-day Than the earth in all her graves."

She looked at me curiously. "Poetical, I see!" she muttered. I thought there was a sneer in her tone.

The more I saw of her, the more she interested me. As the weeks passed on, finding that no coldness would discourage me from visiting her, she began to receive me more cordially. But she saw very little of society. The boy, Thomas Wilson by name, was her chief organ of communication with the villagers. Many of the neighboring families had called upon her, but when they found she did not return their visits, or manifest any desire for their acquaintance, they abandoned her again to her solitude. My own perseverance formed the only exception.

None of our conversations, however, though at length they became quite numerous, ever gave me any light upon her past history, until one warm August afternoon, when I strolled over to the brown house, and found her busy in the arrangement of her drawers. She had folded up a packet of letters, and tied them with a black ribbon. She held them in her hand when I entered. She was so absorbed that she did



not notice my approach. I could see that her | race was very white and rigid, but her hands trembled, and her nerves were so overwrought that, on my coming to her side, a heavy miniature escaped from her hold, and fell, with its crimson-velvet case wide open. I looked upon the face only for an instant, but that was long enough to have it fully impressed upon my memory. It was that of a very handsome man. His bold, black eyes; his short, crisp, black curls; his mouth, passionate yet stern-were unlike any thing I had ever seen, and yet, in the whole, there was a certain intangible something which associated itself in my mind with the fair, sweet lineaments of the peerless Margery Eldredge. I stooped to raise it, but she bent over me almost fiercely:

"You shall not!" she cried, sternly; "you shall not look upon my husband!"

I surrendered it, half in terror, and for the moment she seemed unconscious that she had betrayed her cherished secret; for this was the first intimation I had had that she was other than she seemed—a quiet, single woman, living alone. For an instant she looked upon the pictured face with an expression I could not quite translate. There was pride in it, passion, tenderness which softened even her hard features, and yet with all these was blended a look of intense pain.

"I did not mean to see that face now," she muttered rather to herself than me. There seemed a fascination in the proud lineaments on which she gazed, from which she could not bear to turn away; but at length she resolutely shut the case, and pushed it from her into the farther corner of the drawer. Then she looked at me, and said, in tones as sharp and imperative as ever.

"You have surprised me out of my secret. Now I hope you'll have honor enough to keep it. I would not have even your grandfather know that Hester Wilde is other than she appears."

I gave the promise which her words seemed to require, and then I lingered in expectation that she would reveal more of her history. But I was disappointed. She was silent and thoughtful. She evidently wished to be left alone, and I very soon went away. As I went out of the door a strong perfume greeted me from a scarlet geranium standing there in the sun; and from that day to this the scent of scarlet geranium, no matter where I meet it, always brings before my eyes a picture—a glowing, glorious August afternoon; the brown house behind the poplars; the lone woman standing there in her proud silence; and, above all, that pictured face, seen but for a moment, yet never afterward to be forgotten.

Days braided themselves into weeks, and though I visited Mistress Hester Wilde very often, she never alluded to the scenes of that August afternoon. But I fancied, somehow, that we drew constantly nearer to each other. More recently I had made another discovery,

quite as startling as the first: Hester was a student and a genius. I had found Greek and Latin authors in her closet; and gradually I had so far won her confidence, that she uttered in my hearing some of the thoughts which the woods and the winds and the everlasting sky were forever speaking to her solemn, solitary life; and I grew to hold her in strange reverence.

One wild November afternoon Tommy Wilson came for me. It was drawing toward night, and in the west a storm seemed rising. The wind blew outside a slow, monotonous dirge; and I sat by my window watching the red leaves it whirled along from the maple-trees. The boy made his awkward, shuffling bow at the door, and then, coming in, put a note into my hand. It was written in the stiff, regular hand of Hester Wilde, and it said,

"Louise, will you come to me? I have not felt well for some time, and at last I am forced to yield to the illness so long resisted. I think a storm is coming up. If you do not fear to encounter it here, and if you can so far forgot your old terror of the ghosts, will you stay all night with me?"

I smiled at her allusion to the ghosts. This one brave, solitary woman had lived so long unharmed in their immediate vicinity, that they had well-nigh lost their terror for me, and I tied on my bonnet and hurried up the hill, well pleased with the invitation. It seemed to me, as I approached, that every thing wore a look even more deserted than usual. The sentinel poplars along the walk lifted up their great naked boughs, and over the carpet of dry, faded leaves, on which my footfall made a crackling sound, the winds rustled slumbrously. I opened the door without knocking, and entered. Hester was not in her accustomed place in her neat kitchen, but her cold voice proceeded from the bedroom beyond, and summoned me. I went in, and she half sat, half reclined upon her bed, bolstered up with pillows. Her face seemed actually wan in the dim light, and I noticed that her hands clutched the bed-clothes tightly, as one in pain.

"I am glad you have come," she said, as I entered. "For the first time I was unwilling to be left here alone, Besides, I think I have not long to live, and I have resolved to tell you to-night the story of my life. You might hear false accounts of me when I am gone, and I would like to have you know the truth."

"But what is the matter?" I cried, in alarm. "What caused this sudden illness? What makes you look so wan and white?"

"The illness is not sudden. My heart has been terribly diseased for some time. When I came here I knew the blow had been struck, and that I had not long to live. So far, I have struggled against it, but now it has become too strong for me. But you must be quiet. I have a very painful task before me, and if I am to tell you my story I can not be interrupted. It is almost dark. You may light that wax candle yonder. It will require no care, and last the whole night."

I obeyed her; and then drawing up an easy-



chair, I settled myself in a comfortable position | haired girls I looked, with my straight black hair by the bedside, and she began:

"I was born in Georgia, though you would never think me a daughter of the soft, sunny South. My father, however, was a New Englander, and perhaps it was from this union of the North and South that I derived the very opposite qualities in my nature. I look like my father. He had the same coarse hair, the same stiff angularity of figure, and the same hardness, so to speak, of voice. From him also I inherited an energy very unusual in that enervating climate. From him I derived an intense, passionate love of study, particularly of languages and mathematics. But from my mother came an undercurrent of fire-smouldering, volcanolike, beneath the overlying hardness of my nature. From her came the quick perceptions, the passionate worship of the beautiful, the hidden sensitiveness, to which you, my friend, have given the name of genius.

"I was not more than twelve years old when, within two days of each other, an epidemic carried off both my parents. Different as they were, they had loved each other tenderly, and I, their only child, sympathized enough even then in the wonderful mystery of that love whose outward symbol is marriage, to rejoice that since one must be taken, the other was not left behind to mourn. I bore this great sorrow, outwardly, with a calm patience, far too old for my childish years, but inwardly, fierce flames of passionate grief swept over the child's heart, and left it arid and desolate.

"In the whole world there was no one to love me. I was not at all a prepossessing child -a shy, dark, silent girl, caring little for society, liking best to take some cherished book and flee away into solitude and stillness. But my mother had understood me. In my nature were all those strong qualities so unlike herself, which, by some strange spell, had made my father the object of her worship, united to an underlying current of emotions so like her own that I scarcely needed to give my thoughts utterance in order to be comprehended. Her death had left me alone. There was no human being on all God's fair earth, it seemed to me, so utterly loveless and sorrow-stricken as myself. I was not a buoyant child. I had no far-reaching hopes, to sit all day, like golden-winged birds, and sing me siren strains of future love and joy. I expected to pass through life misunderstood and unloved, and I accepted my destiny with a kind of savage content.

"The guardian to whom my father had left me was a Mr. Randall, an old friend of his own, living in a handsome country house on the margin of the Hudson. He had a graceful, sweet-tempered wife, and three daughters, beautiful girls, the youngest a year younger than myself, and the eldest three years older. They received me very kindly, and indeed, during my whole life with them, I had never any thing unkind to complain of. But they were not of

and dark skin, like some Indian waiting-maid; nor would my stiff, ungraceful motion have denoted any higher position, or more careful training. I think this soured me in a degree. No outside observer could have perceived the contrast half so acutely as I with my sensitive pride, my passionate love for the beautiful.

"I loved the beauty of the Misses Randall, but I do not think I always felt toward them as kindly as, considering they were my only friends in the world, would have seemed natural. In particular, I used to have a kind of instinctive dread of the elder, Miss Jessie Randall. She was called a very amiable, pleasant girl, and there was certainly about her an extreme softness, a certain pliancy of muscle, manner, and voice. To me, however, it always seemed a dangerous and deadly softness. The large bright blue eyes never fearlessly met your own. It is true, there was a semblance of great modesty in the way the golden lashes drooped over them, but the frank, uplifting eyes of her younger sister Anne pleased me a great deal better. By some strange association of ideas she always seemed to me to be a human cat—an animal I held in the extremest abhorrence, from the gliding, stealthy motion, to the treacherous claws cased in velvet. A curious prophetic instinct made me look upon her as an enemy, and yet she was uniformly polite to me. She smilingly tolerated all my rudeness, apologized for my brusquerie, and appeared so amiable that every day she grew more and more out of my favor.

"We were educated at home by teachers. Miss Jessie's education was completed at eighteen, and an elegant wardrobe was provided, in which, under the care of an aunt residing in New York, she was to make her debut. Nothing could have been more faultlessly beautiful than Jessie Randall at eighteen. Her sisters were more than pretty, but she was, par excellence, the beauty, and on her, above all, was the ambition of her father and mother centred.

"She had been trained carefully in every accomplishment. Her snowy fingers discoursed ravishing music on the harp and piano; her voice was sweet and clear; her dancing had been pronounced, by our gallant French teacher, 'the very poetry of motion;' and her manners were considered perfectly faultless. We who were left behind heard of her triumphs—how joyously her days were floating on; of her appearance at party, theatre, and opera; and I, embittered perchance by a consciousness of my own entire incapacity to attract, would inwardly cry out,

"'Oh, shame upon her for a woman! Does she think this dancing, and dressing, and reigning is all that there is of life? that for no better ends than these God has made her so beautiful?

"For the next three years Miss Jessie was seldom at home; and when she did come, she would bring with her a train of her city friends, brightening up the house with their gay dresses and brilliant jewels, as if a flock of tropical birds my kind. Among those blue-eyed, golden- had alighted there, pausing in their flight.



"In the mean time I grew up, as was the promise of my childhood, plain and shy. I bestowed all my suppressed enthusiasm on study; all my friendship on my black horse, Hercules. When I was eighteen our teachers were dismissed, and I came into possession of the liberal allowance which my father had assigned me from eighteen until I should be twenty-one, when my fortune, large at first, and greatly increased by accumulation during the comparatively inexpensive years of my minority, was to come into my possession unincumbered, and unfettered by a single restraint.

"About the period of my eighteenth birthday Jessie Randall came home for a much longer stay than usual. It was a beautiful autumn. I remember how glorious every thing looked to me. I was young, in high health, and had begun to be hopeful. I was not long in discovering that among the gay friends whom, as usual, Jessie had brought home with her, was one, a Mr. Eldredge, the cynosure of all, the chief object of interest. He was the life and soul of all their parties of pleasure. He rode, he sang, he danced, he jested-in short, he seemed crowned of all manly graces, natural and acquired. had never before seen any one who so nearly approached my ideal of masculine perfection. I did not speak of him, even to Anne, who during this influx of visitors was my room-mate, but mentally I compared him to Apollo and Ulysses, my favorite heroes of the classic world, in which so much of my life had been spent.

"I was considered old enough now to go into society, and I was doomed to weary evenings of unoccupied, listless looking on, while the gay party sung, and danced, and acted charades. But the weariness was short-lived. I soon became intensely absorbed in the contemplation of this same Wilton Eldredge."

"What!" I exclaimed, interrupting her, "was it the owner of this house?" She went on without heeding me:

"Every development of his character, every expression of his face was a welcome study to me. I soon perceived that in what I had at first thought perfection, there were many deficiencies. Physically, nothing was wanting. I have seen years of life since then, and yet I have never looked upon one more perfect in all manly beauty. Intellectually, I discovered he possessed more brilliancy than depth. That is to say, intellectually he was indolent, and to a certain extent superficial. Morally, his want of energy was still more culpable. He would assent to a wrong opinion, countenance a wrong action, rather than arouse himself to the exertion of resistance. These spots upon my sun had troubled me greatly at first, for I had a nature inflexible in its stern love of right and justice; but I was rapidly losing the consciousness of them in my admiration for his beauty, for the strong sense, the glow, so to speak, of physical life that animated his face, and radiated over his whole being. I thought, too, and this conviction has never left me, that there were depths in his nature which needed only the angel's 'troubling wing' to bring the bright waters of healing to the brink.

"He had been there two weeks without addressing a single observation to me after our first introduction. It was a bright October morning. the leaves were just turning, and a thousand gorgeous tints, sparkling with dew-drops, flashed back the sunlight. A horseback ride had been arranged to some place of interest in the neighborhood, and my horse had been brought out among the rest. Going through the hall, I had caught the reflection of my face and figure in a full-length mirror hanging there, and, for the moment, I was impious. My wild thoughts arraigned God, who had made me so unlovely that to no human being could my face give pleasure. I went out into the sunshine, among that group of glad young creatures, every one of whom had her own distinctive loveliness, and I stood there, as I felt, like a black, ugly shadow -the one blot upon the landscape. Jessie, in particular, had never been so beautiful. Her slight, undulating figure showed to advantage in her close-fitting riding-habit of Marie Louise blue; her golden curls fell in a shower from beneath her beaver hat; and her face, oh! I thought in that moment she was radiant as Helen when she tempted Paris to his doom. They mounted their steeds among jests and silvery laughter, with courtly aid from their attendant cavaliers. As ever, Wilton Eldredge was close at Jessie's side; for though there was no positive engagement, rumor said our fair 'eldest' would not long remain unwedded.

"Without assistance I vaulted upon the back of my own black horse, and dashed off in an opposite direction from that which the party were to take. The fresh autumn wind blowing in my face restored my reason, and I repented of my momentary insanity, and began to bless God for life, when in the very sense of existence—of being—was so much joy. I remembered how much on earth was worth living for besides idle dreams of love—pleasure palaces—gilded by youth and beauty.

"I had ridden perhaps a mile, when I heard the quick tramp of a horse behind me. I did not turn my head, and in a moment more Wilton Eldredge rode to my side.

"''Well," he said, in his gay, ringing voice, 'well, runaway, I am commissioned to bring you back to the rest of our party.'

"'Thank you. I had rather not go.'

"'But why? Let me tell you, Miss Hester Wilde, it looks very ungirllike and unsociable to be riding off by yourself in this way. Will you tell me your reason?'

"I was one of those who never take a medium course—I must obey or disobey. Perfect truth was an element of my nature: I must answer honestly, or not at all. I chose the former.

"'Because,' I said, 'I am very plain. I look out of character among those beauties. I don't want to go with them. It makes me feel wicked.'



- your confession, Miss Wilde.
- "'No, Sir, not envious; but it makes me feel wicked—as if, somehow, God hadn't used me well in making me so plain nobody could ever love me.'
- "I should have liked him less if he had insulted my common sense by contradicting or complimenting me. He did neither. He made no answer' to my speech, and for a moment there was silence. Then he said,
- "'You have been studying me closely for two weeks back, Miss Wilde. What have you made out?'
- "A crimson glow suffused my face, as he bent his laughing eyes upon me; but I answered, honestly still,
- "' Well, Sir, I have discovered that you love beauty almost as intensely as I do; that you love ease and pleasure better yet-mental ease I mean, for physically you are not lazy; that you would be thorough, if being brilliant had not already satisfied your ambition; and good, if it were not too much trouble.'
- "'Well, Miss Wilde,' with a slightly disturbed face and a bow of mock courtesy, are at least candid. You have read me like a witch, as I suspect you are; and now, let me tell you, I too have studied you, though I'll wager you have never seen me look at you. I have found out several things. To begin with, you think me very handsome, and for that compliment your humble servant is much obliged.'
- "I blushed more painfully than ever; but he
- "' You think your cousin Jessie little better than a beautiful butterfly. You come as near to envying her beauty as your pride will allow you; and then you flatter yourself that you pity her for making what you call an unworthy use of it. Now I don't sympathize with you there. I neither envy nor pity the fair Jessie. I am contented to look at her. What has a star to do but to shine? You know more about books than people—you are honest, but too proud to be half as happy as you ought; and, finally, you and I are so very unlike that I think we shall be excellent friends.'
- "Oh, how I hoped so in my heart, as I looked up at him, much as the Lady of Shalott might have looked at Sir Launcelot, riding by with his 'Tirra-lirra.' We had both of us forgotten that he was to take me back to the gay company he had left, and we rode on in the bright autumn sunlight, while I drank in, at every pore of my being, such happiness as comes but seldom in a lifetime.
- "After that our acquaintance progressed rapidly. Scarcely a day passed that he did not join me in my morning rides and rambles, and I think these meetings were as pleasant to him as to me. He said I was so different from the women he had known before, so unconventional and so honest; and I became conscious of a power to call into action all that was noblest in his nature and loftiest in his thoughts. It is one of the surest | came to my side.

"'A little envious, hey? You are honest in | ways to awaken the highest elements of character to let their possessor feel that he is expected to be a giant and not a pigmy. It was many days before I realized how dangerous was this new acquaintance to my peace. Before I was aware, the whole tide of my being had set in one channel. I, who had never before felt other than the general and diffusive sympathies of humanity for any human being, loved now, unsought, unwooed, with all the silent, resistless might of my passionate but reserved nature. This knowledge came to me with a bitter pang.

"For the most part, all his attentions to me had been bestowed during our solitary rides and rambles, and in the evening he was Jessie's constant cavalier as before. At first, I had accepted the common rumor which coupled their future together without regret or questioning. Of late, when my glimpses into his inner nature had been more frequent, I had began to doubt her ability to enchain his preference; and, finally, I had resolutely cast the Future from my mind altogether, and quaffed eagerly the wine of joy held to my lips by the rosy fingers of the Present.

"But one night he, my hero, was more attentive to her than usual-he seemed to hang upon her every look and word; and; finally, some plan for the coming winter was discussed, in which she seemed to turn to him for his approbation, and I heard every word of his reply.

"'It matters little where you are, since wherever you are, we shall be together.'

"For a moment my eyes were blinded-my limbs were paralyzed. Then, with an instinctive feeling that his gaze was upon me, I arose and went out. That night I never closed my eyes. No moan or cry escaped me. I suffered dumbly such pangs as her shallow nature never could have comprehended. But I could not submit. Once more I arraigned my Maker. I asked him why, on my poor life, had been poured out so much bitterness?-why he had given me such power to love when no kiss of husband or of children could ever bring the warmth to my cold lips? Why I must so worship beauty, when I possessed not one element to gratify this yearning? Thinking of it afterward, I wondered He, whom I blasphemed in my madness had not struck me dumb; but He spared me. The face of the night was calm, the stars shone above my speechless agony, and the silent moon looked down lovingly upon even

"In the morning I rose. I bathed my tearless eyes, smoothed my disordered hair, and went out. Never was there a brighter day. Dew-drops glistened like diamonds on every spray, and below me the blue river wound along, flashing gayly in the sunshine, and singing as it journeyed to the sea. Up to the loving, beaming sky, I lifted my ghastly, defiant face, and then a voice fell on my ear, gay, mocking, yet

- "' Does the sky pity you, Hester?"
- "Wilton Eldredge had followed me. He



"'No, I don't think the sky does pity you. You don't look comforted. Perhaps I can do you more good. I see you have not been crying, hard girl that you are; but you haven't slept any all night. Now I shouldn't tell you how bad I have been if I didn't know, beforehand, you would forgive me. I made that remark to Miss Jessie last night on purpose for you to hear. I wanted to find out whether you loved me. You had been too proud to show it— I meant to make you. I saw it struck home when I said it. I don't think I meant to make you suffer quite so much, and yet it is flattering, Hester.'

"He looked into my face with a roguish, defiant smile. Ah, if his fault had been ten times as great I could not have chosen but to forgive him. Can you fancy what it would be if you had been immured in a dark dungeon for life; if the days and the nights had come and gone above your misery till your soul sickened, and just as your despair was growing absolute, one should throw open the iron door, and heaven's own bright sunshine should once more trance your life with its half-forgotten glory? But that would be nothing to the flood of light which broke upon my whole being.

"'Your face is transfigured, Hester,' said Wilton Eldredge, looking at me. Then he went on gayly: 'You ought to have known I loved you all the time, else why did I seek you? Jessie I do not love—that is, I do love her as I love all beautiful women; but not, oh, not as I love you! I want to marry you, Hester. Will you have me?'

"He drew nearer to me, and waited for my reply. I could not utter a word. The depths of my being were stirred, and the waves gushed to my lips in too full a tide. I put my hand in his, and—it was almost the first time in my life—the tears fell from my eyes, and glittered on the grass at my feet. For once all his lightness and gayety were gone. He said, solemnly,

"I love you, Hester. Plain, and shy, and dark as you are, you are more to me than all other women. You have appealed to all that is lofty in my nature. You have ennobled me, and I give you my life. If I am not faithful, Hester, may the Lord judge between us!"

"I believed him then; I knew that I was beloved; and looking back now over all the years since, I believe still that in that hour, heart and soul, he was mine. Our hearts were too full for farther speech. We walked back to the house in silence—my hand upon his arm, as became his betrothed. Jessie Randall smiled as she saw us coming up the steps—a kind of speculative, derisive smile; but that morning our engagement was announced, and she was first in her congratulations. Her vanity must have been piqued, and perhaps—I do not know—her heart was wounded; but she had far too much tact to show it. She danced, and sang, and flirted as gayly as ever.

"Soon after this one little circumstance occurred which I must not forget to mention, as eyes. Around this vision we wove bright and

after years brought it back to my thoughts. My father's will provided that, if I married before I was twenty-one, I should come into the full possession of my property, though it was to be secured to myself. I mentioned this one day to my lover, saying playfully, in the fullness of my joy,

"'' You didn't know what a golden treasure you had won. Confess now, did you ever hear I was rich?'

"'Oh yes,' he said, with careless sincerity; 'I knew that always. I used to be very proud, Hester. You would call it a weakness, but I don't think, if you had been poor, we should ever have become acquainted.'

"I remember the remark thrilled me at the time with a sudden pang; but I reflected how natural was this feeling to one educated as he had been, and soon it passed from my mind.

"I do not think there had been any vanity in my desire for beauty; for, from the moment I knew that he was mine—he, my king, my worship, my eidolon of love and beauty—I ceased to repine that fate had not been more bountiful. He loved me—I was precious in his sight—that was enough. My very face became dear to me because of the radiance his glances reflected upon it. I would not have had a single feature changed. For the rest of the world I cared not. He was my universe.

"Some women might have thought his continued attentions to the fair Jessie—which she received with a kind of repellant raillery, irresistibly piquant and charming—were cause enough for jealousy. But that was not in my nature. I was too proud of my lover ever to doubt him; and, looking back, I do not think he gave me any cause. Beyond a man's natural admiration for pretty women, I do think that he was true to me—that all his tenderest thoughts centred in the shy, dark girl he had chosen.

"Our engagement was a short one. We were married in December, and we went immediately to reside on my paternal estate of Heath Cliffe, in Georgia. This was my wish, and Wilton seemed to unite in it. In truth, his bride was not charming enough to tempt him into society, that the world might appreciate the treasure he had won. I think now that he must have had an ever-present consciousness, which no love had power to soften, of my irredeemable want of beauty. Despite that, however, we were happy.

"Our Southern home was very beautiful with the rich gifts of nature, and we did all that art and wealth could do to enhance its natural loveliness. My life, for a time, seemed to overbrim with gladness. I had enough and to spare, and I scattered loving words and deeds on all around as carelessly as a rose sheds dew-drops.

"Three years passed, and a new joy grew into both our hearts. We were expecting God's sweetest gift—a little child—to nestle on our bosoms, and look up at us with its shy, sweet eyes. Around this vision we wove bright and



beautiful fancies. In its presence our thoughts grew sweet, yet solemn as prayers.

"The day of trial came. There were a few hours of terrible suffering, and then they laid my baby girl upon my bosom, cold and dead. The eyes I had dreamed would meet my own opened only in heaven—the baby voice I had thought would coo out such murmurous music responded only to the symphonies of the angels. The Great Father had need of her. The mysterious instinct of motherhood had been aroused within me, stirring all my nature, and now the new chord was broken.

"For a little while I held her there-my dead child, my wonderful, beautiful mystery—and then they took her from my arms and buried They made her grave—I would have it so-in a bower of magnolias, where Wilton and I loved best to sit together, so that in our hours of tenderest intercourse her memory might blend, and all that earth held of her be near us. Had she lived, she must have been very beautiful; for she was her father's own child, and her baby features seemed a reflection of his.

"God never gave me another child; but hard as it was, at first, to resign myself to his will, I was very happy. And yet my husband would not have made some women so, even had their love for him been as true and fervent as my own. He was arbitrary in his disposition, absolute in his control over the minutest actions of my life. But proud as I was to others, while I believed in his love I had no pride for him. Even this control was grateful to me. Love made the yoke easy to be borne. I had no troubles. Only once or twice, when he had been absent upon business a little longer than I thought necessary, I had been conscious of a passing twinge of fear lest my society was not so much life, air, sunshine to him as his was to me-lest I did not make his home so attractive as a more beautiful woman would have done. But when he came back, once more his kisses upon my lips would charm away my fears, and my life would be all brightness.

"We had been married ten years without so much as meeting any of my guardian's family. At last, one evening in early spring, my husband, opening the letter-bag, tossed into my lap a dainty, delicate-looking epistle, on the outside of which I at once recognized the smooth, flowing, characteristic chirography of Miss Jessie Randall—still Miss Jessie Randall after all these years! I broke the vermilion seal, and the letter informed me that she was blase, as she said, ennuied of fashion, and folly, and New York. She smelled from afar the fragrance of my Southern roses. Might she come and gather a bouquet of them? I should find she had grown very good, she added. She was quite a different woman at thirty-one from what she had been at twenty, and she really thought we should get on nicely together, particularly if I would keep my satirical, too perfect husband out of the way. Indeed, she made so sure of a welcome that she a loved and loving wife, and once more, in my

"I had always ridiculed presentiments, and yet, as I read that letter, I was seized with a mortal dread. A sudden spasm of blinding pain came and went, leaving my cheek blanched, my lips rigid. In the distance I seemed to hear the future wail out a warning of the events she was bringing me. I reasoned with myself a mo-What trouble could there be in store? My confidence in my husband was perfect. should be selfish not to rejoice that some one else was coming to enliven the solitary life so much of which he passed alone with me. Besides, my guardian's daughter had a right to as warm a welcome as her father had given me when I went there a helpless orphan. So reasoning, I regained my self-command, overcame my undefined dread, and handing the letter across to Wilton, said cheerfully:

"'Read that, dear. Jessie is coming to us. It seems we may expect her any day now.'

"He took the letter and glanced over it.

"'What a graceful hand!' he said.

"Alas! those words cost me another pang. You know what my hand is. There never was any grace in that, or any other of my outward manifestations.

"'A pretty, piquant style,' he said, as he handed the letter back. 'This visit will be a fine thing to set you up, Hester. You are growing thin, and it's confoundedly dull here. Jessie must be a splendid woman by this time!' Then seeing a look of pain on my face, he added, 'My gifted wife, though, is worth a dozen such.' Then he kissed me gayly, and went out.

"That was our last evening alone together. He had never been more tender, more thoughtful. He sang to me, he gathered early blossoms for my bosom, he tranced my very soul in such rapture as he only knew how to confer. The next day Jessie came. Wilton was out of the house when she arrived. I expressed my regret that he was not there to welcome her.

"'Nonsense!' she cried, with a kiss I shrank from, and did not return. 'I had quite as lief he would not see me in this chrysalis state,' pointing to her gray traveling-wrap, somewhat covered with dust, and the 'ugly' drawn over her straw bonnet.

I conducted her to her room, and then, sending my own maid to unpack her trunks and assist her, I went down to give directions for my early tea. When the bell sounded she came down, looking quite refreshed and radiant. Time had dealt lightly with her. She was even more beautiful than in her girlhood. Her proportions were more mature, her grace more queenly, her self-possession more perfect. Her taste too, always exquisite, perfected by years of patient study, was now faultless. Wilton met her at the dining-room door. I saw him start back as if bewildered by this unexpected vision of loveliness. He welcomed her cordially, and she came in and took her seat at the board. Sitting beside her, I forgot that I was should be with me almost as soon as her letter. heart-sickness, I seemed to myself the black,



ugly shadow, necessary and welcome to no one, | ing she exchanged these vows, her scornful rewhich I had been in the days when I first knew

"Weeks passed on, however, without bringing me any thing of which to complain. It is true, I seldom saw my husband alone. Most of his time was occupied with our guest; walking with her, riding with her, or listening, in the cool, delicious evenings of early summer, to melody so entrancing that even I was charmed out of myself."

At this stage of her narrative I glanced at Hester's face. It was fearfully pale. nerves trembled, and her whole appearance gave signs of extreme exhaustion. I had been too much absorbed in her story to notice this before; now it frightened me.

"You are overtasking yourself," I said, earnestly. "Don't! You mustn't go on. It will kill you. You can not bear it.'

"Yes, I must do what I do very quickly," she answered, solemnly. "Just hand me that glass of wine. It will strengthen me a little. There !"

"I said at first I had nothing to complain of, and yet all this time a weary, desolate weight was settling down upon my heart. I went often alone to the little grave where they had buried my baby, and there only I could Oh, what a blessed relief those tears weep. were!

"One night they had gone out to take a little walk, and I turned my footsteps toward the accustomed spot. As I drew near I heard voices. I stole noiselessly toward the bower, and, standing on one side, looked in through the leaves. There, above my child's grave, his child and mine, knelt my husband; on the seat beside him sat Jessie, her beautiful eyes beaming on him through a mist of tears, her white hand, with its fingers like rolled up rose-leaves, clasped passionately in his. I thought not of propriety, or so-called honor, when my all was at stake. I listened—listened with strained cars, desperately, eagerly, as for my life.

"'She was rich, you know, and I was poor, I heard him say, as I drew near, and then came shudderingly back to me the memory of how he himself had said, in the days of our engagement, that had he not known I was rich he should never have sought me. I bit my lip and held my breath. Her soft, purring, catlike tones came next:

"'Then you did love me?"

"'Love you! For what else did I go there but for love of you? There was not an hour before my marriage when you might not have drawn me to your feet, had you willed it. But what matters that? I did not love you then as I love you now-now, my glory, my worship Jessie, Jessie!'

"He said her name over and over again, as if its syllables embodied all love, all beauty—and I, I listened. I can not tell you what else they tempts were made to pursue us. At any rate, said; light words of me—cold, sneering words; pledges of eternal love; and yet, notwithstand- to my lawyer. One haunting fear had seized Vol. XIV.—No. 80.—O

jection of his prayers even for a single kiss-I understood it all. She wished him to contrive some pretext for divorcing me, and then she would be his wife-be revenged for the innocent wound I had once given to her vanity, nay, perhaps to her heart; for I think she must have loved him as well as such a nature

"I wonder I did not go mad. I wonder, roused to frenzy, I had not stood before them and denounced them—cursed them by my love and my wrongs. But I did not. I still retained the deep, undemonstrative nature of my childhood. I listened until I could listen no longer, and then, my hands tightly clasped, my lips resolutely sealed, I walked noiselessly toward the house. I gave myself no time for repining. I would not let my sick heart utter a single cry; I sat down and looked my grief steadily in the face. One thing I saw clearly-I was no longer loved. I stood in the way of his happiness whom I would have died to bless. I had promised to cleave to him for better, for worse, until death parted us; but now his own words had raised up between us a barrier more effectual than death ever could. I would depart and leave him free. I had one wild, irrepressible dread, and that was of meeting him again. How could I hear his voice, how look upon his face, I whom he loved no longer? Let me go any where, any where, was the wail of my heart-only let me get out of his way! A beautiful woman would not so have given him up, but I had no confidence in my own powers. Besides, from childhood I had learned to yield: and more than all, during the ten years of my married life, had I been daily and hourly learning the lesson that my happiness was nothing to his, and I never thought of putting them into competition. I made up a bundle of a few necessary things. In it I put a tress of shining hair, and a miniature which he had given me during our brief engagement, and the letters I had received from him in his short absences. Then I took a sheet of paper and wrote him a few lines. I told him that I had listened to thescene in the arbor over my dead child's grave; that I knew all-and then I said.

"'Because I do know this I am going out of your way. I have staid with you while I thought I was necessary to your happiness, but now that I am in your way, I love you too truly not to go. But oh, my husband! my heart's own husband! I leave you my blessing. Its fullnessshall abide with you, even though her head. should lie, where mine so often has rested, upon. your bosom.'

"Then I ordered a trusty servant, who had: been my mother's, and who loved nothing on earth so well as his mistress, to bring horses for himself and me. In ten minutes we wereon our way. I do not know whether any atin three days we reached Savannah, and I went



me, that my husband might seek a reconciliation with me for the sake of my fortune. There never could be a moment of my future life when I would not receive him with open arms; but if he came, it must be from love, and not from policy. With the assistance of Mr. Brief, I executed an instrument conveying to him, without incumbrance or restriction, all my property, reserving for myself but a mere pittance. Leaving a copy with the lawyer, I intrusted this instrument to Pompey's care, and dispatched him on his return to Heath Cliffe. The same night I started for the North. Fate or chance led my steps to a town in Connecticut, about twenty miles from here, and I was soon established in a quiet boarding-place. What I suffered God only knows. I have made no moan; I will not.

"From that day to this-it is three years now-I have never heard from my husband. My heart has been troubling me more and more, and I have felt that the struggle with death would be but brief. Last spring I read, by chance, your grandfather's advertisement. I recognized the brown house as being my husband's early home, and I at once applied for it. I loved him as wildly as ever. I yearned with irrepressible yearning for the mere tones of his voice, the touch of his hand, or the sound of his foot upon the stair. I longed to come hereto dwell in solitude and silence where he had played, a young, innocent boy, pillowing his head upon his mother's breast. I thought these fancies would be company for me. Besides, there was another reason, which I scarcely owned to myself. I thought perhaps this might lead to my seeing him once more. I could not put aside the belief that he had loved me once. I knew he had had no means of learning the place of my abode since we parted; that he could not have found me had he sought me even with tears. Now I thought he would learn from your grandfather that one Hester Wilde, a lone woman, was his tenant, and, perchance, he would come to me.

"I have waited, vainly; but, ten days ago, the cloud began to lift, and I could see the faint dawn of day. I read the announcement of Jessie Randall's marriage to a rich old man in New York. I knew then that my husband was not with her. At the same moment I felt that the hand of death was on me; that I had but a few days more to live. In the night of my dying life and my undying love I sent my soul forth to summon him. I prayed, I wrestled with God that I might look upon his face once more this side of heaven; and since then I have been waiting."

She sank back as she said this in utter prostration, and lay there, her face growing fearfully death-like, in the steady light of the wax-candle. I drew my watch from my belt; it was almost midnight. Suddenly she started up.

"Listen!" she cried, with wild energy, "listen!"

My first thought was of the ghosts. I listen- you died. I have traveled, since then, night

ed breathlessly, but I heard nothing save the storm—which, having come on at nightfall, had risen now to a gale, and was bursting wildly against the windows, and rocking the old brown house to its foundations.

"Don't you hear it?" she cried, eagerly—"a horse, coming here?"

I could hear it now, plainly enough—the tramp of a horse ridden furiously. It came in at the gate up the long poplar walk. It stopped, and the rider dismounted before our very door. Hester had risen up in bed now. Her head was bent forward, and every wan feature was a-glow with longing anticipation. The door opened, he sprang in, and in a moment the original of Mistress Hester Wilde's miniature stood before me; but sadly worn and wasted, as if by long sorrow, was the proud, noble face now. He did not seem even to see me. He sank on his knees by Hester's bedside, and gathering her up, folded her to his bosom. Her arms were closely clasped about his neck, her head sank on his shoulder, and a low murmur of ineffable peace floated from her lips.

"Wife-saint-idol-blessed one!" he cried, wildly, holding her there, "you shall not kiss me, you shall not even utter that forgiveness for want of which, for three long years, I have been slowly dying, until you hear my story. I did love you, Hester, God knows. I did love you, and no other. I went into the house that fatal night. I sought you in our own room. I found your note, and read it. Oh, Hester! its uncomplaining, patient tenderness thrilled me as no reproaches could have done. I felt then that your heart was broken. Oh, how I longed to cast myself at your feet, to pray for your forgiveness! I loved you so unutterably. You had never been so wildly dear; and I loathed with deadliest loathing the beautiful Evil whe had tempted me from you. Before light the next morning I had left Heath Cliffe and started in pursuit of you. I left behind me a few lines for Miss Randall, in which I inclosed a copy of your note. I told her I had awaked from my mad dream, and how inexpressibly dear beyond all earthly objects was the wife I had lost. I reached Savannah the very day after you had left. Your deed of all your property to me, my noble one! was another stab, piercing my very heart. I had no clew by which to trace you, and so I waited at Savannah until I heard that Miss Blair had left Heath Cliffe, and was en route for the North. Then I went back there and waited. Oh, Hester! I sometimes thought you would come back, but as months passed on this hope faded. It was only three months since that I learned you were living here; and then you seemed so pure, so perfect, so far removed from me, that I dared not come to you. But ten days ago, at noonday, I heard, or fancied that I heard, a voice. The tones were like yours, but it seemed to come from very far off. It uttered a wail, a pleading cry that I should come to you before



only one, will you forgive me?"

Her voice was broken now and faltering, very thick with tears.

"You too have much to forgive," she murmured. "I did wrong. I was your wife. I should have kept my place and striven to win you back; but yet, God knoweth, I did what I thought would make you happiest.'

His arms clasped her tighter. Feebly she raised her head. Their lips clung together in one long, passionate kiss, and in that, I know not how, her spirit was exhaled. The kiss of forgiveness was the kiss of death.

The storm lulled, and the wind only wailed now like the tender, sorrowful notes of a solemn psalm. We lifted her up and laid her head back upon the pillow. A smile was upon her dead face.

Three days after we buried her in the family burying-ground, beside the stately poplars, and it was not many weeks before Wilton Eldredge lay down beside her, and slept, in the same grave, his long, dreamless slumber. The Eldredge family were left without an heir. No one cared to live in the old brown house. It is going to decay.

But the dead rest well. At "moonless midnight or matin prime" they lift not up their covering of verdure. Suns rise and moons set for them in vain; but I know there is another country where the long-enduring love will receive its reward—where the roses are eternal, and the tenants of the everlasting mansions shall never die.

ARE WE A HAPPY PEOPLE?

OME eighty years ago we emphatically de-clared that the pursuit of happiness was one of our inalienable rights; and we no doubt flatter ourselves that we have been ever since making wonderful progress toward its attainment. If by growing great and growing rich happiness is secured, we are undoubtedly what our spouters so often tell us-the happiest people in the world. While we measure our territory by continents, count our population by scores, and our annual income by thousands of millions, who can doubt our right to throw up our hats and hurrah until we are hoarse? "Fifty years have I reigned. Riches, honors, all that men desired have been lavished on me by Heaven. In this long space of apparent felicity I have calculated the number of days in which I have been really happy: they amount to fourteen." Such was the estimate of the great Caliph of the East. Fourteen days of happiness out of fifty years of success! We question whether we can show a better balance in our favor.

It would seem that the destiny of the present generation of Americans was, not to enjoy life, but to prepare it for the enjoyment of those who are to come after them. We are a race of pimeers, whose object is to clear the land, and not to reap its fruits. We have down the forest, ment of what he has, consists in making more struggle through the jungle, clamber over the with it.

and day. Here I am; and now, Hester, mine | mountain, plunge into the stream, and push on ceaselessly in our headlong course. The shade does not tempt us to repose; the loveliness of nature does not awaken our sympathy; the flower by the path is brushed aside, dropping its tear of dew and shedding its perfume upon the heedless foot that crushes it; earth and heaven reveal their glories in vain, and we neither stop to gaze from the bold mountain top nor to listen to the murmuring stream in the slumbering valley. Most men have an idea, more or less definite, of some enjoyable future in this world, by which they limit their aspirations, and shape their course accordingly. The Americans, however, as they are always moving and looking ahead, never have the same boundary in view. Society with us is no harmonious system of subordinate revolutions, but a chaotic state of eccentric movement, in which each body is struggling to revolve in some other orbit than its own. The music of our social spheres is always out of tune. Contentment is by no means an American virtue, and the satisfaction of a want to-day is but the basis of a new desire tomorrow. It is thus that we are ever in a restless state of eager pursuit after some phantom darkly glooming in the shadow of coming events. There is a blight upon the vine and fig-tree, and they never spread their shade for our repose.

> Pope's apothegm, "Honor from no condition rises," is always on the lips of the American, but never in his heart, and he is accordingly on the alert to change his position for one, with an ideal sense of dignity, he esteems higher. If a tradesman to-day, he would be a merchant tomorrow; and will assume his new character as unhesitatingly as he puts off his working-day clothes and dons his Sunday suit. He is as versatile as Harlequin: now he is creeping out among the pots in the kitchen, and again leaping through the parlor window. It is this characteristic mobility of the American which keeps him in such a restless state of agitation of mind and body that he never finds that repose which, every where else but in this country, is deemed essential to the happiness of life. The Americans have no appreciation of quiet enjoyment; in fact, they seem to despise it, as if it were a waste of time.

> Retirement, in the sense of throwing off the cares of business, is hardly known in America. If the tradesman shuts up his shop he is sure to open new sources of trade; and if he no longer handles the calico across the counter in Pearl, he is none the less busy manipulating notes in Wall Street. The most eager strivers after gain are those who have least occasion for it-the rich. The greater number of the wealthy men of our large cities, though nominally retired from business, are daily hard at work, doing their best to add to their wealth. The richest man has no definite idea of a fortune, and is more eager to double his million than he was to turn his first dollar. His only sense of enjoy-



With the habitual devotion to work, all recognition of the necessity of relaxation is lost, and with the want of provision for enjoyment there is the want of capability of appreciating it. Although the hard necessities of life are less exacting, there is more voluntary labor in the United States than elsewhere, and there is no such severe task-master as the independent American. He groans beneath a self-imposed burden that no slave can be made to lift under the whip of his owner. We work more and play less than any people, however great their need, or abject their social condition.

With all our vitality, we are by no means a cheerful people. We exhaust our energies in the hard drudgery of our daily labor, and when we seek pleasure, which we rarely do, it must be highly spiced to arouse our jaded appetites. Like the dull German baron, who took to jumping over the chairs to get up his vivacity, the American is forced into equally eccentric efforts to stir his animal spirits. When he takes to pleasure it is violent, spasmodic, exciting, and exhausting. We do not know that we have any sport that can be truly called national, unless it be that of heating ourselves into excitement, and cheering our animal spirits by the burning embers of a neighbor's house. We are so jealous of this especial American delight, that no civic reformer has the courage to propose that our fires should be put out in the most effectual way by men trained to the work as a business, lest our red-shirted citizens should revolt at being deprived of their only pleasure. The howl of the Roman plebeians on losing the bloody delights of the circus could not have been more frightful than would be the cry of our Bowery boys at any invasion of their engine rights. What, however, can be so absurd, and yet so characteristic, as the furious delight with which a painful business is pursued as the intensest pleasure? If the argument of the English statesman, Wyndham, in his defense of bullbaiting, holds good—that it is necessary to encourage the ferocity of a people-there may be some advantage in cultivating a taste for conflagration. As, however, we do not believe ferocity to be a desirable national quality, we would readily dispense with the delights of blood and fire. Where is the pleasure? Is it the nervous expectation with which the ear ever awaits the toll of the bell? Is it the howl of "fire" which startles the city, and alarms each man with the possibility of ruin? Is it the headlong, bewildering rush through the streets? Is it the violent effort of strength, by which each muscle and tendon is strained to almost breaking asunder? Is it the fierce conflagration, with its breath of fire and its tongue of flame, blasting and destroying? Is it the ruin of property? Is it the risk to life? It is all these, presenting a combination which is in exact conformity with the American taste for enjoyment, which to be gratified must have nervous anxiety, noise, confusion, violence, and danger. Most people are

business of life. The Americans demand them in their pleasures. We have heard no other argument in favor of the fire-engine mania than that it affords an escape-valve for the surplus energies of our people. No one pretends that putting out fires, as a diversion, is so effectual for the protection of life and property as it would be if it were made a business. As for escapevalves, there would be no occasion for them if there were less steam. To repress the fever of excitement, engendered by American life and institutions, should be the aim of every wellwisher of his country. To encourage it by stimulants, with the view of its exhaustion, is no wiser than the almost forgotten practice of the doctors who attempted to cure inflammation by the administration of wine. It is true the fever burned out, but life also. If it be desirable to turn the painful but necessary business of life into diversions, why not expand our slaughterhouses into arenas, and get up bull-fights, where people may be gratified by butchering animals in public, and we permitted to serve up our daily beef with the satisfaction that it not only gives us pleasure in the eating, but has afforded amusement and excitement in the killing?

The Americans only take kindly to those forms of European social enjoyment which stimulate and exhaust; while the invigorating delights of out-door life, the robust pleasures of the field and the country, with which the foreigner strengthens his fibre and exhilarates his blood, are eschewed, we steep ourselves to the lips in the debaucheries of European luxury. Fashion indulges in no worse orgies in Paris and London than in our metropolitan cities, while in the former dissipation is mitigated in its effects by superior refinement. The blaze of gas-light, the glare of showy bedizzenment, the heated atmosphere, the stir and confusion of the crowd, the flood of wine, and the wild revelry of the dance, are the incitements which seduce to that excessive indulgence of social dissipation which is characteristic of fashionable life in America. Such is the inflammable temper of our people that, touched by the least spark of excitement, it is sure to burst into a flame. Fashion is but a folly elsewhere; it is a passion with us. This social debauchery, like all excesses, however exciting at first to weak heads, soon loses its exhilarating effect, and the taste would reject the draught for its flatness were it not commended by the brand of fashion. As for real enjoyment, either animal or intellectual, the most unsophisticated novice knows too much to look for it in the perverted habits of fashionable society.

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Christmas-day, he added a pack of cards. He | ple might be filled with the awe of the living knew that man was something more than gullet and stomach, and that he possessed other appetites besides that for his dinner. It is very clear that nature intended the human being to be joyful when it endowed him alone of all animals with the prerogative of laughter. Gayety is not only essential to happiness, but to health and long life. Two of the very highest of the human faculties, those of wit and humor, are endowments expressly given to promote joyfulness, and lighten the heart of the cares and troubles of existence. "There is," says Sydney Smith, a noble exemplar of his own philosophy, "no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness-teaching age, and care, and pain to smile-extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

The wise men, the philosophers and statesmen of all ages and countries, have recognized the advantage of mirth, and the necessity of its encouragement. The gravest of them commend it, and have not seldom indicated their theory by their own practice. Socrates, grave philosopher though he was, old Burton tell us, would be merry by fits, sing, dance, and take his liquor too, and, moreover, would ride a cock-horse with his children. Plato made merry with his scholars, and only checked his mirthfulness on the approach of a solemn prig, saying, "Let us be wise now, for I see a fool coming." Plutarch too, records that the most grave and studious use feasts, and jests, and toys, as we do sauce to our meat.

The Jews, though the most serious and religious of people, devoted nearly a hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five to festivals. The Greeks and Romans were still more generous in holidays. Modern nations have been more economical of time, but none so rigidly parsimonious as the Americans. The Puritan element in our national character is doubtless responsible, to some degree, for the scarcity of our festal days. We boast of a purer worship, and take credit to ourselves for having abolished superstition in erasing the popish calendar. No doubt our rigid forefathers, in robbing the saints, bethought themselves of giving all to heaven; but their descendants have made a less worthy disposition of the gift. The former battered down the dead idols that the temGod; the latter would rout them out that the money-changers may throng in. Mammon has become our national saint, and to him we must bow the head and bend the knee. This idol of our hearts so absorbs our worship that there is no time to spare for other reverence. The whole calendar is inscribed to his service, and what'we have taken from the saints we have given to the honor of this one great Fetish. If we have become less superstitious, we have not grown more Christian. But our purpose is not to rebuke the impiety, but to protest against the imprudence of the exclusive devotion of our time to the pursuit of gain. We require more relaxation from labor than we get, and more set occasions for it than we have. It may not be necessary to put on the livery of heaven when we wish to serve our own purposes of enjoyment, and to sanction our pleasures by the pretense of religious observance; but it would be well to have holidays, if not holy days.

In regard to that one day of the week relieved from the curse of labor, the Sabbath-an institution divine in its origin and so holy in its effects, that even the most worldly feel its blessed influence, and in its enjoyment the spiritual-minded have a foretaste of the joys of heaven-it is not permitted, in the prevailing religious opinions of our country, to rank it among those holidays believed to be essential for the relaxation of the working-day world. Leaving the theologians to interpret our Saviour's declaration, that the Sabbath was made for man-not man for the Sabbath, we must seek other days in the week for the desired recreation. The Sunday, however, we may be bold to say, is not that cheerful occasion it was evidently designed to be; whether, however, this arises from a want of spiritual interest or a too rigid exaction of religious observance, we are not prepared to decide.

The two or three days allotted out of the three hundred and sixty-five for amusement come so rarely, and our people in the mean time are so absorbed in work, that the sparse holiday is looked upon as an unwelcome intruder. The Americans are so cramped by the perpetual burden of labor, that they are unable to unbend themselves in the relaxation of pleasure. A holiday is felt to be a bore, and our countrymen, being uneasy under its infliction, seek relief by ignoring it or forgetting it in excitement and dissipation. A faint odor of ancestral conviviality may yet linger here and there about the Christmas beef and Thanksgiving turkey, but the good cheer of olden time is generally meagrely represented by the dull formalities of modern social habits. In addition to the Christmas and the Thanksgiving, there are but two other nominal holidays, the Fourth of July and the New-Year's Day, but there is no one above the age of fire-crackers or sugar plums who does not think both the one day and the other great bores, and impertinent interferences with the all-absorbing business of the year. What we



want is a taste for enjoyment and the habit of cultivating it. Dullness and gloom are becoming characteristic of the people, and the flippant Frenchman, when he records that the most cheerful place he could find in one of our metropolitan cities was the public cometery, satirizes justly our national gravity. All the succulency of our animal spirits is squeezed out by the pressure of hard work, and we become, like Luther after his wrestlings with the Pope and the devil, "dried up and pressed out like a sponge."

Our largest cities are singularly destitute of the means for public entertainment. We have no parks, gardens, national museums, or galleries of art. It is true, there are theatres and occasional attempts at an opera, but the drama of the one and the music of the other are as remote from the public sympathy as the distant countries from whence they came. There is a moral protest too against both, which, though perhaps too indiscriminate, is yet, it must be confessed, not without justification on the score of some disreputable associations. The acted drama and the opera, too, must undergo a purgation before they can commend themselves to the fastidious virtue of our people. Why should not the benevolence of our gen-

erous men of wealth be exercised to promote the innocent pleasures of the people? Why, not found museums and galleries of art, and lay out parks and gardens? Hospitals, colleges, and libraries are not the only wants of human kind. Man is something more than head and The heart, with its teeming emotions and passions, also forms a part of his organization. If there is an intellect to be cultivated. there are also senses to be educated. If there are broken limbs to be mended, there are bruised spirits to be healed. Much of the hardness of American character may be attributed to the prevalent Gradgrind view of man, which takes no other account of him than as a reading, writing, and calculating being. Intellectual education opens up some of the noblest sources of pleasure, but these are never sufficient to satisfy completely the desires of any, while those capable of appreciating them will always be comparatively the few. There are delights, however, of a moral and sensuous nature which commend themselves to the tastes of all. The pleasures of the senses, the sportive exercise of the muscles, the play of the social affections, and the satisfaction of the innocent desires and appetites, are alike enjoyable by the simplest and the most cultivated. These are the natural diversions of man, which lighten labor, smooth the wrinkles of care, and give heart and strength to struggle with the world. If these are not supplied, humanity either sinks beneath the burden of life, or, madly fighting against the severity of its fate, seeks in violence and excess an issue for pent-up emotion. It was thus universal debauchery succeeded the rigid Puritanism of the Commonwealth. The sinners of

Charles the Second did not believe in God, be-

ture. It is not enough that vicious excess should be repressed, but moderate pleasures must be encouraged. · It behoves philanthropy to consider how far the violence and vice, the rowdyism and crime of our country are attributable to the rigid severity of our daily life and a want of provision for the innocent gratification of the natural tastes of the people. The morals and manners of a nation depend greatly on its amusements. If these are gross and ill-regulated, the former will be debauched, coarse, and violent. There ought to be, says Burke, a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely. To effect this, there is no more direct way than through the refinement of the habits of a people by a proper regulation of their tastes for enjoyment. It requires no royal master of ceremonies, as Burke held, to teach the people good manners. The natural instinct for what is agreeable may be readily developed, under the guidance of an intelligent benevolence, into a taste for refined pleasure. Refinement of manners will ensue as a necessary consequence. The Greeks learned much of their grace of life in the Olympic games, as the Romans their rudeness and ferocity amidst the cruelty and violence of the bloody circus.

The Americans more than other people need the chastening influence of delicacy of sentiment and gentleness of behavior. They have thrown off the trappings of state, and resisted the forced courtesies of rank and station. Though humanity in America has laid aside its purple and gold, it should not strip off the "decent drapery of life." While the forms and ceremonies of courts are abolished, we must not forget the reverence due to the dignity of man. It behooves us, if we would make good our claim to equality, to elevate ourselves to the highest standard of morals and manners. There will always be social differences from the diversity of natural gifts and inequality in the distribution of wealth, but there might be a much greater similarity than there is in the habits and manners of all classes. The social equality under the tyranny of a French or Austrian Emperor is apparently greater than that in Republican America. There is less outward distinction between a French duchess and a marchande des modes, than between a Pearl Street merchant's lady and the wife of a Broadway tradesman. The manners of all classes in Paris or Vienna more closely approximate in consequence of freer intercourse in their pleasures. The same public gardens and parks invite the prince and the peasant to equal privileges; the same galleries of art, and the same operas and theatres open their doors to both; each partakes without distinction of the cheerful influence, and all feel alike the refining effect of the natural and artistic beauty expressed by the bright parterres of flowers, the sparkling fountains, the graceful statues, the rich paintings, cause the "saints" of Cromwell had denied na- | the seductive music, and the numberless incite-



ments to innocent gayety and the enjoyment of life. A similarity of taste is thus engendered. which so harmonizes society in a community of feeling that the difference of political privilege is almost compensated by the equality of social enjoyment. Republican America has much to learn from monarchical Europe socially, if not politically.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GEN-TLEMAN," BTC. I.

MRS. ROCHDALE stood a good while talk-ing at the school-gate this morning—Mrs. Rochdale, my mistress once, my friend now. My cousin, the village schoolmistress, was bemoaning over her lad George, now fighting in the Crimea, saying, poor body, "that no one could understand her feelings but a mothermother with an only son."

Mrs. Rochdale smiled—that peculiar smile of one who has bought peace through the "constant anguish of patience"—a look which I can still trace in her face at times, and which I suppose will never wholly vanish thence. changed the conversation, and she shortly afterward departed.

-A mother with an only son. All the neighborhood knew the story of our Mrs. Rochdale and her son. But it had long ceased to be discussed, at least openly; though still it was told under the seal of confidence to every new-comer in our village. And still every summer I used to see any strangers who occupied my cousin's lodgings staring with all their eyes when the manor-house carriage passed by, or peeping from over the blinds to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Rochdale.

No wonder. She is, both to look at and to know, a woman among a thousand.

It can do no possible harm—it may do good -if I here write down her history.

First let me describe her, who even yet seems to me the fairest woman I ever knew. why should not a woman be fair at sixty? Because the beauty that lasts till then-and it can last, for I have seen it—must be of the noblest and most satisfying kind, wholly independent of form or coloring; a beauty such as a young woman can by no art attain, but which, once attained, no woman need ever fear to lose, till the coffin-lid, closing over its last and loveliest smile, makes of it "a joy forever."

Mrs. Rochdale was tall—too tall in youth; but your well-statured women have decidedly the advantage after forty. Her features, more soft than strong-looking-softer still under the smooth-banded gray hair-might have been good: I am no artist: I do not know. But it was not that; it was the intangible nameless grace which surrounded her as with an atmosphere, making her presence in a room like light, and her absence like its loss; her soft but stately courtesy of mien, in word and motion alike since love begets love, and we always feel kindly harmonious. Silent, her gentle ease of manner to those we have been kind to, Mrs. Rochdale

made every one else at ease. Speaking, though she was by no means a great talker, she always seemed instinctively to say just the right thing, to the right person, at the right moment, in the right way. She stood out distinct from all your "charming creatures," "most lady-like persons," "very talented women," as that rarest species of the whole race—a gentlewoman.

At twenty-three she became Mr. Rochdale's wife; at twenty-five his widow. From that time her whole life was devoted to the son who, at a twelvemonth old, was already Lemuel Rochdale, Esquire, lord of the manor of Thorpe and Stretton-Magna, owner of one of the largest estates in the county. Poor little baby!

He was the puniest, sickliest baby she ever saw, I have heard my mother say; but he grewup into a fine boy and a handsome youth; not unlike Mrs. Rochdale, except that a certain hereditary pride of manner, which in her was almost beautiful—if any pride can be beautiful -was in him exaggerated to self-assurance and haughtiness. He was the principal person in the establishment while he yet trundled hoops; and long before he discarded jackets had assumed his position as sole master of the manorhouse, allowing, however, his mother to remain as sole mistress.

He loved her very much, I think-better than horses, dogs, or guns; swore she was the kindest and dearest mother in England, and handsomer ten times over than any girl he knew.

At which the smiling mother would shake her head in credulous incredulousness. She rarely burdened him with caresses; perhaps she had found out early that boys dislike them-at least he did: to others she always spoke of him as "my son," or "Mr. Rochdale;" and her pride in him, or praise of him, was always more by implication than by open word. Yet all the house, all the village, knew quite well how things were. And though they were not often seen together, except on Sundays, when, year after year, she walked up the church-aisle, holding her little son by the hand; then, followed by the sturdy school-boy; finally, leaning proudly on the youth's proud arm—every body said emphatically that the young squire was "his mother's own son;" passionately beloved, after the fashion of women ever since young Eve smiled down on Cain, saying, "I have gotten a man from the Lord."

So he grew up to be twenty-one years old.

On that day Mrs. Rochdale, for the first time since her widowhood, opened her house and invited all the country round. The morning was devoted to the poorer guests; in the evening there was a dinner-party and ball.

I dressed her, having since my girlhood been to her a sort of amateur milliner and lady'smaid. I may use the word "amateur" in its strictest sense, since it was out of the great love and reverence I had for her that I had got into this habit of haunting the manor-house. And



was fond of me. Through her means, and still more through herself, I gained a better education than I should have done as only her bail-iff's daughter. But that is neither here nor there.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing before the glass in her black velvet gown; she never wore any thing but black, with sometimes a gray or lilac ribbon. She had taken out from that casket, and was clasping on her arms and neck, white and round even at five-and-forty, some long-unworn family jewels.

I admired them very much.

"Yes, they are pretty. But I scarcely like to see myself in diamonds, Martha. I shall only wear them a few times, and then resign them to my daughter-in-law."

"Your daughter-in-law? Has Mr. Roch-dale-"

"No" (smiling), "Mr. Rochdale has not made his choice yet; but I hope he will ere long. A young man should marry early, especially a young man of family and fortune. I shall be very glad when my son has chosen his wife."

She spoke as if she thought he had nothing to do but to choose, after the fashion of kings and sultans.

I smiled. She misinterpreted my thought, saying, with some little severity,

"Martha, you mistake. I repeat, I shall be altogether glad, even if such a chance were to happen to-day."

Ah, Mrs. Rochdale, was ever any widowed mother of an only son "altogether glad" when tirst startled into the knowledge that she herself was not his all in the world? that some strange woman had risen up, for whose sake he was bound to "leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" A righteous saying, but hard to be understood at first by the mothers.

It afterward struck me as an odd coincidence, that what Mrs. Rochdale had wished might happen did actually happen that same night.

The prettiest, and beyond all question the "sweetest," girl in all our county families—among which alone it was probable or permissible that our young squire should "throw the handkerchief"—was Miss Celandine Childe, niece and heiress of Sir John Childe. I was caught by her somewhat fanciful name—after Wordsworth's flower—which, as I overheard Mrs. Rochdale say, admirably expressed her.

I thought so too, when, peeping through the curtained ball-room door, I caught sight of her, distinct among all the young ladies, as one's eye lights upon a celandine in a spring meadow. She was smaller than any lady in the room—very fair, with yellow hair—the only real gold hair I ever saw. Her head drooped like a flower-cup; and her motions, always soft and quiet, reminded one of the stirrings of a flower in the grass. Her dress—as if to humor the fancy, or close Nature herself did so by making that color most suitable to the girl's complexion—was some gausy stuff, of a soft pale green. Bright, delicate, innocent, and fair, you could hardly look

Through her means, and still at her without wishing to take her up in your self. I gained a better educa- bosom like a flower.

The ball was a great success. Mrs. Rochdale came up to her dressing-room long after midnight, but with the bright glow of maternal pride still burning on her cheeks. She looked quite young again, forcing one to acknowledge the fact constantly avouched by the elder generation, that our mothers and grandmothers were a great deal handsomer than we. Certainly not a belle in the ball-room could compare with Mrs. Rochdale in my eyes. I should have liked to have told her so. In a vague manner I said something which slightly approximated to my thought.

Mrs. Rochdale answered, innocent of the compliment, "Yes, I have seen very lovely women in my youth. But to-night my son pointed out several whom he admired—one in particular."

"Was it Miss Childe, madam?"

"How acute you are, little Martha! How could you see that?"

I answered, rather deprecatingly, that, from the corner where I was serving ices, I had heard several people remark Mr. Rochdale's great attention to Miss Childe.

"Indeed!" with a slight sharpness of accent. A moment or two after she added, with some hauteur, "You mistake, my dear; Mr. Rochdale could never be so uncourteous as to pay exclusive attention to any one of his guests; but Miss Childe is a stranger in the neighborhood." After a pause: "She is a most sweet-looking girl. My son said so to me, and—I perfectly agreed with him."

I let the subject drop—nor did Mrs. Rochdale resume it.

A month after I wondered if she knew what all the servants at the manor-house and all the villagers at Thorpe soon knew quite well, and discussed incessantly in butler's pantries and kitchens, over pots of ale and by cottage doors—that our young squire from that day forward gave up his shooting, his otter-hunting, and even his coursing, and "went a-courting" sedulously for a whole month to Ashen Dale.

Meanwhile Sir John and Miss Childe came twice to luncheon. I saw her, pretty creature! walking by Mrs. Rochdale's side to feed the swans, and looking more like a flower than ever. And once, stately in the family-coach, which tumbled over the rough roads, two hours there and two hours back, shaking the old coachman almost to pieces, did Mrs. and Mr. Rochdale drive over to a formal dinner at Ashen Dale.

Finally, in the Christmas-week, after an interval of twenty lonely Christmases past and gone, did our lady of the manor prepare to pay to the same place a three-days' visit—such as is usual among county families—the "rest-day, the pressed-day," and the day of departure.

else Nature herself did so by making that color most suitable to the girl's complexion—was some gausy stuff, of a soft pale green. Bright, delicate, innocent, and fair, you could hardly look lids were heavy, as with long pressing back of



tears. Mr. Rochdale did not drive, but sat beside her; he too seemed rather grave. He handed her out of the carriage carefully and tenderly. She responded with a fond smile. Mother and son went up the broad staircase arm-in-arm.

That night the servants who had gone to Ashen Dale talked "it" all over with the servants who had staid at home; and every point was satisfactorily settled, down to the bride's fortune and pin-money, and whether she would be married in Brussels or Honiton lace.

Yet still Mrs. Rochdale said nothing. She looked happy, but pale, constantly pale. The squire was in the gayest spirits imaginable. He was, as I have said, a very handsome and winning young fellow; rather variable in his tastes, and easily guided, some people said—but then it was always the old who said it, and nobody minded them. We thought Miss Celandine Childe was the happiest and luckiest girl imaginable.

She looked so when, after due time, the three-days' visit was returned; after which Sir John departed, and Miss Childe staid behind.

That evening—it was just the time of year when "evenings" begin to be perceptible, and in passing the drawing-room door I had heard the young master say something to Miss Childe about "primroses in the woods"—that evening I was waiting upon Mrs. Rochdale's toilet. She herself stood at the oriel window. It was after dinner—she had come up to her room to rest.

"Look here, Martha."

She pointed to the terrace-walk leading to the pool. There were the two young people sauntering slowly past—he gazing down on her, she with her eyes drooped low, low, to the very ground. But her arm rested in his, in a safe, happy, clinging way, as knowing it had a right there to rest forever.

- "Is it so, Mrs. Rochdale?"
- "Ay, Martha. What do you think of my—my children?"

A few tears came to her eyes—a few quivers fluttered over and about her mouth; but she gazed still—she smiled still.

- "Are you satisfied, madam?"
- "Quite. It is the happiest thing in the world—for him. They will be married at Christmas."
 - "And you-"

She put her hand softly on my lips, and said, smiling, "Plenty of time to think of that plenty of time."

After this day she gradually grew less pale, and recovered entirely her healthy, cheerful tone of mind. It was evident that she soon began to love her daughter-elect very much—as, indeed, who could help it?—and that by no means as a mere matter of form had she called them both "my children."

For Celandine, who had never known a mother, it seemed as if Mrs. Rochdale were almost as dear to her as her betrothed. The two ladies were constantly together; and in them the proverbially formidable and all but impossible

Mr. Rochdale did not drive, but sat ber; he too seemed rather grave. He handout of the carriage carefully and tenderof the same flesh and blood.

The gossips shook their heads and said, "It wouldn't last." I think it would. Why should it not? They were two noble, tender, unselfish women. Either was ready to love any thing he loved—to renounce any thing to make him happy. In him, the lover and son, was their meeting-point—in him they learned to love one another.

Strange that women can not always see this. Strange that a girl should not, above all but her own mother, cling to the mother of him she loves-the woman who has borne him, nursed him, cherished him, suffered for him more than any living creature can suffer, excepting-ay, sometimes not even excepting-his wife. Most strange, that a mother, who would be fond and kind to any thing her boy cared for-his horse or his dog-should not, above all, love the creature he loves best in the world, on whom his happiness, honor, and peace are staked for a lifetime. Alas, that a bond so simple, natural, holy, should be found so hard as to be almost impossible-even among the good women of this world! Mothers, wives, whose fault is it? Is it because each exacts too much for herself, and too little for the other-one forgetting that she was ever young, the other that she will one day be old? Or that in the tenderest women's devotion lurks a something of jealousy, which blinds them to the truth—as true in love as in charity -that "it is more blessed to give than to receive?" Perhaps I, Martha Stretton, spinster, have no right to discuss this question. But one thing I will say: that I can forgive much to an unloved daughter-in-law-to an unloving one, nothing.

And now, from this long digression—which is not so irrelevant as it at first may seem—let me return to my story.

The year grew and waned. Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when it was near its closing, that it had been one of the happiest years she had ever known.

I believe it was. The more so as, like many a season of great happiness, it began with a conquered pang. But of this no one ever dared to hint; and perhaps the mother now would hardly have acknowledged, even to herself, that it had temporarily existed.

They were to have been married at Christmas; but early in December the long-invalided Lady Childe died. This deferred the wedding. The young lover said, loudly and often, that it was "very hard." The bride-elect said nothing at all. Consequently every lady's-maid and woman-servant at the manor-house, and every damsel down the village, talked over Miss Childe's hard-heartedness; especially as, soon after, she went traveling with poor broken-hearted Sir John Childe, thereby parting with her betrothed for three whole months.

dies were constantly together; and in them the But I myself watched her about the manor-proverbially formidable and all but impossible house the last few days before she went away.



O Lemuel Rochdale, what had you deserved that Heaven should bless you with the love of two such women—mother and bride!

Celandine went away. The manor-house was very dull after she was gone. Mrs. Rochdale said she did not wonder that her son was absent a good deal—it was natural. But this she only said to me. To others she never took any notice of his absence at all.

These absences continued—lengthened. In most young men they would have been unremarked; but Lemuel was so fondly attached to his mother that he rarely in his life had spent his evenings away from home and her. Now, in the wild March nights, in the soft April twilights, in the May moonlights, Mrs. Rochdale sat alone in the great drawing-room, where they had sat so happily last year—all three of them.

She sat, grave and quiet, over her book or her knitting, still saying—if she ever said any thing—that it was quite "natural" her son should amuse himself abroad.

Once I heard her ask him, "Where he had been to-night?"

He hesitated; then said, "Up the village, mother."

"What, again? How fond you are of moonlight walks up the village!"

"Am I?" whipping his boots with his cane. "Why, mother, moonlight is—very pretty, you know; and the evenings here are—so long."

"True." His mother half-sighed. "Bu soon, you know, Celandine will be back."

It might have been my mistake, but I thought the young man turned scarlet, as, whistling his dog, he hastily quitted the room.

"How sensitive these lovers are!" said Mrs. Rochdale, smiling. "He can hardly bear to hear her name. I do wish they were married."

But that wish was still further deferred. Sir John Childe, fretful, ailing, begged another six months before he lost his niece. They were young; and he was old, and had not long to live. Besides, thus safely and happily betrothed, why should they not wait? A year more or less was of little moment to those who were bound together firm and sure, in good and ill, for a lifetime. Nay, did she not from the very day of betrothal feel herself Lemuel's faithful wife?

Thus, Mrs. Rochdale told me, did Celandine urge—out of the love which in its completeness hardly recognized such a thing as separation. Her mother that was to be, reading the passage out of her letter, paused, silenced by starting tears.

The lover consented to this further delay. He did not once say that it was "very hard." Again Mrs. Rochdale began to talk, but with a tone of fainter certainty, about their being married next Christmas.

Meanwhile the young squire appeared quite satisfied: shot, fished, lounged about his property as usual, and kept up his spirits amazingly.

He likewise took his moonlight walks up the "He village with creditable persistency. Once or shop?"

twice I heard it whispered about that he did not take them alone.

But every one in the neighborhood so liked the young squire, and so tenderly honored his mother, that it was some time before the faintest of these ill whispers reached the ear of Mrs. Rochdale.

I never shall forget the day she heard it.

She had sent for me to help her in gathering her grapes; a thing she often liked to do herself, giving the choice bunches to her own friends, and to the sick poor of her neighbors. She was standing in the vinery when I came. One moment's glance showed me something was amiss, but she stopped the question ere it was well out of my lips.

"No, nothing, Martha. This bunch—cut it while I hold."

But her hand shook so that the grapes fell and were crushed, dyeing purple the stone floor. I picked them up—she took no notice.

Suddenly she put her hand to her head. "I am tired. We will do this another day."

I followed her across the garden to the halldoor. Entering, she gave orders to have the carriage ready immediately.

"I will take you home, Martha. I am going to the village."

Now the village was about two miles distant from the manor-house—a mere cluster of cottages; among which were only three decent dwellings—the butcher's, the baker's, and the school-house. Mrs. Rochdale rarely drove through Thorpe—still more rarely did she stop there.

She stopped now—it was some message at the school-house. Then, addressing the coachman—

"Drive on-to the baker's shop."

Old John started—touched his hat hurriedly. I saw him and the footman whispering on the box. Well I could guess why!

"The baker's, Mrs. Rochdale? Can not I call? Indeed, it is a pity you should take that trouble."

She looked me full in the face; I felt myself turn crimson.

"Thank you, Martha; but I wish to go myself."

I ceased. But I was now quite certain she knew, and guessed I knew also, that which all the village were now talking about. What could be her motive for acting thus? Was it to show her own ignorance of the report? No, that would have been to imply a falsehood, and Mrs. Rochdale was stanchly, absolutely true in deed as in word. Or was it to prove them all liars and scandal-mongers that the lady of the manor drove up openly to the very door where—

Mrs. Rochdale startled me from my thoughts with her sudden voice, sharp and clear.

"He is a decent man, I believe—Hine the baker?"

"Yes, madam."

"He has a daughter, who waits in the shop?"



"Yes, madam."

She pulled the check-string with a quick jerk, and got out. Two small burning spots were on either cheek; otherwise she looked herself—her tall, calm, stately self.

I wondered what Nancy thought of her—handsome Nancy Hine, who was laughing in her free loud way behind the counter, but who, perceiving the manor-house carriage, stopped, startled.

I could see them quite plainly through the shop-window—the baker's daughter and the mother of the young squire. I could see the very glitter in Mrs. Rochdale's eyes, as, giving in her ordinary tone some domestic order, she took the opportunity of gazing steadily at the large, well-featured girl, who stood awkward and painfully abashed, nay, blushing scarlet; though people did say that Nancy Hine was too clever a girl to have blushed since she was out of her teens.

I think they belied her—I think many people belied her, both then and afterward. She was "clever"—much cleverer than most girls of her station; she looked bold and determined enough, but neither unscrupulous nor insincere.

During the interview, which did not last two minutes, I thought it best to stay outside the door. Of course, when Mrs. Rochdale re-entered the carriage I made no remark. Nor did she.

She gave me the cake for the school-children. From the wicket I watched her drive off, just catching through the carriage-window her profile, so proudly cut, so delicate and refined.

That a young man, born and reared of such a mother, with a lovely fairy creature like Celandine for his own, his very own, could ever lower his tastes, habits, perceptions, to court—people said even to win—unlawfully, a common village-girl, handsome, indeed, but with the coarse blowzy beauty which at thirty might be positive ugliness—surely—surely it was impossible! It could not be true what they said about young Mr. Rochdale and Nancy Hine.

I did not think his mother believed it either; if she had, could she have driven away with that quiet smile on her mouth, left by her last kind words to the school-children and to me?

The young squire had gone to Scotland the day before this incident occurred. He did not seem in any hurry to return; not even when, by some whim of the old baronet's, Sir John Childe and his niece suddenly returned to Ashen Dale.

Mrs. Rochdale drove over there immediately, and brought Celandine back with her. The two ladies, elder and younger, were gladly seen by us all, going about together in their old happy ways, lingering in the green-house, driving and walking, laughing their well-known merry laugh when they fed the swans of an evening in the pool.

There might have been no such things in the world as tale-bearers, slanderers, or—baker's daughters.

Alas! this was only for four bright days—the last days when I ever saw Mrs. Rochdale looking happy and young, or Celandine Childe light-hearted and bewitchingly fair.

On the fifth, Sir John Childe's coach drove up to the manor-house, not lazily, as it generally did, but with ominously thundering wheels. He and Mrs. Rochdale were shut up in the library for two full hours. Then she came out, walking heavily, with a kind of mechanical strength, but never once drooping her head or her eyes, and desired me to go and look for Miss Childe, who was reading in the summerhouse. She waited at the hall-door till the young lady came in.

"Mamma!" Already she had begun, by Mrs. Rochdale's wish, to give her that fond name. But it seemed to strike painfully now.

"Mamma, is any thing the matter?" and, turning pale, the girl clung to her arm.

"Nothing to alarm you, my pet; nothing that I care for—not I. I know it is false—wholly false; it could not but be." Her tone, warm with excitement, had nevertheless more anger in it than fear. Celandine's color returned.

"If it be false, mamma, never mind it," she said, in her fondling way. "But, what is this news?"

"Something that your uncle has heard. Something he insists upon telling you. Let him. It can not matter either to you or to me. Come, my child."

What passed in the library, of course, never transpired; but about an hour after I was sent for to Mrs. Rochdale's dressing-room.

She sat at her writing-table. There was a firm, hard, almost fierce expression in her eyes, very painful to see. Yet when Celandine glided in, with that soft step and white face, Mrs. Rochdale looked up with a quick smile.

"Has he read it? Is he satisfied with it?" and she took, with painfully assumed carelessness, a letter newly written, which Miss Childe brought to her.

The girl assented; then, kneeling by the table, pressed her cheek upon Mrs. Rochdale's shoulder.

"Let me write, mamma, just one little line, to tell him that I—that I don't believe—"

"Hush!" and the trembling lips were shut with a kiss tender as firm. "No; not a line, my little girl. I, his mother, may speak of such things to him. Not you."

It did at the moment seem to me almost sickening that this pure fragile flower of a girl should ever have been told there existed such wickedness as that of which not only Sir John Childe, but the whole neighborhood, now accused her lover; and which, as I afterward learned, the baronet insisted should be at once openly and explicitly denied by Mr. Rochdale, or the engagement must be held dissolved.

This question his mother claimed her own sole right to put to her son; and she had put it in the letter, which now, with a steady hand



and a fixed smile—half contemptuous as it were | wildered air, then searched through the envelshe was sealing and directing.

"Martha, put this into the post-bag yourself; and tell Miss Childe's maid her mistress will remain another week at the manor-house. Yes, my love, best so."

Then, sitting down wearily in the large armchair, Mrs. Rochdale drew Celandine to her; and I saw her take the soft small figure on her lap, like a child, and fold her up close in the grave, comforting silence of inexpressible love.

It was a four days' post to and from the moors where Mr. Rochdale was staying. Heavily the time must have passed with those two poor women, whose all was staked upon him-upon his one little "Yes" or "No."

Sunday intervened, when they both appeared at church—evening as well as morning. With this exception, they did not go out; and were seen but rarely about the house, except at dinner-time. Then, with her companion on her arm, Mrs. Rochdale would walk down and take her seat at the foot of the long dreary dining-table, placing Miss Childe on her right hand.

The old butler said it made his heart ache to see how sometimes they both looked toward the head of the board—at the empty chair there.

The fifth day came and passed. No letters. The sixth likewise. In the evening, his mother ordered Mr. Rochdale's chamber to be got ready, as it was "not improbable" he might unexpectedly come home. But he did not come.

They sat up half that night, I believe, both Mrs. Rochdale and Miss Childe.

Next morning they breakfasted together as usual in the dressing-room. As I crossed the plantation-for in my anxiety I made business at the manor-house every day now-I saw them both sitting at the window, waiting for the post.

Waiting for the post! Many a one has known that heart-sickening intolerable time; but few waitings have been like to theirs.

The stable-boy came lazily up, swinging the letter-bag to and fro in his hands. They saw it from the window.

The butler unlocked the bag as usual, and distributed the contents.

"Here's one from the young master. bless us, what a big un!"

"Let me take it up stairs, William." For I saw it was addressed to Miss Childe.

Mechanically, as I went up stairs, my eye rested on the direction, in Mr. Rochdale's large careless hand; and on the seal, firm and clear, bearing not the sentimental devices he had once been fond of using, but his business-seal-his coat-of-arms. With a heavy weight on my heart, I knocked at the dressing-room door.

Miss Childe opened it.

"Ah, mamma, for me, for me!" And with a sob of joy she caught and tore open the large envelope.

Out of it fell a heap of letters—her own pretty dainty letters, addressed "Lemuel Rochdale,

She stood looking down at them with a be-

ope. It was blank-quite blank.

"What does he mean, mamma? I-don'tunderstand."

But Mrs. Rochdale did. "Go away, Martha," she said, hoarsely, shutting me out at the door. And then I heard a smothered cry, and something falling to the floor like a stone.

The ladies did not appear at lunch. Word was sent down stairs that Miss Childe was "indisposed." I could not by any means get to see Mrs. Rochdale, though I hung about the house all day. Near dark, I received a message that the mistress wanted me.

She was sitting in the dining-room, without lights. She sat as quiet, as motionless, as a carved figure. I dared not speak to her; I trembled to catch the first sound of her voicemy friend, my mistress, my dear Mrs. Rochdale!

- "Martha!"
- "Yes, madam."
- "I wish, Martha"-and there the voice stopped.

I hardly know what prevented my saving or doing, on the impulse, things that the commonest instinct told me, the moment afterward, ought to be said and done by no one-certainly not by me-at this crisis, to Mrs. Rochdale. So, with an effort, I stood silent in the dim light—as silent and motionless as herself.

"I wish, Martha"—and her voice was steady now-"I wish to send you on a message, which requires some one whom I can implicitly trust."

My heart was at my lips; but, of course, I only said "Yes, madam."

"I want you to go down to the village, to the-the young person at the baker's shop.'

Nancy Hine.

"Is that her name? Yes, I remember: Nancy Hine. Bring her here—to the manorhouse; without observation, if you can."

"To-night, madam?"

"To-night. Make any excuse you choose; or rather, make no excuse at all. Say Mrs. Rochdale wishes to speak to her."

"Any thing more?" I asked softly, after a considerable pause.

"Nothing more. Go at once, Martha."

I obeyed implicitly. Much as this my mission had surprised, nay, startled me, I knew Mrs. Rochdale always did what was wiscst, best to do, under the circumstances. Also, that her combined directness of purpose and strength of character often led her to do things utterly unthought of by a weaker or less single-hearted woman.

Though a misty September moonlight, I walked blindly on in search of Nancy Hine.

She was having a lively gossip at the bakehouse door. The fire showed her figure plainly. Her large rosy arms, whitened with flour, were crossed over her decent working-gown. People allowed—even the most censorious that Nancy was, in her own home, an active,



industrious lass, though too much given to dress of Sundays, and holding herself rather above her station every day.

"Nancy Hine, I want to speak with you a minute.'

"Oh, do you, Martha Stretton? Speak out, then. No secrets here."

Her careless, not to say rude, manner irritated me. I just turned away and walked down the village. I had not gone many yards when Nancy's hand was on my shoulder; and with a loud laugh at my sudden start, she pulled me by a back door into the shop.

"Now then?"

The baker's daughter folded her arms in a rather defiant way. Her eyes were bright and open. There was in her manner some excitement, coarseness, and boldness; but nothing unvirtuous-nothing to mark the fallen girl whom her neighbors were pointing the finger at. I could not loathe her quite as much as I had intended.

"Now then?" she repeated.

I delivered Mrs. Rochdale's message, word for

Nancy seemed a good deal surprised—not shocked, or alarmed, or ashamed-merely surprised.

"Wants me, does she? Why?"

"She did not say."

"But you guess, of course. Well, who cares? Not I.'

Yet her brown handsome face changed color. Her hands nervously fidgeted about - taking off her apron, "making herself decent," as she called it. Suddenly she stopped.

"Has there been any letter-any newsfrom young Mr. Rochdale?"

"I believe there has; but that is no business

"Mine, you mean, eh? Come, don't be so sharp, Martha Stretton. I'll go with you, only let me put on my best bonnet first."

"Nancy Hine," I burst out, "do you think it can matter to Mrs. Rochdale whether you go in a queen's gown or a beggar's rags, except that the rags might suit you best? Come just as you are."

"I will," cried Nancy, glaring in my face; "and you, Martha, keep a civil tongue, will you? My father's daughter is as good as yours, or your mistress's either. Get out o' the shop. I'll follow 'ee. I bean't afeard."

That broad accent—broadening as she got angry-those abrupt awkward gestures!-what could the young squire, his mother's son, who had lived with that dear mother all his days, have seen attractive in Nancy Hine?

But similar anomalies of taste have puzzled, and will puzzle, every body—especially women, who in their attachments generally see clearer and deeper than men-to the end of time.

Nancy Hine walked in sullen taciturnity to the manor-house. It was already late—nearly all the household were gone to bed. I left the blushes, of the baker's daughter. With a halfyoung woman in the hall, and went up to Mrs. Rochdale.

She was sitting before her dressing-room fire absorbed in thought. In the chamber close byin the large state-bed which Mrs. Rochdale always occupied, where generations of Rochdales had been born and died-slept the gentle girl whose happiness had been so cruelly betrayed. For that the engagement was broken, and for sufficient cause, Mr. Rochdale's answer, or rather non-answer, to his mother's plain letter made now certain, almost beyond a doubt.

"Hush; don't wake her," whispered Mrs. Rochdale, hurriedly. "Well, Martha?"

"The young woman—shall I bring her, mad-

"What, here?" Words can not describe the look of repulsion, hatred, horror, which for a moment darkened Mrs. Rochdale's face. Perhaps the noblest human being, either man or woman, is born, not passionless, but with strong passions to be subjected to firm will. If at that moment—one passing moment—she could have crushed out of existence the girl who led away her son-(for Nancy was older than he, and "no fool")—I think Mrs. Rochdale would have done it.

The next instant she would have done nothing of the kind; nothing that a generous Christian woman might not do.

She rose up, saying quietly, "The young person can not come here, Martha. Bring her into-let me see-into the drawing-room."

There, entering a few minutes after, we found Mrs. Rochdale seated on one of the velvet couches, just in the light of the chandelier.

I do not suppose Nancy Hine had ever been in such a brilliant, beautiful room before. She was apparently quite stunned and dazzled by it; courtesied humbly, and stood with her arms wrapped up in her shawl, vacantly gazing about

Mrs. Rochdale spoke. "Nancy Hine, I believe, is your name?"

"Yes, my lady. That is-um-yes, ma'am, my name is Nancy."

She came a little forwarder now, and lifted up her eyes more boldly to the sofa. In fact, they both regarded each other keenly and longthe lady of the manor and the village girl.

I observed that Mrs. Rochdale had resumed her usual evening dress, and that no trace of mental disorder was visible in her apparelscarcely even in her countenance.

"I sent for you, Nancy Hine-(Martha, do not go away, I wish that there should be a witness of all that passes between this young woman and myself)—I sent for you on account of certain reports, more injurious to your character, if possible, than even to that of—the other person. Are you aware what reports I mean?" "Yes, my lady, I be."

"That is an honest answer, and I like honesty," said Mrs. Rochdale, after a prolonged gaze at the face, now scarlet with wholesome sigh of relief, she went on:

"You must be also aware that I, as the



mother of—that other person, can have but one | it there. motive for sending for you here, namely, to ask a question which I more than any one else have a right to ask, and to have answered. Do you understand me?"

"Some'at."

"Nancy," she resumed, after another long gaze, as if struck by something in the young woman different from what she had expected, and led thereby to address her differently from what she had at first intended, "Nancy, I will be plain with you. It is not every lady—every mother, who would have spoken with you as I speak now, without anger or blame—only wishing to get from you the truth. If I believed the worstif you were a poor girl whom my son had-had wronged, I would still have pitied you. Knowing him and now looking at you, I do not believe it. I believe you may have been foolish, light of conduct; but not guilty. Tell me-do tell me," and the mother's agony broke through the lady's calm and dignified demeanor-" one word to assure me it is so!"

But Nancy Hine did not utter that word. She gave a little faint sob, and then dropped her head with a troubled, awkward air, as if the presence of Lemuel's mother-speaking so kindly, and looking her through and through—was more than she could bear.

That poor mother, whom this last hope had failed, to whom her only son now appeared not only as a promise-breaker, but the systematic seducer of a girl beneath his own rank-between whom and himself could exist no mental union, no false gloss of sentiment to cover the foulness of mere sensual passion—that poor mother sank back, and put her hand over her eyes, as if she would fain henceforth shut out from her sight the whole world.

After a while she forced herself to look at the girl once more, who, now recovering from her momentary remorse, was busy casting admiring glances, accompanied with one or two curious smiles, around the drawing-room.

"From your silence, young woman, I must conclude that I was mistaken; that—but I will spare you. You will have enough to suffer. There new remains only one question which I desire-which I am compelled-to ask: How long has this-this"-she seemed to choke over the unuttered word-" lasted?"

"Dunnot know what you mean."

"I must speak plainer, then. How long, Nancy Hine, have you been my son's-Mr. Rochdale's-mistress?"

"Not a day—not an hour," cried Nancy, violently, coming close to the sofa. "Mind what you say, Mrs. Rochdale. I'm an honest girl. I'm as good as you. I'm Mr. Rochdale's wife!"

Mr. Rochdale's mother sat mute, and watched the girl take from a ribbon round her neck a ring—an unmistakable wedding-ring, and slip it with a determined push on her large workingwoman's finger. This done, she thrust it right in the lady's sight.

All your anger can not take it off. I am Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, your son's wife."

"Ah!" shrinking from her. But the next minute the true womanly feeling came into the virtuous mother's heart. "Better this-thanwhat they said. Better a thousand times. Thank God!"

With a sigh, long and deep, she sat down, and again covered her eyes, as if trying to realize the amazing-impossible truth. Then she said, slowly, "Martha, I think this"—she hesitated what name to give Nancy; finally gave no name at all-"I think she had better go away."

Nancy, quite awed and moved, all her boldness gone, was creeping out of the room after me, when Mrs. Rochdale called us back.

"Stay; at this hour of the night it is not fitting that—my son's wife—should be out alone. Martha, ask your father to see her safe home."

"The baker's daughter turned at the door, and said, "Thank'ee, my lady;" but omitted her courtesy this time.

And Mrs. Rochdale had found her daughterin-law!

Ere we well knew what had happened the whole dynasty at the manor-house was changed. Mrs. Rochdale was gone; she left before her son returned from Scotland, and did not once see him. Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, late Nancy Hine, was installed as lady of the manor.

Such a theme for gossip had not been vouchsafed our county for a hundred years. Of a surety they canvassed it over-talked it literally threadbare.

Mrs. Rochdale escaped it fortunately. went abroad with Sir John and Miss Childe. All the popular voice was with her and against her son. They said he had killed that pretty gentle creature-who, however, did not die, but lived to suffer-perhaps better still, to overcome suffering; that he had broken his noble mother's heart. Few of his old friends visited him; not one of their wives visited his wife. He had done that which many "respectable" people are more shocked at than at any species of profligacy -he had made a low marriage.

Society was hard upon him, harder than he deserved. At least they despised him and his marriage for the wrong cause. Not because his wife was, when he chose her, a woman thoroughly beneath him in education, tastes, and feelings-because from this inferiority it was impossible he could have felt for her any save the lowest and most degrading kind of love-but simply because she was a village girl—a baker's daughter!

Sir John Childe said to Lemuel's mother, in a lofty compassion, the only time he was ever known to refer to the humiliating and miserable occurrence, "Madam, whatever herself might have been, the disgrace would have been lightened had your son not married a person of such low origin. Shocking !-- a baker's daughter !"

"Sir John," said Mrs. Rochdale with dignity, "Look'ee, what do 'ee say to that? He put | "if my son had chosen a woman suitable and



worthy of being his wife, I would not have minded had she been the daughter of the meanest laborer in the land."

- "Miss Martha!" called out our rector's wife to me one day, "is it true, that talk I hear of Mrs. Rochdale's coming home?"
 - "Quite true, I believe."
- "And where will she come to? Not to the manor-house?"
- "Certainly not." I fear there was a bitterness in my tone, for the good old lady looked at me reprovingly.
- "My dear, the right thing for us in this world is to make the very best of that which, having happened, was consequently ordained by Providence to happen. And we often find the worst things not so bad after all. I was truly glad to-day to hear that Mrs. Bochdale was coming home."
- "But not home to them—not to the manorhouse. She will take a house in the village. She will never meet them any more than when she was abroad."
- "But she will hear of them. That does great good sometimes."
 - "When there is any good to be heard."
- "I have told you, Martha, and I hope you have told Mrs. Rochdale, that there is good. When first I called on Mrs. Lemuel, it was simply in my character as the olergyman's wife, doing what I believed my duty. I found that duty easier than I had expected.
- "Because she remembered her position"—
 ("Her former position, my dear," corrected
 Mrs. Wood)—"because she showed off no airs
 and graces, but was quiet, humble, and thankful, as became her, for the kindness you thus
 showed."
- "Because of that, and something more. Because the more I have seen of her the more I feel, that though not exactly to be liked, she is to be respected. She has sustained tolerably well a most difficult part—that of an ignorant person suddenly raised to wealth; envied and abused by her former class, utterly scouted and despised by her present one. She has had to learn to comport herself as mistress where she was once an equal, and as an equal where she used to be an inferior. I can hardly imagine a greater trial, as regards social position."
- "Position? She has none. No ladies except yourself will visit her. Why should they?"
- "My dear, why should they not? A woman who since her marriage has conducted herself with perfect propriety, befitting the sphere to which she was raised; has lived retired, and forced herself into no one's notice; who is, whatever be her shortcomings in education and refinement of character, a good wife, a kind mistress."
 - "How do you know that?"
- "Simply because her husband is rarely absent a day from home; because all her servants have remained with her, and spoken well of her, these five years."

I could not deny these facts. They were known to the whole neighborhood. The proudest of our gentry were not wicked enough to shut their eyes to them, even when they contemptuously stared at Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale driving drearily about in long summer afternoons in her lonely carriage, with not a single female friend to pay a morning visit to, or suffer the like infliction from; not even at church, when quizzing her large figure and heavy gait-for she had not become more sylph-like with added years -they said she was growing "crumbie," her father's loaves, and wondered she would persist in wearing the finest bonnets of all the congregation.

Nay, even I, bitter as I was, really pitied her, one sacrament-day, when she unwittingly advanced to the first "rail" of communicants; upon which all the other "respectable" Christians hung back till the second. After that the Rochdales were not seen again at the communion. Who could marvel?

It was noticed, by some to his credit, by others as a point for ridicule, that her husband always treated her abroad and at home with respect and consideration. Several times a few hunting neighbors, lunching at the manor-house, brought word how Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale had taken the mistress's place at table, in a grave taciturn way, so that perforce every one had to forget entirely that he had ever joked and laughed over her father's counter with the ci-devant Nancy Hine.

For that honest old father, he had soon ceased to give any trouble to his aristocratic son-in-law, having died quietly—in a comfortable and honorable bedroom at the manor-house too—and been buried underneath an equally comfortable and honorable head-stone to the memory of "Mr. Daniel Hine;" "baker" was omitted, to the great indignation of our village, who thought that if a tradesman could "carry nothing" else, he ought at least to carry the stigma of his trade out with him into the next world.

Mrs. Rochdale came home—to the only house in the neighborhood which could be found suitable. It was a little distance from the village, and three miles from the manor-house. Many, I believe, wished her to settle in some other part of the county; but she briefly said that she "preferred" living here.

Her jointure, and an additional allowance from the estate, which was fully and regularly paid by my father—still Mr. Rochdale's steward—was, I believe, the only link of association between her and her former home. Nor did she apparently seek for more. The only possible or probable chance of her meeting the inhabitants of the manor-house was at Thorpe church; and she attended a chapel-of-ease in the next parish, which was, as she said, "nearer." She fell into her old habits of charity—her old simple life; and though her means were much reduced, every one, far and near, vied in showing her attention and respect.

But Mrs. Rochdale did not look happy. She



had grown much older—was decidedly "an elderly lady" now. Instead of her fair, calm aspect, was a certain unquiet air, a perpetual looking and longing for something she did not find. For weeks after she came to her new house she would start at strange knocks, and gaze eagerly after strange horsemen passing the window, as if she thought, "He may come to see his mother." But he did not; and after a time she settled down into the patient dignity of hopeless pain.

Many people said, because Lemuel's name was never heard on her lips, that she cherished an implacable resentment toward him. That, I thought, was not true. She might have found it hard to forgive him—most mothers would; but did any mother ever find any pardon impossible?

She had still his boyish portrait hanging beside his father's in her bedroom; and once, opening by chance a drawer usually kept locked, I found it contained—what? Lemuel's childish muslin frocks, his boyish cloth cap, his fishingrod, and an old book of flies.

After that, who could believe his mother "implacable?"

Yet she certainly was a great deal harder than she used to be; harsher and quicker in her judgments; more unforgiving of little faults in those about her. With regard to her son, her mind was absolutely impenetrable. She seemed to have fortified and intrenched herself behind a strong endurance; it would take a heavy stroke to reach the citadel—the poor desolate citadel of the forlorn mother's heart.

The stroke fell. None can doubt Who sent it, nor why it came.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing at the schoolhouse door, when my cousin's lad George, who had been to see the hunt pass, ran hastily in.

"Oh, mother, the squire's thrown, and killed.

"Killed!" Oh, that shriek! May I never live to hear such another!

The tale, we soon found, was incorrect: Mr. Rochdale had only been stunned, and seriously injured, though not mortally. But—his poor mother!

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For an hour she lay on the school-house floor, quite rigid. We thought she would never wake again. When she did, and we slowly made her understand that things were not as she feared, she seemed hardly able to take in the consolation.

"My bonnet, Martha, my bonnet! I must go to him!" But she could not even stand.

I sent for my father. He came, bringing with him Dr. Hall, who had just left Mr. Rochdale.

Our doctor was a good man, whom every body trusted. At sight of him, Mrs. Rochdale sat up and listened—we all listened; no attempt at cold or polite disguises now—to his account of the accident. It was a simple fracture, curable by a few weeks of perfect quiet and care.

"Above all, my dear madam, quiet"—for the doctor had seen Mrs. Rochdale's nervous fasten-

ing of her cloak, and her quick glance at the door. "I would not answer for the results of even ten minutes' mental agitation."

Mrs. Rochdale comprehended. A spasm, sharp and keen, crossed the unhappy mother's face. With a momentary pride she drew back.

"I assure you, Dr. Hall, I had no—that is, I have already changed my intention."

Then she leaned back, closed her eyes and her quivering mouth—fast—fast; folded quietly her useless hands, and seemed as if trying to commit her son, patiently and unrepining, into the care of the only Healer—He "who woundeth, and His hands make whole."

At last she asked suddenly, "Who is with him?"

"His wife," said Dr. Hall, without hesitation. "She is a good, tender nurse; and he is fond of her."

Mrs. Rochdale was silent.

Shortly afterward she went home in Dr. Hall's carriage; and by her own wish I left her there alone.

After that I saw her twice a day for five days, bringing regular information from my father of Mr. Rochdale, and hearing the further report, never missed, which came through Dr. Hall. It was almost always favorable; yet the agony of that "almost" seemed to stretch the mother's powers of endurance to their utmost limit—at times her face, in its stolid, fixed quietness, had an expression half insane.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day—it was a rainy December Sunday, when scarcely any one thought of stirring out but me—I was just considering whether it was not time to go to Mrs. Rochdale's, when some person, hooded and cloaked, came up the path to our door. It was herself.

"Martha, I want you. No; I'll not come in."

Yet she leaned a minute against the dripping veranda, pale and breathless.

"Are you afraid of taking a walk with mealong walk? No? Then put on your shawl and come."

Though this was all she said, and I made no attempt to question her further, still I knew as well as if she had told me where she was going. We went through miry lanes, and soaking woods, where the partridges started, whirring up, across sunk fences, and under gloomy fir-plantations, till at last we came out opposite the manorhouse. It looked just the same as in old times, save that there were no peacocks on the terrace, and the swans now never came near the house—no one fed or noticed them.

"Martha, do you see that light in my window? Oh my poor boy!"

She gasped, struggled for breath, leaned on my arm a minute, and then went steadily up, and rang the hall-bell.

"I believe there is a new servant; he may not know you, Mrs. Rochdale," I said, to prepare her.

But she needed no preparation. She asked



in the quietest way—as if paying an ordinary | master credit. call-for "Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

"Mistress is gone to lie down, ma'am. Master was worse, and she was up all night with him. But he is better again to-day, thank the Lord!"

The man seemed really affected, as though both "master" and "mistress" were served with truer than lip-service.

"I will wait to see Mrs. Lemuel," said Mrs. Rochdale, walking right into the library.

The man followed, asking respectfully what name he should say.

"Merely a lady."

We waited about a quarter of an hour. Then Mrs. Lemuel appeared—somewhat flutteredlooking, in spite of her handsome dress, a great deal shyer and more modest than the girl Nancy

"I beg pardon, ma'am, for keeping you waiting; I was with my husband. Perhaps you're a stranger, and don't know how ill he has been. I beg your pardon."

Mrs. Rochdale put back her vail, and Mrs. Lemuel seemed as if, in common phrase, she could have "dropped through the floor."

"I dare say you are surprised to see me here," the elder lady began; "still, you will well imagine, a mother—" She broke down. It was some moments before she could command herself to say, in broken accents, "I want to seemy son."

"That you shall, with pleasure, Mrs. Rochdale," said Nancy, earnestly. "I thought once of sending for you; but-

The other made some gesture to indicate that she was not equal to conversation, and hastily moved up stairs, Nancy following. At the chamber door, however, Nancy interrupted

"Stop one minute, please. He has been so very ill; do let me tell him first, just to prepare—"

"He is my son-my own son. You need not be afraid," said Mrs. Rochdale, in tones of which I know not whether bitterness or keen anguish was uppermost. She pushed by the wife, and went in.

We heard a faint cry, "Oh, mother-my dear mother!" and a loud sob—that was all.

Mrs. Lemuel shut the door, and sat down on the floor outside, in tears. I forgot she had been Nancy Hine, and wept with her.

It was a long time before Mrs. Rochdale came out of her son's room. No one interrupted them, not even the wife. Mrs. Lemuel kept restlessly moving about the house-sometimes sitting down to talk familiarly with me, then recollecting herself and resuming her dignity. She was much improved. Her manners and her mode of speaking had become more refined. It was evident, too, that her mind had been a good deal cultivated, and that report had not lied when it avouched, sarcastically, that the squire had left off educating his dogs, and taken to cd- | er does feel, never can feel, for any woman on ucating his wife. If so, she certainly did her earth except his mother.

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But Nancy Hine was always considered a "bright" girl.

Awkward she was still-large and gauche and under-bred-wanting in that simple self-possession which needs no advantages of dress or formality of manner to confirm the obvious fact of innate "ladyhood." But there was nothing coarse or repulsive about her-nothing that would strike one as springing from that internal and ineradicable "vulgarity," which, being in the nature as much as in the bringing-up, no education or external refinement of manner can ever wholly conceal.

I have seen more than one "lady," of undeniable birth and rearing, who was a great deal more "vulgar" than Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale.

We were sitting by the dining-room fire. Servants came, doing the day's mechanical service, and brought in the tray.

Mrs. Lemuel began to fidget about.

"Do you think, Miss Martha, she will stay and take some supper? Would she like to remain the night here? Ought I not to order a room to be got ready?"

But I could not answer for any of Mrs. Rochdale's movements.

In process of time she came down, looking calm and happy—oh, inconceivably happy! scarcely happier, I doubt, even when, twentyseven years ago, she had received her new-born son into her bosom-her son, now born again to her in reconciliation and love. She even said. with a gentle smile, to her son's wife,

"I think he wants you. Suppose you were to go up stairs?'

Nancy fled like lightning.

"He says," murmured Mrs. Rochdale, looking at the fire, "that she has been a good wife to him."

"She is much improved in many ways."

"Most likely. My son's wife could not fail of that," returned Mrs. Rochdale, with a certain air that forbade all further criticism on Nancy. She evidently was to be viewed entirely as "my son's wife."

Mrs. Lemuel returned. She looked as if she had been crying. Her manner toward her mother-in-law was a mixture of gratitude and

"My husband says, since you will not stay the night, he hopes you will take supper here, and return in the carriage."

"Thank you; certainly." And Mrs. Rochdale sat down-unwittingly, perhaps-in her own familiar chair, by the bright hearth. Several times she sighed; but the happy look never altered. And now, wholly and forever, passed away that sorrowful look of seeking for something never found. It was found.

I think a mother, entirely and eternally sure of her son's perfect reverence and love, need not be jealous of any other love, not even for a wife. There is, in every good man's heart, a sublime strength and purity of attachment which he nev-



Supper was served; Mrs. Lemuel half-advanced to her usual place, then drew back, with a deprecating glance.

But Mrs. Rochdale quietly seated herself in the guest's seat at the side, leaving her son's wife to take the position of mistress and hostess at the head of the board.

Perhaps it was I only who felt a choking pang of regret and humiliation at seeing my dear, nay, noble Mrs. Rochdale, sitting at the same table with Nancy Hine.

After that Sunday the mother went every day to see her son. This event was the talk of the whole village: some worthy souls were glad; but I think the generality were rather shocked at the reconciliation. They "always thought Mrs. Rochdale had more spirit;" "wondered she could have let herself down." "But, of course, it was only on account of his illness." "She might choose to be 'on terms' with her son, but it was quite impossible she could ever take up with Nancy Hine."

In that last sentiment I agreed. But then the gossips did not know that there was a great and a daily-increasing difference between Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale and "Nancy Hine."

I have stated my creed, as it was Mrs. Rochdale's, that lowness of birth does not necessarily constitute a low marriage. Also, that popular opinion was rather unjust to the baker's daughter. Doubtless she was a clever, ambitious girl, anxious to raise herself, and glad enough to do so by marrying the squire. But I believe that she was a virtuous, and not unscrupulous girl, and I firmly believe she loved him. Once married, she tried to raise herself so as to be worthy of her station; to keep and to deserve her husband's affection. That which would have made a woman of a meaner nature insufferably proud, only made Nancy humble. Not that she abated one jot of her self-respect-for she was a highspirited creature—but she had sense enough to see that the truest self-respect lies, not in exacting honor which is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honor and observance as its rightful due.

From this quality in her probably grew the undoubted fact of her great influence over her husband. Also because, to tell the truth—(I would not for worlds Mrs. Rochdale should read this page)—Nancy was of a stronger nature than he. Mild-tempered, lazy, and kind, it was easier to him to be ruled than to rule, provided he knew nothing about it. This was why the gentle Celandine could not retain the love which Daniel Hine's energetic daughter won and was never likely to lose.

Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when for some weeks she had observed narrowly the ways of her son's household, "I think he is not unhappy. It might have been worse."

Thenceforward the gentry around Thorpe were shocked and "really quite amazed" every week of their lives. First, that poor Mr. Rochdale, looking very ill, but thoroughly content, was seen driving out with his mother by his side,

and his wife, in her most objectionable and tasteless bonnet, sitting opposite. Second, that the two ladies, elder and younger, were several times seen driving out together—only they two, alone! Thorpe could scarcely believe this, even on the evidence of its own eyes. Thirdly, that on Christmas-day Mrs. Rochdale was observed in her old place in the manor-house pew; and when her son and his wife came in, she actually smiled!

After that every body gave up the relenting mother-in-law as a lost woman!

Three months slipped away. It was the season when most of our county families were in town. When they gradually returned, the astounding truth was revealed concerning Mrs. Rochdale and her son. Some were greatly scandalized, some pitied the weakness of mothers, but thought that as she was now growing old, forgiveness was excusable.

"But, of course, she can never expect us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

"I am afraid not," was the rector's wife's mild remark. "Mrs. Rochdale is unlike most ladies; she is not only a gentlewoman, but a Christian."

Yet it was observable that the tide of feeling against the squire's "low" wife ebbed day by day. First, some kindly stranger noticed publicly that she was "extremely good-looking;" to confirm which, by some lucky chance, poor Nancy grew much thinner, probably with the daily walks to and from Mrs. Rochdale's residence. Wild reports flew abroad that the squire's mother, without doubt one of the most accomplished and well-read women of her generation, was actually engaged in "improving the mind" of her daughter-in-law!

That some strong influence was at work became evident in the daily change creeping over Mrs. Lemuel. Her manners grew quieter, gentler; her voice took a softer tone; even her attire, down, or rather up, to the much-abused bonnets, was subdued to colors suitable for her large and showy person. One day a second stranger actually asked "Who was that distinguelooking woman?" and was coughed down. But the effect of the comment remained.

Gradually the point at issue slightly changed; and the question became,

"I wonder whether Mrs. Rochdale expects us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

But Mrs. Rochdale, though, of course, she knew all about it—for every body knew every thing in our village—never vouchsafed the slightest hint one way or the other as to her expectations.

Nevertheless the difficulty increased daily, especially as the squire's mother had been long the object of universal respect and attention from her neighbors. The question, "To visit or not to visit?" was mooted and canvassed far and wide. Mrs. Rochdale's example was strong; yet the "county people" had the prejudices of their class, and most of them had warmly regarded poor Celandine Childe.



I have hitherto not said a word of Miss Childe. She was still abroad. But though Mrs. Rochdale rarely alluded to her, I often noticed how her eyes would brighten at sight of letters in the delicate handwriting I knew so well. The strong attachment between these two nothing had power to break.

One day she sat poring long over one of Celandine's letters, and many times took off her glasses—alas! as I said, Mrs. Rochdale was an old lady now—to wipe the dews from them. At length she called, in a clear voice, "Martha!" and I found her standing by the mirror smiling.

"Martha, I am going to a wedding!"

"Indeed! Whose, madam?"

"Miss Childe's. She is to be married next week."

"To whom?" I cried, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Do you remember Mr. Sinclair?"

I did. He was the rector of Ashen Dale. One of the many suitors whom, years ago, popular report had given to Miss Childe.

"Was that really the case, Mrs. Rochdale?"
"Yes. Afterward he became, and has been ever since, her truest, tenderest, most faithful friend. Now..."

Mrs. Rochdale sat down, still smiling, but sighing also. I too felt a certain pang, for which I blamed myself the moment after, to think that love can ever die and be buried. Yet surely the Maker of the human heart knows it best. One thing I know, and perhaps it would account for a great deal, that the Lemuel of Celandine's love was not, never had been, the real Lemuel Rochdale. Still—

Something in my looks betrayed me; for Mrs. Rochdale, turning round, said decisively,

"Martha, I am very glad of this marriage, deeply and entirely glad. She will be happy my poor Celandine!"

And happy she always has been, I believe.

After Mrs. Rochdale's return from the wedding, she one day sent for me.

"Martha"—and an amused smile about her mouth reminded me of our lady of the manor in her young days—"I am going to astonish the village. I intend giving a dinner-party. Will you write the invitations?"

They were, without exception, to the "best" families of our neighborhood. Literally the best—the worthiest; people, like Mrs. Rochdale herself, to whom "position" was a mere clothing, used or not used, never concealing or meant to conceal the honest form beneath, the common humanity that we all owe alike to father Adam and mother Eve. People who had no need to stickle for the rank that was their birth-right, the honor that was their due; whose blood was so thoroughly "gentle," that it inclined them to gentle manners and gentle deeds. Of such—and there are not a few throughout our English land—of such are the true aristocracy.

All Thorpe was on the qui vive respecting this you could not help turning back for another wonderful dinner-party, for hitherto—gossip said glance at her slow, stately walk, and her ineffabecause she could, of course, have no gentleman bly-beautiful smile—a smile which, to a certain-

at the head of her table—Mrs. Rochdale had abstained from any thing of the kind. Now, would her son really take his rightful place at the entertainment? and if so, what was to be done with his wife? Could our "best" families, much as they esteemed Mrs. Rochdale, ever, under any possible circumstances, be expected to meet the former Nancy Hine?

I need not say how the whole question served for a week's wonder; and how every body knew every other body's thoughts and intentions a great deal better than "other bodies" themselves. Half the village was out at door or window, when on this memorable afternoon the several carriages were seen driving up to Mrs. Rochdale's house.

Within, we were quiet enough. She had few preparations—she always lived in simple elegance. Even on this grand occasion she only gave what cheer her means could afford, nothing more. Show was needless, for every guest was not a mere acquaintance, but a friend.

Dressed richly, and with special care—how well I remembered, that is, if I had dared to remember, another similar toilet!—Mrs. Rochdale sat in her chamber. Not until the visitors were all assembled did she descend to the drawing-room.

Entering there—she did not enter alone; on her arm was a lady, about thirty; large and handsome in figure; plainly, but most becomingly attired—a lady, to whose manners or appearance none could have taken the slightest exception, and on whom any stranger's most likely comment would have been, "What a finelooking woman! but so quiet."

This lady Mrs. Rochdale at once presented to the guests, with a simple, unimpressive quietness, which was the most impressive effect she could have made:

"My daughter, Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."
In a week "every body" visited at the manor-house.

Perhaps I ought to end this history by describing the elder and younger Mrs. Rochdale as henceforward united in the closest sympathy and tenderest affection. It was not so: it would have been unnatural—nay, impossible. The difference of education, habits, character, was too great ever to be wholly removed. But the mother and daughter-in-law maintain a sociable intercourse, even a certain amount of kindly regard, based on one safe point of union, where the strongest attachment of both converges and mingles. Perhaps, as those blest with superabundance of faithful love often end by deserving it, Mr. Rochdale may grow worthy, not only of his wife, but of his mother, in time.

Mrs. Rochdale is quite an old lady now. You rarely meet her beyond the lane where her small house stands; which she occupies still, and obstinately refuses to leave. But, meeting her, you could not help turning back for another glance at her slow, stately walk, and her ineffably-beautiful smile—a smile which, to a certain-



ty, would rest on the gentleman upon whose arm she always leans, and whose horse is seen daily at her gate, with a persistency equal to that of a young man going a-courting. For people say in our village that the squire, with all his known affection for his good wife, is as attentive as any lover to his beloved old mother, who has been such a devoted mother to him.

One want exists at the manor-house—there are no children. For some things this is as well; and yet I know not. However, so it is; and since it is, it must be right to be. When this generation dies out, probably the next will altogether have forgotten the fact, that the last Mr. Rochdale made what society ignominiously terms "a low marriage."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A STATESMAN.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LADY.

AM very weary, but I must write out the incidents of this day while fresh upon my memory. What a pleasant one, what a mem-

Aug. 7, 183-: Past 10, P.M.

orable day it has been to me! The boys deserved it well; how beautifully they acquitted themselves at the examination of the Grammar School, and how admirably they spoke in the evening. Fred so calm, self-possessed, and gentlemanly; Charley so bright and buoyant-so full of fun; how his eyes sparkled and told the humor in his speech long before he pronounced

the words!

But let me begin at the beginning. We rose at the break of day. Honney and I washed and dressed them nicely. Every thing, even to the little linen gloves that Charley hates so much, was complete. Then we sent them to breakfast while I made my toilet.

I had just finished my cup of coffee when the omnibus came for us, and we left the cottage as quiet as if no one had risen; for every member of the household would slumber long after we came away except Honney. She, I believe, never sleeps: always ready, always prompt-

bless you, Honney!

We reached the cars in ample time; quite sufficient to enable Charley to get the genealogy of a fine brown pup a pleasant-looking farmer was taking along with him. The man was so pleased with the little fellow that they chatted away the whole distance to Newark, and it was quite pathetic to see the farewell between them. We soon found ourselves at the ever-pleasant. much-beloved Astor. There we found cousin Jamie, Mr. J-, and Judge Bwelcomed me to the city once more; admired my boys greatly. Wasn't I happy? But, poor rustic that I am, I could not enjoy their conversation, the noise was so great, the confusion so intolerable. Who would believe one could become so truly uncitified in eighteen short months?

I absolutely trembled when I found myself vortex, and whirled on like the rest. Such shop- | py those who can wipe eff their memories as a

That Charley! how he bobbed in and ping! bobbed out—stopping now at this window—then in the middle of the pavement to admire "a noble span of horses"—then to be jostled, pushed here, then there, while they laughed till they cried at a monkey which an organ-grinder was carrying about! And I, as bad as they, was equally amused at the cunning creature till, on looking up, I saw two gentlemen apparently enjoying our verdancy as much as we did the wonderful tricks of the monkey. At last we tore ourselves away. Poor rustics, we do not see a monkey every day!

Who should I see coming out of a store but Mrs. W--, as usual charmingly dressed. She looked me full in the face and her eyes fell, while I was on the point of rushing up to her with open arms. Simpleton that I am, to forget we have lost so much money in these commercial bouleversements as to be obliged to retire to the country to economize. Besides, how could she speak to me at that time of day in Broadway?-me, little rustic, in my black silk dress, plain straw bonnet, and simple black scarf. To be sure, I had neat gloves and boots on: more than she had, with all her finery. She never was complete in the fullest dress; always something wanting. Fool that I was, to feel such a heartache because I was not remembered by a fashionable woman. How could I expect her to remember that my house had been open to her at all hours; how she had walked in and out, drinking and eating, and using my carriage as if it had been her own. To be sure she wrote me a long note after we went to the country to ask how large a house we had; what sort of company, rides, walks, and all that. But when I answered that our house was a cottage, pleasant and roomy, but with no spare bedrooms; that I had too much to do at home to be able to judge of the society about me; that I was busy preparing my henery, I nover heard from her again. Heigh-ho, it is sad to be forgotten thus! One's vanity is not gratified at finding we were valued for our money and clothes. Thus I moralized as we went up Broadway.

We were going to a toy-shop. Who should be there but Mrs. C---. She was busy selecting some fancy article. I had just received one lesson, and I am a very apt scholar. So she looked at me as if she had never seen me before in all her life; and I looked as calmly at her. Could she have forgotten that dreary night when her savage drunken husband turned her into the street, and she took refuge with me; and how I wept for her mortification, and took her down to the boat at early dawn, loaning her money to get her off to her friends at Philadelphia before the Uppertendom could get hold of the circumstance? As we anticipated, we mystified them all until a peace was patched up. Well, perhaps she does right not to remember such disagreeable contretemps; but I could nevonce more in Broadway, but I soon got into the er have overlooked such acts of kindness. Hap-



sciences are as tractable!

She was looking at a box of games—the very thing we had come after, and the last one in the store. However, I said nothing, while Charley selected his marbles—those many-colored alleys; Fred took a top, and his share of "these beauties;" and I chose a light carriage-whip which I shall want for use when we drive into town. Charley "could carry it finely," he said. Then we must get a small china tea set for Dolly's "tea fights," the commission from he little girls. All this while Mrs. C--- lingered over the box, but in truth watching me. At last she said—in her deprecating tone of volce—

"Oh, Mr. Bonfanti, you ask too much for this box. I positively can not take it;" and she pushed the box away.

"I'll take it, if you please, 'Mr. Bonfanti," said I, laying the full price down.

He wrapped it up, and as we left the store, Fred whispered, "Oh, mamma, how very angry that lady looked!"

It seemed that I was doomed to be "cut" on - passed by just all sides this day. Rose Yas we left the store; but her vail required fixing when she saw me. I don't wonder at that, for her father caused my husband to lose ten thousand dollars. He failed; so did we. He still lives in great style in his up-town house, and we in a cottage in the country, having given up every thing to pay our debts. I wonder how she would act if I reminded her that she never repaid me the advance I made to enable her to settle her bill at Newport summer before last. I'll write to her to-morrow just for the fun of the thing. Goldsmith says, "If you can confess your poverty the severity of the sting is partly removed." I'll try the prescription. I was rich then, and had money to loan; now it is supposed, and rightly too, that there is nothing more to be got out of us. "N'importe," said I; "money never gave me happiness. Adversity, like the venomous toad, has a jewel in her head," and I have learned many excellent lessons by its light, for which I am very thankful, so I will not look again at any one as I walk this day, and I shall prevent them from compromising themselves.

We then went into a book-store; bought the Arabian Nights, and a book of fairy tales for the long winter evenings; then to the dry-goods stores for tapes, needles, cotton, etc. [See Expense-book.] We then returned to the Astor and lunched. How could we leave the city without going down to the Battery? What would people do without that most beautiful of walks? All the up-town parks in the world could never equal it. How crowded it was with such handsomely-dressed people! The bay, the shores, the dancing sunbeams through the glorious trees; the steamboats; the ships of the line; the small craft, like sea-gulls flitting here and there. Oh, it was surpassingly beautiful! The day, too - so cool for August; one of those days when one might paint earth and sky piece of scandal about a poor girl, and begging

school-boy does his slate! I wonder if their con- | from their softened shadows in the calm blue

Long we walked, and looked, and took in the beautiful scene for memory to paint; at least for me, for many a day when probably I may be making bread or feeding chickens. Well! suppose it does intrude-what then? It would be more beautiful from the contrast to the employment. What a fool I am to think so repiningly of matters and things! When I lived in the city I thought it vulgar to be seen on the Battery; and now, because my eyes are open to the exquisite charms of nature, I hate to confess to myself that I am wiser and happier for it. Heigh-ho! we are strangely made.

We walked down leisurely to the boat for Jersey City. What a number of bundles we had, to be sure! I never could have believed it till they were collected; but by filling my pocket, the boys' pockets and their hats, and dividing the parcels between us, we got along nicely. I really would have pardoned any of the upper ten for not acknowledging me as we went down to the boat. I looked very like "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water" with my arms full-but they were all paid for: that was something!

Early as it was, the boat was nearly full. However, we got seats. At the end of the bench nearest to Charley sat a very fine-looking-really very handsome—gentleman, reading a newspaper. I thought I had time to take a peep at Jane's letter. If I had had it on the Battery, what a nice place it would have been to have read about the Tuileries and Paris; but I received it after our return to the Astor. I thought, "Now I'll just take a peep." It was five minutes to the starting-time. I had reached the bottom of the page. She was telling me of the annoyances she had with the crabbed old man, her husband. "That's for marrying for money."

I looked up, and Master Charley was off. "Fred, where's your brother?" said I. How could Fred know? He was deep in one of the "Nights"—he was far away in Araby the Blest. "Now," said I, "you must mind the bundles while I go and hunt him up." After pushing and "Please, ma'am-ing," and "Thank you. Siring" through the crowd, I found the chap perched up on somebody's carriage that was going over in the boat, and trying the efficacy of the new carriage-whip. I coaxed him down, and got him safely back, and placed myself between him and Fred, and resumed my letter. Jane gets the value of the postage in writing, if nothing

"Mamma! mamma!" said Charley, "this is no steamboat; there is not a bit of smoke coming out of it!"

"No," said I, "it goes by horse-power. Keep still, and I'll tell you by-and-by."

"Horses, mamma! Where are the horses?" "Out on deck," said I. "Don't worry so." Jane was telling me in the letter of a cruel



me to contradict it. Ah! Jane, those days are gone when a lie, if I could condescend to tell one, was as holy as truth; but now holy truth would have to be substantiated by the moneybag. A man's veracity is in ratio to the money he has in bank. When I got to the bottom of the page, the little voice had ceased again. Charley was off, whip and all.

"Fred," said I, "do give up your book, and attend to these bundles while I hunt up that tiresome brother again."

By this time we were half across the river. There he was, at the door of the horse-track, in all his glory, cracking the whip, and "gee-ing" at the poor horses—no one so important as he! two men belonging to the boat standing on each side of him, urging him on to torment the poor animals. I had a stout battle to get him off, and if it had not been for fear of losing the bundle of mixed candy we were carrying home, he would have remained in spite of me. Master Charley becomes a sort of a tyrant under such circumstances, particularly when a horse is concerned. However, we got back to our seats.

"Now, Charley," said I, "if you leave me again I shall not bring you to the city for many months. Keep still: that's a dear child! Suppose I have to hunt you up when we get ashore we shall lose the cars, and how frightened they will be about us at home."

"Oh, do let me go back and see the horses again! I'll wait for you there," he pleaded.

"You could not wait for me; the crowd would probably push you overboard, my child. Now be a good boy!"

The fine-looking gentleman was folding up his newspaper.

"Madam," he said, "if you will allow me, I'll take charge of our little friend to see the horses, and will meet you as you leave the boat. I'll take great care of him."

Before I could answer, Charley had him by the hand, and I saw them pushing through the crowd as if they had known each other all their On stepping ashore they were waiting lives. for us.

"Thank you, Sir," said I, "for your great kindness. Now, Charley, take your parcels, and let us get into the cars."

"Permit me," he said; "I can relieve you of a few of them."

And he calmly took two of the largest, and walked on before us. We followed. thought I, "if you are so polite, it will indeed assist me;" so we got into the cars.

Madam," he said, "have you bought your tickets?"

"I always buy the tickets!" answered Char-"Come, mamma, come!"

"No, no," he replied; "you and I will go, then, and get the tickets."

I watched them to the ticket-office. How many bows he received-many gentlemen shaking him by the hand so respectfully-Who could he be? They returned slowly. Two boys were

pass them without trying one of his bright "alleys." So there he stood, looking down upon the three boys, as deeply concerned in the game as they were, his thumbs in his arm-holes. What a very noble-looking man he is!

"All aboard!" and they entered the cars.

"Who beat?" asked Fred.

"I did," said Charley; "but I gave the boy a green alley: he asked for it."

I had kept two seats, for we were not very crowded. He gave me the tickets.

"Thank you, Sir!" I exclaimed. "I scarcely know how to express to you my gratitude for your kind assistance."

"None are necessary," he answered. "It is quite refreshing to have such a bright, manly little companion as this. How old is he?"

"He will soon be seven," I replied.

"He is a noble little fellow!" he said. "It is a long while since I have watched a game of marbles with so much interest. We do, indeed, put away childish things as we grow old."

"Just so," said I. "What a blessing it would be to us if, when we reached our second childhood, we could carry the zest for its pleasures along with its helplessness."

.I could not avoid looking at a very old ma whom a grandchild, apparently, was trying to amuse just in front of us.

"How hard the lesson is to learn to know how to grow old wisely and gracefully," he said, and seemed to muse for a few moments. "You have your boys at school somewhere out here, have you not? Charley tells me he got his trip to the city to-day because he had learned his speech so well."

"Yes, Sir," I replied; "they are at R-Grammar School. It is an excellent one, being kept by a well-educated and able man from Edinburgh. Happy for me he is a Scotchman, or I fear I should be separated from my boys, my husband seems so desirous of sending them abroad."

"Why should you object to that?" he asked. "I have my own ideas about education," said I; "I think it is as much obtained at the domestic fireside as in the school-room: there is nothing like the memory of home influences for a man. I am a native-born American of the old Puritan stock; so are they, and I should like my boys to be happy in every situation in which it should please God to place them. To obtain that, they must be educated in the country where they are likely to live. The habits, customs, and influences of places have so much to do toward reconciling us to our fates if they should be adverse."

"True; a well-grown tree finds it difficult to be reconciled to a fresh soil and atmosphere. There is much in what you say, Madam," he replied.

"If," I continued, "there was a probability of my boys' future being for a permanency in China, for instance, I would go there with them now. If it was to the remotest West, I should finishing a game of marbles. Charley could not | not lose a day in moving out there. But to me



it would be a sad time to leave them to be impressed with scenes whose colors should not be warm home-tints—to have them sent abroad so young, and then returned to their home with foreign notions and ideas, and feeling a contempt for their early friends, their country, and every thing around them."

"Yes," he said, "you are right. I have often thanked God that I had the memories of fond hearts at home to fall back upon when

mankind have disappointed me."

We continued the topic for a short time— Charley, in the mean while, was emptying his pocket into my lap.

"Mamma," he said, "do you believe, I have

only one penny left!"

- "How many had you, Charley?" asked the gentleman.
 - "I had fifty-nine, Sir!"
 - "How did you get them?" he asked.
- "I worked for them," answered Charley, 'hoeing potatoes and pulling up weeds. Mamma pays us six cents an hour; but I could never work very long; and then, you know, we must have luncheon, and I spend most of my pennies for cake!"
- "Stop, Charley," said Fred, "you meant to say molasses candy. We take cake always from home."
- "That's right, my son," said the stranger, be ever exact and particular in all your statements. Love truth next to your mother."
- "Mamma says," answered Charley, "we must love it before father, and mother, and all."
- "She is right," he said. "You should love her the more for her teaching you such an excellent lesson. Now what are you going to do with that one penny, Charley?"

"Spend it as soon as I get a chance," replied Charley.

How he laughed! After a few moments he said.

- "Suppose I tell you what I did with a penny once, how long I kept it, and what it did for me. Shall I tell you?"
- "Oh do!" cried both boys. "We do love tales so much. Mamma tells us one every evening."
- "Mamma must have a fertile brain, I'm thinking, to find sufficient novelty to amuse the minds of two such active fellows as you are," he replied.

"Oh!" said Charley, "she tells us she has a wind-mill in her head, and can grind a new one every time we want one."

Then he laughed merrily. "But let me go on with my story," he said. "I was very small then—younger than you are, Charley. I was on my way to school one morning when I had to pass a field in which a rich farmer who owned it was trying to catch a horse. I stood looking over the fence, and laughing at the horse's tricks for some time.

"'Boy,' said he, 'if you will catch that horse I'll pay you.'

- "So I put my books down and went to work. Round I ran, down there, up here, shook the corn, crept up softly, went behind, then before, chased him into a corner, and the old man and I were then sure we had him; but away he went over the fence, and I after him. About a mile from where we started two men caught him for me, lent me a halter, and I rode him home. By this time the morning was gone and I had not been to school.
- "'Come back,' said the farmer, 'and I'll pay you in the afternoon.'
- "I went on to school. The master asked me where I had been playing hookey, and I told him about the horse. Then didn't I 'catch it.' Do you ever 'catch it.' Charley?"

"I guess I do!" answered Charley; "but Fred don't often."

- "Well, I caught it. 'But never mind,' said I to myself, 'I shall have some money to buy a book.' I wanted it very much. I loved books as much as Fred does. So I dried my eyes. We carried our dinners to school, my brother and I; but I had no appetite after I 'caught it.'"
- "Oh!" said Charley, with such an air, "I don't mind it so much as that."

The gentleman positively shouted, he was so much amused.

"Well," he continued, wiping his eyes, "the school was out, and we all went our different paths home. My brother went with me to the old farmer's; and what do you think he gave me? Mind you, I had run all the morning till I was almost sick, and had 'caught it' besides, Charley; and he gave me how much, Fred?"

"A shilling an hour," answered Fred, in his business way.

"Five dollars," said Charley.

"He gave me one penny, with a hole in it."
"Oh, the mean old scamp! Didn't you slap

it into his face?" asked Charley.

"No, indeed; pennies were not so very plentiful in my youthful days as to allow that. I took it home and put it away carefully. How long do you suppose I was getting pennies together to buy that book?"

"About a month," said Charley. "I could make two dollars a month if mamma did not count so strictly; but she will have the whole hour."

"Certainly," he answered; "she is right to keep to her bargain. I was just ten years saving up penny after penny before I could get my book. But I got it at last, and you don't know how I valued it: much more than if I had exercised less self-denial. Many a time I would count my pennies, and say, 'I never shall have enough to buy my book. I might as well spend this now;' but my good angel would say 'No!' and I would withstand the temptation, and so add soon another penny. What book do you suppose it was?"

"A Bible," said Fred.

"No. There were always plenty of Bibles in our house, thank God!"



"Robinson Crusoe," said Charley.

of reading Robinson Crusoe till my son and I read it together. Books were very scarce when I was young. It was a Horace. Do you know who Horace was?"

"Yes, Sir," said Fred, "I do. He was a poet, protected by Augustus; he had for friends Mæcenas, Tibullus, Virgil, and others. was a great man. His Satires are the best of his works."

"Well done, my little man!" answered the gentleman.

"Pshaw!" said Charley; "he did not learn that at school. Mamma teaches him all such things. That ain't book learning!"

How the gentleman laughed.

"Madam," he said, "I congratulate you upon the great probability of your pre-eminent success in making two good men. Why should our men not be great and good with such mothers? Rome could not boast of such women as ours: a few isolated acts do indeed show some bright characters. One thing we know; when her decline began, the first exhibition of it to the world was in the loss of dignity in her women. But we-we must be a great nation with such women as we have even now in this our youth. My mother was a great and a good woman. Continue, Madam, and reap your reward."

"I accept your compliment," said I, "for the rest of my sex; but for myself, I feel that I can not yet deserve it, for my experience is young; but as I advance I shall hope to grow wiser."

"Yes" (he seemed as if speaking to himself), "my mother was not highly educated, but she had strong excellent sense—she was a good woman."

"Looking at you," I answered, "I should think she was something of a Madame Mère!"

"You have hit it. And she loved pennies as well as the lady you mention, because she had been early taught their value by experience. But she can not boast of a Bonaparte for a son -except in the love I bear her—as great as was his for Madame Letitia."

"Probably not. But she has a Christian and a good man, I am sure, for a son," said I; "and that is better than all the glory and renown."

"Oh," said Charley, "I've been going several times to ask your name."

"Why, Charley!" exclaimed Fred. "How very rude!"

"True," he answered; "but very honest.

My name—my name is—Tom Thumb."

"More likely," said Charley, "Jack the Giant Killer. I shall call you Jack."

"Do," he replied, and laughed most heartily. "I like the name of Jack—it is so innocent."

And thus we chatted away till at last we reached our station. John, with the carriage, was waiting for us. I delivered to him all our numerous parcels, and then turned to our kind gentleman, saying,

"You must not allow me to depart without "No," he answered; "I never had a chance knowing to whom I owe so much pleasure for such a very pleasant ride, and such great kindness as you have shown me." I then gave him my card. "We reside," I continued, "on the hill above, in a neat, roomy, and comfortable cottage; and if at any time you are passing this way, I need not say I should be so very happy to offer you some little civility—all we have in our power-in return for your exceeding kindness to us. Fred and Charley, you will thank this kind gentleman, I am sure.

"That we will!" they cried. "Thank you,

Sir! thank you, Sir!"

And Charley stepped up and touched his rosy lips to his hand. He looked around, and placing it on the boy's head, said,

"Heaven bless you, my boy! Love your mother! Madam, you are very kind. I am a better and a happier man for this little episode in my life. It has done me good. Here is my card; and if at a future day I can serve you, or either of your boys, call freely upon me. This afternoon's ride will not be forgotten, I assure you."

He assisted me into the carriage; the boys were there before me. I looked out as we started; he smiled and kissed his hand. turned up the card, and there I read

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I was amazed, astounded. Had I been talking so freely and familiarly with this great man -one of the master-spirits of the age? I can not understand it all now. I tremble now even at the idea of it. I can not believe it. And I place the card between these leaves to mark this "white day," this eventful day in my eventful life, and now to bed . . .

Nearly six years after this there is another entry:

I saw Mr. Webster to-day for a moment, he was busy helping a poor woman at the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway. A dray had knocked over her whole stock in trade, in apples, cookies, etc., etc. I saw him place some money in her hand. He is a good man: he deserves to be President. Democrat as I am, I should like to see him at the White House. With women, in such instances, it is Men, and not Measures. But he is a good and noblehearted man!

Another entry:

July, 185-. "Do you remember this card, mamma?" said Charley to-day—"Daniel Webster's-I have always kept it here as a talisman in my pocket-book. I am the only Whig our family ever knew. One year more and some few months I shall be old enough to vote the Whig ticket. I shall do it in memory of that great man. His heart was broken from the ingratitude of his party. He was offered up as a sacrifice to party spirit by his friends. May they never repent it! What a pleasant ride that was! It is like a dream with the silver wings of angels fanning over me when I think of ityoung as I was! "



One month later that beautiful young head was pillowed in his Western grave. The promise of a glorious manhood was almost accomplished. Talents, goodness, the noblest heart and warmest affections, had faded out far away from his home—gone forever—dead among strangers. The relentless grave has closed upon him, and the moss waves silently over the resting-place of so much beauty and excellence. If spirits know each other in a better land, what a meeting was there between two such "just men made perfect!"

Alas! the poor mother:

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone, Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

STARLIGHT ON BETHLEHEM.

"NOW, Miriam, now for Bethlehem! Give the chestnut the rein, and shake off the dust of Jerusalem from your feet and garments. Hey, Whitely, touch up the gray horse!" And we went like the wind out of the Jaffa gate, right under the tower of Herod, and so down into the valley of the sons of Hinnom.

It was a tremendous pace for that steep descent; but we had learned lessons in horsemanship in Syria, and my broad-breasted Mohammed went down the descent with long plunges, and, as he crossed the dry bed of the stream, lifted his head into the air and shook his flowing mane, as if he were intoxicated with that glorious northwest wind that came down from the hills of Ephraim.

On the table-land beyond the Hill of Evil Counsel we found it blowing great guns. My bournoose streamed off on the wind, and Miriam's riding-dress was a flag to leeward. They kept up the pace—now the chestnut leading with his mistress, now Whitely ahead, and now Moreright waving his hand in the air as if he carried a Bedouin spear, his favorite style of fast riding, and one which his horse was, of course, familiar with.

I fell behind at the first, for I had paused a moment in the valley to speak to my old friend Isaac Rosenstein, who is superintending the erection of the Jewish hospital on the hillside, which is founded on the bequests of the late Judah Touro, and the gifts of American Israelites—a fact which the English residents in Jerusalem, missionaries and others, seem to be ignorant of, since they tell every one that the hospital is that of Sir Moses Montefiori, who is but the disbursing agent. This needs correction. The charities of the American Jews, like every thing else American, are noble, and their hospital will surpass every thing of the kind in Holy Land; and many a worn old son of Jacob, seeking the City of David to die, and the valley of Jehoshaphat to be buried in, will bless them with expiring breath for this great work which they are doing so silently.

When I reached the hill-top I saw the party a mile ahead of me, and I spoke to Mohammed.

Some day, my friend, you may mount one sequent inquiry ascertain.

of those half-breed Arabian horses, and know what that means. It is not safe for a stranger to speak to one of them. His first motion is a long leap, and at the third jump he is at full speed.

"Y'Allah!"

It is a profane expression; no doubt of it. But what is a man to do? The Arabs have a way of being profane, and the name of God is the most common word in their language. When men say the Turks are very reverent, and are always saying, "Please God," "If God will," "In the name of God," "Bismillah," "Mashallah," and similar expressions, it means nothing more nor less than we mean when we say of a man that he swears like a trooper. The word which answers to the English "Go ahead!" the French "Allez!" the Italian "Avanti!" in all Oriental countries is "O God!" or "Y'Allah!" Still, as I said, it has passed into common use precisely as Adieu has with us, and one must use it.

By the time I had thought of half this that I have written about the word, the bay horse was going over the plain like the gale that followed him, and I thundered up alongside of Miriam as we came to the slight ascent that approaches the convent of Mar Elias. Passing this, in a few moments we were approaching a small dome, on four-square white walls, that marks a spot of deep interest, being the place of which the dying father of the sons of Israel spoke: "Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath, and I buried here there, in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem."

There is no spot of ancient historic interest which is better treated than this, nor has there been a period in the world's history, since the death of the mother of Joseph and Benjamin, when her grave has not been marked with some monument, and visited by the devout footsteps of grief. Whether the rude pile of stone covered with mortar, which stands in the centre of the little dome, be or be not the same pile around which the descendants of Benjamin, and Ephraim, and Manasseh were accustomed to gather in those days when Jerusalem stood in all the might and glory of Solomon on the neighboring hills, does not now appear, nor does it much matter. Enough that here the tents of Jacob were pitched, that here Benjamin was born: that here, lying on her couch, from which, when the curtain was lifted, she could look out on the hills that were to witness the greatest glory of her children-on the hill that was to witness the birth of the Messiah, the King and Saviour of the world—the blue eyes of the beloved Rachel closed, and her form fell from the clasping arms of Jacob. Miriam gathered flowers that sprang from her dust, while I wandered around among the graves that hedge in the dome of Rachel's tomb, and found one open vault, filled with hundreds of skulls and bones, whose origin I could neither guess, nor by sub-



The horses became impatient, and Mohammed, who had followed me around among the graves like a dog, lifted up his head as a sudden gust of wind dashed in his face, and started off at a furious rate to make the circuit of the Kubbet, thereby conveying a hint that it was cold, and one must keep moving to keep warm. So we mounted, and ten minutes more brought us to the entrance of Bethlehem.

My friend Pierotti, architect of the Terra Santa, to whom I had been indebted for many favors in the Holy City, and especially for opportunities to examine the architecture of the Holy Sepulchre, had given me a very kind letter to the Superior of the Latin Convent of the Nativity at Bethlehem. But I am convinced it was not necessary to insure us a warm and hospitable reception within the walls of that old building.

They were walls. It was something to have such piles of stone between one and the outer world. The window-seats, or niches, were ten feet deep through the massive piles, but the sunshine stole pleasantly in at them, and lit the room, into which we were shown, with a soft red flush that made it pleasant and homelike.

It was a long and lofty chamber, from which opened little cells, four feet by seven, with curtains for doors. Each cell had a delicious bed, with white linen, for a sleeping-place. Over the end of the room was a large painting, representing a king and queen who had made royal gifts toward the rebuilding of the convent, and who looked down on us in strange old style, as if they wondered what barbarian land we came from as pilgrims to the birth-place.

The Franciscan brother who had met us at the door placed every thing that the convent contained at our disposal, with the usual prohibition that it was forbidden to ladies to pass certain limits in the convent. Beyond these no female could go; and having for a little refreshed ourselves, and drunken sparingly of the wine of Bethlehem, we entered the long hall, and walked toward the great Church of the Nativity.

I will not pause here to discuss the history of this church, but will state what are generally acknowledged facts. It is one of the few erections of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, and a grand old monument of that age when Christianity began to take its position as the religion of the civilized world. It is built in the ordinary form of the Latin cross, the high altar being above the transept. This high altar covers a grotto in the solid rock on which the church is built, to which we descended by a stairway on the right of the altar, there being a corresponding stairway on the left. The one belongs to the Latin, the other to the Greek Church, it being impossible for these two churches to ascend even the same ladder to heaven.

Within this grotto hang gold and silver lamps, shining brilliantly on three spots: one, that where Christ was born, the other that where he

was laid "in a manger," and the third that where the worshiping Magi knelt.

Pardon me if, instead of pausing here to argue the matter, I tell you at once that I believe the evidence sufficient that this grotto is the identical spot in which the Lord was born of a virgin, and that I knelt with sincere devotion among a score of white-robed children that were chanting psalms; and, forgetting monks and choir, gold adornments, or special localities within the cave itself, I was lost in the flood of thought that came with that conviction.

I did not then observe that the cave was filled with ornaments of precious workmanship, or that pictures hung around it, or that the alleged spot of the nativity itself was marked with an embossed plate of gold, nor any of the other paraphernalia of the grotto. All these were for subsequent examination. Enough now that, having stood at the grave where he slept, and on the Mount of Olives where he ascended, I was now on that spot where the sad pilgrimage of the Man of Sorrows commenced in humility; where one greater than Solomon was born in a stable, in the city of his father David; where the sublime mystery of God made man had its accomplishment in the person of the child Jesus.

And now, my friend, as you read thus far, I see you laughing at me, and saying that it was idle to waste feeling in a place of which so little is known. Wait a while. Do you know that the sole argument against this same locality which the stoutest anti-tradition and anti-holy-place travelers have found—the sole, solitary argument is, that the evangelist Luke, in mentioning that the child was laid in a manger, does not say that the manger was in a cave, and that such a circumstance is of so great importance that it can not be supposed he would have omitted it.

And yet, in reply to this, do you know that the evangelist don't even say it was in a stable, nor any thing more than that it was in an eating-place of cattle that the child was placed, and it may have been in the open air, under the blue sky and the vault of heaven, for aught we know from Luke; and if this omission proved any thing, it would only prove that he was not born in any particular place! The argument is trivial; and do you know that Justin Martyr, who had seen a thousand men that knew Christ and knew his history, wrote within a hundred years after the Lord's crucifixion, when the sublime history of his birth and life and death and resurrection and ascension was in the mouths of all the wondering world, writes that the birth of Christ occurred in a grotto near Bethlehem; and that, a short time later, Jerome lived and died within a hundred feet of the grotto, and prayed in it and wrote of it; and that it has been under Christian protection, covered by this same church, whose pillars stand as they stood then, even to this day? Why, the evidence is better than it is of nine out of ten localities that we doubt nothing about.

It was strange to be waited on that night by



long-robed Franciscans; to have your toast handed you by a cowled brother, and your wine poured out by a venerable-looking priest, and your candles lit by a reverend Father.

Let ve tell you there might be colder and less cozy places than that same guest-chamber in the old convent of the Nativity after the dinner was cleared away.

There was little Miriam in a corner of the divan, with a pile of cushions around her, resting most pleasantly. There was Whitely, making magnificent strides up and down the room, and expressing his constant wonderment at the thickness of the walls. There was Moreright rolling a cigarette of his favorite Stamboul tobacco, of which he smoked regularly one after dinner, and no more; and there was your blackbearded friend with his chibouk, filling the air with fragrant Latakca, while, through the clouds that surrounded him, he discoursed somewhat on this wise:

"Ah! Miriam, if I lived in Bethlehem it should be a Christmas-day the whole year round, and life one long Christmas carol. I would have feasts in the day and songs in the night, and I would keep the birth-night three hundred times a year. Somehow, here in Bethlehem, I seem to remember only Christmas memories, as if on Christmas days in other years I had been nearer here. Do you remember only the few short years ago when blithe and beautiful Jessie — sang the carols with us? and nowthere are voices among the Seraphim not more musical than her voice was then; and what must it be now that she is there! There! Where? Close above us. If there be a place where the heavens are nearer earth than elsewhere, it is here, above the Birth-place and the Sepulchre. And—hush a moment, Whitely; for Heaven's sake stop that heavy tread one instant! I heard a voice outside the convent walls."

"You did, did you? Why, Brahim Effendi, those walls are twelve feet thick."

"Pshaw, man! the voice I heard sounds through six feet of earth and violets, and it is no louder than the rustle of the grass on her grave, and yet I tell you I heard it from the land of sunset—our land, my friend—our own old home."

"The Effendi is a little crazy to-night," said Whitely, turning to Moreright, and pausing in his walk.

"She lived to see just fourteen summers, and then—What then? Why, then she came to Bethlehem—don't interrupt me, Miriam! She died on Christmas-night. I remember it as if it were last night. The moon on the snow, the snow on the hills, the blue sky over them all. And she lay in her little bed, and her long yellow hair—golden as the golden sand of Sahara—streamed down the white pillow, and her bright blue eyes were closed, and her thin white hands were clasped together on her breast; her gentle breast, that never heaved a sigh, now breathing gently, and as peacefully as if already she were in the atmosphere of heaven. Once,

when the curls of gold trembled on the pillow, I believed for the instant that the winds that blow over those hills of God were among the tresses, and fanning her forehead. Once, as I pressed my forehead to the cold window pane, and looked out on the night and stars, I believed that I saw the white-robed host approaching; and once when Philip-who had loved her as his own child-stooped over her, and she opened her blue eyes and smiled, then I believed-nay, I knew, and it was so-that she saw nothing on earth-nothing but the ineffable countenance of the Saviour. Yes, she was gone! and where, where would the free soul of the beloved child, who all her life had so loved the story of Bethlehem, go first from his presence but to the cradle and the cross?"

"Is it all true, Miriam, that he is talking about?"

"I believe it is; and do you remember that, at this time two years ago, C——'s little Julia was lying even so, and—what day did she die?"

"March 5, 1854; and this is March 7, 1856. Ah, how pleasant, after all, is the memory of that beloved child! And though her voice is not to be heard any more here—though her fair brow is not again to be uncovered on earth-I can weep now as I say it-yet, oh friends of mine! this same city of Bethlehem is the place to remember that He who was a little child bade children come to Him, and that the jewels of his crown will be their radiant souls. Yea, I thank God-though it be in tears and pains-I thank God that he gave her to us, and that she died. Died! Can I say that here? Why Bethlehem is the birth-place of the race of man. Here he who dies in India or America is born to immortality. The child that we thought dead in the valley of the Susquehanna was born that night in Bethlehem of Judea-born in the kingdom of the mighty Son of David. Whitely, light that candle, will you? I've an idea that all the holy Fathers are as sound asleep in the convent by this time as Jerome himself, and I propose finding my way to the roof of the convent. I marked the passages before dark, and I wish to see the starlight on Bethlehem. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly we will."

I can not attempt to describe the labyrinthine passages of the old building. It was a walk of an eighth or a quarter of a mile to reach the terraced roof, and on the way we woke the light slumbers of two of the Fathers, who put their shaven heads out of the doors of their cells, and muttered what we took for blessings, whether they were so intended or not.

That hour was a life-time. Go out in the starlight of a Christmas-night at home, my friend, and look up at the stars, and try to realize some of my feelings in the starlight of Bethlehem. I lay down on the roof and gathered my bournoose about me, for the wind was not yet gone down, and I hid my face from my companions while I looked up.



of mine!-laugh if you dare, oh miserable unbeliever!—then, in the high arches of heaven, I heard the echo of the morning song sounding down the ages. And among the voices of the sons of God I caught that distant wail that alone interrupted the universal joy, mourning that the Son of God must die for that creation. And next, as I lay and listened, I heard the unspeakable melody of the angels that woke the shepherds over on yonder hill; and as I lay there, that sound—a sound as of the hosts that are around the white throne—went up into the sky, and died away among the stars. It died away, but still I heard another sound—a faint, far sound-that thrilled through my heart and my brain as did not the songs of the new creation, nor even the angels' voices.

When I was a boy—I, whose far-wandering feet had pressed the holy soil of Canaan, and had brought me to the plains of Bethlehem Ephratah—in my old home, thousands of miles away, where the forests waved in the autumn winds, and streams dashed with much music of water down old rocks, and the oak-tree over the house moaned, and the wind soughed through the dark pines—when I was a boy, unsullied as yet in heart by worldly contacts, uncursed as yet by willing sin, I was wont to lie down at evening, wearied with the long day's play, and fall asleep, lulled by my mother's voice in one unchanging song. For years I fell asleep to that music, and the last sound on my waking ears, and the sound that hallowed my undisturbed slumber, was that sweet voice singing to "Bonnie Doun" the Star of Bethlehem.

Will you—dare you laugh at me, when I tell you that I heard that voice—that song—that holy sound, away yonder at Bethlehem, above me among the stars? That I shut back the memories that crowded to heart and lip, crushed down the longing I can not tell of, for the clasp of those so beloved arms, and that at length I sobbed aloud, and, hiding my face in my bournoose, I wept as I lay there in the starlight on the convent roof.

Laugh if you will; but know of a surety that if I prevail to reach the heaven of our longing hopes, among the tempestuous songs of joy that roll down the banks of the river of life, I shall not find perfect melody till I hear that voice and song.

MY OWN FUNERAL.

"MUNICH!" exclaimed old Mr. G—, as we were talking of my recent travels in Germany, over the port and walnuts, "ah! how many a strange memory does that one name call up! It was there that life—that is the life of eities-first broke upon me in all its brilliant hollowness; and yet what do I know? Is there more real honesty beside the plow or in the vineyard? Well, no matter, man is man all the world over, but it was not at Munich that I first learned all the treachery of which man

And then, then—deride if you will, oh friend of my happiest hours, and there too that I died.'

> "Died!" I exclaimed, doubtful whether I heard aright.

> "Yes, died," replied the old gentleman, in a calm matter-of-fact tone, so that when I had opened my eyes to the full extent allowed by the School of Design to depict the passion of wonderment, and had asked myself two or three times whether he could possibly mean that he had dyed his whiskers there, or had really talked himself into such an autobiographical state, that he thought it necessary to bring the narrative down to his own decease, I came to the conclusion that my old friend was doting.

"I suppose you speak metaphorically?" I suggested.

"Not a bit of it. I can understand that you should be surprised when I say that I died. But it is a fact, literal, positive, and unqualified, at least- But, not to spoil a good story, suppose I begin at the beginning.'

Now is it not pleasant to hear an old man talk of his youth? Is it not good for us who are entering on life to learn from one who is leaving it? With one foot in the grave, how calm is the far view he can take of the days of his strength, with all its self-satisfaction, its worldliness, and disappointments. How complete is his experience—how valuable the lesson long since drawn and followed, now recalled and preached.

So then I listened:

It is forty years since I went to Munich. I was attaché to the embassy of that dear Lord -, the most popular, because the most amiable and liveliest minister that Bavaria has, perhaps, ever known. I had been turned out into this post from Oxford at one-and-twenty, and had not so much as seen a single London season. My father's seat, Eton, and the University was all I knew of life, and how little is that! I can say now without vanity, that I was handsome and distinguished. Besides this, I was very ardent and rather romantic, and I had not been three months in Munich before I was in loveyes, desperately in love, with Ida Von Frankenstein, a young countess with a large fortune, and justly the Queen of Beauty in the Bavarian capital.

Ida was not vain, but she was a flirt, and therefore, by a common rule of the heart, when she learned from my silent devotion that my attachment was no mere admiration, of which she had so much, and more than enough, in the ballrooms of the gay capital, she conceived for me a deep passionate affection. But Ida, being a flirt, never showed it. By no act, word, or look could I ever discover that she gave to me one thought more than to the most insignificant of the numberless young fats who laughed and danced and flirted with her. She was a queen in every respect, and she was determined that I should offer my homage submissively. Besides this, she was very clever and full of a brilliant, satirical wit, which sometimes wounded, though I am certain that is capable. It was there that I passed some her heart was too generous and good to hurt an-



other's willingly. Like all monarchs, she felt | herself privileged, and believed that it was as easy for her to heal with a mere smile, as to wound with a mere word.

I say I never guessed that she cared the least for me, but had I been more than the simple boy I was, I might have discovered it, for by a series of artifices she contrived to draw me on first into a deeper passion, next into jealousy. To do this without repulsing me entirely, to excite my fears without destroying my hopes, she selected a young officer, of whom certainly I had little cause to be jealous; for, though rather handsome, and very fashionable, he was so intensely vain, and so tiresomely heavy, that often she had delighted me with her clever mimicry of his absurdities. And yet I was jealous, even to hopelessness—but then was I not jealous of the very rose she held in her fair hand?

It was a terrible winter at Munich, where every winter is frightfully severe, and I was not strong. I was beginning to suffer from the intense cold, and Ida's conduct brought suffering of another kind: I was growing rapidly ill; I lost my buoyant spirits of yore, which the novelty of this brilliant life of the Carnival season had brought out and elated beyond nature's bounds. My love had taken a firm grip of me. I had but that one idea—that one face only haunted me by day and night. I never slept. I was never calm for ten minutes. My morning walks were all taken in that quarter where I knew—for love knows so much by instinct—that she would be. My evenings were devoted to meeting her, whether at ball, soirée, or common reception. It is true that she always kept a place for me by her side; that while the heavy Stockenheim was occupied with elaborating some stupid compliment on the other side, she would turn to me with some flow of wit, which the officer strove to catch, and when caught, passed ten minutes in attempting to understand. It is true that I saw and knew all this, and vet I was jealous—and the more so because I adopted the world's narrow reasoning, and said to myself, "This very conduct is a proof of her indifference. If she cared one atom for me, it is not in this way she would show it." And she did not show it. She seemed to keep me, as it were, for her companion, because I was cleverer and quicker than the rest-but I knew that the heart has no rules, and that a woman may be fascinated by mind, but is bound by some sympathy which she can not explain.

Thus I went on for some time. Beside her I lived, but when away from her one moment a strange depression came over me, and the idea daily grew upon me, that I should soon sink under the excitement of this terrible passion. It was, therefore, that I dreaded more than death to disclose my love. I felt that a refusal would kill me at once, and this dread grew upon me so fearfully that for hours I would lie on my sofa or my bed listless and unable to move. Of course I went to a doctor, for I would not confees to myself that there was no other disease in one of the family was at home.

me than my hidden passion. The man of drugs shook his head, saw through me partly, and recommended change of scene. I never went near him again.

One evening I met Ida at the Duckess of D-'s. I had grown daily more excited, and every day I had imagined that she seemed to understand me more. I was now almost beyond self-government, and she was wonderfully kind. Though Stockenheim was there, she danced with me only, and we roamed through the rooms together, and I talked rapidly and excitedly, now about the world in which I mixed. but which I hated, and now about myself, and my own awful presentiment of death.

At times she listened seriously, I almost thought, sadly; but then when she had drawn me on to speak still more fervently, she would burst out into a laugh, tell me I was mad or a dreamer, or ask me if I had made my will and left her any thing.

Once as we quitted the ball-room, I saw her turn, and throw a glance to Stockenheim, who was watching her, as a dog watches his master eating, with a strong appetite in his great unmeaning eves.

We strolled from room to room, and I did not see that the officer was following us. in a little boudoir, I stopped her short.

"You have laughed at me long enough," I said, and my whole soul was in the words. "You must listen seriously for one moment, and then—then, when you have killed me, you may laugh as you like-I can not help it. I know it will be my death-blow, but I must speak new. I love you—love you more than—"

"How very amusing! How delightfully absurd! Monsieur Stockenheim," and here, like an apparition, he appeared in the doorway, "do come to my rescue. Here is Mr. G-making me an offer. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Enough," I muttered. "Laugh now. It is your last chance."

And with that I fled.

For a week I lay on my bed, more dead than living; I nursed my grief, my rage, my despair, and every hour brought me lower. One or two friends came to see me, and one of them-one of those kind, charitable beings who always take care to tell you the news you least wish to hear -brought the intelligence one morning that Ida was engaged to Stockenheim.

"I will not believe it," I cried, hoping against hope, and roused from despair by this new blow. "I will go and judge for myself."

My vehemence gave me an unnatural strength. I dressed rapidly, and in spite of the entreaties of my faithful valet, who seemed truly attached to me, and had nursed me carefully during that terrible week, I rushed out and arrived at the door of the Frankensteins' hotel. I asked for Madame la Comtesse first, and when she was denied, boldly demanded admittance to see her daughter. The astonished porter assured meand I thought I saw a lie in his face—that not



I turned away in misery, and, by one of those fatalities so common in life, Stockenheim at that moment lounged listlessly up; I bowed stiffly to him, and crossing the street, watched him. He was admitted, and there was now no doubt.

That day I lay in a fearful state. For hours I was unconscious. I was afterward told the doctor had come and pronounced me in danger. I knew it well myself. I felt so powerless, so down-stricken, that I could not hope to survive.

Toward night, however, I recovered a little. I became conscious. But I lay without a movement, with one hand stretched upon the counterpane, cold as ice. The first thing I recognized was something warm beneath this hand. It was the broad muzzle of my dear old dog Cæsar, who had watched beside my bed, fearful to disturb me, and now, by that wonderful instinct which God gives the dog that he may be man's friend, had perceived that I was conscious, and quietly assured me thus of his presence and love.

I tried to speak, and in low, gurgling sounds I bade my valet be kind to poor Cæsar.

"I am dying, Karl," I said. "I know I can not live over to-night. You have been a faithful servant, and to you I leave all that belongs to me in the way of personal property. In return, you must take care of the dog. Never leave him; promise me you will not. And—and when I am gone—you must write home and tell them all."

I could say no more, for I felt death was stealing fast upon me.

The man bent over me, and wept like a child amidst his promises.

Then came the awful thoughts of death. From what a life of careless worldliness was I passing into eternity! I had been gay, indifferent, thoughtless. I had lived for the world, and with it. How many a vice or sin, which I had once thought trivial, now reproached me with its glaring wickedness; and as eternity seemed to open upon me, and the awful judgment threatened, how vain, how wicked did all my life seem! Even that treasure, that one thought to which I had now long devoted my whole heart and soul, was a trifle, a folly, a vanity before God and that awful awakening. I was too weak to pray—I could only dread—and gradually my thoughts grew dimmer and dimmer. My memory passed; I felt that life was going from me. It was dreadful. I struggled to keep it. I drew a long breath. It was in vain. The breath came quick and thick; I felt it growing weaker and weaker. My head, my brain seemed to melt even, and then the last breath rattled up through my throat, and I was-dead! * * * * You ask me what were my sensations in death. I had none. If death be what I suffered, or rather underwent, then the soul must be asleep or unconscious. I know not. I am a Christian and not a Sadducee, and yet that strange experience has a right to have shaken my faith.

What I did feel, however, when feeling returned, I will tell you. At first it was an icy

coldness, far surpassing any winter chill that you can imagine; no outer cold, but a complete absence of warmth, within as well as without, even in the breath of my nostrils. Still I felt it most in my hands and feet. My next sensation was one of utter powerlessness, and that too of will as well as of muscle. I lay-I was conscious of existence—but there was no thought in my mind. no movement in my body. My heart may have beat, probably it did so, but I knew it not. I scarcely even felt the breath pass through my open mouth, and as much as I did feel was cold and heavy. I say I was conscious. But that was all. I might have been dead. This might have been the grave. I knew not. All thought -all memory was gone.

Then little by little my feeling grew sharper. I felt the cold more keenly still, and it was frightful agony. Then, too, I felt a strange pain in my stomach, as if it was shriveled up.

I know not how long I endured this, but it seemed to rouse my dormant will, and as that returned, the use of my other senses returned likewise. My eyes were closed, but I knew that I could see, for I perceived a weight of darkness above the shut lids. Presently, too, I grew aware that there was something in my right hand, and as my senses grew keener and keener, and the agony of cold and weakness became still more unbearable, my will grew stronger, my thought returned dimly, though my memory was utterly gone, and I determined to make an effort to move. I had no idea that I was dead, for I had no memory that I had ever been alive, but I was conscious of existence, and instinct, I suppose, prompted self-preservation.

My first attempt was to open my eyes, and in this I at length succeeded. But I saw nothing. All was dark. Only when I had lain for some time, gazing upward, did I know that there was a space of dark air above, and that I was not shut in close.

My next effort was to feel what was in my hand. Whatever it might be, I knew that it was smooth, and somewhat warmer than the icy flesh that held it. Then I strove to raise this arm. But in vain. Again and again I tried, till suddenly, with an unexpected jerk, it bounded up, the muscles not being wholly under my will, and as it did so, I felt some hot drops fall on my face.

It was this that saved me; this, as it were, that awoke me. These drops brought the blood more quickly through my ice-bound veins, and thawed me into life. Then I knew at once that I held a bottle in my hand, and, in my frightful gnawing hunger, instinct guided it to my mouth. I poured half the contents down into my throat, and oh! how fearfully they burned, yet how completely they restored me.

It was brandy, and my memory returned sufficiently for me to know that it was so. Yet I guessed nothing from that. My mind could not do more than perceive. I was too powerless to draw an inference.

But now the pain was lessened—my blood was



warmed. I felt that my heart beat. I was conscious that I was alive. And now, too, though I was still unable to move, I could feel that I was shut up in some narrow casing. My feet touched something upright below them. arms were laid close to my sides, and my fingers and elbows found something upright and wooden on each side. I was frightfully cramped, and this was a new pain, and a source too of a vague fear. I felt my strength returning, and longed to be free. Yet I could not move. I felt as if imprisoned, and this feeling was almost worse than the rest.

I raised my arm again with an effort, and swallowed some more brandy. Then my sight became clearer, and I discovered a dim, gray light, as of the morning twilight, stealing upon the darkness.

Presently I could move my arms. I passed them about my body, and felt a number of brass buttons, and the smooth cloth of a coat, and the smoother satin of a large embroidered waistcoat. This taught me nothing. I thought it quite natural, but that was all. I remembered nothing at all.

Then I tried to pass my arms over the wooden casing that held me, and when I had succeeded in doing so, I found something crisp and flimsy, which reminded me of muslin, and something limp and smooth, which my returning memory told me was ribbons.

I asked myself what all this meant; whether I was alive or dead; dreaming, or awake. In vain I tried to remember any thing about myself: my memory seemed bound up beyond those simple limits. But I could bear it no longer. I made a great effort, and by the aid of my arms, raised myself into a sitting posture.

Oh, how dreadful was the scene! I was surrounded by dead bodies in coffins in every direction, and corpses, too, not in a natural state for corpses to be in, but decked in fine clothes, and surrounded with flowers—sham flowers, made of crape or muslin, and gay ribbons—corpses in marriage garments.

I knew not what it meant. For some minutes I gazed in simple unconsciousness. Next to me was an old man with white hair, his cheeks sunken in on both sides, his jaw broken down, as it were, from his face; and he was in the blue and red uniform of a general, and a star-mockery!-upon his breast, and around his coffin roses and tulips of every gaudy hue. His eyes were closed, but on his face was a look of pain.

On the other side of me was a fair girl, of nineteen perhaps. She was in a ball-dress of white; and oh! how that brought my memory back. I remembered that I had often seen such a dress. I knew not where or on whom, but the memory seemed painful to me.

This girl was lovely. Her face was still round; her white lips parted in a gentle, heavenly smile; her white shoulders still smooth, but the young bosom that had once, perhaps, throbbed with love, now cold, sunken, still. I looked long at able. Somebody was rubbing my feet—some-

the face. It was beautiful. It produced pleasure in me. I did not remember it, and yet as I gazed I thought I had seen it somewhere—in some dream. There were many other bodies. and I stared at them all—at least all that the dim light allowed me to see; but suddenly I shook, shuddered, and trembled. I had at last remembered that this must be death, and then I knew that I was really alive, and the thought of being alive amidst the dead was awful.

I made a desperate effort, raised myself on my sinking legs, and crawled from my coffin. Before me was a large glass door. I remembered it must be a door. I crawled to it in agony-fearful agony-the pain of longing to escape, and the impossibility of doing so from weakness. At last I reached it, and by another effort stood up and looked out, and in the gray moonlight-for such it was-I saw a vast graveyard. Oh! even that sight, all alone as I was, was cheerful compared with what was behind me—the dead. I sought to open the door. felt and found a handle, but it was useless. tried to scream, and my voice fell almost without sound back into my lungs. Yet even its slight sound terrified me. I feared lest it should wake some of those bodies behind me, and this terror lent an unnatural force to my weak, wast-

I shook the door with all my might. I thrust my fist through the glass, and then I uttered a wild, piercing shriek.

Oh, how terrible was that solitude! The sound echoed through the dead-house, and passed over the white, quiet tomb-stones, and there was no answer. I shrieked again and again, and then, utterly weakened, I clung almost senseless to the door.

It seemed an age that I hung there, shrinking close up to escape the horror behind mean age of agony.

At last a light gleamed close by.

Oh! how it cheered me. I called for help, and no longer feared my own voice. Still there was no answer; but, in a moment or two, a figure advanced slowly and cautiously, and, by Heaven! I thought it was the figure of a dead man-so white, so full of dread was the face. It advanced, step by step, holding the light before it high up with a trembling hand. I cried, but still it answered not. I cried, "For God's sake let me out! Are you a man or a corpse?"

He answered not, but came on slowly, and I could see him tremble. At last he came almost close up, but stopped and turned the light full upon my face. For some minutes, at least, he stood thus, and not knowing who or what he was, whether dead or alive, I could only cling to the door and gaze at him madly.

Presently I heard a jingling as of iron, next a grating in the lock of the door, and then the door was opened, and I fell insensible upon my

When I revived, it was with a feeling of pleasure about me. I was very warm and comfort-



body else chafing my hands. lasted, and then I sat up.

I was in a small room, with a fire and a lighted candle; and the man of the lantern, whom I gradually recognized, was rubbing my feet, while another man, whom at last I recognized, too, as my own doctor, was standing beside me, clapping the palms of my hands violently.

"Thank God!" I heard him exclaim, and the sound of this voice cheered me.

At length I was alive again. They gave me food, which I devoured ravenously; they gave me a warm drink, which made me feel fresh and hearty, and after an hour's time or so, I was sitting up talking almost sensibly to the doctor.

It was then for the first time that I discovered that I was dressed in full diplomatic costume. What absurdity!

And now you will be asking what all this means, and I will give you the key of the wonder, to set your mind at rest.

Of course you have guessed that I had been in a kind of trance; fortunately, however, of a slight kind, and one which only lasted two days. You must know, then, that at Munich and in many other Continental towns, the plague was once a terrible guest. In consequence of this, it is imperative to convey every dead body, an hour or two after death, to a public dead-house, where they lie in their coffins till all is ready for their interment. But as trances occasionally happen, and people have been known to come to life again, the friends dress them up in their clothes of state and surround them with flowers, in order that should they awake they may not be shocked to death again by finding themselves in a grave-cloth and a hard coffin. It is a pretty idea, to make death look so gay; for, after all, is not death a wedding, a marriage of the soul to its Maker, which brings us into the blessedness of eternal life? So, then, they deck them for a wedding, and they place in the hand of each a bottle or flask of brandy, that they may not die of exhaustion.

Of late years they have had recourse to another expedient, which, unfortunately for me, was unknown in my day. They attach to the fingers of the dead body a ring, to which is fastened the wire of a bell which hangs in the room of the guardian of the cemetery. The slightest movement of the limbs suffices to ring this bell, and the watcher, prepared with cordials and restoratives, rushes to the place, and rescues the wretched creature from the awful position. But in my day the instances of trance had been very few, and, as I afterward learned from the watcher, he had never known one before, which accounted for the alarm he was in.

Is it strange or not that my first thought, when I recovered my memory sufficiently to know that I had thus woken up from death, was thankfulness for this return to life, and a horror of death, an awful dread of dying again? The fact was, that my memory went no further. Up to this before the trance. All my past life was a blank, ling of Lord E-, who came in earnest, the

Some time this | and I only remembered with a shudder the scene of death that I had lately gazed upon.

> But gradually the sight of an old face—that of the doctor—recalled a faint glimmering of the far past, far indeed as it seemed to me. The doctor, by good chance, was an old friend, and, moreover, a clever leech, and a discreet man.

> "And what," I asked him, "is the meaning of all this?"

> "What? my dear friend. What else should it be except that you have been very ill, and I had you brought to my own house that I might nurse you better."

I was silent for a time. This answer did not satisfy me, and at last a bright thought struck me, and looking archly at the wary disciple of Galen, I said: "Ah, but, doctor, how does that man come to be here?"

"That man," said he, smiling in spite of himself; "why, my dear friend, that's my servant John; don't you remember him?"

"Ah, doctor, doctor, I'm afraid you are trying to make a fool of me. Your John had red hair, and besides, I know that man. He belongs to the-the cemetery.'

"Oh! nonsense, you're dreaming. Well, how do you feel now?'

I certainly felt a new man. Though weak and depressed, still I was free from the dread and agony I had suffered, and, as I sat up in a large chair near the cheerful fire, and looked at the doctor's well-known and now cheerful little face-for he was delighted to find me recovering, though he would not leave me—the memory of the past stole back by fits and starts.

At last I took a strange resolution.

With a great deal of trouble I persuaded the doctor to keep my resurrection, as I called it, a profound secret for a few days. I told him it was positively necessary to my happiness, and he, probably thinking that I required great care, at last consented on condition that I would go back to his house during that time. I then addressed myself to the man, and, by liberal promises of payment, I learned from him that I was then in the watch-house attached to the cemetery; and further, that my funeral was to have taken place the next day, for I had been dead two days. I induced him to keep the secret, too, and that I might carry out my plans, he was to take the clothes I then had on, to nail up my coffin in the morning, and to prepare every thing for the funeral, as if I were really dead.

When all these arrangements were made, I retired to the doctor's house.

The next morning I sent out the doctor's servant to buy me an enormous pair of false mustaches and a light-colored wig, shaved off my pet whiskers, which were very large and silky, and, having donned a suit of the doctor's sombre clothing, so unlike my usual well-made London attire, I promised myself an amusing campaign.

At eleven o'clock I attended my own funeral! time I remembered nothing that had taken place | The mourners were not very numerous, consist-



two other attachés, who came for the sake of decorum, and a few German friends, who had been more or less intimate with me, and came to pass the time.

They assembled at my lodgings, but I had not courage to go up there, and waited till they had come down, and the three mourning carriages were filing off. I jumped into the last of them, in which were already seated the two attachés, and, by a strange coincidence, my rival Stockenheim.

I had not noticed his being there, and, I confess, when I found myself by his side, I trembled like an aspen with emotion, and it demanded all my power over myself to prevent a revelation of my real character. But still greater was my amazement when I saw the real sorrow on the face of the heavy, conceited German, so strongly contrasted with the indifference of my two countrymen, who had not only not been my rivals, but had always professed a tender friendship for me. I could not understand this. Stockenheim, at least, had a right to rejoice at my decease, but there was no doubt about the reality of his grief.

At first, they all three looked at me with some interest; but my disguise was so complete that they could discover nothing more than an accidental likeness. I was so completely German in appearance, that the two Englishmen began talking to one another in English.

"Devilish like poor G-; isn't he?" said the younger one. How completely I saw the

commonplaceness of that "poor."

"Yes; but he's evidently a German-can't be any relation. Besides, there has been no time for his friends to hear even of his first illness."

There was a pause.

"D-d stupid thing a funeral is!" began the younger one again.

"Think so? For my part I rather like it. The church-yard is always to my mind the most cheerful place going. But then it is not every day one gets a senior moved from over one's head."

"Ah, my boy, and you think you will step into G-'s post. I wish you may get it, especially as I have been promised the first paid attachéship this six months."

"And I have been stuck down in this cursed place for the last three years. It will be a gross shame if they give it you."

"By Jove, how savage G--- would be if he could only hear us fighting for his empty post on the way to his funeral! Ha! ha! and he, too, so devilish proud as he was-ha! ha!"

I noticed here that Stockenheim looked thoroughly disgusted at the merriment, and my heart melted toward my rival.

"Yes, and he was one of those terribly affectionate men, who always want to make a bosom friend of you, nolens, volens."

"Ah," thought I, "I shall not attempt that a second time with you, my boy. Make your mind easy on that score."

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"But a thorough ass, so awfully royounger. mantic and spoony.

"Ah, talking of that, I wonder how the fair Frankenstein stood the news of his death. But Stockenheim can tell us more about that."

I could feel my heart thump like an earthquake within me as he said this.

The speaker turned to Stockenheim, to whom he spoke in German.

"Have you seen Mademoiselle Frankenstein since the unhappy event?" he asked, with profound misery in his voice.

"Alas, no," answered the heavy officer. "She has shut herself up; she accuses herself of being the cause of it. She is quite mad with grief, they say; and, indeed, they will not even admit me to the house, though I was-"

"-quite her cavalier servant," suggested the elder attaché.

"No, not that. I always had an idea that she was attached to this young Englishman, and now there can be no doubt of it."

Good Heaven! I was beside myself with joy. I longed to leap from the carriage, and rush to the Frankensteins, and clasp Ida in my arms. But I had deeper plans, and dared not yet. I longed, however, to question him as to the proofs of this; but then my voice would have betrayed me, and there I sat, oh! how happy, straining my ears to catch every syllable.

"But really," resumed the elder of the two attachés, "I am very much astonished at what you tell me about Mademoiselle Frankenstein. Of course I do not mean to say that our poor dear friend was not worthy of all her sympathy and affection. Undoubtedly he was a young man who not only deserved all our esteem but engaged all our affection." (I could scarcely keep my countenance at this flagrant hypocrisy, after what he had just been saying in English.) "Then, too, he was very good-looking, poor fellow! and so engaging and agreeable in his manners. But no-; I meant to say that I had always observed about the lady in question a decided indifference to our poor friend, at least in all matters of the heart; though, I confess, she seemed to enjoy his society and superior talents."

"Just so," answered the officer. "Just what I always felt myself; and without appearing vain, I may say that the young countess seemed to show a decided preference-"

"Yes, you lucky dog! she was always making les doux yeux at you, even while talking te

"But I grieve to say that this death," continued Stockenheim (and there were tears in his voice), "has not only deprived me of a man for whom, as a constant rival, I had nourished a real friendship; for, after all, although my rival, you may say, did he not also at the same time advance my interests—at least I thought so then-by affording a blind to society? However, I was saying I have not only lost an excellent friend, but this event has disclosed many "Yes, a good fellow, very," answered the very bitter truths to me. I confess, gentlemen,



that I can now have no doubt that this lovely by myself to carry some message to my own girl was making me the blind, and was really attached to this unfortunate Englishman. And do you know why she acted in this strange manner?"

"Not the remotest, except that young ladies will flirt occasionally; and I believe making love to one man while you feel it for another, is one of the first rules of the charitable art of flirtation."

"Well, however that may be, even admitting, as I fear is the case, that the young countess is a flirt-'

"You, at least, ought to admit it. Eh?"

"Ah, you are cruel-"

"Forgive me, only just to you."

"Well, in this case it was otherwise. I have learned that her parents were, and still are, most anxious that she should marry the young Duc de P--, who, as you know, is no less wealthy in lands than in rank."

"Ah, I see; and so the young lady concealed her real preference by making you the pre-

text."

"Alas, I fear so."

At this moment, fortunately for me, the carriages, which had been moving along at the slow pace which is supposed to be agreeable to grief, during this conversation, stopped near the cemetery, and we all adjourned to the grave.

Near it was the empty coffin covered with a black pall. I stood by while the funeral service was going on, and really, at first, there was something so ludicrous in all this pomp and ceremony and well got-up grief over nothing but deal boards and brass nails, that I could scarcely refrain from laughter.

But when Lord E--, the tears really in his eyes, came forward when all was done, and in a hoarse voice said: "We have lost a good friend in the very flower of his youth-one whom I had learned to love, and who can never be replaced to me—a diligent and hearty assistant, a true gentleman, and a man of heart," then I felt almost sorry that I was not really dead, to merit such kindness—kindness never shown to a man till he is stiff and cold, and, you may believe me, I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself for thus befooling an honest friendship.

I looked round on those present, and from that moment, for the first time, I could detect who were true, who false friends, for grief is the most difficult passion to simulate.

We dispersed, and so far I was delighted with my adventure. My death had not only revealed my true friends, but, far more glorious, had given me the heart that I prized above all. Still, with a perversity peculiar to my nature, I doubted of the whole truth of what I had heard, and, to be brief, I resolved to judge for myself.

The day passed, and when evening came I had made up my mind to go and call at the Frankensteins in my disguise, and announce myself as a friend of my deceased self, charged | aware that I was present at the death of my

lady-love. The scheme was bold, but I determined to try it.

As I went, however, I thought I would just look in at the cemetery. You probably know that it is the custom abroad to decorate the graves of your friends and relations with flowers and immortelles. Now I had no relations in Munich, and very few foreign friends who cared sufficiently about me to undertake this. Still, I thought that my faithful valet, whom I had been astonished not to see at the funeral, might possibly bring his little token to a master he had loved so much.

I determined at any rate to see if any onc cared about me.

Just as I was entering the grave-yard, I saw two figures before it, one of which, clothed in deep mourning, I instantly recognized as that of Ida. I was amazed. What friend was she going to weep and pray for? I remembered that her grandmother was buried there. possibly explained it. But full of a vague hope that this was not her object, I followed her. She went first to the keeper, and presently I saw him conducting her - yes, oh joy! - to my grave.

I slipped from monument to monument, and finally concealed myself behind one from which I could watch her movements. The other figure, which was her maid, carried a basket of fresh flowers. Ida took them from her hand, and scattered them over the fresh-turned earth. Then hidding her retire a little, she knelt down beside the grave.

Oh joy! oh joy! why was I not dead to drink her tears as they flowed—for I saw them—upon the sod? Why was I alive to turn her grief to foolishness?

But I could no longer endure this restraint. The joy was too great for me. I stole quietly up, and stood near her. I heard her bitter sobs for a while, and-yes-her prayer, her fervent prayer—that she too might follow me soon.

Then she rose slowly and sadly. She turned and saw me, and at first her face was deadly pale. Then recovering herself, she looked strangely at me, as if to ask why a stranger intruded upon her grief. I made a great effort to conceal my voice and my emotion, and then spoke.

"Mademoiselle," I said, bowing respectfully, "pardon my intrusion. This is the grave of my best friend. You can guess why I came hither. But when I found you here, knowing as I did that my poor friend had no relations in Munich, I immediately guessed that you must be Mademoiselle Frankenstein. Am I right in my conjecture?"

She colored violently, even in spite of the deadly whiteness of her sunken cheeks, and replied with dignity, "You are right, Sir; but permit me to ask what reason you had for this strange conjecture?"

"I will tell you. You may not perhaps be



poor friend. I was the only person there be- | But I am bound to warn you. To-night you sides his servant. He charged me with a message to you—'

"Oh!" (she pressed her hand to her heart) Oh, tell me, tell me what he "is it true? said!"

"This message I should have delivered before, had I not learned that you were in affliction. I scarcely dared to hope that the death of my dear friend could be the cause of your sorrow, but I learned it this morning by accident, and I need scarcely tell you how rejoiced I was to hear it, for you must be fully aware that he was deeply-deeply attached to you."

"Oh, me!" she exclaimed. "If I had been certain of that. Alas! But tell me now his

message-quickly."

"It was a strange one. He imagined-I know not whether rightly or not—that you were attached to another person. But such was his devotion, I may almost say his madness, that he bid me warn you, for your sake, that he felt certain—that he knew it by an inward instinct -that he should be with you after his death."

I was so fervent in uttering these words, that my voice resumed its natural tone in spite of myself. She started as she heard it, and her pale cheek grew paler yet. She stopped and looked me steadily in the face, and as she gazed her own became more and more troubled. felt I could not endure it much longer.

"You would be happy," I said, hurriedly, "to see him once more, would you not?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "But, oh! how your voice resembles his, and though it is dark, I seem to see some likeness even in your face. You are an Englishman. Tell me if you are not his brother, or some-"

She stopped still, gazing on me intently, with a look of uncertainty and almost of dread. I felt a tantalizing desire to tear off my disguise, to reveal my living self, and throw myself at her feet, but no-I saw the ravages grief had made. I knew that this shock would be too much for her, and in gratitude for her love I made a strong effort and restrained my eagerness.

"You are not wrong," I said, again disguising my voice. "I am a relation, but I can not now explain how. I have still, however, to complete my message to you. It is a strange one; prepare yourself to hear it."

"I am prepared; go on," she replied, but in a voice so tremulous that it belied her words.

"It was this: he bid me say that death is a strange thing, a deep mystery which none of us understand. He felt that he was dying, but he knew he might live again."

"Yes, yes, and I shall see him again, I know, but-"

"You will. You have only to name an hour to receive him, and he will be with you alive."

"Alive! What do you mean, Sir? You are jesting on a sacred subject. How dare you, Sir, come here to mock me? Leave me immediately.'

will see him."

I turned hurriedly away. She called after me, but I did not return. I felt that this assumption of mystery, and this excitement of a vague hope, was the best way to prepare her.

When I had gone some distance, I looked back. I saw her standing over the empty grave, with her head sunk upon her bosom. prayer, what wish was she uttering?

I now made haste to get back to my own lodgings, so as to resume my real character, and prepare for the evening. I had scarcely entered the porte-cochère of the large house in which I had lived before my death, when I heard a joyful, uproarious barking in the yard. It was Cæsar, my own dog, my best friend. "Ah!" thought I, "what is human friendship compared with this? All my friends, even Ida herself, have been deceived by a mere wig and mustache; but the dog we kick and beat and despise knows even the sound of my distant footsteps." I went to him, found him chained in the yard—he had never been chained when I was alive—received his wild caresses, and unloosed him.

"Ah!" I thought, "this is a strange way of fulfilling my dying injunctions. What does Master Karl mean by chaining the dog up?"

I was not long left in doubt. As I mounted the stairs I heard a noise of most unwonted merriment in my own apartment. I knew the reputation possessed by undertakers all the world over for jovialty, but still I thought this going a little too far.

I found the outer door open, and, walking in, opened that of the dining-room; and there, to my amazement, amidst an uproar of intoxication, with glasses rattling on the table, and the room filled with a dense smoke from some dozen pipes, stood my faithful valet, addressing a speech to some ten or twelve grooms, couriers, butlers, powdered mercuries, and sleek French cooks, from the embassy and the houses of the nobility. I was certainly more amused than annoyed, and thinking it just possible that it might be the custom in Munich to hold a wake after a master's death, I bowed to the company.

"Don't let me disturb you, gentlemen," I said, very blandly, "my business will do at any

"I'm glad to hear it!" cried Karl from the end of the room, and more than three parts drunk, "I'm not much in the humor for business just now. But don't go away, my friend. Come in, bring yourself to anchor, and take a glass of port-dayvilish fine port-too."

I took a seat meekly, and a "gentleman" in plush and powder did me the honor to pass me the decanter which contained my own superb wine, which had been bottled in 1795, and which these rascally varlets were pouring down their throats in tumblers! No wonder they were rather unsteady.

Meanwhile I was observing my very faithful valet. He was certainly magnificently got up. "I will leave you if you wish it, certainly. He was not content with having arrayed his per-



son in the very cream of my wardrobe, in the most "chaste" of my "continuations" and the most delicate of my vests, but he had gone to the extent of mimicking my "get-up" in every particular. By dint of a liberal supply of my Macassar, he had given to his naturally stubborn hair all the elegant twists and curls of my own neglige locks—a style which was then just coming into fashion. The lace frill, the most recherché I possessed, was disposed in the same careful, careless manner which it was generally supposed I was wont to study; though with my dying breath I will assert that I never spent two minutes over its arrangements. Then he had drawn on with considerable difficulty a pair of my Paris gloves of the most delicate lavender hue, which I kept expressly for the purpose of going to court in; and in his hands thus reduced-he had not succeeded in bringing the buttons to meet-he waved, with all the abandon of a young exquisite, a handkerchief of the choicest cambric, which-tell it not in Munich -I had stolen from Ida herself. This was too much for me. But I was now accustomed to restrain my passions, and I bore it all with the most Christian humility.

In the other hand he waved one of my sixtyshilling Havanas, took a slight puff at it, and then throwing it down with an inimitable air of disgust, exclaimed, "These cigars is not worth a farden"—a jest and phrase which elicited the admiration of all his compeers.

"Gentlemen," he then began, still waving the sacred cambric, and with his eyelids evidently weighed down by the fumes of my old port, "I will resume my observations. I was saying, gentlemen, that our departed friend. Mr. -, regarded me in the light of a brother-a brother, did I say? Gentlemen, I should rather say a [hiccup]—a thingimbob—you know what I [hiccup] mean, gentlemen—in the light of his buzzom friend. You will understand, gentlemen, that it was impossible for him [another hiccup] to leave his property to any one else; and in my hands, you will admit, gentlemen, that it is better lodged than in his own. As long as it lasts, gentlemen-and there's wine in them cellars down stairs as will keep us going many another night like this—as long as it lasts you will always find in this house, gentlemen, that beverage which inebriates, though it does not-I mean to say- Well, gentlemen, I will not detain you. I have only to propose a toast, in which I am sure you will all unite, 'To my late friend, Mr. G--, and may he rest in peace forever."

For about ten minutes after this lively discourse there was a continuous uproar of applause and health-drinking, mingled with numerous epithets applied to myself, which were neither choice nor flattering, and one individual near me remarked that "he was doosed glad the old boy was under the ground, and he hoped a certain gentleman in black would take care of him," to which I replied, "Indeed, are I am really myself, and the dog shall put you to you?"

When the uproar had subsided a little, I got

"I rise to return thanks," I began; but here I was assailed with an indiscriminate clamor, and cries on all sides of "Shut up!" "Turn him out!" "Hold your jaw!" and "Put his nose in a bag, do!" from the Englishmen, while phlegmatic "Donnerwetters" and "Potztausends" from the Germans, kept me silent for some minutes. At length I began again:

"I am sorry, my good men, to disturb your very innocent amusements, and put an end to the agreeable position of Mr. Karl, over there. But, unfortunately, the gentleman over whose death you are now so amiably rejoicing is not dead at all."

Another volley of interjections now stopped me again, but at length the majority seemed interested in what appeared to them the originality of my remarks, and silence was restored.

"The best proof of what I say," I continued, "will be to introduce him personally to you. I believe most of you know Mr. G-— by sight" -here, to the utter amazement of all present, I pulled off the wig-"and most of you would know him again, if you were sober enough to have your senses about you?" and this time I pulled off the false mustaches, and stood in propriâ personæ before them.

My faithful valet reeled in horror and fell back. The other servants, most of whom had seen me often enough to recognize me at once, turned pale as death, and jumping up from their seats, pushed frantically, tumbling one over the other, to where their quondam host lay gasping, and shouted, "Fire! robbery! it's his ghost, it's his ghost!"

It was as much as I could do to keep my countenance at their dismay, but the tables were doomed to be turned. Two or three of his associates helped the luckless Karl to his legs. He stared at me in bewilderment for a moment or two, and then, seizing a decanter from the table, flung it at my head with all his might.

I bent down and avoided the blow which would certainly have killed me. But the next minute the rascal shouted with exultation, "Never mind him, you fools! it's all a hoax, it's a flam; some fellow as wants to frighten you. It's not Gat all. He's made a mess of it this time, for he's forgotten the whiskers, and G-- was too fond of his to come without them."

This was certainly a "stumper" for me, for I had quite forgotten that I had made a sacrifice of those favorite appendages that very morning. I was now in the midst of a dozen infuriated drunkards, and the position was embarrassing. for I was in a hurry to get dressed to go and see Ida. Luckily I remembered that Cæsar had slipped into the room after me when I came in, and I now saw him lying at my feet. He might help me.

"Now, you scoundrels!" I cried, "you pretend to doubt my identity, but I'll show you that shame. Here, Cæsar—here, boy!"



In a minute the faithful beast jumped up, and, putting his paws on my shoulders, poked his broad nose into my face.

"There, you rascal!" I cried to Karl. "Do you remember what you promised me on my death-bed? and instead of performing it, while you get drunk off my wine two days after my death, you chain up this poor dog that never had a collar round his neck before. Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Ashamed of myself!" cried the scoundrel, emboldened by a fresh tumbler of old port. "Ashamed of myself to you! Who are you? I should like to know. Why, of course, you have been making friends with the dog down stairs."

"Of course he has," cried the others, with one voice. "Let's duck him—let's take him down and pump over him. Serve him right."

I tore off my coat, and then, with all the coolness I could muster, turned up my wristbands and prepared for fight.

"Now, then, you rascals," I said, showing a practiced fist. "The first man that comes a foot nearer me will feel the weight of this."

Another uproar succeeded to this invitation. Chairs were knocked over, glasses rattled down, decanters smashed, candles thrown over, and a general scramble and pell-mell ensued. One or two of the younger Englishmen showed fight like Britons, but I had the advantage of being sober, and sent them reeling and rolling among the dead men. The din and uproar, the oaths and shouts were deafening, and a general rush was made at me, and, being in a corner, and assailed by half a dozen at once, I was just running the risk of being smothered, if I escaped being murdered, when the door was burst open, and, pale and breathless, the porter of the house rushed in.

The moment he saw me, he pointed at me, and gasped out: "There, there he is; there—there! Oh! Karl, Karl, it's your master, man; he's come to life again; he's risen up; he's never been dead! O Lord! O Lord! Fritz at the cemetery told me it himself."

I can not and will not describe the scene that followed. My resurrection was fully confirmed, and the convicted rascals hung their heads in despair. I had better pass over the disgusting servility of the faithful Karl, who swore that it was all unintentional, that "it was the drink as had done it," that "Oh! he was so delighted to see me again," and so forth. I contented myself with taking him into my room, and making him strip off every thing that belonged to me, and then quietly informed him that his services were dispensed with. It was in vain that he went down on his knees and implored forgiveness, and begged me to keep him in my service. I forgave him his conduct, but I told him that I wanted a faithful servant, and I was afraid he was too much attached to my memory to be sufficiently devoted to myself.

I soon found that the news had spread like wild-fire through the town. The man at the cemetery had not been able to keep the secret

from his wife, and she, of course, had published it widely abroad, so that when I was ushered up into the drawing-room at the Frankensteins, I felt a pair of the softest, roundest, dearest arms thrown round my neck, and hot tears of joy poured thick and fast upon my bosom. Ida was mine, and three weeks afterward the worthy, heavy, conceited but good-hearted Stockenheim officiated as my bridegroom's man.

But the best part of the joke is to come. The faithful valet, when he found that nothing would induce me to take him back into my service, in spite of all his protestations, actually sued me in court for the recovery of the personal effects which I had left him by word of mouth on my death-bed. At that time the German law was in a fearful state of complication, and though the case was as clear as daylight, I found that in all probability it would either go against me or the cause would continue for some six or seven years, and ruin me in costs. I therefore offered to make a compromise, when the devoted Karl quietly bearded me to my face, and told me he was not to be done out of a penny of his own. This happened just after my marriage, when I was in all the glow of perfect happiness, and wished to be at good-will with every living creature; and you will laugh to hear that rather than go on squabbling about the matter, I handed every single thing out of my wardrobe and dressing-case to the rapacious scoundrel, and actually paid him five pounds for the cambric handkerchief which I valued so much as an old token.

"And now," said Mr. G——, with a deep sigh, "forty years are passed, and Ida is gone to a fitter home, and I am longing for the day when I shall be called to follow her; and yet, somehow, I dread the thought of death, for I feel that the next time it will not be so amusing to attend my own funeral."

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

THE autumn ways are full of mire,
The leaves shower through the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And like a lid comes down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly-dying pint of Port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known, 'Mong all the errors which it grieves, I sit at this dark hour alone, Like Autumn 'mid his withered leaves. This is a night of wild farewells To all the past; the good, the fair. To-morrow—and my wedding bells Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart filled with a vague regret.



I can not say, in Eastern style, Where'er she treads the pansy blows; Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose. Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do, Talk of my raptures. Oh, how sore The fond romance of twenty-two Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. Oh ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm,
Can love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm?

The man who knew, while he was young, Some soft and soul-subduing air, Weeps when again he hears it sung, Although 'tis only half so fair. So love I thee, and love is sweet (My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth), Because it can to age repeat That long-lost passion of my youth.

Oh, Florence, could you now behold The man to whom your being flows, Whom you have chid as hard and cold, Weep wildly o'er a withered rose!—But this is an unmanly part—One long last look, and then I drop Thy lid, grim iron-box of my heart, Which never key again shall ope!

Oh, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
Which I have kissed a million times—
And now 'tis done: my passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years
Are blackened ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding-chimes; Smile, villagers, at every door; Old church-yard, stuffed with buried crimes, Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er. And youthful maidens, white and sweet, Scatter your blossoms far and wide; And with a bridal-chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin At bottom of my thankless mood: What if desert alone could win For me, that chiefest grace and good? Love gives itself; and if not given, No pride, no beauty, state, nor wit, No gold of earth, no gem of heaven, Can ever hope to purchase it.

"I never, never can recall
Another morning to my day,
And now through shade to shade I fall,
From afternoon to evening gray."
In bitterness these words I said,
And lo! when I expected least,
For day was gone, a moonrise spread
Her emerald radiance up the east.

By passion's gaudy candle-lights
I sat and watched the world's brave play:
Blown out—how poor the trains and sights
Looked in the cruel light of day!

Then you came, Florence, from above, To me who scorned both fame and pelf, And with your sweet unselfish love You saved me from the hell of self.

I saw the smiles and mean salams
Of slavish hearts; I heard the fry
Of maddened peoples throwing palms
Before a cheered and timbreled lie.
I loathed the brazen front and brag
Of bloated time: in self-defense
Withdrew I to my lonely crag
And fortress of indifference.

But Nature is revenged on those
Who turn from her to lonely days;
And Duty like the speedwell blows
Along the common beaten ways.
The dead and thick green-mantled moats
That gird my house resembled me,
Or some long-weeded hull that rots
Upon a dull and glazing sea.

The sun forever hastes sublime
Waved onward by Orion's lance;
Obedient to the spheral chime
Across the world the seasons dance;
The flaming elements ne'er bewail
Their iron bounds, their less or more;
The sea can drown a thousand sail,
Yet rounds the pebbles on the shore.

I looked with pride on what I'd done, I counted merits o'er anew
In presence of the burning sun,
Which drinks me like a drop of dew.
A lofty scorn I dared to shed
On human passions, human jars;
I, standing on the countless dead,
And pitied by the countless stars.

But mine is now a humbled heart, My lonely pride is weak as tears; No more I ask to stand apart, A mocker of the rolling years, Imprisoned in this wintry clime, Some task I seek, O Lord of breath! Enough to plume the feet of time, Enough to hide the eyes of death.

This work is yours:—while loving me My heart may still its memories keep, Like some old sea-shell from the sea Filled with the music of the deep; And you may watch on nights of rain A shadow on my brow encroach, Be startled by my sudden pain And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will fill my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung,
And in the awful trance of death
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Oh, Florence, if this should be so! God grant that happiness may sing To you, as toward the grave we go, Like skylark in the ear of Spring! For me I care not, once I heard: I've had my day, and it is o'er; Yet pray that o'er your head the bird Of happiness may sing and soar.



And all the love I have I give, My Florence; and howe'er they be, Sunshine or gloom, the years I live, You now are all the world to me. My Love-pale blossom of the snow-Has pierced earth wet with winter-showers; Oh, may it drink the sun and glow. And be followed by all the year of flowers!

LITTLE DORRIT. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE DOWAGER MRS. GOWAN IS REMINDED THAT "IT NEVER DOES."

WHILE the waters of Venice and the ruins of Rome where sunning themselves for the pleasure of the Dorrit family, and were daily being sketched out of all earthly proportion, lineament, and likeness, by traveling pencils innumerable, the firm of Doyce and Clennam hammered away in Bleeding Heart Yard, and the vigorous clink of iron upon iron was heard there through the working hours.

The younger partner had by this time brought the business into sound trim; and the elder, left free to follow his own ingenious devices, had done much to enhance the character of the factory. As an ingenious man he had necessarily to encounter every discouragement that the ruling powers for a length of time had been able by any means to put in the way of his class of culprits, but that was only reasonable self-defense in the powers, since How to do it must obviously be the natural and mortal enemy of How not to do it. In this was to be found the basis of the wise system, by tooth and nail upheld by the Circumlocution Office, of warning every ingenious British subject to be ingenious at his peril: of harassing him, obstructing him, inviting robbers (by making his remedy uncertain, difficult, and expensive) to plunder him, and at the best of confiscating his property, after a short term of enjoyment, as though invention were on a par with felony. The system had uniformly found great favor with the Barnacles, and that was only reasonable, too; for one who worthily invents must be in earnest, and the Barnacles abhorred and dreaded nothing half so much. That again was very reasonable, since in a country suffering under the affliction of a great amount of earnestness, there might, in an exceeding short space of time, be not a single Barnacle left sticking to a post.

Daniel Doyce faced his condition with its pains and penalties attached to it, and soberly worked on for the work's sake. Clennam cheering him with a hearty co-operation, was a moral support to him, besides doing good service in his business relation. The concern prospered, and the partners were fast friends.

But Daniel could not forget the old design of so many years. It was not in reason to be expected that he should; if he could have lightly forgotten it, he could never have conceived it, or had the patience and the perseverance to work it out! So Clennam thought, when he sometimes observed him of an evening looking | ceeding evenings, Clennam was quite charmed.

over the models and drawings, and consoling himself by muttering with a sigh as he put them away again, that the thing was as true as it ever Was.

To show no sympathy with so much endeavor and so much disappointment, would have been to fail in what Clennam regarded as among the implicit obligations of his partnership. A revival of the passing interest in the subject which had been by chance awakened at the door of the Circumlocution Office, originated in this feeling. He asked his partner to explain the invention to him; "having a lenient consideration," he stipulated, "for my being no work-man, Doyce."

"No workman?" said Doyce. "You would have been a thorough workman if you had given yourself to it. You have as good a head for understanding such things as I have met with."

"A totally uneducated one, I am sorry to add," said Clennam.

"I don't know that," returned Doyce, "and I wouldn't have you say that. No man of sense who has been generally improved, and has improved himself, can be called quite uneducated as to any thing. I don't particularly favor mysteries. I would as soon, on a fair and clear explanation, be judged by one class of man as another, provided he had the qualification I have named."

"At all events," said Clennam-" this sounds as if we were exchanging compliments, but you know it's not so-I shall have the advantage of as plain an explanation as can be given."

"Well!" said Daniel, in his steady, even way, "Ill try to make it so."

He had the power often to be found in union with such a character, of explaining what he himself perceived and meant with the direct force and distinctness with which it struck his own mind. His manner of demonstration was so orderly and neat and simple, that it was not easy to mistake him. There was something almost ludicrous in the complete irreconcilability of a vague, conventional notion that he must be a visionary man, with the precise, sagacious traveling of his eye and thumb over the plans, their patient stoppages at particular points, their careful returns to other points whence little channels of explanation had to be traced up, and his steady manner of making every thing good and every thing sound, at each important stage, before taking his hearer on a line'sbreadth further. His dismissal of himself from his description, was hardly less remarkable. He never said, I discovered this adaptation or invented that combination; but showed the whole thing as if the Divine artificer had made it, and he had happened to find it. So modest was he about it, such a pleasant touch of respect was mingled with his quiet admiration of it, and so calmly convinced he was that it was established on great universal laws.

Not only that evening, but for several suc-



and the oftener he glanced at the gray head bending over it, and the shrewd eye kindling with pleasure in it and love of it—instrument for probing his heart though it had been made his own twelve long years—the less he could reconcile it to his younger energy to let it go without one effort more. At length he said,

"Doyce, it came to this at last—that the business was to be sunk with Heaven knows how many more wrecks, or begun all over

again?"

"Yes," returned Doyce, "that's what the noblemen and gentlemen made of it after a dozen years."

"And pretty fellows too!" said Clennam, bit-

"The usual thing!" observed Doyce. "I must not make a martyr of myself, when I am one of so large a company.'

"Relinquish it, or begin it all over again?" mused Clennam.

"That was exactly the long and the short of it," said Doyce.

"Then, my friend," cried Clennam, starting up, and taking his work-roughened hand, "it shall be begun all over again!"

Dovce looked alarmed, and replied, in a hurry for him, "No, no. Better put it by. Far better put it by. It will be heard of, one day. I can put it by. You forget, my good Clennam; I have put it by. It's all at an end."

"Yes, Doyce," returned Clennam, "at an end as far as your efforts and rebuffs are concerned, I admit, but not as far as mine are. I am younger than you, I have only once set foot in that precious office, and I am fresh game for them. Come! I'll try them. You shall do exactly as you have been doing since we have been together. I will add (as I easily can) to what I have been doing, the attempt to get justice done to you by the government; and, unless I have some success to report, you shall hear no more of it."

Daniel Doyce was still reluctant to consent, and again and again urged that they had better put it by. But it was natural enough that he should gradually allow himself to be over-persuaded by Clennam, and should yield. Yield he did. So Arthur resumed the long and hopeless labor of striving to make way with the Circumlocution Office.

The waiting-rooms of that Department soon began to be familiar with his presence, and he was usually ushered into them by its janitors much as a pickpocket might be shown into a police-office; the principal difference being that the object of the latter class of public business is to keep the pickpocket, while the Circumlocution object was to get rid of Clennam. However, he was resolved to stick to the great Department, and so the work of form-filling, corresponding, minuting, memorandum-making, signing, counter-signing, counter-counter-signing, referring backward and forward, and re- changes during many months.

by this investigation. The more he pursued it, | ferring sideways, crosswise, and zigzag recommenced.

Here arises a feature of the Circumlocution Office, not previously mentioned in the present record. When that admirable Department got into trouble, and was, by some infuriated member of Parliament, whom the smaller Barnacles almost suspected of laboring under diabolic possession, attacked, on the merits of no individual case, but as an Institution wholly abominable and Bedlamite; then the noble or right honorable Barnacle who represented it in the House, would smite that member, and cleave him asunder with a statement of the quantity of business (for the prevention of business) done in the Circumlocution Office. Then would that noble or right honorable Barnacle hold in his hand a paper containing a few figures, to which, with the permission of the House, he would entreat its attention. Then would the inferior Barnacles exclaim, following orders, "Hear, Hear, Hear!" and "Read!" Then would the noble or right honorable Barnacle perceive, Sir, from this little document, which he thought might carry conviction even to the perversest mind (Derisive laughter and cheering from the Barnacle fry), that within the short compass of the last financial half year, this much-maligned Department (Cheers) had written and received fifteen thousand letters (Loud cheers), twentyfour thousand minutes (Louder cheers), and thirty-two thousand five hundred and seventeen memoranda (Vehement cheering). Nav, an ingenious gentleman connected with the Department, and himself a valuable public servant, had done him the favor to make a curious calculation of the amount of stationery consumed in it during the same period. It formed a part of this same short document, and he derived from it a remarkable fact, that the sheets of foolscap paper it had devoted to the public service would pave the footways on both sides of Oxford Street from end to end, and leave nearly a quarter of a mile to spare for the park (Immense cheering and laughter); while of tape-red tape-it had used enough to stretch in graceful festoons from Hyde Park Corner to the General Postoffice. Then, amidst a burst of saved exultations, would the noble or right honorable Barnacle sit down, leaving the mutilated fragments of the Member on the field. No one, after that exemplary demolition of him, would have the hardihood to hint that the more the Circumlocution Office did, the less was done, and that the greatest blessing it could confer on an unhappy public would be to do nothing at all.

With sufficient occupation on his hands, now that he had this additional task—such a task had many and many a serviceable man died of before his day—Arthur Clennam led a life of slight variety. Regular visits to his mother's dull sick room, and visits scarcely less regular to Mr. Meagles at Twickenham, were its only



He sadly and sorely missed Little Dorrit. He had been prepared to miss her very much, but not so much. He knew to the full extent only through experience what a large place in his life was left blank when her familiar little figure went out of it. He felt, too, that he must relinquish the hope of its return, knowing the family character sufficiently well to be assured that he and she were divided by a broad ground of separation. The old interest he had had in her, and her old trusting reliance on him, were tinged with melancholy in his mind: so soon had change stolen over them, and so soon had they glided into the past with other secret tendernesses.

When he received her letter he was greatly moved, but did not the less sensibly feel that she was far divided from him by more than distance. It helped him to a clearer and keener perception of the place assigned him by the family. He saw that he was cherished in her grateful remembrance secretly, and that they resented him with the jail and the rest of its belongings.

Through all these meditations which every day of his life crowded about her, he thought of her otherwise in the old way. She was his innocent friend, his delicate child, his dear Little Dorrit. This very change of circumstances fitted curiously in with the habit, begun on the night when the roses floated away, of considering himself as a much older man than his years really made him. He regarded her from a point of view which in its remoteness, tender as it was, he little thought would have been unspeakable agony to her. He speculated about her future destiny, and about the husband she might have, with an affection for her which would have drained her heart of its dearest drop of hope, and broken it.

Every thing about him tended to confirm him in the custom of looking on himself as an elderly man, from whom such aspirations as he had combated in the case of Minnie Gowan (though that was not so long ago either, reckoning by months and seasons), were finally departed. His relations with her father and mother were like those on which a widower son-in-law might have stood. If the twin sister, who was dead, had lived to pass away in the bloom of womanhood, and he had been her husband, the nature of his intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Meagles would probably have been just what it was. This imperceptibly helped to render habitual the impression within him that he had done with and dismissed that part of life.

He invariably heard of Minnie from them, as telling them in her letters how happy she was, and how she loved her husband; but inseparable from that subject, he invariably saw the old cloud on Mr. Meagles's face. Mr. Meagles had never been quite so radiant since the marriage as before. He had never quite overcome the separation from Pet. He was the same goodhumored, open creature; but, as if his face, from

He sadly and sorely missed Little Dorrit. being much turned toward the pictures of his e had been prepared to miss her very much, it not so much. He knew to the full extent ly through experience what a large place in s life was left blank when her familiar little changes of expression, a look of loss in it.

One wintry Saturday when Clennam was at the cottage, the Dowager Mrs. Gowan drove up in the Hampton Court equipage which pretended to be the exclusive equipage of so many individual proprietors. She descended, in her shady ambuscade of green fan, to favor Mr. and Mrs. Meagles with a call.

"And how do you both do, Papa and Mamma Meagles?" said she, encouraging her humble connections; "and when did you last hear from or about my poor fellow?"

My poor fellow was her son, and this mode of speaking of him politely kept alive, without any offense in the world, the pretense that he had fallen a victim to the Meagles' wiles.

"And the dear pretty one," said Mrs. Gowan. "Have you later news of her than I have?"

Which also delicately implied that her son had been captured by mere beauty, and under its fascination had foregone all sorts of worldly advantages.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Gowan, without straining her attention on the answers she received, "it's an unspeakable comfort to know they continue happy. My poor fellow is of such a restless disposition, and has been so used to roving about and to being inconstant and popular among all manner of people, that it's the greatest comfort in life. I suppose they're as poor as mice, Papa Meagles?"

Mr. Meagles, fidgetty under the question, replied, "I hope not, ma'am. I hope they will manage their little income."

"Oh, my dearest Meagles!" returned that lady, tapping him on the arm with the green fan, and then adroitly interposing it between a yawn and the company, "how can you, as a man of the world and one of the most business-like of human beings—for you know you are business-like, and a great deal too much for us who are not—"

(Which went to the former purpose by making Mr. Meagles out to be an artful schemer.)

"—How can you talk about their managing their little means? My poor dear fellow! The idea of his managing mere hundreds! And the sweet pretty creature too. The notion of her managing! Papa Meagles! Don't!"

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, gravely, "I am sorry to admit, then, that Henry certainly does anticipate his means."

"My dear good man—I use no ceremony with you, because we are a kind of relations positively, Mamma Meagles," exclaimed Mrs. Gowan, cheerfully, as if the absurd coincidence then flashed upon her for the first time—"a kind of relations! My dear good man, in this world none of us can have every thing our own way."

This again went to the former point, and



showed Mr. Meagles with all good breeding that, so far, he had been brilliantly successful in his deep designs. Mrs. Gowan thought the hit so good a one that she dwelt upon it; repeating, "Not every thing. No, no; in this world we must not expect every thing, Papa Meagles."

"And may I ask, ma'am," retorted Mr. Meagles, a little heightened in color, "who does expect every thing?"

"Oh, nobody, nobody!" said Mrs. Gowan. "I was going to say—but you put me out. You interrupting Papa, what was I going to say!"

Drooping her large green fan, she looked musingly at Mr. Meagles while she thought about it—a performance not tending to the cooling of that gentleman's rather heated spirits.

"Ah! Yes, to be sure!" said Mrs. Gowan. "You must remember that my poor fellow has always been accustomed to expectations. They may have been realized, or they may not have been realized—"

"Let us say, then, may not have been realized," observed Mr. Meagles.

The Dowager for a moment gave him an angry look, but tossed it off with her head and her fan, and pursued the tenor of her way in her former manner.

"It makes no difference. My poor fellow has been accustomed to that sort of thing, and of course you knew it, and were prepared for the consequences. I myself always clearly foresaw the consequences, and am not surprised. And you must not be surprised. In fact, can't be surprised. Must have been prepared for it."

Mr. Meagles looked at his wife, and at Clennam; bit his lip, and coughed.

"And now here's my poor fellow," Mrs. Gowan pursued, "receiving notice that he is to hold himself in expectation of a baby, and all the expenses attendant on such an addition to his family! Poor Henry! But it can't be helped now: it's too late to help it now. Only don't talk of anticipating means, Papa Meagles, as a discovery; because that would be too much."

"Too much, ma'am?" said Mr. Meagles, as seeking an explanation.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Gowan, putting him in his inferior place with an expressive action of her hand. "Too much for my poor fellow's mother to bear at this time of day. They are fast married, and can't be unmarried. There, there! I know that! You needn't tell me that, Papa Meagles. I know it very well. What was it I said just now? That it was a great comfort they continued happy. It is to be hoped they will still continue happy. It is to be hoped Pretty One will do every thing she can to make my poor fellow happy, and keep him contented. Papa and Mamma Meagles, we had better say no more about it. We never did look at this subject from the same side, and we never shall. There, there! Now I am good."

Truly, having by this time said every thing she could say in maintenance of her wonderfully mythical position, and in admonition to Mr. Meagles that he must not expect to bear his honors of alliance too cheaply, Mrs. Gowan was disposed to forego the rest. If Mr. Meagles had submitted to a glance of entreaty from Mrs. Meagles, and an expressive gesture from Clennam, he would have left her in the undisturbed enjoyment of this state of mind. But Pet was the darling and pride of his heart; and if he could ever have championed her more devotedly, or loved her better, than in the days when she was the sunlight of his house, it would have been now, when, in its daily grace and delight, she was lost to it.

"Mrs. Gowan, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, "I have been a plain man all my life. If I was to try—no matter whether on myself, or somebody else, or both—any genteel mystifications, I should probably not succeed in them."

"Papa Meagles," returned the Dowager, with an affable smile, but with the bloom on her cheeks standing out a little more vividly than usual, as the neighboring surface became paler, "probably not."

"Therefore, my good madam," said Mr. Meagles, at great pains to restrain himself, "I hope I may, without offense, ask to have no such mystifications played off upon me."

"Mamma Meagles," observed Mrs. Gowan, "your good man is incomprehensible."

Her turning to that worthy lady was an artifice to bring her into the discussion, quarrel with her, and vanquish her. Mr. Meagles interposed to prevent that consummation.

"Mother," said he, "you are inexpert, my dear, and it is not a fair match. Let me beg of you to remain quiet. Come, Mrs. Gowan, come! Let us try to be sensible; let us try to be good-natured; let us try to be fair. Don't you pity Henry, and I won't pity Pet. And don't be one-sided, my dear madam; it's not considerate, it's not kind. Don't let us say that we hope Pet will make Henry happy, or even that we hope Henry will make Pet happy"—(Mr. Meagles himself did not look happy as he spoke the words)—"but let us hope they will make each other happy."

"Yes, sure, and there leave it, Father," said Mrs. Meagles, the kind-hearted and comfortable.

"Why, Mother, no," returned Mr. Meagles, "not exactly there. I can't quite leave it there; I must say just half-a-dozen words more. Mrs. Gowan, I hope I am not oversensitive. I dare say I don't look it."

"Indeed you do not," said Mrs. Gowan, shaking her head and the great green fan together, for emphasis.

"Thank you, ma'am; that's well. Notwithstanding which, I feel a little—I don't want to use a strong word—now shall I say hurt?" asked Mr. Meagles, at once with frankness and moderation, and with a conciliatory appeal in his tone.



"Say what you like," answered Mrs. Gowan. "It is perfectly indifferent to me."

"No, no, don't say that," urged Mr. Meagles, because that's not responding amicably. I feel a little hurt when I hear references made to consequences having been foreseen, and to its being too late now, and so forth."

"Do you, Papa Meagles?" said Mrs. Gowan. "I am not surprised."

"Well, ma'am," reasoned Mr. Meagles, "I was in hopes you would have been at least surprised, because to hurt me willfully on so tender a subject is surely not generous."

"I am not responsible," said Mrs. Gowan, "for your conscience, you know."

Poor Mr. Meagles looked aghast with astonishment.

"If I am unluckily obliged to carry a cap about with me which is yours and fits you," pursued Mrs. Gowan, "don't blame me for its pattern, Papa Meagles, I beg!"

"Why, good Lord, ma'am!" Mr. Meagles broke out, "that's as much as to state—"

"Now, Papa Meagles, Papa Meagles," said Mrs. Gowan, who became extremely deliberate and prepossessing in manner whenever that gentleman became at all warm, "perhaps, to prevent confusion, I had better speak for myself than trouble your kindness to speak for me. It's as much as to state, you begin. If you please, I will finish the sentence. It is as much as to state—not that I wish to press it, or even recall it, for it is of no use now, and my only wish is to make the best of existing circumstances—that from the first to the last I always objected to this match of yours, and at a very late period yielded a most unwilling consent to it."

"Mother!" cried Mr. Meagles. "Do you hear this? Arthur! Do you hear this?"

"The room being of a convenient size," said Mrs. Gowan, looking about as she fanned herself, "and quite charmingly adapted in all respects to conversation, I should imagine that I am audible in any part of it."

Some moments passed in silence before Mr. Meagles could hold himself in his chair with sufficient security to prevent his breaking out of it at the next word he spoke. At last he said: "Ma'am, I am very unwilling to revive them, but I must remind you what my opinions and my course were, all along, on that unfortunate subject."

"Oh, my dear Sir!" said Mrs. Gowan, smiling and shaking her head with accusatory intelligence, "they were well understood by me, I assure you."

"I never, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, "knew unhappiness before that time, I never knew anxiety before that time. It was a time of such distress to me, that—" That Mr. Meagles really could say no more about it, in short, but passed his handkerchief before his face.

"I understood the whole affair," said Mrs. belonged to Henry's wife, and who had made Gowan, composedly looking over her fan. "As that desperate set to catch him; whether she

you have appealed to Mr. Clennam, I may appeal to Mr. Clennam, too. He knows whether I did or not."

"I am very unwilling," said Clennam, "to take any part in this discussion, more especially because I wish to preserve the best understanding and the clearest relations with Mr. Henry Gowan. I have very strong reasons indeed for entertaining that wish. Mrs. Gowan attributed certain views of furthering the marriage to my friend here, in conversation with me before it took place, and I endeavored to undeceive her. I represented that I knew him (as I did and do) to be strenuously opposed to it, both in opinion and action."

"You see," said Mrs. Gowan, turning the palms of her hands toward Mr. Meagles, as if she were Justice herself, representing to him that he had better confess, for he had not a leg to stand on. "You see! Very good! Now, Papa and Mamma Meagles both!" here she rose; "allow me to take the liberty of putting an end to this rather formidable controversy. I will not say another word upon its merits. I will only say that it is an additional proof of what one knows from all experience; that this kind of thing never answers—as my poor fellow himself would say that it never pays—in one word, that it never does."

Mr. Meagles asked, What kind of thing?

"It is in vain," said Mrs. Gowan, "for people to attempt to get on together who have such extremely different antecedents, who are jumbled against each other in this accidental, matrimonial sort of way, and who can not look at the untoward circumstance which has shaken them together in the same light. It never does."

Mr. Meagles was beginning, "Permit me to say, ma'am—"

"No, don't!" returned Mrs. Gowan. "Why should you! It is an ascertained fact. It never does. I will, therefore, if you please, go my way, leaving you to yours. I shall at all times be happy to receive my poor fellow's pretty wife, and I shall always make a point of being on the most affectionate terms with her. But as to these terms, semi-family and semi-stranger, semi-goring and semi-boring, they form a state of things quite amusing in its impracticability. I assure you it never does."

The Dowager here made a smiling obeisance, rather to the room than to any one in it, and therewith took a final farewell of Papa and Mamma Meagles. Clennam stepped forward to hand her to the Pill-Box which was at the service of all the Pills in Hampton Court Palace, and she got into that vehicle with distinguished serenity and was driven away.

Thenceforth the Dowager with a light and careless humor often recounted to her particular acquaintance how, after a hard trial, she had found it impossible to know those people who belonged to Henry's wife, and who had made that desperate set to catch him; whether she



had come to the conclusion beforehand that to get rid of them would give her favorite pretense a better air, might save her some occasional inconvenience, and could risk no loss (the pretty creature being fast married, and her father devoted to her), was best known to herself. Though this history has its opinion on that point too, and decidedly in the affirmative.

CHAPTER XLV.

"ARTHUR, my dear boy," said Mr. Meagles, on the evening of the following day, "Mother and I have been talking this over, and we don't feel comfortable in remaining as we are. That elegant connection of ours-that dear lady who was here vesterday-"

"I understand," said Arthur.

"Even that affable and condescending ornament of society," pursued Mr. Meagles, "may misrepresent us, we are afraid. We could bear a great deal, Arthur, for her sake; but we think we would rather not submit to that, if it was all the same to her."

"Good," said Arthur. "Go on."

"You see," proceeded Mr. Meagles, "it might put us wrong with our son-in-law, it might even put us wrong with our daughter, and it might lead to a great deal of domestic trouble. You see, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," returned Arthur, "there is much reason in what you say." He had glanced at Mrs. Meagles, who was always on the good and sensible side, and a petition had shone out of her honest face that he would support Mr. Meagles in his present inclinings.

"So we are very much disposed, are Mother and I," said Mr. Meagles, "to pack up bag and baggage, and go among the Allongers and Marshongers once more. I mean, we are very much disposed to be off; strike right through France into Italy, and see our Pet.'

"And I don't think," replied Arthur, touched by the motherly anticipation in the bright face of Mrs. Meagles (she must have been very like her daughter once), "that you could do better. And if you ask me for my advice, it is that you set off to-morrow."

"Is it really, though?" said Mr. Meagles. "Mother, this is being backed in an idea?"

Mother, with a look which thanked Clenman in a manner very agreeable to him, answered that it was indeed.

"The fact is, besides, Arthur," said Mr. Meagles, the old cloud coming over his face, "that my son-in-law is already in debt again, and that I suppose I must clear him again. It may be as well, even on this account, that I should step over there, and look him up in a friendly way. Then again, here's Mother foolishly anxious (and yet naturally, too) about Pet's state of health, and that she should not be left to feel lonesome at the present time. It's undeniably his wife. Clennam did not fail of his effect upon a long way off, Arthur, and a strange place for good Mr. Meagles, whom these commendations the poor love under all the circumstances. Let greatly cheered, and who took Mother to wit-

still it is a long way off. Just as Home is Home though it's never so homely, why you see," said Mr. Meagles, adding a new version to the proverb, "Rome is Rome though it's never so Rome-

"All perfectly true," observed Arthur, "and all sufficient reasons for going."

"I am glad you think so; it decides me. Mother, my dear, you may get ready. We have lost our pleasant interpreter (she spoke three foreign languages beautifully, Arthur; you have heard her many a time), and you must pull me through it, Mother, as well as you can. I require a deal of pulling through, Arthur," said Mr. Meagles, shaking his head, "a deal of pulling through. I stick at every thing beyond a noun-substantive—and I stick at him, if he's at all a tight one."

"Now I think of it," returned Clennam, "there's Cavalletto. He shall go with you if you like. I could not afford to lose him, but you will bring him safe back."

"Well! I am much obliged to you, my boy," said Mr. Meagles, turning it over, "but I think not. No, I think I'll just be pulled through by Mother. Caval-looro (I stick at his very name to start with, and it sounds like the chorus to a comic song), is so necessary to you, that I don't like the thought of taking him away. More than that, there's no saying when we may come home again; and it would never do to take him away for an indefinite time. The cottage is not what it was. It only holds two little people less than it ever did, Pet, and her poor unfortunate maid, Tattycoram; but it seems empty now. Once out of it, there's no knowing when we may come back to it. No, Arthur, I'll be pulled through by Mother."

They would do best by themselves, perhaps, after all, Clennam thought, therefore did not press his proposal.

"If you would come down and stay here for a change, when it wouldn't trouble you," Mr. Meagles resumed, "I should be glad to thinkand so would Mother, too, I know-that you were brightening up the old place with a bit of life it was used to when it was full, and that the Babies on the wall there, had a kind eye upon them sometimes. You so belong to the spot, and to them, Arthur; and we should every one of us have been so happy if it had fallen out—but, let us see-how's the weather for traveling now?" -Mr. Meagles broke off, cleared his throat, and got up to look out of window.

They agreed that the weather was of high promise, and Clennam kept the tack in that safe direction until it had become easy again, when he gently diverted it to Henry Gowan, and his quick sense and agreeable qualities when he was delicately dealt with; he likewise dwelt on the indisputable affection he entertained for her be as well cared for as any lady in that land, ness that the single and cordial desire of his



heart in reference to their daughter's husband, was harmoniously to exchange friendship for friendship, and to confide and be confided in. Within a few hours the cottage furniture began to be wrapped up for preservation in the family absence—or, as Mr. Meagles expressed it, the house began to put its hair in papers—and within a few days Father and Mother were gone, Mrs. Tickit and Dr. Buchan were posted, as of yore, behind the parlor blind, and Arthur's solitary feet were rustling among the dry fallen leaves in the garden walks.

As he had a liking for the spot, he seldom let a week pass without paying it a visit. Sometimes, he went down alone from Saturday to Monday; sometimes, his partner accompanied him; sometimes, he merely strolled for an hour or two about the house and garden, saw that all was right, and returned to London again. At all times and under all circumstances Mrs. Tickit, with her dark row of curls and Dr. Buchan, sat in the parlor window, looking out for the family return.

On one of his visits Mrs. Tickit received him with the words, "I have something to tell you, Mr. Clennam, that will surprise you." So surprising was the something in question, that it actually brought Mrs. Tickit out of the parlor window, and produced her in the garden walk when Clennam went in at the gate on its being opened for him.

"What is it, Mrs. Tickit?" said he.

"Sir," returned that faithful housekeeper, having taken him into the parlor and closed the door; "if ever I saw the led away and deluded child in my life, I saw her identically in the dusk of yesterday evening."

"You don't mean Tatty-"

"Coram, yes I do!" quoth Mrs. Tickit, clearing the disclosure at a leaf.

" Where ?"

"Mr. Clennam," returned Mrs. Tickit, "I was a little heavy in my eyes, being that I was waiting longer than customary for my cup of tea which was then preparing by Mary Jane. I was not sleeping, nor what a person would term correctly, dozing. I was more what a person would strictly call watching with my eyes shut."

Without entering upon an inquiry into this curious abnormal condition, Clennam said, "Exactly. Well?"

"Well, Sir," proceeded Mrs. Tickit, "I was thinking of one thing and thinking of another. Just as you yourself might. Just as any body might."

"Precisely so," said Clennam. "Well?"

"And when I do think of one thing and do think of another," pursued Mrs. Tickit, "I hardly need to tell you, Mr. Clennam, that I think of the family. Because, dear me! a person's thoughts"—Mrs. Tickit said this with an argumentative and philosophic air—"however they may stray, will go more or less on what is uppermost in their minds. They will do it, Sir, and a person can't prevent them."

Arthur subscribed to this discovery with an emphatic nod.

"You find it so yourself, Sir, I'll be bold to say," said Mrs. Tickit, "and we all find it so. It an't our stations in life that changes us, Mr. Clennam; thoughts is free! As I was saying, I was thinking of one thing, and thinking of another, and thinking very much of the family. Not of the family in the present times only, but in the past times too. For when a person does begin thinking of one thing and thinking of another, in that manner as it's getting dark, what I say is that all times seem to be present, and a person must get out of that state and consider before they can say which is which."

He nodded again; afraid to utter a word, lest it should present any new opening to Mrs. Tickit's conversational powers.

"In consequence of which," said Mrs. Tickit,
"when I quivered my eyes and saw her actual
form and figure looking in at the gate, I let
them close again without so much as starting,
for that actual form and figure came so pat to
the time when it belonged to the house as much
as mine or your own, that I never thought at
the moment of its having gone away. But, Sir,
when I quivered my eyes again and saw that it
wasn't there, then it all flooded upon me with a
fright, and I jumped up."

"You ran out directly?" said Clennam.

"I ran out," assented Mrs. Tickit, "as fast as ever my feet would carry me; and if you'll credit it, Mr. Clennam, there wasn't in the whole shining heavens, no not so much as a finger of that young woman."

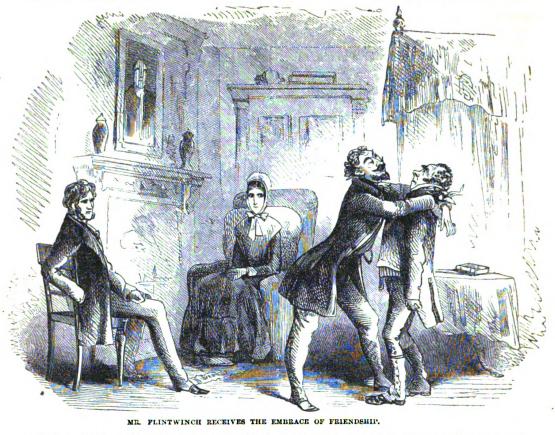
Passing over the absence from the firmament of this novel constellation, Arthur inquired of Mrs. Tickit if she herself went beyond the gate?

"Went to and fro, and high and low," said Mrs. Tickit, "and saw no sign of her!"

He then asked Mrs. Tickit how long a space of time she supposed there might have been between the two sets of ocular quiverings she had experienced? Mrs. Tickit, though minutely circumstantial in her reply, had no settled opinion between five seconds and ten minutes. She was so plainly at sea on this point of the case, and had so clearly been startled out of slumber, that Clennam was much disposed to regard the appearance as a dream. Without hurting Mrs. Tickit's feelings with that improbable solution of her mystery, he took it away from the cottage with him; and probably would have retained it ever afterward, if a circumstance had not soon happened to change his opinion.

He was passing at nightfall along the Strand, and the lamplighter was going on before him, under whose hand the street-lamps, blurred by the foggy air, burst out one after another, like so many blazing sunflowers coming into full-blow all at once; when a stoppage on the pavement, caused by a train of coal-wagons toiling up from the wharves at the river-side, brought him to a stand-still. He had been walking quickly, and going with some current of thought,





and the sudden check given to both operations he was not long about it), when he was again caused him to look freshly about him, as people under such circumstances usually do.

Immediately, he saw in advance—a few people intervening, but still so near to him that he could have touched them by stretching out his arm-Tattycoram and a strange man of a very remarkable appearance: a swaggering man, with a high nose, and a black mustache as false in its color as his eyes were false in their expression, who wore his heavy cloak with the air of a foreigner. His dress and general appearance were those of a man on travel, and he seemed to have very recently joined the girl. In bending down (being much taller than she was), listening to whatever she said to him, he looked over his shoulder with the suspicious glance of one who was not unused to be mistrustful that his footsteps were dogged. It was then that Clennam saw his face, as his eyes lowered on the people behind him in the aggregate, without particularly resting upon Clennam's face or any

He had scarcely turned his head about again, and it was still bent down, listening to the girl, when the stoppage ceased, and the obstructed stream of people flowed on. Still bending his head and listening to the girl, he went on at her side, and Clennam followed them, resolved to play this unexpected play out, and see where they went to.

as suddenly brought up as he had been by the stoppage. They turned short into the Adelphi the girl evidently leading—and went straight on, as if they were going to the terrace which overhangs the river.

There is always, to this day, a sudden pause in that place to the roar of the great thoroughfare. The many sounds become so deadened that the change is like putting cotton in the ears, or having the head thickly muffled. At that time the contrast was far greater; there being no small steamboats on the river, no landingplaces but slippery stairs and foot-causeways, no railroad on the opposite bank, no hanging bridge or fish-market near at hand, no traffic on the nearest bridge of stone, nothing moving on the stream but watermen's wherries and coal lighters. Long and broad black tiers of the latter, moored fast in the mud as if they were never to move again, made the shore funereal and silent after dark, and kept what little water movement there was far out toward mid-stream. At any hour later than sunset, and not least at that hour when most of the people who have any thing to eat at home are going home to eat it, and when most of those who have nothing have hardly yet slunk out to beg or steal, it was a deserted place and looked on a deserted scene.

Such was the hour when Clennam stopped at the corner, observing the girl and the strange He had hardly made the determination (though | man as they went down the street. The man's

footsteps were so noisy on the echoing stones that he was unwilling to add the sound of his own. But when they had passed the turning and were in the darkness of the dark corner leading to the terrace, he made after them with such indifferent appearance of being a casual passenger on his way, as he could assume.

When he rounded the dark corner, they were walking along the terrace, toward a figure which was coming toward them. If he had seen it by itself, under such conditions of gas-lamp, mist, and distance, he might not have known it at first sight; but with the figure of the girl to prompt him, he at once recognized Miss Wade.

He stopped at the corner, seeming to look expectantly up the street, as if he had made an appointment with some one to meet him there; but kept a careful eye on the three. When they came together, the man took off his hat, and made Miss Wade a bow. The girl appeared to say a few words as though she presented him, or accounted for his being late, or early, or what not, and then fell a pace or so behind by herself. Miss Wade and the man then began to walk up and down; the man having the appearance of being extremely courteous and complimentary in his manner; Miss Wade having the appearance of being extremely haughty.

When they came down to the corner and turned, she was saying: "If I pinch myself for it, that is my business. Confine yourself to yours, and ask me no question."

"By Heaven, ma'am!" he replied, making her another bow. "It was my profound respect for the strength of your character, and my admiration of your beauty."

"I want neither the one nor the other from any one," said she, "and certainly not from you of all creatures. Go on with your report."

"Am I pardoned?" he asked, with an air of half-abashed gallantry.

"You are paid," she said, disdainfully, "and that is all you want."

Whether the girl hung behind because she was not to hear the business, or as already knowing enough about it, Clennam could not determine. They turned and she turned. She looked away at the river, as she walked with her hands folded before her, and that was all he could make of her without showing his face. There happened, by good fortune, to be a lounger really waiting for some one, and he sometimes looked over the railing at the water, and sometimes came to the dark corner and looked up the street, rendering Arthur less conspicuous.

When Miss Wade and the man came back again, she was saying, "You must wait until to-morrow."

"A thousand pardons!" he returned. "My faith! Then it's not convenient to-night?"

"No. I must get it before I can give it to you."

She stopped in the roadway, as if to put an end to the conference. He of course stopped too. And the girl stopped.

"It's a little inconvenient," said the man. "A little. But, Holy Blue! that's nothing, in such a service. I am without money to-night by chance. I have a good banker in this city—ha, ha!—but I would not wish to draw upon the house until the time when I shall draw for a round sum.

"Harriet," said Miss Wade, "arrange with him—this gentleman here—for sending him some money to-morrow." She said it with a slur of the word gentleman which was more contemptuous than any emphasis, and walked slowly on.

The man bent his head again, and the girl spoke to him as they both followed her. Clennam ventured to look at the girl as they moved away. He could note that her rich black eyes were fastened upon the man with a scrutinizing expression, and that she kept at a little distance from him as they walked side by side to the further end of the terrace.

A loud and altered clank upon the pavement warned him before he could discern what was passing there, that the man was coming back alone. Clennam lounged into the road, toward the railing, and the man passed at a quick swing, with the end of his cloak thrown over his shoulder, singing a scrap of a French song.

The whole vista had no one in it now but himself. The lounger had lounged out of view, and Miss Wade and Tattycoram were gone. More than ever bent on seeing what became of them, and on having some information to give his good friend Mr. Meagles, he went out at the further end of the terrace, looking cautiously about him. He rightly judged that, at first at all events, they would go in a contrary direction from their late companion. He soon saw them in a neighboring by-street, which was not a thoroughfare, evidently allowing time for the man getting well out of their way. They walked leisurely arm-in-arm down one side of the street, and returned upon the opposite side. When they came back to the street-corner, they changed their pace for the pace of people with an object and a distance before them, and walked steadily away. Clennam, no less steadily, kept them

They crossed the Strand, and passed through Covent Garden (under the windows of his old lodging where dear Little Dorrit had come that night), and slanted away northeast, until they passed the great building whence Tattycoram derived her name, and turned into the Gray's Inn Road. Clennam was quite at home here, in sight of Flora, not to mention the Patriarch and Pancks, and kept them in sight with ease. He was beginning to wonder where they might be going next, when that wonder was lost in the greater wonder with which he saw them turn into the Patriarchal street. That wonder was in its turn swallowed up in the greater wonder with which he saw them stop at the Patriarchal door. A low double knock at the bright brass knocker, a gleam of light into the road from the





opened door, a brief pause for inquiry and answer, and the door was shut, and they were housed.

After looking at the surrounding objects for assurance that he was not in a dream, and after pacing a little while before the house, Arthur knocked at the door. It was opened by the usual maid-servant, and she showed him up at once, with her usual alacrity, to Flora's sitting-room.

There was no one with Flora but Mr. F.'s Aunt, which respectable gentlewoman, basking in a balmy atmosphere of tea and toast, was ensconced in an easy chair by the fireside, with a little table at her elbow, and a clean white handkerchief spread over her lap, on which two pieces of toast at that moment awaited consumption. Bending over a steaming vessel of tea, and looking through steam, and breathing forth steam, like a malignant Chinese enchantress engaged in the performance of unholy rites, Mr. F.'s Aunt put down the great tea-cup, and exclaimed, "Drat him, if he an't come back again!"

It would seem from the foregoing exclamation that this uncompromising relative of the lamented Mr. F., measuring time by the acuteness of her sensations, and not by the clock, supposed Clennam to have lately gone away; whereas at least a quarter of a year had elapsed since he had had the temerity to present himself before her.

"My goodness Arthur!" cried Flora, rising to give him a cordial reception, "Doyce and Clennam what a start and a surprise for though not far from the machinery and foundry business and surely might be taken sometimes if at no other time about mid-day when a glass of sherry and a humble sandwich of whatever cold meat in the larder might not come amiss nor taste the worse for being from it you know you buy it somewhere and wherever bought a profit must be made or they would never keep the place it stands to reason without a motive still never seen and learned now not to be expected, for as Mr. F. himself said if seeing is believing not seeing is believing too and when you don't see you may fully believe you're not remembered, not that I expect you Arthur Doyce and Clennam to remember me why should I for the days are gone but bring another tea-cup here directly and tell her fresh toast and pray sit near the fire.'

Arthur was in the greatest anxiety to explain the object of his visit; but was put off for the moment, in spite of himself, by what he understood of the reproachful purport of these words, and by the genuine pleasure she testified in seeing him.

"And now pray tell me something all you know," said Flora, drawing her chair near to his, "about the good dear quiet little thing, and all the changes of her fortunes carriage people now no doubt and horses without number most romantic! a coat-of-arms of course and wild



beasts on their hind legs showing it as if it was a copy they had done with mouths from ear to ear good gracious! and has she her health which is the first consideration after all, for what is wealth without it Mr. F. himself so often saying when his twinges came that sixpence a day and find yourself and no gout so much preferable, not that he could have lived on any thing like it being the last man or that the precious little thing though far too familiar an expression now had any tendency of that sort much too slight and small but looked so fragile bless her!"

Mr. F.'s Aunt, who had eaten a piece of toast down to the crust, here solemnly handed the crust to Flora, who ate it for her as a matter of business. Mr. F.'s Aunt then moistened her ten fingers in slow succession at her lips, and wiped them in exactly the same order on the white handkerchief; then took the other piece of toast, and fell to work upon it. While pursuing this routine, she looked fixedly at Clennam with an expression of such intense severity that he felt obliged to look at her in return, against his personal inclinations.

"She is in Italy, with all her family, Flora," he said, when the dread lady was occupied again.

"In Italy really," said Flora, "with the grapes and figs growing every where and lava necklaces and bracelets too that land of poetry with burning mountains picturesque beyond belief though if the organ-boys come away from the neighborhood not to be scorched nobody can wonder being so young and bringing their white mice with them most humane! and is she really in that favored land with nothing but blue about her and dying gladiators and Belvederas though Mr. F. himself did not believe for his abjection when in spirits was that the images could not be true there being no medium between expensive quantities of linen badly got up and all in creases and none at all, which certainly does not seem probable though perhaps in consequence of the extremes of rich and poor, which may account for it."

Arthur tried to edge a word in, but Flora hurried on again.

"Venice Preserved too," said she, "I think you have been there is it well or ill preserved for people differ so, and Maccaroni if they really eat it like the conjurors why not cut it shorter, you are acquainted Arthur—dear Doyce and Clennam at least not dear and most assuredly not Doyce for I have not the pleasure but pray excuse me—acquainted I believe with Mantua, what has it got to do with mantua-making for I never have been able to conceive?"

"I believe there is no connection, Flora, between the two--" Arthur was beginning, when she caught him up again.

"Upon your word no isn't there I never did but that's like me I run away with an idea and having none to spare I keep it, alas there was a time dear Arthur that is to say decidedly not dear nor Arthur neither but you understand me when one bright idea gilded the what's-his-

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name horizon of et cetera but it is darkly clouded now and all is over."

Arthur's increasing wish to speak of something very different was by this time so plainly written on his face, that Flora stopped in the beginning of a tender look and asked him what it was.

"I have the greatest desire, Flora, to speak to some one who is now in this house—with Mr. Casby no doubt—some one whom I saw come in, and who, in a misguided and deplorable way, has deserted the house of a friend of mine."

"Papa sees so many and such odd people," said Flora, rising, "that I shouldn't venture to go down for any one but you Arthur, but for you I would willingly go down in a diving-bell much more a dining-room and will come back directly if you'll mind and at the same time not mind Mr. F.'s Aunt while I'm gone."

With those words and a parting glance, Flora bustled out, leaving Clennam under dreadful apprehensions of his terrible charge.

The first variation which manifested itself in Mr. F.'s Aunt's demeanor when she had finished her piece of toast, was a loud and prolonged sniff, sustained with such uncommon power that it rendered her whole form rigid. Finding it impossible to avoid construing this demonstration into a defiance of himself, its gloomy significance being unmistakable, Clennam looked plaintively at the excellent though prejudiced lady from whom it emanated, in the hope that she might be disarmed by a meek submission.

"None of your eyes at me," said Mr. F.'s Aunt, shivering with hostility. "Take that."

"That" was the crust of the piece of toast. Clennam accepted the boon with a look of gratitude, and held it in his hand under the pressure of a little embarrassment, which was not relieved when Mr. F.'s Aunt, elevating her voice into a cry of considerable power, exclaimed, "He's a proud stomach, this chap! He's too proud a chap to eat it!" and, coming out of her chair, shook her venerable fist so very close to his nose as to tickle the surface. But for the timely return of Flora to find him in this difficult situation, further consequences might have ensued. Flora, without the least discomposure or surprise, but congratulating the old lady in an approving manner on being "very lively tonight," handed her back to her chair.

"He's a proud stomach, this chap," said Mr. F.'s relation, on being reseated. "Give him a meal of chaff!"

"Oh! I don't think he would like that, aunt," returned Flora.

"Give him a feed of chaff, I tell you," said Mr. F.'s Aunt, glaring round Flora on her enemy. "It's the only thing for a proud stomach. Let him eat it up every morsel. Drat him, give him a meal of chaff!"

Under a general pretense of keeping him to this refreshment, Flora got him out on the staircase; Mr. F.'s Aunt even then constantly reiterating, with inexpressible bitterness, that he



was "a chap," and had "a proud stomach," and over and over again insisting on that equine provision being made for him which she had already so strongly recommended.

"Such an inconvenient staircase, and so many corner stairs, Arthur," whispered Flora, "would you object to putting your arm round me, under

my pelerine?"

With a sense of going down stairs in a highly ridiculous manner, Clennam descended in the required attitude, and only released his fair burden at the dining-room door; indeed, even there she was rather difficult to get rid of, remaining in his embrace to murmur, "Arthur for mercy's sake, don't breathe it to papa!"

She accompanied Arthur into the room, where the Patriarch sat alone, with his list shoes on the fender, twirling his thumbs as if he had never left off. The youthful Patriarch, aged ten, looked out of his picture-frame above him, with no calmer air. Both smooth heads were alike beaming, blundering, and bumpy.

· "Mr. Clennam, I am glad to see you. I hope you are well, Sir, I hope you are well. Please to sit down, please to sit down."

"I had hoped, Sir," said Clennam, doing so, and looking round with a face of extreme disappointment, "not to find you alone."

"Ah, indeed?" said the Patriarch, sweetly, "ah, indeed?"

"I told you so, you know, papa," cried Flora. "Ah, to be sure!" returned the Patriarch.

"Yes, just so. Ah, to be sure!"
"Pray, Sir," demanded Clennam, anxiously, "is Miss Wade gone?"

"Miss --? Oh, you call her Wade, returned Mr. Casby. "Highly proper."

Arthur quickly returned, "What do you call her, then?"

"Wade," said Mr. Casby. "Oh, always Wade."

After looking at the philanthropic visage, and the long silky white hair for a few seconds, during which Mr. Casby twirled his thumbs, and smiled at the fire as if he were benevolently wishing it to burn him that he might forgive it, Arthur began:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Casby-"

"Not so, not so," said the Patriarch, "not at all."

"-But Miss Wade had an attendant with her—a young woman brought up by friends of mine, over whom her influence is not considered very salutary, and to whom I should be glad to have the opportunity of giving the assurance that she has not yet forfeited the interest of those protectors or lost them."

"Truly, truly?" returned the Patriarch.

"Will you therefore be so good as to give me the address of Miss Wade?'

"Dear, dear, dear!" said the Patriarch, how very unfortunate! If you had only sent in to me when they were here! I observed the young woman, Mr. Clennam. A fine, full-colored young woman, Mr. Clennam, with very former brought his employer a letter or two to

dark hair and very dark eyes. If I mistake not, if I mistake not?"

Arthur assented, and said once more with new expression, "If you will be so good as to give me the address."

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed the Patriarch. in sweet regret. "Tut, tut, tut! what a pity, what a pity! I have no address, Sir. She mostly lives abroad, Mr. Clennam; she has done so for some years, and she is (if I may say so of a fellow-creature and a lady) fitful and uncertain to a fault, Mr. Clennam. I may not see her again for a long, long time. I may never see her again. What a pity, what a pity!"

Clennam saw, now, that he had as much hope of getting assistance out of the Portrait as out of the Patriarch, but he said, nevertheless:

"Mr. Casby, could you, for the satisfaction of my friends, and under any obligation of secrecy that you may consider it your duty to impose, give me any information at all touching Miss Wade? I have seen her abroad, and I have seen her at home, but I know nothing of her. Could you give me any account of her whatever?

"None," returned the Patriarch, shaking his big head with his utmost benevolence. "None at all. Dear, dear! What a real pity that she staid so short a time, and you delayed! As confidential agency business, agency business, I have occasionally paid this lady money; but what satisfaction is it to you, Sir, to know that?"

"Truly, none at all," said Clennam.

"Truly," assented the Patriarch, with a shining love of all his species as he philanthropically smiled at the fire, "none at all, Sir. You hit the wise answer, Mr. Clennam. Truly, none at all."

His turning of his smooth thumbs over one another as he sat there, was so typical to Clennam of the way in which he would make the subject revolve if it were pursued, never showing any new part of it nor allowing it to make the smallest advance, that it did much to help to convince him of his labor having been in vain. He might have taken any time to think about it, for Mr. Casby, well accustomed to get on any where by leaving every thing to his bumps and his white hair, knew his strength to lie in silence. So there Casby sat, twirling and twirling, and making his great polished head and forehead look as Christian in every knob as if he had got baptismal water on the brain.

With this hopeless spectacle before him, Arthur had risen to go, when from the inner Dock where the good ship Pancks was hove down when out in no cruising ground, the noise was heard of that steamer laboring toward them. It struck Arthur that the noise began demonstratively far off, as though Mr. Pancks sought to impress on any one who might happen to think about it, that he was working on from out of hearing.

Mr. Pancks and he shook hands, and the



sign. Mr. Pancks in shaking hands merely scratched his eyebrow with his left forefinger and snorted once, but Clennam, who understood him better now than of old, comprehended that he had almost done for the evening, and wished to say a word to him outside. Therefore, when he had taken his leave of Mr. Casby, and (which was a more difficult process) of Flora, he sauntered in the neighborhood on Mr. Pancks's line of road.

·He had waited but a short time when Mr. Pancks appeared. Mr. Pancks shaking hands again with another expressive snort, and taking off his hat to put his hair up, Arthur thought he received his cue to speak to him as one who knew pretty well what had just now passed. Therefore he said, without any preface,

"I suppose they were really gone, Pancks?"
"Yes," replied Pancks. "They were really gone."

"Does he know where to find that lady?"

"Can't say. I should think so."

Mr. Pancks did not? No, Mr. Pancks did not. Did Mr. Pancks know any thing about her?

"I expect," rejoined that worthy, evading Clennam's question, "I know as much about her as she knows about herself. She is somebody's child—any body's—nobody's. Put her in a room in London here with any six people old enough to be her parents, and her parents may be there for any thing she knows. They may be in any house she sees, they may be in any church-yard she passes, she may run against 'em in any street, she may make chance acquaintances of 'em at any time, and never know it. She knows nothing about any relative whatever. Never did. Never will."

"Mr. Casby could enlighten her, perhaps?"

"Maybe," said Pancks. "I expect so, but don't know. He has long had money (not overmuch as I make out) in trust to dole out to her when she can't do without it. Sometimes she's proud and won't touch it; sometimes she's so poor that she must have it. She writhes under her life. A woman more angry, passionate, reckless, and revengeful never lived. She came for money to-night. Said she had peculiar occasion for it."

"I think," observed Clennam, musing, "I by chance know what occasion—I mean into whose pocket the money is to go,"

"Indeed?" said Pancks. "If it's a compact, I'd recommend that party to be exact in it: I wouldn't trust myself to that woman, young and handsome as she is, if I had wronged her; no, not for twice my proprietor's money! Unless," Pancks added as a saving clause, "I had a lingering illness on me, and wanted to get it over."

Arthur, hurriedly reviewing his own observation of her, found it to tally pretty nearly with Mr. Pancks's view.

"The wonder is to me," pursued Pancks, the house, the melancholy room which his fa-

"that she has never done for my proprietor, as the only person connected with her story she can lay hold of. Mentioning that, I may tell you, between ourselves, that I am sometimes tempted to do for him myself."

Arthur started, and said, "Good Heaven, Pancks, don't say that!"

"Understand me," said Pancks, extending five cropped, coally finger-nails on Arthur's arm; "I don't mean, cut his throat. But, by all that's precious, if he goes too far, I'll cut his hair!"

Having exhibited himself in the new light of enunciating this tremendous threat, Mr. Pancks, with a countenance of grave import, snorted several times and steamed away.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE shady waiting-rooms of the Circumlocution Office, where he passed a good deal of time in company with various troublesome Convicts who were under sentence to be broken on that wheel, had afforded Arthur Clennam ample leisure, in three or four successive days, to exhaust the subject of his late glimpse of Miss Wade and Tattycoram. He had been able to make no more of it and no less of it, and in this unsatisfactory condition he was fain to leave it.

During this space he had not been to his mother's dismal old house. One of his customary evenings for repairing thither now coming round, he left his dwelling and his partner at nearly nine o'clock, and slowly walked in the direction of that grim home of his youth.

It always affected his imagination as wrathful, mysterious, and sad; and his imagination was sufficiently impressible to see the whole neighborhood under some tinge of its dark shadow. As he went along, upon a dreary night, the dim streets by which he went seemed all depositories of oppressive secrets. The deserted counting-houses, with their secrets of books and papers locked up in chests and safes; the banking-houses, with their secrets of strong rooms and wells, the keys of which were in a very few secret pockets and a very few secret breasts; the secrets of all the dispersed grinders in the vast mill-among whom there were, doubtless, plunderers, forgers, and trust-betrayers of many sorts, whom the light of any day that dawned might reveal; he could have fancied that these things in hiding imparted a heaviness to the air. The shadow thickening and thickening as he approached its source, he thought of the secrets of the lonely church-vaults where the people who had hoarded and secreted in iron coffers were in their turn similarly hoarded, not yet at rest from doing harm; and then of the secrets of the river, as it rolled its turbid tide between two frowning wildernesses of secretsfar extending, thick and dense, for many miles, and warding off the free air and the free country swept by winds and wings of birds.

The shadow still darkening as he drew near



ther had once occupied, picture-haunted by the appeal he had himself seen fade away with him when there was no other watcher by the bed, arose before his mind. Its close air was secret. The gloom, and must, and dust of the whole tenement, were secret. At the heart of it his mother presided, inflexible of face, indomitable of will, firmly holding all the secrets of her own and his father's life, and austerely opposing herself, front to front, to the great final secret of all life.

He had turned into the narrow and steep street from which the court or inclosure wherein the house stood opened, when another footstep turned into it behind him, and so close upon his own, that he was jostled to the wall. As his mind was teeming with these thoughts the encounter took him altogether unprepared, so that the other passenger had had time to say, boisterously, "Pardon! Not my fault!" and to pass on before the instant had elapsed which was requisite to his recovery of the realities about him.

When that moment had flashed away, he saw that the man striding on before him was the man who had been so much in his mind during the last few days. It was no casual resemblance, helped out by the force of the impression the man had made upon him. It was the man—the man he had followed in company with the girl, and whom he had overheard talking to Miss Wade.

The street was a sharp descent, and was crooked too, and the man (who although not drunk, had the air of being flushed with some strong drink) went down it so fast that Clennam lost him as he looked at him. With no defined intention of following him again, but with an impulse to keep the figure in view a little longer, Clennam quickened his pace to pass the twist in the street which hid him from his sight. Turning it, he saw the man no more.

Standing now, close to the gateway of his mother's house, he looked down the street; but it was empty. There was no projecting shadow large enough to obscure the man; there was no turning near that he could have taken; nor had there been any audible sound of the opening and closing of a door. Nevertheless, he concluded that the man must have had a key in his hand, and must have opened one of the many house-doors and gone in.

Ruminating on this strange chance and strange glimpse, he turned into the court-yard. As he looked by mere habit toward the feebly-lighted windows of his mother's room, his eyes encountered the figure he had just lost, standing against the iron railings of the little waste inclosure looking up at those windows, and laughing to himself. Some of the many vagrant cats who were always prowling about there by night, and who had taken fright at him, appeared to have stopped when he had stopped, and were looking at him with eyes by no means unlike his ewn from tops of walls and porches, and other

safe points of pause. He had only halted for a moment to entertain himself thus; he immediately went forward, throwing the end of his cloak off his shoulder as he went, ascended the unevenly-sunken steps, and knocked a sounding knock at the door.

Clennam's amazement was not so absorbing but that he took his resolution without any incertitude. He went up to the door too, and ascended the steps too. His friend looked at him with a braggart air and sang to himself.

"Who passes by this road so late?

Compagnon de la Majolaine;
Who passes by this road so late?

Always gay!"

After which he knocked again.

"You are impatient, Sir," said Arthur.

"I am, Sir. Death of my life, Sir," returned the stranger, "it's my character to be impatient!"

The sound of Mistress Affery cautiously chaining the door before she opened it, caused them both to look that way, Affery opened it a very little, with a flaring candle in her hands, and asked who was that at that time of night with that knock? "Why, Arthur!" she added, with astonishment, seeing him first. "Not you, sure? Ah, Lord save us! No," she cried out, seeing the other. "Him again!"

"It's true! Ha, ha! Him again, dear Mrs. Flintwinch," cried the stranger. "Open the door, and let me take my dear friend Jeremiah to my arms! Open the door, and let me hasten myself to embrace my Flintwinch!"

"He's not at home," said Affery.

"Fetch him!" cried the stranger. "Fetch my Flintwinch! Tell him that it is his old Blandois, who comes from arriving in England; tell him that it is his little boy who is here, his cabbage, his well-beloved! Open the door, beautiful Mrs. Flintwinch, and in the mean time let me pass up stairs, to present my compliments—homage of Blandois—to my lady! My lady lives always? It is well. Open then!"

To Arthur's increased surprise, Mistress Affery, opening her eyes wide at himself, as if in warning that this was not a gentleman for him to interfere with, drew back the chain, and opened the door. The stranger, without any ceremony, walked into the hall, leaving Arthur to follow him.

"Dispatch then! Achieve then! Bring my Flintwinch! Announce me to my lady!" cried the stranger, clanking about the stone floor.

"Pray tell me, Affery," said Arthur, aloud and sternly, as he surveyed him from head to foot with unutterable indignation, "who is this gentleman?"

"Pray tell me, Affery," the stranger repeated in his turn, "who—ha, ha, ha!—who is this gentleman?"

The voice of Mrs. Clennam opportunely called from her chamber above, "Affery, let them both come up. Arthur, come straight to me!"

"Arthur?" exclaimed Blandois, taking off his



hat at arm's length, and bringing his heels together from a great stride in making him a flourishing bow. "The son of my lady? I am the all-devoted of the son of my lady!"

Arthur looked at him again in no more flattering manner than before, and, turning on his heel without acknowledgment, went up stairs. The visitor followed him up stairs. Mistress Affery took the key from behind the door, and deftly slipped out to fetch her lord.

A by-stander, informed of the previous appearance of Monsieur Blandois in that room, would have observed a difference in Mrs. Clennam's present reception of him. Her face was not one to betray it, and her suppressed manner, and her set voice were equally under her control. It wholly consisted in her never taking her eyes off his face from the moment of his entrance, and in her twice or thrice, when he was becoming noisy, swaying herself a very little forward in the chair in which she sat upright, with her hands immovable upon its elbows; as if she gave him the assurance that he should be presently heard at any length he would. Arthur did not fail to observe this; though the difference between the present occasion and the former was not within his power of observation.

"Madame," said Blandois, "do me the honor to present me to Monsieur, your son. It appears to me, madame, that Monsieur, your son, is disposed to complain of me. He is not polite."

"Sir," said Arthur, striking in expeditiously, "whoever you are, and however you come to be here, if I were the master of this house I would lose no time in placing you on the outside of it."

"But you are not," said his mother, without looking at him. "Unfortunately, for the gratification of your unreasonable temper, you are not the master, Arthur."

"I make no claim to be, mother. If I object to this person's manner of conducting himself here, and object to it so much, that if I had any anthority here I certainly would not suffer him to remain a minute, I object on your account, and in your name."

"In the case of objection being necessary," she returned, "I could object for myself. And of course I should."

The subject of their dispute, who had seated himself, laughed loud, and rapped his leg with his hand.

"You have no right," said Mrs. Clennam, always intent on Blandois, however directly she addressed her son, "to speak to the prejudice of any gentleman (and least of all a gentleman from another country) because he does not conform to your standard, or square his behavior by your rules. It is possible that the gentleman may, on similar grounds, object to you."

"I hope so," returned Arthur. "I sincerely hope so."

"The gentleman," pursued Mrs. Clennam,

"on a former occasion brought a letter of recommendation to us from highly esteemed and responsible correspondents. I am perfectly unacquainted with the gentleman's object in coming here at present; I am entirely ignorant of it, and can not be supposed likely to be able to form the remotest guess at its nature:" her habitual frown became stronger as she very slowly and weightily emphasized those words; "but, when the gentleman proceeds to explain his object, I shall beg him to have the goodness to do to myself and Flintwinch, when Flintwinch returns just now, it will prove, no doubt, to be one more or less in the usual way of our business, which it will be both our business and our pleasure to advance. It can be nothing else."

"We shall see, madame!" said the man of business.

"We shall see," she assented. "The gentleman is acquainted with Flintwinch; and when the gentleman was in London last, I remember to have heard that he and Flintwinch had some entertainment or good-fellowship together. I am not in the way of knowing much that passes outside this room, and the jingle of little worldly things beyond it does not much interest me; but I remember to have heard that."

"Right, madame. It is true." He laughed again, and whistled the burden of the tune he had sung at the door.

"Therefore, Arthur," said his mother, "the gentleman comes here as an acquaintance, and no stranger; and it is much to be regretted that your unreasonable temper should have found offense in him. I regret it. I say so to the gentleman. You will not say so, I know; therefore I say it for myself and Flintwinch, since with us two the gentleman's business lies."

The key of the door below was now heard in the lock, and the door was heard to open and close. In due sequence Mr. Flintwinch appeared; on whose entrance the visitor rose from his chair laughing, and folded him in a close embrace.

"How goes it, my cherished friend!" said he.
"How goes the world, my Flintwinch? Rosecolored? So much the better, so much the better! Ah, but you look charming! Ah, but you
look young and fresh as the flowers of Spring!
Ah, good little boy! Brave child, brave child!"

While heaping these compliments on Mr. Flintwinch, he rolled him about with a hand on each of his shoulders, until the staggerings of that gentleman, who under the circumstances was dryer and more twisted than ever, were like those of a teetotum nearly spent.

"I had a presentiment last time that we should be better and more intimately acquainted. Is it coming on you, Flintwinch? Is it yet coming on?"

"Why, no, Sir," retorted Mr. Flintwinch.
"Not unusually. Hadn't you better be seated?
You have been calling for some more of that
port, Sir, I guess?"

"Ah! Little joker! Little pig!" cried the visitor. "Ha ha, ha ha!" And throwing Mr.



Flintwinch away, as a closing piece of raillery, he sat down again.

The amazement, suspicion, resentment, and shame, with which Arthur looked on at all this. struck him dumb. Mr. Flintwinch, who had spun backward some two or three yards, under the impetus last given to him, brought himself up with a face completely unchanged in its stolidity, except as it was affected by shortness of breath, and looked hard at Arthur. Not a whit less reticent and wooden was Mr. Flintwinch outwardly than in the usual course of things; the only perceptible difference in him being that the knot of cravat, which was generally under his ear, had worked round to the back of his head, where it formed an ornamental appendage, not unlike a bag-wig, and gave him something of a courtly appearance.

As Mrs. Clennam never removed her eyes from Blandois (on whom they had some effect, as a steady look has on a lower sort of dog), so Jeremiah never removed his from Arthur. It was as if they had tacitly agreed to take their different provinces. Thus, in the ensuing silence, Jeremiah stood scraping his chin, and looking at Arthur, as though he were trying to screw his thoughts out of him with an instrument.

After a little, the visitor, as if he felt the silence irksome, rose, and impatiently put himself with his back to the sacred fire which had burned through so many years. Thereupon Mrs. Clennam said, moving one of her hands for the first time, and moving it very slightly with an action of dismissal:

- "Please to leave us to our business, Arthur.'
- "Mother, I do so with great reluctance."
- "Never mind with what," she returned, "or with what not. Please to leave us. Come back at any other time when you may consider it a duty to bury half an hour wearily here. Goodnight."

She held up her muffled fingers that he might touch them with his, according to their usual custom, and he stood over her wheeled chair to touch her face with his lips. He thought, then, that her cheek was more strained than usual, and that it was colder. As he followed the direction of her eyes, in rising again, toward Mr. Flintwinch's good friend, Mr. Blandois, Mr. Blandois snapped his finger and thumb with one loud, contemptuous snap.

"I leave your-your business acquaintance in my mother's room, Mr. Flintwinch," said Clenman, "with a great deal of surprise and a great deal of unwillingness.'

The person referred to snapped his finger and thumb again.

- "Good-night, mother."
- "Good-night."
- "I had a friend once, my good comrade Flintwinch," said Blandois, standing astride be- | you have been in many countries, and have seen fore the fire, and so evidently saying it to arrest many different customs. Of course it is a far, Clennam's retreating steps, that he lingered near far better place-millions of times-than any I the door; "I had a friend once, who had heard have ever been used to until lately, and I fancy

so much of the dark side of this city and its ways, that he wouldn't have confided himself alone by night with two people who had an interest in getting him under the ground-my faith! not even in a respectable house like this—unless he was bodily too strong for them. Bah! What a poltroon, my Flintwinch! Eh?"

"A cur, Sir."

"Agreed! A cur. But he wouldn't have done it, my Flintwinch, unless he had known them to have the will to silence him, without the power. He wouldn't have drunk from a glass of water, under such circumstances-not even in a respectable house like this, my Flintwinch—unless he had seen one of them drink first-and swallow too."

Disdaining to speak, and indeed not very well able, for he was half-choking, Clennam only glanced at the visitor as he passed out. The visitor saluted him with another parting snap, and his nose came down over his mustache, and his mustache went up under his nose, in an ominous and ugly smile.

"For God's sake, Affery," whispered Clenman, as she opened the door for him in the dark hall, and he groped his way to the sight of the night sky, "what is going on here?"

Her own appearance was sufficiently ghastly, standing in the dark with her apron thrown over her head and face, and speaking behind it in a low, deadened voice.

"Don't ask me any thing, Arthur. I've been in a dream for ever so long. Go away!"

He went out, and she shut the door upon him. He looked up at the windows of his mother's room, and the dim light, deadened by the yellow blinds, seemed to say a response after Affery, and to mutter, "Don't ask me any thing. Go

CHAPTER XLVIL-A LETTER FROM LITTLE DORRIT.

DEAR MR. CLENNAM, -As I said in my last that it was best for nobody to write to me, and as my sending you another little letter can, therefore, give you no other trouble than the trouble of reading it (perhaps you may not find leisure for even that, though I hope you will some day), I am now going to devote an hour to writing to you again. This time I write from Rome.

We left Venice before Mr. and Mrs. Gowan did, but they were not so long upon the road as we were, and did not travel by the same way; and so, when we arrived, we found them in a lodging here, in a place called the Via Gregoriana. I dare say you know it.

Now, I am going to tell you all I can about them, because I know that is what you most want to hear. Theirs is not a very comfortable lodging, but perhaps I thought it less so when I first saw it than you would have done, because



I don't look at it with my own eyes, but with | about them. When I have heard him talking hers. For it would be easy to see that she has always been brought up in a tender and happy home, even if she had not told me so with tears of love for it.

Well, it is a rather bare lodging, up a rather dark common staircase, and it is nearly all a large, dull room where Mr. Gowan paints. The windows are blocked up where any one could look out, and the walls have been all drawn over with chalk and charcoal by others who have lived there before-oh, I should think, for years! There is a curtain more dust-colored than red, which divides it, and the part behind the curtain makes the private sitting-room. When I first saw her there she was alone, and her work had fallen out of her hand, and she was looking up at the sky shining through the tops of the windows. Pray do not be uneasy when I tell you, but it was not quite so airy, nor so bright, nor so cheerful, nor so happy and youthful altogether as I should have liked it to

On account of Mr. Gowan painting papa's picture (which I am not quite convinced I should have known from the likeness if I had not seen him doing it), I have had more opportunities of being with her since then, than I might have had without this fortunate chance. She is very much alone. Very much alone indeed.

Shall I tell you about the second time I saw her? I went one day, when it happened that I could run round by myself, at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. She was then dining alone, and her solitary dinner had been brought in from somewhere, over a kind of brazier with a fire in it, and she had no company, or prospect of company, that I could see, but the old man who had brought it. He was telling her a long story of robbers outside the walls, being taken up by a stone statue of a saint, to entertain her -as he said to me when I came out, "because he had a daughter of his own, though she was not so pretty.

I ought now to mention Mr. Gowan, before I say what little more I have to say about her. He must admire her beauty, and he must be proud of her, for every body praises it, and he must be fond of her; and I do not doubt that he is-but in his way. You know his way, and if it appears as careless and discontented in your eyes as it does in mine, I am not wrong in thinking that it might be better suited to her. If it does not seem so to you, I am quite sure I am wholly mistaken; for your unchanged poor child confides in your knowledge and goodness more than she could ever tell you, if she was to try. But don't be frightened, I am not going to

Owing (as I think, if you think so, too) to Mr. Gowan's unsettled and dissatisfied way, he applies himself to his profession very little. He does nothing steadily or patiently, but equally takes things up and throws them down, and does them very happy. However, I must tell you, them, or leaves them undone, without caring as I am to tell you all, that I fancy they are un-

to papa during the sittings for the picture, I have sat wondering whether it could really be that he has no belief in any body else, because he has no belief in himself to begin with. Is it so? I wonder what you will say when you come to this! I know how you will look, and I can almost hear the voice in which you would tell me on the Iron Bridge.

Mr. Gowan goes out a good deal among what is considered the best company here—though he does not look as if he liked it when he is with it - and she sometimes accompanies him, but lately she has gone out very little. I think I have noticed that they have an inconsistent way of speaking about her, as if she had made some great self-interested success in marrying Mr. Gowan, though, at the same time, the very same people would not have dreamed of taking him for themselves or their daughters. Then he goes into the country besides, to think about making sketches, and in all places where there are visitors he has a large acquaintance and is very well known. Besides all this, he has a friend who is much in his society, both at home and away from home, though he treats this friend very coolly, and is very uncertain in his behavier to him. I am quite sure (because she has told me so), that she does not like this friend. He is so revolting to me, too, that his being away from here, at present, is quite a relief to my mind. How much more to hers!

But what I particularly want you to know, and why I have resolved to tell you so much, even while I am afraid it may make you a little uncomfortable without occasion, is this. She is so true and so devoted, and knows so completely that all her love and duty are his forever, that you may be certain she will love him, admire him, praise him, and conceal all his faults, until she dies. I believe she conceals them, and always will conceal them, even from herself. She has given him a heart that can never be taken back, and however much he may try it, he will never wear out its affection. You know the truth of this, as you know every thing far, far better than I, but I can not help telling you what a nature she shows, and that you can never think too well of her.

I have not yet called her by name in this letter, but we are such friends now that I do so when we are quietly together, and she speaks to me by my name-I mean,-not my Christian name, but the name you gave me. When she began to call me Amy, I told her my short story, and that you had always called me Little Dorrit. I told her that the name was much dearer to me than any other, and so she calls me Little Dorrit, too.

Perhaps you have not heard from her father or mother yet, and may not know that she has a baby son. He was born only two days ago, and just a week after they came. It has made



feel as if his mocking way with them was sometimes a slight given to their love for her. It was but yesterday when I was there, that I saw Mr. Meagles change color, and get up and go out, as if he was afraid that he might say as much, unless he prevented himself by that means. Yet, I am sure they are both so considerate, good-humored, and reasonable, that he might spare them. It is hard of him not to think of them a little more.

I stopped at the last full stop to read all this over. It looked at first as if I was taking on myself to understand and explain so much, that I was half inclined not to send it. But when I had thought it over a little, I felt more hopeful of your knowing at once that I had only been watchful for you, and had only noticed what I think I have noticed, because I was quickened by your interest in it. Indeed, you may be sure that is the truth.

And now I have done with the subject in the present letter, and have little left to say.

We are all quite well, and Fanny improves every day. You can hardly think how kind she is to me, and what pains she takes with me. She has a lover, who has followed her, first all the way from Switzerland, and then all the way from Venice, and who has just confided to me that he means to follow her every where. I was very much confused by his speaking to me about it, but he would. I did not know what to say, but at last I told him that I thought he had better not. For Fanny (but I did not tell him this) is much too spirited and clever to suit him. Still, he said he would, all the same. I have no lover, of course.

If you should ever get so far as this in this long letter, you will perhaps say, "Surely Little Dorrit will not leave off without telling me something about her travels, and surely it is time she did." I think it is, indeed, but I don't know what to tell you. Since we left Venice we have been in a great many wonderful places, Genoa and Florence among them, and have seen so many wonderful sights, that I am almost giddy when I think what a crowd they make. But you could tell me so much more about them than I can tell you, that why should I tire you with my accounts and descriptions!

Dear Mr. Clennam, as I had the courage to tell you what the familiar difficulties in my traveling mind were before, I will not be a coward now. One of my frequent thoughts is this: Old as these cities are, their age itself is hardly so curious to my reflections as that they should have been in their places all through those days when I did not even know of the existence of more than two or three of them, and when I scarcely knew of any thing outside our old walls. There is something very melancholy in it, and I don't know why. When we went to see the famous leaning tower at Pisa, it was a bright sunny day, and it and the buildings near it looked so old, and the earth and here, except me, and there are no plans for our

der a constraint with Mr. Gowan, and that they | sky looked so young, and its shadow on the ground was so soft and retired. I could not at first think how beautiful it was, or how curious; but I thought, "Oh how many times when the shadow of the wall was falling on our room, and when that weary tread of feet was going up and down the yard-Oh how many times this place was just as quiet and lovely as it is this day!" It quite overpowered me. My heart was so full, that tears burst out of my eyes, though I did what I could to restrain them. And I have the same feeling often-often.

Do you know that since the change in our fortunes, though I appear to myself to have dreamed more than before, I have always dreamed of myself as very young indeed? I am not very old, you may say. No, but that is not what I mean. I have always dreamed of myself as a child learning to do needlework. I have often dreamed of myself as back there, seeing faces in the yard, little known, and which I should have thought I had quite forgotten; but, as often as not, I have been abroad here-in Switzerland, or France, or Italy-somewhere where we have been-yet always as that little child. I have dreamed of going down to Mrs. General with the patches on my clothes in which I can first remember myself. I have over and over again dreamed after taking my place at dinner at Venice, when we have had a large company, in the mourning for my poor mother which I wore when I was eight years old, and wore long after it was threadbare and would mend no more. It has been a great distress to me to think how irreconcilable the company would consider it with my father's wealth, and how I should displease and disgrace him and Fanny and Edward by so plainly disclosing what they wished to keep secret. But I have not grown out of the little child in thinking of it, and at the self-same moment I have dreamed that I sat with the heartache at the table, calculating the expenses of the dinner, and quite distracting myself with thinking how they were ever to be made good. I have never dreamed of the change in our fortunes itself, I have never dreamed of your coming back with me that memorable morning to break it, I have never even dreamed of you.

Dear Mr. Clennam, it is possible that I have thought of you—and others—so much by day, that I have no thoughts left to wander round you by night. For I must now confess to you that I suffer from home-sickness—that I long so ardently and earnestly for home, as sometimes, when no one sees me, to grieve for it. I can not bear to turn my face further away from it. My heart is a little lightened when we turn toward it, even for a few miles, and with the knowledge that we are soon to turn away again. So dearly do I love the scene of my poverty and your kindness. Oh, so dearly, oh, so dearly!

Heaven knows when your poor child will see England again. We are all fond of the life



return. My dear father talks of a visit to London late in this next spring, on some affairs connected with the property, but I have no hope that he will bring me with him.

I have tried to get on a little better under Mrs. General's instruction, and I trust I am not quite so dull as I used to be. I have begun to speak and understand, almost easily, the hard languages I told you about. I did not remember, at the moment when I wrote last, that you know them both, but I remembered it afterward,

and it helped me on. God bless you, dear Mr. Clennam. Do not forget

> Your ever grateful and affectionate LITTLE DORRIT.

P.S. Particularly remember that Minnie Gowan deserves the best remembrances in which you can hold her. You can not think too generously or too highly of her. I forgot Mr. Pancks last time. Please, if you should see him, give him your Little Dorrit's regard. He was very good to Little D.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Electoral Colleges assembled at the capi-. tals of the respective States on the 2d of December, and voted as follows for President and Vice-President:

For BUCHANAN and BRECKINGIDGE, 19 States, viz. : New Jersey, 7; Pennsylvania, 27; Indiana, 13; New Jersey, 7; Pennsylvania, 27; Indiana, 13; Nilinois, 11; Delaware, 3; Virginia, 15; North Carolina, 10; South Carolina, 8; Georgia, 10; Alabama, 9; Mississippi, 7; Florida, 3; Texas, York, 35; Ohio, 23; Michigan, 6; Wisconsin, 5; Iowa, 4 ILLMORE and DONELSON, 1 State, viz.: Mary-

Congress met on the 1st of December. claim of Mr. Whitfield to a seat as delegate from Kansas was disputed, giving occasion to much discussion. The question had not been decided at the time when this Record closes (Dec. 8). The President's Message was transmitted and read on the following day. In the recent Presidential election, says the President, the people of the United States have asserted the constitutional equality of all the States of the Union, and of all citizens, whether of native or foreign birth; and have condemned the idea of parties based upon geographical limits. Associations have been formed, says the Message, which, while pretending to seek only to prevent the extension of Slavery beyond its present limits, are really inflamed with the desire of changing the domestic institutions of existing States—an end to be attained only through devastation and bloodshed. This has led to mutual exasperation between different sections of the country. Aggression from the North has been met by defiance from the South, until the result had been an attempt, by a sectional organization, to usurp the control of the General Government. While the President admits that the great majority of those who had taken this step were sincerely attached to the Union, he affirms that they had. by attacking the rights of nearly half the States, entered upon a path which led directly to civil war and disunion. The Message goes on to enumerate these acts of aggression by the North against the South. First came the agitation of the question of negro emancipation. Then followed acts on the part of the Northern States to prevent the execution of the law for the rendition of fugitive slaves, which compelled Congress to pass an act placing the execution of this law in new hands. The third stage of this controversy debt. The public debt now amounts to \$80,737,129,

referred to the organization of the Territories and the admission of new States. The Missouri Compromise, which established a geographical line was acquiesced in rather than approved by the States; but remained in effective operation until the North refused to admit its application to the territory acquired from Mexico, when it ceased to have any binding effect, and was formally repealed by the Act for organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. The Message controverts at length the opinion that the Missouri Compromise was a compact the annulling of which implied any breach of good faith; and denies that the Kansas bill was intended to extend the limits of slave labor. The cry from the North against reputed Southern encroachments, sprang, says the President, in reality from the spirit of revolutionary attack upon the domestic institutions of the South, and has been, after an existence of a few months, rebuked by the voice of the people. Kansas was made the battle-field of the opposing factions of the whole country. But the disorders which prevailed even there had been grossly exaggerated for the purposes of political agitation. They had amounted to occasional interruption rather than to permanent suspension of regular government, and had not been greater than those which frequently take place in cities, without being regarded as of special political importance. Imputed irregularities in elections in Kansas, like similar occurrences in the States, lay beyond the sphere of Executive action; but actual violence and organized and persistent obstructions of law had been met by such means as were available, and nothing of this character now remained. The attempt to set up a revolutionary government had utterly failed, and the bands organized for the purpose of rapine had been dispersed. This had been effected without the shedding of a drop of blood by the forces of the United States. The President concludes this portion of the Message with the expression of his trust that either the Legislature of the Territory or Congress will see that no act shall remain on the statute books of the Territory vielating the provisions or subverting the objects of the Constitution.-The revenues of the current year had amounted to \$73,918,141, of which more than \$64,000,000 were derived from customs; adding to this the balance on hand at the commencement of the year, it appears that the resources of the Government had been \$92,850,117. The expenditures for all purposes had amounted to \$72,948,792; this includes \$3,000,000 paid to Mexico, and \$12,776,792 for the payment of the public



embarrassing the public service; but as this is not yet due, Government is able to pay only at the eption of the holders. The average expenditure for ordinary purposes during the last five years has been \$48,000,000, and the President believes that this sum will be sufficient for the ensuing five years, unless some extraordinary reason for increase should occur. He therefore recommends that the tariff should be so far reduced that the revenue from customs shall not exceed \$48,000,000 or \$50,000,000. A treaty has been negotiated with Great Britain which, if ratified, will bring to a satisfactory close the controversy in relation to Central America. The attempt to relieve our commerce from the Sound Dues paid to Denmark has not as yet succeeded; that government desired a temporary suspension of definite action in order that negotiations with other European powers for the same purpose might not be thereby embarrassed. This request was acceded to by the United States, on condition that the duties paid between June, 1856, and June, 1857, should be paid under protest, and subject to future adjustment. There is reason to believe that the whole matter will be speedily and amicably settled. Russia has given an unqualified approval to the proposition of the United States for exempting private property at sea from capture in case of war, and the Emperor of the French has likewise given assurances of similar views; and the President expresses a hope that this will soon become a part of the code of international law. The relations of this country with some of the South American States are less satisfactory than with those of Europe. Our complaints against Mexico have failed to receive the consideration which the Government had a right to expect; and new injuries had been added to the old ones; great forbearance had been shown by the United States. With Nicaragua diplomatic intercourse was greatly to be desired, and a minister from the Walker Government had been received, who remained but a short time. New confusion soon sprung up in Nicaragua, and diplomatic representatives had been sent by both parties; but as it was not possible to decide which was the Government de facto, neither had been received. The Government of New Granada has passed a law levying tonnage duties on foreign vessels entering its ports, in violation of the treaty with the United States, and of the rights conferred by charter upon the Panama Railway; though this law has not been put in force, the right to do so is claimed. A law has also been passed imposing a tax of more than \$3 a pound on all mail matter transported over the Isthmus; this, if paid, would draw nearly two millions of dollars from the United States; to that this Government can not submit; and its execution has been postponed at the instance of the local Government of the Isthmus, until further instructions are received from the Government of the Republic. Besides these subjects of controversy is the still graver one of the murder and pillage of Americans at Panama last April. Full investigation has shown that the responsibility for these occurrences rests upon the Government of New Granada, and the President has demanded that the perpetrators be punished, provision made for the families of the slain, with full indemnity for the property destroyed. There being good grounds to apprehend that a portion of the inhabitants of the Isthmus meditate further market; 9,227,878 acres have been sold, for which

all of which might be paid within a year without | outrages, in view of the incompetency or the inefficiency of the local authorities, and inadequacy of the measures of the New Granadan Government, a portion of the naval force of the United States has been stationed at Aspinwall and Panama; and it will be inexpedient to withdraw this force until security is given for the safety of the route across the Isthmus, for which purpose negotiations have been instituted.

The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the resources of the ensuing year (including a balance on hand of \$19,901,325) at \$92,856,636; the expenditures are estimated at \$70,511,413, leaving in the treasury on the 1st of July, 1857, \$22,345,223. He recommends a repeal of the duties on wool, and. an extension of the list of articles admitted free of duty, in order to bring the revenues of the Government down to its wants, and argues in favor of the present ad valorem, instead of a return to the system of specific valuations.—The Secretary of the Navy recommends that two squadrons, instead of one, be sent to the Pacific; urges the importance of gunnery practice in the navy; advocates the use of guns of large calibre; speaks in terms of satisfaction of the new war steamers; and advocates a gradual increase of our naval force, especially by building additional sloops of light draught, capable of entering the harbors of Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, as well as those of New York and Boston. He recommends the adoption of measures to secure a supply of American seamen. Among those suggested are: increased pay; better clothing and provisions and medical attendance; honorable discharges when the term of enlistment has expired; the reduction of the length of cruises from three years to two; and the maintenance and extension of the system of naval apprenticeship.—The Secretary of War reports the authorized strength of the army to be 17,894, while its actual strength is 15,562. He announces that the Indian War on the Pacific is ended, and the difficulties on the Western plains are settled, with the exception of those with the Cheyennes. He advocates a change in the present system of locating small frontier posts far in advance of population; suggesting that a few posts be selected at favorable points, at which large garrisons should be maintained, and from which strong detachments could be sent out at favorable seasons. He recommends that liberal appropriations be made for harbor and coast fortifications, for armaments and ammunition; and urges that the pay of officers should be increased. - The Postmaster General reports that the receipts of the Post Office Department have been \$7,668,801, and the expenditures \$10,407,868, leaving a deficiency of \$2,787,046, which exceeds that of last year by \$744,000. He recommends the abolition of the franking privilege; compulsory prepayment upon all transient printed matter; and urges that the sum paid for carrying the mail across the Isthmus of Panama be greatly reduced.—The Secretary of the Interior complains of the multifarious and incongruous duties imposed upon his Department. These include the supervision of the General Land Office, the Patent Office, the Pension Office, the Indian Office, the Census, the Mexican Boundary, several Territorial roads, besides various matters connected with the United States Courts and the District of Columbia.—During the year 16,873,699 acres of land have been surveyed, most of which is ready for



have been located with military scrip and land warrants, and 6,036,874 acres of swamp lands have been made over to the States in which they lie; 15,680,875 acres have been granted for railroad purposes; under the bounty land law 182,079 claims, covering 22,003,290 acres, have been allowed.—The number of pensioners is 13,932, to whom \$1,360,694 have been paid.—The Joint Commission for fixing the boundary between the United States and Mexico have accomplished their fieldwork, and erected the monuments agreed upon. All that remains to be done is to complete the maps.—The number of patents issued during the year is about 2500; the applications for patents have been 4435, while the number in England was but 2958, and in France but 4056.—Measures have been taken to obtain seeds and cuttings from every part of the globe where any product is found that is likely to prove useful to the United States; a vessel has been sent to South America to procure cuttings of sugar-cane to supply the place of that which has been deteriorated by continued cultivation from slips, without renovation from the indigenous plant.—The number of Indians within the United States is estimated at 800,000. The policy of colonizing the tribes upon separate reservations has been attended with satisfactory results, giving promise of a steady amelioration in their moral and physical condition. The average annual expenditures for Indian purposes, during the last six years, has been \$2,626,932.

The Legislature of South Carolina commenced an extra session on the 23d of November. Governor Adams, in his Message, says that while the Presidential election has resulted in favor of the candidates favored by their State, he fears that the triumph will be a barren one, and the South will act wisely to employ the interval of repose thus secured in earnest preparation for the inevitable conflict. He enters into an elaborate argument in favor of the revival of the African slavetrade. The prosperity of the South, he says, depends upon the monopoly of the cultivation of cotton; strenuous exertions are making to extend this cultivation in the East Indies, Egypt, Algeria, and Brazil. To maintain its control of this article the South must have cheap labor, which can be obtained only by re-opening the African slave-trade. The prohibition of this trade, he says, has destroyed the equilibrium between the North and the South'; the former, having the Old World whence to draw supplies of labor, has rapidly increased in population. If the demand for slave-labor at the South can not be supplied, another class of laborers will be introduced, antagonistic to Southern institutions. "Irrespective of interest," says Governor Adams, "the act of Congress declaring the slave-trade piracy, is a brand upon us which I think it important to remove. If the trade be piracy, the slave must be plunder." A number of the leading presses of the South are strenuously advocating the revival of the slavetrade mainly for the reasons advanced by the Governor of South Carolina.

The autumnal gales upon the great lakes have been unusually severe, occasioning great loss of life and destruction of property. Forty-nine vessels, of which seventeen were steamers, have been wrecked, involving a loss of more than 200 lives. The most disastrous of these casualties was that of the steamer Superior, which went on shore near | fallen.

\$8,382,480 have been received; 8,382,480 acres the Pictured Rocks, on Lake Superior; out of 50 persons on board only 16 were saved. -French steamer Le Lyonnais, with a crew of 98 men and 38 passengers, left New York October 30. On the night of November 2 she was run into by a sailing vessel, which was immediately lost sight of, and those on board the steamer supposed that she had sunk at once. It soon became evident that the steamer must sink, and the passengers and crew betook themselves to the boats and a raft which was hastily constructed. One of the life-boats was picked up four days after. It had contained 18 persons, but two of them were frozen to death. Vessels were at once dispatched to search for the missing boats, but without success; and it is presumed that only 16 were saved out of the 132 persons on board. Nearly a fortnight elapsed when the bark Adriatic put into Belfast, Maine, and announced that she had come in collision with a steamer, and had received some damage; but as the steamer passed on, it was supposed she was unharmed.

The Governor of California has withdrawn his proclamation declaring San Francisco in a state of siege, and the Vigilance Committee have surrendered their arms.-A number of notorious criminals have been arrested, one of whom, named Christy, has made a startling confession of crimes committed by his gang.—A set battle took place near Mound Spring, on the 24th of October, between two parties of Chinese miners. There were some 2500 combatants engaged. Four were killed and many wounded before the authorities put an end to the affair, by arresting two or three hundred of the belligerents.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From Mexico there is little of very special importance.-Vidaurri has met with some further successes in the north; but their amount is uncertain.—A revolution has broken out in Sonora, and Governor Gandara has been defeated with considerable loss.

The text of the treaty of alliance between Honduras and Guatemala has been published. It is dated on the 18th of July, and provides that the two States shall unite to overthrow Walker, and establish a just and conciliatory government in Nicaragua. Costa Rica is to be invited to join the league.--In consequence of a quarrel between President Walker and General Goiacura, the latter has published the agreement between them, by which Walker promises to aid Goiacura in an attempt upon Cuba, as soon as the affairs of Nicaragua are settled.

EUROPE.

In spite of positive assurances to the contrary, there is a growing feeling that the alliance between France and England is weakening. Considerable excitement was occasioned in England by an article in the Moniteur inveighing against the manner in which the Emperor and his government were spoken of by the English press. The article, which was apparently official, hints very plainly that serious consequences would ensue unless these attacks were suspended.—The Russian embassador to France met with a very cordial reception.-Lord Palmerston, in a public speech, intimated that the continuance of peace was endangered by the conduct of Russia. -Sir Robert Peel affirms that had Cronstadt been attacked when the allied fleet first entered the Baltic it must have



Titerary Notices.

Old Whitey's Christmas Trot, by A. OAKEY | HALL. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The vivacity, humor, and pathos of this delightful Christmas story are a proof that the more genial qualities of the heart are not always chilled by the cares of a professional routine. The name of the author is well known for his zeal and devotedness in the courts of justice in this city, but he has here shaken off the dust of legal conflict, and indulged in the composition of a holiday tale, which by its natural domestic pictures, its deep and truthful feeling, and its graceful facility of expression, will warmly commend itself to the lovers of juvenile literature. The interest of the story is made to pivot on the fortunes of an old family horse, who, before the completion of the little plot, becomes associated with all manner of human affections, and is almost converted into a hero of romance. The scene alternates between New York city and a rural homestead on the banks of the Hudson, and in both cases presents a fresh and life-like representation of unmistakable originals. Without the slightest taint of mawkish sentimentalism, the work is pervaded by a fine glow of feeling, and even in its most romantic portions gives a strong impression of reality. Several capital illustrations by Thwaites add a vivid pictorial effect to the conceptions of the writer.

The Rural Poetry of the English Language, by JOSEPH WILLIAM JENKS. (Published by John P. Jewett and Co.) The arrangement of this volume in the order of the seasons—each month being divided into a succession of appropriate topics—is highly favorable to facility of reference. It embodies a fair proportion of the rural poetry in which English literature is so singularly affluent, and must be regarded as a useful and convenient manual both for families and private students. Selections are given from Thomson, Cowper, Burns, Bryant, Longfellow, and several of the older British poets, together with an occasional good translation from the classics. The range of authors is, however, limited to a comparatively narrow compass, and many are altogether excluded who would seem naturally to find a place in such a compilation. A portion of the space in the volume now given to such sturdy pieces de resistance, as Armstrong's Art of Health, Phillips's Cider, Dyer's Fleece, and the like, might have been advantageously appropriated to the more lyric and graceful effusions of poets with greater inspiration and not less love of rural scenes and pursuits. Such a profusion of commonplaces makes the volume too heavy for its specific purpose.

The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other Poems, by CHARLES SANGSTER. (Published by Creighton and Duff, Kingston, Canada West.) The animated descriptions of Canadian scenery in this volume can scarcely fail to give it considerable local interest. The writer has a poet's eye, and a native sense of beauty, of which the fruits are here embodied in generally agreeable versification.

A new series of Dickens's Little Folks, with illustrations by Darley, has been issued by Redfield, consisting of six neat juvenile volumes. The plan of this work embraces a selection from the juvenile characters in Dickens's writings, detached from the general narrative with which they are connected, and reproduced in the language of the aupathos, and the elevated moral tone which mark these portraitures, eminently adapt them to interest and improve the youthful reader, and entitle them to a place in every library intended for their benefit. The work of reconstruction has been performed with care, and indicates a cultivated taste and a skillful hand.

A Physician's Vacation; or, A Summer in Europe. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) No one who has any acquaintance with the metropolis of New England is unaware of the literary and professional reputation of the author of this volume. He is highly distinguished both as a scholar and a physician. With a singularly original mind, he would have attained a brilliant eminence as a writer had he not given his best energies to the toils of his profession. After forty years of assiduous devotion to practice, and the duties of a professor in the Medical School of Harvard University, he wisely decided to indulge in the recreation of a European tour. His course was somewhat out of the usual beat of American travelers. Its extreme limits were from Moscow to Madrid, including the more common range in England, France, and Germany. The interest of his volume consists as much in its revelations of the author's mind and character as in its descriptions of external scenes, although it is by no means deficient in graphic and admirable records of personal experience. But the flavorous subjectivity which pervades every page tends to make every thing else insipid. Dr. Channing is frank and confiding, without being egotistic. He takes the sympathy of his readers for granted; and indeed we believe his book is almost a literal transcript of the journal which he kept for the gratification of a family circle. His comments on men and things are both genial and wise, and often spiced with a quiet humor, which, with its evident sincerity and warm-heartedness, its glowing pictures of manners and character, and its felicity of expression, makes

the perusal of the volume a perpetual delight.

The Last Seven Years of the Life of Henry Clay, by CALVIN COLTON, LL.D. (Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.) Dr. Colton has intimately associated his name with that of Henry Clay by his valuable biographical labors. He has accomplished a worthy service for his country by his illustrations of the public career of that eminent statesman. The present volume contains an account of the political debates of Mr. Clay during the last seven years of his life, especially in relation to the Compromise of 1850, a condensed summary of his life and character, and copious selections from his correspondence. It occupies the third place in the author's works on Mr. Clay, which will be completed in six uniform volumes.

Rome, Christian and Papal, by L. DE SANCTIS, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this work is a man of ability and cultivation. He was formerly a Catholic priest in the city of Rome, and filled several offices of trust and importance in the Papal court. Becoming a convert to the Protestant faith, he has for some years past devoted himself to the ministry of the Waldensian or primitive Italian Church in Turin, and has recently been appointed a professor in one of the Swiss universities. During his adherence to the Catholic religion he lived for twenty-two years in thor. The truthful delineations of life, the tender | an establishment which was in close relation with



the Jesuits. For fifteen years he occupied the confessional. He was commissioned to make official visits to most of the monasteries in Rome, as preacher and confessor. He was professor of theology, censor of the Academy of Theology in the Roman University, and a member of many other academies. For ten years he filled the office of theologian in the Roman Inquisition, and thus enjoyed the opportunity of learning all the secrets of that body. He has visited the prisons, received denunciations, confessed culprits, and prepared the papers necessary for the judgment of cases upon which he was called to give his opinion. He is, accordingly, able to speak with the authority of actual experience, and not from hearsay or report. In a series of familiar letters he here describes the interior of the Church of Rome, unfolds the working of its principal institutions, and discusses the character of its doctrines and ceremonies. From the rich store of facts which it exhibits, as well as from its power of argument and illustration, the work is suited to hold a prominent place in the controversy between Catholics and Protestants.

History of Texas, by H. YOAKUM, Esq. (Published by Redfield.) The career of the "Lone Star," from its first settlement in 1685 to its annexation to the Union in 1846, is fully described in these elaborate volumes. They have evidently been prepared with painstaking diligence, and though without pretensions to grace or vivacity of style, form an important contribution to American history.

The Psalms, Chronologically Arranged, with Historical Introductions, by F. G. HIBBARD. (Published by Carlton and Porter.) This work is free from any parade of erudition. It is not ambitious of profound criticism or novel theories. Inspired by a passionate love of the sacred lyrics, it aims to place the modern reader in a state of sympathy with the author of each psalm at the time of writing. Hence an ample explanation is given of the circumstances in which the composition had its origin, of the external condition and the internal exercises of the writer, and consequently of the dates, occasion, and authorship of the several pealms. The work is well suited to popular use. No one can study its pages without a fresh insight into the beauty, and depth, and power of those noble remains of the primitive Hebrew poetry.

Essays and Reviews, by CHARLES HODGE, D.D. (Published by Robert Carter and Brothers.) this collection of articles originally contributed to the Princeton Review, the erudite and acute Professor discusses many of the most important points of controversy in doctrinal theology, with especial reference to their philosophic bearings and influence. It is seldom that a reproduction of periodical papers is so fully justified by the weight and solidity of their contents. Dr. Hodge, as is known to every person acquainted with the theological literature of this country, is a masterly advocate of Calvinism, in its pure and unadulterated form. He is equally opposed to the rationalism of Andover, the mysticism of Connecticut, and the pantheism of Germany. In conducting an argument, he is both able and willing to strike hard blows. There is nothing soft or effeminate in his composition. What he believes, he believes without hesitation or misgiving. His convictions are devoid of the least semblance of any half-way element. His tone has nothing like concession or of tension by the influence of a certain wholesome bitterness. He writes with learning, discrimination, and great controversial adroitness. We believe that he aims to do one kind of justice to his antagonist-that is, as he would regard it, to annihilate him upon the spot; but it is not in the nature of his mind to occupy a point of view at variance with his own, to consider calmly its possible value and legitimacy, and to represent in a colorless, transparent light, in the limitations and proportions as held by its defenders, the system or dogma which he undertakes to demolish. This, however, is so rare a gift among controversial writers, that its absence ought not to be made a reproach to the Professor. Its existence is, perhaps, purely ideal, and any thing more than a faint approximation to it inconsistent with the conditions of humanity. A larger infusion of the catholic element alluded to would doubtless have softened down the brawny strength of this volume, and it would thus have been deprived of one of its chief sources of vitality. As it is, it must be regarded as a powerful bulwark of the masculine faith of Geneva and Westminster, a formidable antagonist to the progress of free speculation, and a noble monument of the theological learning of our country.

Learning about Common Things is the title of the latest number of The Little Learner, by JACOB ABBOTT, published by Harper and Brothers. It consists of a series of familiar instructions, in conversational style, on a great variety of subjects, adapted to the comprehension of the youngest listener. The first principles of natural philosophy are set forth in the simplest form; attention is directed to the most common phenomena of daily life; and the mind is tempted on, by an easy gradation, from vague and indistinct perceptions to clear and accurate knowledge. Each new production of Mr. Abbott illustrates his rare excellence in the specialty for which he is widely distinguished-the invention and composition of works for juvenile reading.

History of Henry the Fourth, by John S. C. Ab-BOTT, presents a perspicuous and interesting narrative of the life and reign of the great Bourbon. The author deduces the great lesson of freedom of conscience from the historical events which he vividly delineates. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Life and Times of Ulric Zwingle, translated from the German of J. J. HOTTINGER, by the Rev. Professor T. C. PORTER. (Published by Theodore F. Scheffer.) Ulric Zwingle was one of the devoted heroic spirits to whom popular liberty is indebted in all ages for its quickening and its protection. Born a few weeks after Martin Luther, he was early inspired with the love of mental freedom which prompted that illustrious reformer to attack the abuses of the Church. He was a native of one of the green Alpine fastnesses of Switzerland, and applied to the cause of religion the passion for liberty which is characteristic of the mountaineers of that region. His services in the work of the Reformation are set forth in this volume in a lucid and impartial manner. No attempt is made to conceal the errors of this great man, and his whole career is described and judged in the light of faithful history. The author has made use of materials which had long remained in obscurity in the archives of Zurich, and wrought them up into a compromise, but is always braced to a high degree | compact narrative of the reformer and his times.



Editor's Cable.

NUCCESS IN LIFE.—Judging from the frequent use of the phrase "Art of Life," one would conclude that it conveyed a deep meaning to the popular heart. But when we look at life as it is, there is little to suggest the idea of "Art" in any high intellectual or moral sense. Poetry sings the "Psalm of Life;" Philosophers write the "Ethics of Life;" and Essayists furnish "Discourses on Life;" and yet, when we study life in its various forms, the "Discourses," like the Sabbath, have their one-seventh allowance of thought and service, and are often robbed of that; the "Ethics" are laid by with the gown of the professor or the portfolio of the student; and the "Psalm," if heard at all amidst the din of street-music, is only as a low undertone, which the gentle tread of heavenward footsteps gives to the seeking ear. There is, nevertheless, an "Art of Life." There is a way to live which lifts man above the blind sway of impulse, the freaks of chance, the tyranny of circumstances. It is an "Art" with its principles and laws; and if men would be wise, they must learn its truths and obey them.

You can not begin your study of the "Art of Life" until you have taken a right attitude toward it. Viewed on one side, life seems to be an insignificant thing. It provokes ridicule and satire. It even arouses contempt. And it is a very easy matter to apply this sentiment to the whole of life, just as it is a quick process for a drop of deadly poison to circulate through every particle of blood. But such a theory of life is radically false. It is judging of the landscape by one ugly spot. It is cursing the whole globe because Africa has its deserts. The insignificance that you see is not to be detached from human existence, and magnified beyond its own relations, but taken as a part of a magnificent scheme, which it will prepare you to comprehend and appreciate. The acorn is to be thought of as an oak; the drop as an ocean; the atom as a world; the infant as a man; the man as an immortal nature. We find the insignificant in life, but it is there for the sake of the infinite. If you want to be a dwarf in philosophy and a pigmy in humanity, you have merely to shut your eves to every thing except the little and the low that are around you. You will soon get their level. But if your aim is to be a man, learn to contemplate life as a divine gift. There is enough of the archangel in it to make you reverent. Feel, then, that it is a glorious thing to live. Get this position. Once on that eminence, you can survey childhood, youth, manhood, age, trial and triumph, birth and death, in their true light. You will thus stand on the "mount" whence the Great Teacher spoke his sermon to the world, and those "beatitudes" that he first uttered will move before you in the form of redcemed humanity.

But our purpose is to deal with "Success in Life?" It consists in being what we ought to be; in doing what we ought to attaining what we ought to attaining in making life what our Creator designed it to be made. We have a physical existence to support; and hence success involves this duty. We have minds to develop, hearts to purify, moral and social relations to sustain; and consequently success is connected with the discharge of these ob-

ligations. It looks to the use of every thing that Nature, Providence, and Religion supply for the growth and perfection of a wise, just, generous, noble, Christian manhood; a manhood that shall be competent to all its offices, and adorn them with the lustre of its own transcendent beauty. If, indeed, this is the true idea of success in life, it is not necessary to show that the great majority of men have an exceedingly low and imperfect conception of its nature and end. One has no higher view of life than sensualism prescribes to animal passions; another limits it to the acquisition of money; a third has his favorite scheme of ambition; but amidst their different opinions, all agree in despoiling the mind of its lofty prerogatives and reducing its aims and aspirations to this present world. On the other hand, there are individuals of virtue and excellence, who embrace only the moral and religious aspects of character and conduct in their scheme of human existence. If the precepts of a divine morality, as taught by Jesus Christ, are practiced, it matters not what are their earthly circumstances. Both these views are wrong. They are not wrong in an equal sense, nor do they act alike perniciously; but nevertheless they do not embody the truth of human life. The first theory rejects our spiritual relations; the second loses sight of our material relations. Wisdom contemplates man as he is-a creature of soul and body-a being of mind and matter; and its hallowed office is to teach him to execute the will of the Creator in this two-fold nature. Formed of the earth, we are every moment re-created out of it. The miracle, vailed to our eyes and hidden to our curiosity, is constantly repeated, and the dust rises from beneath our footsteps to move in our limbs and throb in our hearts. The material world feeds and clothes us. Its trees and plants give their juices to our blood; its metals are in our veins; its motion is in our steps, and its splendors are in our eye. We exist not a moment that it does not affect us. Its influence is felt in our pleasures, business, love, prayers, and praises. Even our dreams are not proof against its all-penetrating power. Childhood totters toward its bosom, and age bends down to its embrace. It ministers through all our senses, and makes itself known in every nerve and muscle. And this, too, is by divine appointment. The sovereignty of God is, in its instrumentality, reaching us in the air we breathe, in the water we drink; and preparing us by these lessons, if we would but heed them, for a nobler obedience to its other statutes. We see, then, that this material relation is not accidental. Circumstances have not created it, for it has created circumstances. It was instituted before any thing else. Adam had an Eden ere Eve was placed at his side. It is, therefore, the foundation of all our relations; the parent-tie out of which spring all other ties. The law of labor rests on it. All forms of business, whatever their variety and adaptations, meet on this common ground; and here, too, every earthly institution has its roots deeply fixed by the hand of Omnipotence. Life must, therefore, look to its material connections. The world has much to do for us, and we have much to do with it, if we expect to fulfill the plan of Provi-



not forget that you are a debtor to its beauty, its | munificence, its resplendent glory. Add to that sum a lifetime account for food and raiment; and complete all with the thought, "Earth is His footstool." Bound to it so intimately, so divinelybound to it for a dwelling and a grave-you must remember that a successful life will honor this material relation, and faithfully execute its duties. Whatever its opulent resources can contribute toward developing your manhood-whatever toil is imposed, or discipline prescribed, or suffering ordained-let them be gratefully accepted; for the tenderest mercy and the truest goodness are in them. And yet it is but a partial and incomplete world. It is not all we need; and, therefore, Religion brings the treasures of a higher and purer world to compensate for its poverty. To be a successful man, then, the truth of two worlds must enter into your nature, and possess its faculties of thought, feeling, will, and action. The truth of the senses uniting you to finite matter; the truth of the soul uniting you to the Infinite Mind; these, in alliance, must become your inheritance, or death will find you a bankrupt in the universe

You have to prepare for a successful life. No one is born fit for any thing. Fitness is an acquirement. There is a beautiful provision for this Infancy lies in its mother's arms, and childhood sports on the green grass, laughs among the flowers, chases the butterfly, and wonders at the rainbow. But the great training is going on, and these simple tastes will often reappear in afterdays. Youth follows with its instruction. Heaven is now near us. It is most patient of our follies, and they are gently corrected; most forgiving to our sins; and kind restraints are wound around us lest we go far astray. See the preparation here. The spirit of childhood and youth, so simple, so confiding, so fervent, so unselfish, so earnest in its cheerful outgoings, so reluctant to bury itself within, is the spirit that manhood with its business and responsibilities will daily require. It will be the need of the fireside, the street, the exchange, the profession, and hence the free, full exercise that is allowed it in opening existence. Childhood ought never to die within the heart. There is not much heart left when it departs. And it would not be thus rudely extinguished if life were rightly ordered. The experience of age is designed to chasten and sober, not to destroy it. And then comes also the illusory place of the imagination; it is another element in the preparation. A man must be more or less than a man, if he can dispense with his imagination, for reality here is only a partial thing, and the province of this faculty is to perfect its incompleteness. Every one too, is born to individualize the world for himself; to touch it at angles peculiar to his own experience; to see its light and shadow disposed on the great landscape of life as no other eye can see them. This requires an original susceptibility of feeling no less than a creativeness of mind. Imagination supplies this common element of intellect and heart; and by its valuable offices the vitality of the spirit reaches farther, soars higher, penetrates deeper, and becomes a more potent energy. How many objects, otherwise alien, it draws into the charmed circle of our communion! How many kindred and friends it finds; and with what lavish goodness does it spread their smiles over our dwelling-places until they glow as Abraham's tent at

Heaven's gathering time for this gracious joy. Imagination has its freedom then; and before the pangs of biterness are known, or the hard experiences of a sorrowful lot are felt, it is silently infusing its tide of impulse into sensibility, and its warm inspiration into reason, that intellect and heart may afterward have something to sustain

Nor does the preparatory training for a successful life end here. The genial temper of childhood, and the ennobling offices of imagination are accompanied by other ministrations. The family fireside and the daily table; the blazing fire and the ample board; more than all, maternal love, teach us trust in Providence, and open to our inward being the privilege of prayer. Not, then, does Christianity come to us as a system so much as a spirit, breathing in calm, precious words, and imagining the serene blessedness of immortality in the loving eyes that follow all our footsteps. Day by day, night by night, the better affections of our nature are thus exercised and quickened, that in after life we may never forget where the worth and joy of existence are to be found. Such preparation does Heaven design for every man. Its means and agencies are provided with singular beneficence in its plan, and the spirit is cheated by the worst of frauds, if, in some measure or degree, it is deprived of their benefits.

The time for business arrives. You must go out into the world; find your opening or make one; struggle against rivalry, deceit, oppression; battle for your place and determine your fortunes. You seek success; you believe in it. This is right and good. If you have a manly soul, you will feel that success is to be desired and sought. More than this, success is a Providential law. It is God's will that you should possess your share of the world and have its enjoyments. Your selfishness is not consulted in this provision but your benevolence, your service to others, your value to the world. At this point the gigantic fallacy of life meets your unpracticed mind, and with its cunning arts labors to master your will. Business will appear as a thing standing by itself, altogether disjointed from the other parts of human economy. You will think that a new sort of intellect and tact will be needed. The home-soul that mother and father awakened, will not seem sufficient. The first hour of trade will perhaps teach you that the world has a soul of its own, and you will be tempted to sell all you have to get it. But this is a melancholy error. To be sure you require ready brains for your new sphere-intellect in eye, ear, and hand-but never conclude that your former nature, nurtured with so much care and tenderness, is to be sacrificed. Heaven sends the spring foward into the summer and the autumn. The early rain retains its moisture in the late harvest, and the sunshine of May adorns the golden fruit of September. Nothing is more needful for you on entering business than to take your earlier self into its dangers and duties. Whether as policy or principle, the moral lessons then learned are the best security, for they will keep your smartness from degenerating into low dexterityyour tact from running into mean cunning. True trade is not gambling. It is not a matter of hatred and enmities. It is not an Esau and Jacob transaction. It is not the devil's institution. Temper need not spice it to give a flavor. Business is a Mamre, holding the angels! Early days are Divine ordination to furnish the means of life, and



to develop life itself. In part earthly, and in part | Attach yourself to your business, and then attach spiritual, it has been established to cultivate your whole nature. You have more to do than to make money; you are to make the sense to use and the heart to enjoy it. Accumulation is only one side of the question. Ants store up for the wants of winter, and bees hive their honey to the same end, but men acquire for the benefit of soul and body. You are therefore to enter business not to be a provident ant or bee, but to secure present and permanent good. The storehouse into which your labors are to be gathered is not a barn, but it is built of your bones and ligaments. Imperishable materials are these, and worthy of enduring treasures.

Let it be your first aim, therefore, to take elevated views of business, both in its relations to yourself and the world. Utilitarianism looks merely at its outward, practical advantages. On its theory it fattens intellectual animals, and converts home into a good loft for provender. But, outside of all its material uses, business is to be regarded as fulfilling a much higher end. Every day it does more to exercise the intellect and heart of the world than any thing else. Take a barrel of flour, a hogshead of sugar, a bag of cotton, a bale of goods, and how much mind has been cmployed on them! What unwritten and unpublished libraries are in those vast warehouses, stocked from cellar to roof with the productions of human skill! And they all do the work of peace. Husbandmen sow the seed in the open furrow, but it is "not bare grain;" the seed of brotherhood and unity are deposited there for the intercourse and harmony of the world. The sentiments of the "Sermon on the Mount" are sown in the genial warmth of the earth, and springing thence into the feeding air and sunshine, they mature harvests that preach peace and kindness to our selfish race. Our cotton bales are shipped to England, and what Minister at the Court of St. James ever executed a diplomatic office as well? Business, then, has three great ends; viz., to supply material and social wants; to aid in forming talent and character; to promote the welfare of mankind in the relations of nations to one another. Apprehending these facts, you will see the importance of pursuing your business as a department of moral life. Truth to yourself, and truth to others; honesty in thought, word, and deed; integrity as the effect of conscience, and magnanimity as the fruit of Christian benevolence, will be honored and obeyed. Essential as these are, you must associate them with all the prudential virtues. You must carry a soul into trade, but you must carry also a sagacious eye, a far-reaching calculation, a thorough knowledge of general principles and of petty details, a ready activity, a steady endurance, a keen sensibility to danger, and a lofty courage to grapple with difficulties. In your special calling, you have the world to study as it is related to that one thing. Why it needs your particular branch of industry; how and when it needs its offices; what bearings circumstances and other causes have on its steadiness and fluctuations; by what means to open channels of communication between yourself and the world; in what way to attract custom without false inducements, and retain it for mutual benefit, are main points for you to investigate and master. Go to the bottom of these things. Dive deeply if you would get pearls. Exhaust the topics you study. Superficial knowledge is always danger-

others to it; make it a power in your own heart, and you will be apt to make it a power in the world. Cultivate the right sort of energy. It is activity at the auspicious moment, and with the proper means, that constitutes genuine energy. An hour is sometimes worth more than a year. eyes always see the same shadow on the dial-plate of business, but you will read it differently. Every now and then the world changes front; new interests take the lead; inventions change the surface of things. You must, therefore, watch the course of civilization, and go with it. Be a practiced observer of that ever-varying scene, Human Life; and while you adhere to fixed principles and great ends, keep yourself alive to the art of consistent and effective adaptation. Have no fancies and crotchets. Never overstate arguments to yourself, and be suspicious of much logic. The romantic gentleman of business-a modern character, made up of Don Quixote without Sancho Panza and Beau Brummell with his unsuccessful cravats-you will not try to imitate. If your business grow, be certain that it expands itself. You may press but not force it. Any thing will bear artificial aid better than business; and, moreover, if it stand on a true basis, and be conducted on just principles, its self-projecting power will be as much as you can safely sustain.

The gradations of prosperity should not be forgotten. It has a scale clearly marked and defined for you to read. A business that yields you a fair support for the first few years, allowing a small saving for future wants, is all you ought at first to expect; and as it advances, if it afford you full competency and comfort you may rest satisfied that it will meet your reasonable wishes. Rapid prosperity should be sought by no sensible man. Apart from its serious risks, the mind must grow, and life must multiply its sentiments and feelings, before we can reach that degree of human experience which is essential to large enjoyment. This is a great evil in American mercantile life. Indeed, it is a vice of our society. The most of our people strive to crowd enjoyment into their existence ere they have learned how to be happy, or reached the age at which pleasure is susceptible of most intensity. Another thing ought to be weighed; no thoughtful person would wish that his business should outgrow him, and yet numerous instances have we known of men prospering faster than they acquired intelligence and skill to manage a widening field. There is a certain work for the mind in every sphere of life which time alone can do. It can not be anticipated. Our observation, reading, study of to-day may lie dormant within the brain for years-not dead, howeverbut slowly germinating for a plentiful harvest. This is especially true of business. Its most valuable wisdom, founded in experience, is a slow growth, and every one should be willing to await that maturity before he indulges his ambition and enterprise for a great business. Small gains make large heaps. But more than that, they yield their best advantages to mind and character. Work out your specific plans as rapidly as possible. The future is a doubtful paymaster, and you should never take its promises except on good security. The general plan of business may well embrace the years of a lifetime, but your minor schemes ought to wind up quickly. Study the future and the ous, but in trade and commerce it is a positive evil. | bearings of the present on it. Prophecy has ceased

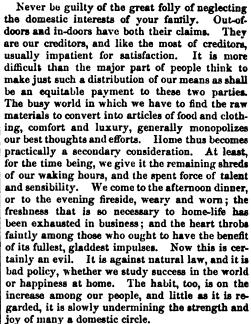


but sagacity has not. That "coming events cast their shadows before them" is emphatically true of business; but, unfortunately, the most of thoughtless traders get in the shadows before they see them. Our commercial revulsions seldom come without due warning. One of the eminent merchants of Boston, P. C. Brooks, used to say that he preferred to keep in shoal water, not because it was shoal water, but because he knew exactly how deep it was. Never venture where your sense and experience may desert you or prove unavailing.

Success is not the chance thing that so many superficial thinkers suppose. All successful men have worked on a system. "I first came to Louisiana," said Mr. M'Donough, the celebrated millionaire, "when it was a Spanish colony, as the agent for a house in Baltimore and a house in Boston, to dispose of certain cargoes of goods. After I had settled up their accounts and finished their agency, I set up to do business for myself. I had become acquainted with the Spanish Governor, who had taken a fancy to me, although I had never so much as flattered him, and through his influence I obtained a contract for the army, by which I made \$10,000. After this, I gave a splendid dinner to the principal officers of the army and the Governor, by which I obtained another contract and made \$30,000. This is what the Creoles and the French do not understand. I mean the spending of money judiciously." Mr. M'Donough adhered to a system of rules in amassing his fortune, and though they are not to be commended or followed by men who aim at the highest success, yet they show how a plan, carried deliberately and persistently out, may accomplish a vast result. The experience of the Rothschilds has been given in two principles; viz., 1st. Their great business was carried on the "perpetual and uninterrupted communion" of the five brothers. 2d. Never to "seek excessive profits in any undertaking; to assign certain limits to every enterprise; and as much as human prudence and caution can do, to make themselves independent of the play of accidents." Ricardo, who accumulated an immense property, had "three golden rules;" viz., Never to refuse an option when you can get it; cut short your losses; let your profits run on. Amos Lawrence, whose life is so bright an example to business men, writes in his "annual statement," January 1, 1828, after taking an account of his affairs:

"This amount of property is great for a young man under forty-two years of age, who came to this town when he was twenty-one years old, with no other possession than a common country education, a sincere love for his own family, and habits of industry, economy, and sobriety. Under God, it is these same self-denying habits, and a desire I always had to please, so far as I could, without sinful compliance, that I can now look back upon and see as the true ground of my success." Examples might be multiplied, but they all show that great business men act on system. That system may vary in different cases, for personal peculiarities will shape worldly plans. But the idea of a regular system must be prominent, for the faculty of working can not be long exerted except it is on principle and with purpose. A large number of persons fight at business as if they were literally in a contest. Impulse and passion are excited to their utmost intensity. But this is in violation of all natural law, and never fails to bring its punish-

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There are several things that may be done to rectify the wrong. Here, for instance, is a mechanic or merchant who takes his business cares home with him. The abstracted eye and the wrinkled brow tell where his thoughts are. Wife and children unconsciously hesitate to be cheerful, and their voices fall into an undertone because his own words sound like talk at a funeral. Without being surly, he is serious in look and manner. It acts like a command, simply for the reason that much of family government is conducted by manner. The entire household, quick in sympathy. soon catches the expression, and the sunshine that beautifies flower and field is shut out from the very spot where its light has most power to paint a heavenly splendor. Such a man may be a good husband, a kind father, but he wants the charm that imparts to goodness and kindness their highest value, viz., common sense. If he had this every-day wisdom, he would know that a smiling face and a pleasant behavior exerted much more influence over his family than affection on set occasions, or munificence in large installments. To be very happy, kind, and good, on great anniversaries and at specific periods is not the way to bless and brighten a home. Genuine benevolence, as it belongs to domestic life, has not an occasional office but a steady work, and it is only by making it a constant exercise that it can answer its benign end. The error of such a man lies in false business habits. To be able to think successfully we must have sufficient control over our thoughts to dismiss them at the proper time, as well as to concentrate them when at our callings. The health of the intellect depends on this facility of prompt and hearty relaxation. The discharging power that dismisses the commercial world from the brain is essential to correct and profound thinking. If he is embarrassed and perplexed in his plans of trade, let him forego the continued study, and to his surprise he will find, the next day, that in his intervals of repose the subject of anxiety has been working itself out to his satisfaction. How this is, none can tell; but the fact is indisputable, that by some mystery of mind a difficult topic has this



self-elaborating process. Perhaps it is like laying | our cloth coats away; they appear newer when we put them on again, for the silent chemistry of the atmosphere or something else has improved them. Or, perchance, there is an unrecognized, involuntary power of thought, that not only manifests itself in dreams, but toils on in the hidden seat of the soul, without the presence of consciousness. But aside from this, a man will be a better business thinker and actor by confining his activity to appointed hours. Idleness at the right time, and in the right way, is just as much a providential law as industry. Even "loafing" is an art to be studied. And while the sage philosophers are debating "High Art" and the "Pre-Raphaelite" age, if they would open the mysteries of "otium cum dignitate," the world would have reason to appreciate the classics for a very sensible maxim.

Home is the original institution for recreation. It was once in a garden, where there must have been quiet nooks and sleepy shadows. Brick walls are now used because we need substantial materials between us and this tyrannical world. But even as it is, the invader comes within, not so much of its own accord, but because we bring it in and offer him hospitality. The world dines with us. The world shares our bed and board. The world divides companionship with even our wives-a new bigamy not known to jurisprudence. Thus home is degraded. It is degraded into a place for eating, drinking, and sleeping—one remove from an animal den. It is a shelter, not a sanctuary. And what is the effect? Home is not the power it should be. Home is not advancing at the same rate as other elements of civilization. Home has not improved as fast as other less important institutions. There is an anomaly here. If free government, if republican society, if prosperity in trade and commerce, if schools, literature, and religion should show their amplest and noblest fruits any where, it should be in beautiful and joyous homes. It is not where man meets man, but where man and woman meet, in the midst of loving children, that we are to look for the real import of human life. The whole nature is capable of thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, soaring, shining, nowhere else. All its other being and doing are piecemeal and fragmentary. And moreover, the whole world is tributary to our nature only here. The treasure-chest that contains our share of earthly gifts is found at home and not in bank vaults. How inexcusable, then, are so many of our business men for this sacrifice of home! Undesigned it may be, and yet it is a mournful treachery that is followed by the drying up of the purest, sweetest fountains of earthly happiness. A gentleman of this class, having failed, was asked what he intended to do. His reply was, "I am going home to get acquainted with my wife and chil-Another large merchant in one of our great cities was so engrossed with week-day toil and Sunday benevolence that he could not repeat the names of his own children; and a third sinner of this class once met a sweet-looking child on the pavement, stopped and caressed it, and on inquiring its name, learned, to his great edification, that it was his own infant.

Above every thing else, you should remember that success in life is vitally connected with your own moral growth and improvement, by means of patient, faithful self-culture. A man has no pow-

pline his faculties, to govern his passions, to control his tastes, to form his nature to immortal excellence and joy. He can not act on the outer world as on himself. Mountains may be tunneled, and oceans diminished to lakes. Inventions may apply all science, and art may fill the earth with its triumphs; but man lifts himself high above these humble things, and rises to the dignity of divine companionship. Rich in a plenitude of gifts, and commanding all the resources of the universe to bless and ennoble, how few feel that Omnipotence waits at their side to attend them in their ascending pathway! The saddest spectacle of the world is the dead souls around us. Dead, they are-dead in intellect, hope, heart-dead to humanity, home, God. See their footsteps! The grass withers and the flowers perish before them. See their foreheads! The sunshine is cold and pale upon them. The worms of the grave crawl over their hearts, and they dwell among the habitations of death, as the hideous skeletons of men departed.

Editor's Easy Chair.

F Philadelphia, and Boston, and Baltimore, and New Orleans were all willing to concede that New York is a metropolis—which is a dignity that New York is notoriously too modest to arrogate to itself-a contemplative Easy Chair might believe the inhabitants of those cities to be interested in the fortunes of what we may, for the argument, call the Metropolitan Italian Opera.

Our old friend of the anniversaries, Dr. Primrose, who is professionally given to the ecclesiastical view of the opera, which is not altogether favorable, yet confesses that, as a student of man, whose daily history he reads in the newspapers, he can not but express his profound satisfaction in the qualities of character which are developed, from time to time, in managers and other operatic officials.

"To tell the truth," writes this amiable and accomplished gentleman from the pleasant little parsonage, "The Cowslips"-" to tell the truth, I had always done these gentlemen the injustice of supposing that they were sometimes swayed by mere pecuniary motives in the efforts which they so sedulously make for the cause to which they are devoted. But how pleasing to the friend of man to correct an error, and when the correction is in favor of human virtue! Judge, dear Easy Chair, with what delight I read the ingenuous speech of the simple-minded manager of your opera upon occasion of the closing of the building. It is not my wont, as you know, nor do I conceive it consistent with professional decorum, to haunt that house, but I can not properly refrain from enlightening my mind upon all the topics of daily concern. Furthermore, I hope I may say, with the old Roman poet, that, as a man, I hold nothing human foreign to my sympathy. Consequently, I read the letters and speeches of managers and opera singers. I have even, in unguarded momenta, discovered myself perusing the "cards" of indignant tenors and bassos, in whose persons the great principles of human rights had been violated. The present occasion, however, is of greater importance. It is simply this—that a man, greedy of doing good and benefiting the public, whether it would or no, resolutely gave his time, his talents, er like power over himself. It is power to disci- and his worldly possessions, to found what he be-



lieves to be a beneficent social institution. He man insults me, Sir, I turn him away, though he brings the world his vouchers. He resolutely pays were the best coachman in the city. Why should a rent which can be met by no probable or possible not the city do so with its servants? Sir, the city receipts. Nightly he offers himself a sacrifice upon the altar of his art, and, as appears from his own word, solely for the great cause of placing the operatic institution upon a permanent foundation in the great city. Then, when this simple-hearted martyr falls, vanquished, under a vast rent and inadequate receipts, the majestic cause finds yet a new servant, who steps forward to put the opera upon a still more permanent foundation; and I am convinced, from a careful study of the subject for many years, that if the opera is not by this time immovably rooted upon that permanent foundation, it is not from want of having been often enough put there. The heroism of these men is beyond adequate admiration; and when, as now, there is a union of them, a noble company of martyrs, it is clear that the foundation is at last, without any farther postponement, to be made extremely permanent. In view of this development, in view of the school of sacrifice and resignation which I have discovered the opera to be, I shall no longer forbid Mrs. Primrose that indulgence; and when we visit the metropolis, upon occasion of the next anniversaries, I shall not forget the duty we all owe to struggling human nature, and I shall take three front seats, one for myself, and two others for Mrs. and Miss Primrose. We have seen pictures of St. Stephen and St. Anthony, now we wish to see the living Maretzek and Stankovitch."

Thus Dr. Primrose, of Cowslips. But there is another view which we have been compelled to take, because it was thrust under our eyes in such an indignantly large hand:

"Mr. Solomon Gunnybags presents his compliments to the Easy Chair, and would like to demand by what right the public of the metropolis is to be imposed upon and bullied by two men, one the manager of an opera-house, and the other the president of a club. Having publicly insulted the proprietors, the manager is called to his old seat by a public which courts contempt. He treats the metropolis just as he thinks fit, and nobody dares to oppose him, just as the other fires off his nasty little cannon in the Park, whenever he chooses to do so, shaking the windows of me, Solomon Gunnybags, and the nerves of all sick people in the neighborhood. Will you tell me, Sir, why the editor of a newspaper was prohibited from firing a hundred guns when his paper had reached a certain circulation, and the president of a club is permitted to fire as many guns as he pleases when a political party has gained a victory? It is refreshing and flattering to think that this president is the pet of New York. It does us all honor, Sir. It shows that we respect ourselves. He is also a kind of body-guard of the Bible, Sir, and intervened in a society of non-resistants, some years ago—a society of people that he knew were principled against fighting, and stopped their discussions by force. Also, when, more recently, the Lieutenant Governor of the State and another gentleman publicly discussed great public questions, this proprietor of a brass cannon and president of a club attended and said that he came to see fair play, and that if his friend had not been well treated he would have broken up the meeting. Now, Sir, I wish to know why this white-livered city submits to such bullying, either in its opera or in

is a pack of cowards. It doesn't dare to call its soul its own, Sir. I spit upon the city, Sir, and am your very obedient servant, Sir.'

How sad to the reflecting mind that choleric gentlemen of a certain age should so give way to the vehemence of feeling! Our furious friend must surely be aware that the city's withers are unwrung by all his energy. The city, of course, is only anxious to see the Italian Opera permanently established, or, in other words, placed upon a permanent foundation; and for the other head of the respected argument of our valuable friend, who cares a straw? What is it to him, or to any one else, who interrupts public meetings, or bangs cannon in the Park? If Lieutenant or other Governors choose to hold public debates, they do so, of course, at their own peril. It is surely no affair of Gunnybags. If Solomon's friend has his head cracked at the polls, or is knocked down and robbed at night, why should G. give himself uneasiness? Have we not municipal officers to attend to the cracked crown department? Was it longer ago than last week that the police of the city were drilled before the very eyes of the magistrate of a neighboring city? Nay, was it not yesterday that we ourselves beheld a policeman politely helping a quantity of hoops across the crowded street at Stewart's? With such facts and spectacles before our minds and eyes, why should any perverse elderly Gunnybags snap his fingers contemptuously? What would he have of a municipality, of a police force, of the head of a police force? What does he think people with large brass stars are intended for, if not to convoy hoops across Broadway, and chide belligerent boys at street corners? Did not Gunnybags himself particularly request that the present state of things might continue, and take care that it should continue, by beginning it well upon election-day? It is within the knowledge of this Easy Chair that some people, who do not believe with Gunnybags, attempted to express their opinion on that day. How foolish! How comical! Solomon Gunnybags and Co. had taken especial pains to say that they wished a certain state of things to continue. Part of that state of things was that another opinion should not be manifested, and good care was taken by the state of things which Gunnybags approved that the manifestation should be repressed? With what right, then, does Mr. G. complain of cannon in the Park, and interference every where, and in every thing, of people who should be elsewhere? If there were any complaint, which, of course, is a ludicrous hypothesis-if any body were not satisfied with the state of things that exists, which, we are bound to believe, is the best that, with the present arrangement, can be obtained—if such things could be justly supposed, why, who on earth would be the responsible man but Solomon Gunnybags? Is a cannon blown off in the Park? Is a row made in a meeting? Are heads freely broken and security a delusion? Is the necessity of a Vigilance Committee demonstrated? Apply to Solomon Gunnybags, who headed the famous call for a meeting in favor of retaining the Yellow Fever. And then—what is man!-he blazes away in a letter to the Easy Chair about peace and good order!

its streets, or parks, or meetings? If my coach- It was a wise saying of Confucius-or was it



Tupper?—"If you don't want the peas to hop, don't heat the platter." Will Gunnybags, and his friends Osnaburg and Bullion, reflect upon it?

THAT moral censor, the daily press, has duly improved the circumstances of the case of the forger Huntington. In a few well-leaded and virtuous leaders it has exposed his naughtiness, and in long columns of close print it has proclaimed the details of the sale of his household goods. There seems to have been as much curiosity about him and his furniture as if he had been a criminal upon a much greater scale. If his house at the auction sale was as crowded as the Opera at the debut of a new Prima Donna, while he was only a forger for half a million of dollars, what hopeless thousands would have been turned weepingly away from the doors had he only been a murderer of a whole family by slow poison. The imagination, proceeding by analogy, fails to conceive the degree of excitement that such a difference must have produced.

But with all the drawbacks and imperfections of the case, the sale of the forger's furniture was a festival for auction-hunters and virtuous females of a discreet age. Mrs. Van Tulle arrived at a very early hour, and in great force. She made a careful survey of the whole ground, from cellar to attic, and settled the vast and perplexing questions of plaster, and veneer, and gilding, with that rapidity and precision which distinguishes her genius at auctions. By the time Miss Tuffskin reached the house, Mrs. Van Tulle was capable of answering all her questions, and imparting to her privately the character of the sofa stuffings. They had the exquisite pleasure of prying into every thing; and there seemed to be wanting only one thing to have made those amiable ladies perfectly happy. That one thing was to find some private and personal article belonging to the great forger. They opened little drawers in tables, especially dressing-tables, as if they might suddenly light upon a shaving-brush, or a cigar end, or haply a fine-tooth comb. The ladies, led by an enlightened curiosity, were disappointed in these respects. They found nothing that they might not have found at the furniture shops and jewel-In truth, a visit to either of those places would have been more satisfactory to a cabinetmaker and a practical jeweler, because of the greater assortment. But it was the exquisite flavor of forgery that gave such a rare value to the Huntingtonian furniture. Mrs. Van Tulle and Miss Tuffskin could say in years to come, and with the modest pride of the virtuoso, "This is my Huntington fauteuil;" "this escritoire I bought at the great Huntington sale;" "in that very chair sat Huntington, and who knows but he may have been sitting in it at the very moment when he meditated, or even-by a chance too kind to be thought of-actually perpetrated, the greatest of those celebrated forgeries!"

It is refreshing to the mind of the lover of his kind! Who wouldn't be a forger, and have expensive furniture sold at auction to a throng of ladies of taste and philosophical curiosity? How simple and pure the feeling which led Mrs. Van Tulle and Miss Tuffskin to come early and stav late, and lavish a tender interest upon the furniture of a forger, while they lost their tempers the day before at Patrick MacPatrick O'Brogan, who stole an old pair of goloshes.

We learn, and communicate the fact with unaffected pleasure, that the candid and refined, the married and single, ladies of the metropolis, can procure autographs of the eminent forger, Huntington, by applying at the Tombs every day between 12 and 12, and depositing one shilling. Carriages will put down with their horses' heads up Centre Street.

WK in the city have all heard Thalberg, and we can wish nothing so fair to our friends outside than that they may hear him too. It is agreeable to remark that each new artist is an occasion of fresh self-gratulation. Spite of M. Léon Beauvallet, the Rachel historian, who considers that to recite to us the sublime verses of the immortal Corneille is to cast pearls before swine; and spite of M. Leopold de Meyer, who trampled the piano under hand and foot, in a scornful resolution to coin money of our wonder-spite of all these things, it appears that the æsthetics of the North American savage steadily improves, and that he is prepared, repressing his war-whoop for a brief season, to listen to the liquid enchantment distilled from the twinkling fingers of Thalberg upon the happy ivory of an Erard.

That Thalberg is a gentleman is so unanimously conceded, that this Chair is Easier at the very thought of such unanimity following so fierce a conflict of opinions as the political which was just quieted for a moment when the pianist arrived. The great fact in the minds of the audience seemed to be that he was not a hairy or grotesque monsternot a sentimental, spoiled, affected young manbut a smoothly-shaven and quiet-mannered adult, who played the piano as if he respected his art, himself, and the public. Why a musical artist should be a buffoon, a bear, or a fool, seems never to have been very clearly demonstrated. But that they have sometimes been so, would seem to be shown with equal clearness by the universal delight at finding Thalberg a gentleman.

His performance is also gentlemanly. It is perfectly polished, and exquisitely fine and smooth. He is a proper artist in this, that he comprehends the character of his instrument. He neither treats it as a violoncello nor a full orchestra. Those who, in private, have enjoyed the pleasure of hearing-or, to use a more accurate epithet, of seeing -Strepitoso, that friend of mankind, play the piano, will understand what we mean when we speak of treating the piano as if it were an orchestra. Strepitoso storms and slams along the key-board until the tortured instrument gives up its musical soul in despair, and breaks its heart of melody by cracking all its strings. The sole effect of Strepitoso's performance when it is, in the largest style, maestoso, is to arouse every latent sympathy for the misfortune of the piano, and to induce frightful oaths to forswear the countenancing of piano-playing forevermore. Every instrument has its limitations, but Strepitoso will tolerate no such theory. He extracts music from his piano, not as if he were sifting sand for gold, but as if he were raking oysters. The consequence is that nobody dares to ask him to play. The nerves of the ladies and the strings of the instruments equally protest. But he avenges himself at home, and wreaks hie wrathful music upon the heads of all his unhappy neighbors. Night groans in sympathy with the anguish of murdered melody, and, pale and exhausted, the forlorn denizens of No. 10 Guizot



Court, East, drop into uneasy slumbers toward the

Now Thalberg's manner is different from Strepitoso's. He plays the piano-that is the phrase which describes his performance. He plays it quietly and serenely. You could sit upon a lawn in a June midnight, and hear with delight the sounds that trickled through the moonlight from the piano of this master. They would not melt your soul in you; they would not touch those longings that, like rays of starry light, respond to the rays of the stars; they would not storm your heart with the yearning passion of their strains; but you would confess it was a good world as you listened, and be glad you lived in it-you would be glad of your home and all that made it homelike; the moonlight, as you listened, would melt and change, and your smiling eyes would seem to glitter in cheerful sunlight as Thalberg ended.

THE other arts do not languish because the opera is being placed upon a permanent foundation; and Thalberg is showing that a man may play the piano exquisitely and yet be a gentleman. the coming of Thalberg and the restoration in Irving Place, came also Martin's "great pictures." Martin, who loves to do what can not be done-Martin, who spreads his pallet, and, presto! turns you off what eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor the imagination of man conceived.

If it be the excellence of one artist who has just been among us and given us his "works," that he justly comprehended both the resources and the limitations of his art, it is equally true of the other that he acknowledges no limitations; there is no light so heavenly, no gloom so dreadful, but Martin, with pigments 1, 2, and 3, will expose a specimen for admiration and copious subscription. All people who were boys fifteen years or so ago, remember his Belshazzar's Feast. The permanent idea lodged in the memory by that picture and its engraving was of a huge stairway—a vast sort of something with incomprehensible steps. It would be really remarkable, if, upon examination, no steps at all should be found in that celebrated production; but beyond question, stairs is the grand impression of Belshazzar's Feast as painted by John Martin. There was also a cloud of frightened people rolling up or down the steps, and an awful abyss of ceiling, through which the fascinated eye seemed to gaze into the very bowels of the earth, and to behold them dreadfully distressed.

Martin's sublimity was melo-dramatic, sopho-He was a morbid rhetorician in color. His pictures seem to be reminiscences of opium visions—such, we mean, of course, as we should imagine opium visions might be if they were first imperfectly remembered and then imperfectly represented. There is nothing grand in his performances: they are only big. There is nothing sublime; but only, so to say, fancy in these elaborate pictures of the inconceivable. "The Plains of Heaven," "The Judgment," "The Great Day of His Wrath." What awful themes are these! All that the mind can grasp of the greatest and most solemn is in these names. These pictures are like the tragedy of Sebastopol at a circus.

The drollery is indescribable of mounting two flights of stairs, and gradually, through the darkening gloom of thick baize, approaching the penetralia of mysteries. Ingenious gas! Never was

gas it is impossible to fancy these pictures. In yellow gas at morning, they live and move and have their being. There is a cell of thick green baize, with a large picture upon each of three sides, and on the fourth a pensive clerk to take your little name for your little subscription. The gas is burning over your head, hidden in baize, but pouring all its effulgence upon the pictures .- No. 1. The Plains of Hearen. The scene is a vast mountainous landscape, stretching endlessly away under an airy structure, the idea of which Shelley has expressed in a line,

"Dim-pinnacled in the intense inane."

The extreme distance is luminous and lovely. But the plains of heaven are very hilly.—No. 2. The Judgment. There is a platform with steps and a pyramid, which is the seat of Judgment. In the left foreground the respected forefathers of the world, including Dr. Franklin and John Adams, we believe, in all the gravity of bag-wigs, are emerging from the ground, which comes up to their necks. These are the saints. On the left is a motley crew, rioting and lost. Here, too, in the extreme distance, are dreamy depths of light, soft, and tender, and pathetic—a tear in the midst of a joke.-No. 3. The Great Day of His Wrath. Here is a cone of cloudy, crimson luminousness, and rocks, shivered from rocks by the lightning that pierces every where, fall into yawning gulfs of gloom, in which plunge frenzied sinners despair-

In all these pictures there is a certain kind of power; but it is still a false force like that of rhet-They are sure to make the foolish stare; but they are barbarous and savage performances, after all. Shall we believe that faith is failing or is dead, when such works as this of the Judgment succeed Orcagna's or Michael Angelo's? Those old pictures were made parts of monumental buildings, at once consecrating and ornamenting them. This is papier-maché. It is the sublimity of prettiness. It is the great mystery of Christian faith made into parlor ornaments and furniture of the walls. When you reflect that all this skill, and ingenuity, and knowledge of color, might have made a valuable picture of some actual fact, what a pity it was all squandered in this tawdry fine writing. And yet, for the sake of those lovely distances, it seems almost worth while to have painted the pictures.

THE lecture season has set in again with the usual severity. There are a few new names, and a very few new subjects. But no one can doubt longer that the lecture system is an institution and not a fashion, and that we are to have much more of it, and continually. Why should we regret it? If people pay two shillings to see white men blackened like negroes, and singing bad grammar and maudlin sentiment, why should we not hope to see them paying the same sum to hear white men talk sense? And this all the more, because it is getting to be necessary that it shall be also good sense. Men of talent and intelligence can not lecture through the land without creating a demand by cultivating the audience. If the brilliant and witty Rev. Ignatius Loyola entranced the Lyceum of Japan Centre this week, it is foolish to suppose that Lyceum is going to be content with the pompous twaddle of the Hon. Pericles Burt next week. The Hon. Pericles is compelled to do and say the best things he can scrape together. He has encoal vapor generated to such purpose. Without ered the lists with wit and genius, and position



and constituencies stand him in no stead. Windbags and bunglers are rapidly winnowed out of the lists.

But while we loll in our Chair, and with closing eye figure the entranced audience of Japan Centre, we are interrupted by a letter which we hasten to lay before our readers. It is useless to say that we can not make ourselves responsible for the sentiments of our correspondents. They address us from all places upon all topics. As the reader sees, even the great Gunnybags, whom cashiers and clerks respect, does not disdain to impart to us his views upon current affairs. But Gunnybags does not go to hear Mr. Muff upon Temperance.

It is otherwise with "A Constant Reader:"

"Dear Easy Chair,—I went the other evening to hear Muff, the distinguished temperance lecturer, and I wish to confide to you in strict confidence* the impression he made upon me. Must I tell you that I have no personal acquaintance with Muff, and that, of course, I was severely impartial? I know nothing of him but that he had the noble resolution to tread down his enemy under his feet, and that no temperance orator ever had the reputation he has acquired.

"Mr. Muff lectured in a theatre. He ought always to lecture in a theatre. As it is said of large ships that they require sea-room, so it may be said of Mr. Muff that he requires stage-room. His lecture is a performance. It is the acting more than the speaking which attracts the crowds that follow him. The scene upon this occasion was an Egyptian temple, and the dramatis persona were Christian ministers. They sat in shining rows upon the stage, and the house was crowded in every part with an eager audience. At the hour appointed the clerical chorus came from the wings upon the stage, and a prayer was offered before the lecture. When that was concluded Mr. Muff was introduced, and advanced to the front. There was a round of applause without enthusiasm, and every ear was strained toward the stage.

"Mr. Muff is a plain-looking man of the Yankee type, with nothing remarkable in his appearance. He began apologetically, and said that he always did as the boys did, he made up his speeches as he went along. Then he rose into vehemence, and in ten minutes from the start both arms were lifted perpendicularly above his head, and his voice was swelling and swelling to a climax. The address was in the first quarter of an hour. It was a succession of recitations of personal experience, interspersed with droll or serious stories and illustrations. But the action was the peculiarity. Every thing was imitated. If it was a miser clutching gold, Mr. Muff crawled along the stage raking in imaginary heaps. If it was a coxcomb lisping, Mr. Muff mimicked the affected drawl. If it was the moderate drinker, Mr. Muff walked unsteadily across the stage. If it was the inebriate, Mr. Muff reeled and staggered amid the enthusiastic applause of the audience. If it was the formalist, Mr. Muff walked with mock solemnity. If the boxer, Mr. Muff boxed. If the wine-sipper, Mr. Muff sipped. It was a prolonged monologue, to which adroit mimicry and droll imitation gave all the comedy, and the commonplaces of pathos supplied the shading.

"It was a purely theatrical performance; and the gentlemen upon the stage, and the ladies and

gentlemen in the boxes, not being in the habit of seeing Mr. Burton in Toodles, enjoyed the same kind of excitement in seeing Mr. Must as the moderate drinker, and as the drunkard. The artist was never silent or still. He was constantly restless, and his eye did not fail to watch the effect in his most effective passages. The whole address was directed at the eye. It was impossible to forget the performer for a moment; and sometimes, as a sense of the gravity of the theme, and the poignancy of the actor's own experience swept over my mind, I could not but wish the man would leave off his damnable faces, and begin according to the dignity of the task.

"There is no eloquence in the performance, if you understand by eloquence that magnetism which seizes and thrills the listener. There was no swaying of the audience by a great thought or a dissolving feeling, but plenty of laughter and cold applause when a period was reached after a long crescendo of tolerable rhetoric. But here, too, I was disappointed. If not eloquence, I had at least expected some dazzling rhetoric, some towering Ossa of epithet piled upon a glowing Pelion of colored words; but it was not there. There was a great gush of words, but no resonant sentence. I returned to my first impression: this is not eloquence; this is not splendid rhetoric even; it is a monologue well performed.

"Mr. Muff does a good work. I honor him for it. No man is so sure to be followed by a crowd as he; and he sows good seed in their minds. He is an orator for the million. He entertains, he

amuses. I believe, also, he causes tears to flow, but not from eyes unused to weeping. He has no poetry, no lofty sweep, no great scope. The mind aches for a thought as it hears him. The heart wonders whether a man who storms so has felt deeply. I wanted to say so much about Mr. Muff, dear Easy Chair, the cause he advocates is so good; his own example is so encouraging that it is no affectation to say that I hope his mouth may not lose its magic for the throngs that wait upon its opening, and that, whether by preaching or playing, or by a union of the two, the great sor-

"Yours, A CONSTANT READER."

rows of drunkenness may be destroyed.

How differently are men constituted! Here, under our hands, lies another note upon the same subject. It is short but strong.

"DEAREST MR. EASY CHAIR,-Last night I heard Mr. Muff. Oh dear, how splendid it is! I have never heard eloquence before. Aunt Tab, and Pa, and I, laughed and cried until I was hystericky; and I saw Dr. Grimgreen, who sat on the stage, fairly doubled up with laughter, and rolling in his chair, and twisting his handkerchief into a knot to keep himself from making himself a spectacle. Jim says it's better than the theatre, and I hope it is; but I don't know any thing about that dreadful place. I saw Dr. Grimgreen looking all round the house the other night as if he were very curious to see every thing, and thought, perhaps, he should spy out Satan in a side-box. Wasn't it funny about the old woman who was run away with, and said she trusted in divine Providence until the breechin' broke, and then she gave up. You should have seen dear Dr. Grimgreen then. He almost tore his handkerchief which he was crumpling in his hand. Oh, it was beautiful! And then he was so pious at the end. It



We trust our readers will observe this caution.—ED.

sert of makes the fun more proper if there's a little | safer than in the great steamships of our delight. Scripture-talk at the end. It clears the air somehow. Jim says: "Just so. It's like returning thanks after the play at Burton's." You know Jim is brother Jim, and I am, yours till death, "JANE MARIA MILKIE."

Meanwhile, as we suppose Mr. Muff will not suspend his lectures in consequence of the criticisms of "A Constant Reader," and as we are sure that Miss Milkie must have many friends who agree with her in opinion, we must imitate candidates for the presidency, and reserve our opinion. We have no hesitation, however, in confessing that our favorite lecturer is now, as he has been hitherto, Mumm.

As we sit here and survey the events that chase away each other's impression on the time, we can believe that we see the genius of the world "touching the tender stops of various quills," so suddenly the strain modulates from the gay into the grave. Nearly four centuries ago, in a ship of not a hundred tons burden and without deck, Columbus crossed the ocean and found a continent. Is the sea safer since his day? Have all the achievements of civilization and science taken one horror from the watery gulf that separates us from the Old World. Who shall dure to say it, while yet the Arctic is a new tragedy, and the Lyonnais a newer? Who shall dare to say, when he knows how careless men are, when a solitary light in the rigging or at the bow of the bark Adriatic would have saved the desolation that darkens human hearts? Captain Durham's statements are confused. He says, at one time, that there was a fog -then that there was none; and there seems to be little doubt that there was no sufficient light upon his vessel. The details, of course, will never be known. But there is no question that such an accident was avoidable; and equally no question that the great responsibility will fall nowhere, and that we shall only shudder and wonder who shall be the next.

If such tragedies are not eloquent, no words avail. Why should the preachers and the press trouble themselves to say that we are a rash and headstrong people every time that a railway accident occurs, or a ship is lost through carelessness? The sad truth is written in tempest and blood. By sea and land we can not wait, but must hurry on. In fogs and darkness it is of the last importance that news of half a tuppence fall in cotton should be carried to the ends of the earth. Then we shall be satisfied. But women and children drifting in open boats upon perilous seas, tossed by mad hurricanes, starved, thirst-stricken, and dying-why, it is computed that of every hundred persons who embark in ships a certain amount are lost.

And so day by day the horror of the ocean passage becomes more evident, and year by year those who are away become dearer to us as distance becomes danger. Day by day the sea resumes its old terror, and the storms that sweep the water laugh us to scorn. Day by day the march of human power is stayed, and the boast of human pride becomes a by-word. The sea defies us. Science advances but the sea is not tamed. We should not dare to sail out of the bay in the little ship which bore Columbus out of the Mediterranean, and yet in that ship we might be a hundred-fold It is a sad commentary on our civilization that, with us, the best lives are cheap.

It is Christmas-tide as you read these pages. The swift recurrence of the festival is one of the delights of life. And although the occasion is a commemoration of nothing Saxon, yet the best beauty of the day seems to be its English character-that hearty good-will and kind charity which transfigure John Bull, in the imagination, as the happy dawn returns. That gentleman has incorporated into it some of the mystic heathen formsthat of the misletoe, and the Yule log. But the very main-spring of the day is charity. It is the one day in which men practically confess their brotherhood, if only by the gift of a timely turkey. This peculiar English Christmas good-fellowship is better portrayed in Pickwick and the Christmas stories than elsewhere in English literature; and Irving's papers in the Sketch-Book are full of the same sweet geniality. That spirit supplies the sun which went with the summer, and makes the winter day flowery and fair. It is a strain of the millennial peace on earth, good-will to men. Think what the world is, and reflect that if we chose, it would be what we wish!

Yet the cheerful time does not come without a sadness that is none the lighter because it is not told. Every occasion, every anniversary, summons memory to the happy feast. There are those who are not here, as well as those who are; and the very dearness of the day may be its association with those who come no more. So as the day draws by, when the grand hymn of the nativity has been read in Milton's majestic music, when the children, tired out with happiness, have crept away to dreams, let us sing this deep, tender song with the poet:

- "With trembling fingers did we weave The holly round the Christmas hearth; A rainy cloud possess'd the earth, And sadly fell our Christmas eve.
- "At our old pastimes in the hall We gambol'd, making vain pretense Of gladness, with an awful sense Of one mute shadow watching all.
- "We paused; the winds were in the beech, We heard them sweep the winter land, And in a circle, hand-in-hand, Sat silent, looking each at each.
- "Then echo-like our voices rang; We sang, though every eye was dim, A merry song we sang with him Last year; impetuously we sang;
- "We ceased: a gentler feeling crept Upon us; surely rest is meet: 'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is swect,' And silence follow'd, and we wept.
- "Our voices took a higher range; Once more we sang: 'They do not die Nor lose their mortal sympathy, Nor change to us, although they change;
- "'Rapt from the fickle and the frail With gathered power, yet the same, Pierces the keen seraphic flame From orb to orb, from vail to vail.'
- "Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn, Draw forth the cheerful day from night: O Father, touch the east, and light The light that shone when Hope was born."



OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE might have said in our last foreign budget how the pochta kareta, in which we journeyed from Moscow to the Polish capital, broke fairly down before we had gone over more than five hundred versts of the road (there are twelve hundred and better), and how we finished the jaunt in an uncovered country cart, protected from the night air with such straw or skins as we could beg or buy, added to a shaggy Siberian jacket, which we had taken the precaution to buy of a round-faced Tartar in the Torgovi Riadi of Moscow.

We can not say overmuch for the hotels of Warsaw; the dishes they set before you do not remind one of the splendid Zamek and of the Sobieski times. The single beds are more thickly peopled than they should be. But you forget all this when you walk of a sunny afternoon under the lime trees of the Ujazlov, looking on the pretty figures of the Polish ladies, in their coquetish polka jackets, trimmed with squirrel fur or sable; and still more you forget all the contretemps when you go down a little way upon the Petersburg road, and turning, look back upon the cast-away capital, piling up from the banks of the Vistula in great gray masses of palaces and churches; better there, than it is in detail by far; better to read about (when we remember those five hundred versts in a country cart) than to visit.

There is an equestrian statue of Poniatowski, which brings a swift rush of battle memories; and another of Copernicus, which lays them all, and carries you back to a very ancient, quiet, dreamy Poland.

Following us upon that Moscow road, leading away from the coronation, there came scores of princes, and for days after, and weeks even, as we learned, they made almost a carnival with their arrival and departure. It was almost like a wakening of old royal times to see the great boat bridge of the Vistula bending and swaying with the equipages and outriders of Polish and Austrian princes traversing the city, and astonishing the street-people with glittering waifs of the Moscow festival.

But this gossip is over-dead, buried. You want no more of Moscow, or of the crowning-nor we.

But is there any Polish gossip? Do people talk there of what they want, or whom they like, or whom they love?

It is very funny how a great many honest travelers will talk about the "tone of conversation" in a city where they can not inquire their way into the next street. There has been, first or last, an immense corps of editorial travelers of that stamp. Mr. Jonathan Grundy, of the Blaat and Bluster, goes, like ourselves, to spend a vacation in foreign countries. Mr. Grundy is one of the most kindhearted, complacent, benignant-looking men in the world. His shiny brow is as full of charity as a nut is of meat.

Trip him on statistics, or morals, or taste, or "general information," if you can! And yet Mr. Grundy, when he wants bread any where in France, says, firmly and complacently, "Der pan!" or if he wants an extra chest of drawers in his chambers, he looks in his pocket-dictionary (printed at the office of the Blaat and Bluster), rings the bell, and says to the waiter when he comes.

"Garsong, moir (pointing to himself) besoin, poitrine, de, caleçons?

And Mr. Grundy wonders "why the d-l the man doesn't understand that." And Mr. Grundy, having found it, sees plainly that "there is a deep

with such accomplishments in French, writes home about the "general tone of conversation" in Paris, and exchange papers in the country districts, utterly carried away by their admiration for the character of Mr. Grundy, quote all that Mr. Grundy says about the "tone of conversation" in France; and the country round accepts and reveres, and never thinks of doubting what the judicious and estimable Mr. Grundy reports upon the state of French society.

Some few knowing ones suspect Mr. Grundy is either a comical rogue or a tremendous physiognomist.

Mr. Grundy is neither; he is the honestest man in the world, and, in some respects, the simplest.

"What is mere language (he says, if you push him in respect of his linguistic acquirements) but the shadow of ideas; a mere minor article of manufacture. This French speech you boast of, is only a convenience for ordering dinner, or a chest of drawers. Principles, Sir, principles (wiping the forehead with a silk pocket handkerchief) is what I go in for."

And Mr. Grundy determines principles by the current of conversation; mind you, now, he doesn't mingle with diplomatic circles, above, and out of reach of the real thought of the nation; he scorns such association. But he dives to the bottom; he goes among the work folk-the street men; he shall unravel you the thread of all this perplexed French democratico-socio-republico philosophy, by putting the nerve and sinew of the country to the test of his "chest of drawers."

And what then? Fancy a baker's boy of Paris, in a paper cap, with a tin tray on his head, which he balances by a mechanical and constant motion in advance, arrested by the benign Mr. Grundy, who asks him, in the poitrine de caleçon vernacular, what he thinks of things in general-" Quoi vous pensez der choses generals?"

We can fancy the boy, as he half stops-half loses control over his tin tray-muttering, "Parr-r-bku!" and when, a step or two farther on, after many misgivings, the balance of his tray is lost utterly-turning on the benign Mr. Grundy with a prolonged "Sacr-r-r-r-r-e!" which makes that gentleman excessively nervous, excessively doubtful of his capacity for a free-and-easy street conversation.

And yet how can Mr. Grundy write back to that flourishing constituency without remarking upon the tone of feeling in France? Would they ever pardon him? The great Mr. Grundy! and not to tell us what people say and think under the Empire! The great Mr. Grundy, and not to tell us what are the hopes for the great Republic, one, fraternal, indivisible, and French!

This must never be. Mr. Grundy (faute de mots) imbibes the state of feeling-from his ralet; from his medical friend, who has passed some years walking the hospitals, and attending a few delicate patients (who talk French) at their own rooms. Also, from his concierge, who, after repeated tryings on, does make something even of the poitrine de caleçon—assures Mr. Grundy he understands him perfectly, "word of honor;" and tells him, moreover, in a whisper, with his fingers in the Grundy waistcoat, that the Emperor's people, grand as they seem, are all canaille.

Mr. Grundy looks this out in his dictionary, and



undercurrent, not apparent at first view, setting in favor of a Republic in France.'

Then there is the washer-woman, who lingers in Mr. Grundy's room, to see that the "count" is all right. She is a perfect godsend in the way of index to popular current of feeling-a most sensitive index, indeed-swaying to the slightest breath of opinion, and carried off her feet by any thing more tangible. What, moreover, if Mr. Grundy, after a week or two of such pleasant social experience, is seduced into the belief, honestly entertained, that he understands the drift of French sentiment, and has arrived at it by the most infallible of all methods—to wit, absorption?

From all this we come back, by a easy gyration, to the gossip of Poland.

We can talk no Polish-we never did: in the mere asking for bread or barley, we should have made a bull of it. We are sure of it. But then we had a valet-a most demonstrative fellow in his way, and talking French gayly.

We tried him on the current of opinion: of course he knew. "Oui, Monsieur, oui, je connais tout cela." And what does Thaddeus think of it? "Oh, mauvais, Monsieur, mauvais." Bad-the current of opinion was bad.

We coughed, said "Ahem," and asked him how people liked the new Emperor?"

"Comme ca, Monsieur: brave homme-very gay; l'acez vous vu, Monsieur?"

"Oh yes, we have seen him" (as if seeing an Emperor was but a small affair for a man from the States).

"And isn't he beau-fine?" says our informant.

"Fine enough (in a cavalier tone); but hark ye (coutez, in French), wouldn't you like to have a President in place of him-a man like Mr. Buchanan, for instance (pray, how has the election gone)?

"Buk-Buk"-says our informant; "connais

"But a President," we repeat; "a man you elect yourselves, who always wears a black coat or a gray one; who walks about streets as you and I do, and only keeps one carriage, and sells that when his term is up-"

"Le canaille!" says Thaddeus.

"And so you wouldn't like that; you wouldn't like to have a vote?"

"Vote-vote! connois pas non plus: don't know kim," says Thaddeus.

"But, my dear fellow" (none but a good democrat would ever say cher Monsieur to a valet), "wouldn't you like to drive out all these rascally Russians, and set some good Sobieski of your own in yon palace?"

"Oh, Monsieur! M'sieur! M'sieur! M'sieur!" (looking nervously about him) "vous plaisantez; roici, step to this side; here's a good view. That's the Zamek, Sir, much admired by all travelers; you remark the great wings of the palace, how they lift above the houses? There have been great men living there, Sir; great coaches used to drive through that archway; grooms, out-riders-fine as any thing you have been seeing at Moscow—in the old times.'

In short, there is no drawing out our valet; a shrug of the shoulders is his reply to dangerous questions; yet he seems to remember, and not to resent your curiosity. So when you are quite ready to go-are fairly seated, indeed, in the carriage which is to whirl you away forever from the doose, and no more do we. I think he's con-

Warsaw, and have dropped a round valet fee in his hand at parting, he gains courage, and says, half under breath, "Out, OUT! nous aimerions tous, cela: nous sommes toujours Polonais!"

We are sorry to confess that this is all the Polish gossip we have to give; and at the Hitel d'Angleterre, when we asked for a Western paper (it seemed very droll to think of France or Belgium as the West!), they could only show us one or two old numbers of the Nord, of Brussels.

This informed us, however, of the threatening aspect of Italian affairs, and of the presumptuous (so the paper said) intermeddling of France and England in an affair which no way concerned them.

We did ask the price of meat in the Warsaw market, and were surprised to find it very much below the New York average; a very good sirloin (as good as the usual Thursday's roast of our esteemed landlady in Eighth Street) was offered us, nay, pressed upon us in polite Polish phrase, for nine cents the pound!

How do travelers neglect those things which we so much want to know? What makes us most of all yearn for a traveler's record, but to compare the out-of-the-way life he has seen with the life which we lead at home? What more than to determine if we are better off, in this realm of mortality, here or there?

Upon the whole, we would not advise migration to Poland. It represents only the shadow, or the ghost of a nation—a ghost that is shaking a warning finger always at Europe, and seems to say, "See to what weakness and dependence you have reduced me! See these shackled limbs of the man once a brother, whom you have suffered to fall to the worst depths of slavery!"

When we had left Poland, and were on the way to Berlin, we fell in with a communicative Englishman in the railway carriages, but upon what road it was we have entirely forgotten now. We talked to him in a Yankee way about his nation, and what its relations were nowadays with the continent of Europe.

"Dear brother Bull," said we, "what hopes have you of this alliance of yours with such a man as the Emperor Louis Napoleon; do you not know that he is a magnificent quack? Do you not known that, though professing to represent and embody the democratic element of France, there is not a sovereign among all your sovereigns who is more thoroughly selfish-more determinedly bent upon the development of those likings, those weaknesses, and those splendors of his nation, which will tend most to his own aggrandizement? Do you allow yourself to believe that any honest sympathy with a sick and enfeebled nation like the Turks promoted his advocacy of your notions, as opposed to Russia? Do you believe for a moment that there was the least carnestness in his asseverations that you were leagued for the defense of a weak neighbor against the tyranny of a stronger?"

Mr. Bull replied: "Er-well, yes, I d'say; but observe-er-I think Louis Napoleon an extr'dinary man. I think he is friendly to Englandvery. You see-er-his uncle lost very much by not keeping on-er-good terms-good terms-er -with us. I don't really think that-er-Louis Napoleon would make a good missionary, or-erthat sort of thing; not at all. But-er-you see, he doesn't want the Reds rising, and-er-playing



servative; and the Emperor there of Russia—er—being inclined to upset the European status, by going down to Constantinople, which was not—er—the thing at all, why, you see, we sent our ships down there, and I think the French Emperor joined us in good faith, to put a—er—stop to all that kind of thing. As for the alliance, and the London talk about Louis Napoleon's Cabinet, why all that bluster won't weigh a feather; the alliance—er—will be kept up as long as Napoleon thinks it will help him, and not a day after that.

"You see De Morny has been going yonder with his carriages and blood-horses, putting on his-er -ball cards how the Emperor was going to honor him with his presence, and all that, which you see an Englishman like Granville can't do; it ain't in our blood to play the courtier in that kind of way. Indeed I think Granville was a little stiffer than he need have been; and there was Lady Granville liked to show their Highnesses the Imperial ladies what a grand woman a peer's wife of Great Britain must be. And, you see, being a new court as it is-young people-there was-er-a feeling that a little flattery, and a little more French bowing, would have been better. You see where it is; there's Morny has come off with-er-the cross of what-d'ye-call-'em, and Granville with-er-a flea in his-er-ear. I d'say you heard how Lady Granville, when she was in procession, broke her-ernecklace, or something of that sort, and the pearls fell to the ground without her-er-seeming to mind it. They said it was an accident, but do you know, I rather think not; and that-er-my Lady Granville wanted the Russia people to see how a great lady could bear-er-a few thousand pounds from her-er-jewelry."

There was a stop hereabout at a station, where I ventured upon a *chop* of Bavarian beer; and Mr. Bull wondered how I could drink the—er—doosed stuff.

We came back after that to the journals, and Louis Napoleon's Cabinet: It was an absurd pretense that Napoleon himself had ever been attacked by any journal worth naming; there never was a monarch so bepraised by British newspapers since the days of Peter the Great. He had shown just that sort of vigor, tempered with reserve, which was after the British pattern, and there was no Englishman but must admire it. But if Walewski and De Morny, who had made tremendous fortunes on the Bourse, wanted British papers to hold back, and say nothing about it, they were mistaken.

"It's not easy," said Bull, "to—er—gag the British press; and if we get in a row by our talking, why—er—a row it is, and there's fight yet in the boys that came back from—what-d'ye-call-it, there, in the Crimea."

When our readers go to Berlin, we would recommend them to go to the Hôtel de Petersburg on the Unter den Linden, not a great way from the Brandenburg Gate; and, if not occupied, to the second floor, corner front room, from which they may see as pretty a panorama of the great street of the Lime-trees as they could desire. And after you have washed off the dust of the long, wearisome Prussian plains you have come over (no matter from what direction you may arrive), and have eaten a tender cutlet panné of Pomeranian mutton, washed down with a pint of Armanhausen red wine, we advise you to call for the valet Heinrich, a stout fellow with a slight cast in one eye, and give

yourself into his hands for a visit to the *Thiergarten*, the museums, Pottsdam, Charlottenburg, and all the rest.

Don't forget, when you are at this latter-named place, to see the little chapel in the garden, where is lying the effigy of Louisa, Queen of Prussia. It is worth ten times the sum of silver growchen which you will have to pay the castellan for showing the monument. The chapel is lighted—or was when we were there—with a stream of sunshine pouring through deep blue glass—giving a saintliness and a ghostliness to the marble queen lying there, which made us step as tenderly as if a queen was only sleeping before us.

Hear what an artist says of it: "The expression is not that of dull cold death, but of undisturbed repose. The hands are modestly folded on the breast; the attitude is easy, graceful, and natural. Only the countenance and part of the neck are bare; the rest of the figure is shrouded in an ample and extremely well-wrought drapery. The great charm of the figure is the decent, simple, tranquil air, without any striving after effect. I observed no inscription-no pompous catalogue of her titles-no parading eulogy of her virtues; the Prussian eagle alone, at the foot of the sarcophagus, announces that she belonged to the house of Hohenzollern; and the seven withered garlands which still hang above her were the first offerings of her children at the grave of their mother.'

The garlands are all swept away long ago, and beside the queen reposes another figure—that of her husband, wrapped in a martial cloak; his stern, rugged face contrasting strongly with the sweet serenity of the queen. You will forget the king, but you will remember the image of the wife.

Heinrich says, when you come out, that it is a tres belle chose; and Heinrich means what he says.

Heinrich, having discovered what country you are from, talks chirpingly with you as you stroll back through the *Thiergarten*. He tells you without hesitation that the tone of society in Berlin is Russian; and above all, that it is anti-Austrian. Don't talk to him of any beauties you may have seen at Vienna, unless you wish to rouse his indignation. Have they got any thing like the Great Frederic on horseback at Vienna; any thing like the pebble basin before the museum at Vienna; any thing like the Queen's figure yonder at Charlottenburg? "Non, monsieur, non—au moins, je ne le crois pas."

Heinrich wishes to know if the President Pierce, or whatever his name may be, is as grand a man as Frederic William; if he wears a long mustache as he does; and if the poor people come to kiss his hand when he walks on the pavement?

Heinrich thinks it must be very odd—excessivement drôle—for every man to put a paper wad in a box, and in this way name the man they want to be king or judge; and he asks the price of good (fort) Bavarian beer in America by the choppine. Heinrich is curious to learn about his countrymen who have gone there; and when we tell him they sometimes hold meetings (congres), and make English speeches, declaiming against the government, with sly hits at Frederic William and government generally, he is utterly amazed, and wonders how they can keep their heads upon their shoulders.

washed down with a pint of Armanhausen red wine, we advise you to call for the valet Heinrich, a stout fellow with a slight cast in one eye, and give little Frenchman, who dines near to us in the salls



a manger, and who has just come, like ourselves, from the great coronation festival of Moscow.

In some way we fall into chat across the table. How, pray, can we better get at the current of foreign gossip than across the hotel tables of Europe.

"Mon Dieu! M'sieur, Out.—It was fine, very fine."

"And you are capital friends now—rous autres—you and Russia?"

Monsieur shrugs his shoulders. "Who knows? Yet De Morny was bien coquet, n'est-ce pas? But (he takes us for English) we are good friends still. What a splendid woman is your great Lady Granville—mon Dieu! what shoulders; and what a fine coat your Sir Robert Peel wore at the Embassador's ball (meaning De Morny's); ma joi, I never saw so fine a coat—not in Renard's window."

"Do you know," said I, "that the expenses of Granville on this embassy will be rising forty thousand pounds?"

"Et savez vous, Monsieur, do you know that De Morny has sprinkled those Moscow streets with two millions of francs—parole d'honneur?"

The Frenchman was growing aggressive in his manner, and we thought it best to undeceive him with respect to our nationality.

"Ah, tont mieux, so much the better. We will be longer friends of you than of the English; I am sure of it."

And the Frenchman ran on, in his eager, bustling way, to show how allied we are by our Republican sentiments; how France is always glorious, even under an Empire; what splendid festivities the guests of the Emperor were enjoying at Compiègne; how each companion of the Imperial hunt had his salon, and chamber, and suite of servants; how there were silk breeches and knee-buckles there, and such horses as would outmatch the stud of Lord Granville. Much of which matter we found in the Paris journals afterward, and beg leave to copy them thus:

"The fetes and the whole mode of life at Compiègne are carried on with a degree of luxury and expense that even go beyond the usual style and expenditure of the present court. Those guests who follow the chasse are required to wear a particular costume, not only in the field, but during the whole of their stay. In the morning this dress consists of a suit of green cloth of peculiar cut; and in the evening of green velvet, with breeches, and silk stockings gartered over them à la Louis XIV. The ladies are expected never to appear twice in the same dress during their stay, and, of course, have morning and evening dresses. At Compiègne each guest has only one room, the palace not affording sufficient accommodation for more; but at Fontainebleau a salon will be added. The visitors who ride take their own horses. At Fontainebleau a fire broke out last week, and did some damage, especially to the theatre of the palace; but it will no doubt be easily repaired before the arrival of the Court."

And there, too, we find other French gossip running on after this fashion:

"It is said that the Empress has interested herself much in the stay of the Maréchal Serrano as Embassador here, from her personal regard for Madame Serrano, with whom she was acquainted in Spain. A report states that the Maréchal Vaillant is to be created Duke, with a title bearing

reference to his services in the siege of Rome. The letter of the Emperor to the Minister of War—in which he places the operations of that Commander in the East on at least a level with those of the Duc de Malakoff—has excited much jealousy among the friends of the latter. This letter seems to afford tolerably strong presumptive evidence of the truth of the report in question.

"We regret to state that the Comtesse Charles Fitzjames, whose accident in setting fire to her dress by stepping on a lucifer match we some time ago recorded, has fallen a victim to it; having, after prolonged and severe sufferings, died from the exhaustion consequent on these and on her wounds. The result is almost as unexpected as it is melancholy, it having been hoped that the burns were not of a character to endanger life.

"The appeal made by the Government to house proprietors—an appeal backed by the promise of certain pecuniary considerations, calculated to soften the rugged hearts of ces Messicurs—to raise, not their rents, but their houses, in order to afford more accommodation to the laboring classes, is beginning to produce some effect. In the Quartier Breda, especially, the landlords are adding stages to their houses, and even giving warning for the April term to some of the disreputable class of lodgers, who chiefly occupy the upper floors with terraces of the houses of this locality. The agitation caused, in the Faubourg St. Antoine especially, by the dearness of lodging and living has not subsided, and has led to some further arrests.

"The marriage of M. Emile de Girardin takes place immediately with Mademoiselle Brunold, Countess de Teifenbach. The lady is twenty, very pretty, and not altogether without fortune. She is the daughter, by a morganatic marriage, of the late Prince Frederic of Nassau and of an Austrian lady, Countess de Teifenbach, and has been much admired in the best society here.

"M. Ponsard is engaged in polishing and repolishing the discourse for his reception at the opening of the Academy. He intends, it appears, to be very hard upon Shakspeare therein—which is unkind. What between Mr. Smith, who declares Shakspeare never wrote Shakspeare, and M. Ponsard, who proves that he wrote it very badly, the Swan of Avon has a hard time of it.

"We all know that Mademoiselle Rachel is gone to Egypt to recruit her health, but we will venture to say that no one had the slightest idea that Mademoiselle Rachel's pockets had need of repair as well. Nevertheless, we must needs suppose it is so, since la Grande writes to the Minister of State to request that her salary may be paid during her absence, the expenses attendant on the care of her health requiring this supply. The maximum of the annual terms of the Sociétaires of the Théâtre Français is 12,000 francs. Mademoiselle Rachel touches forty-two for nine months' service. Mademoiselle Rachel has property and money to a very large amount; and Mademoiselle Rachel is not a Jewess for nothing, on the point of gaining and keeping both."

We have copied this much when Heinrich comes with the bed-candle, and informs us that if Monsieur is leaving by the early train to-morrow for Cologne it is time we were asleep.

So we take good Heinrich's counsel, and close our gossip here in the Inn of Petersburg.

BERLIN, October 10, 1856.



Editor's Drawer.

THE campaign through which we passed last fall furnished many a good thing, which we may relish now whatever may be our political proclivities. We have gathered up a few from the papers and our correspondence. A Western man writes.

"Major Haskins was postmaster of a retired village in Ohio. He was a stanch Democrat, and withal a bit of a wag. But the Free Soil and Frémont sentiment had swept over the community, so that he was almost the only man left in the region who remained true to the administration. As he found it quite impossible to breast the current, he thought it best, as the man said of his note, and the boy said of the molasses, to 'let it while he lay low and waited for better times. One day a knot of village politicians were discussing the questions of the day in his office. Captain Johnson was a noisy fellow, and not noted for a knowledge of his mother tongue, though he made use of the longest words he could get hold of, often without much regard to their meaning. He was blazing out against the measures of government, and wound up by declaring that the existing administration was most pestilential.

""What's that?' demanded the postmaster; what did you call it?'

" I said the administration was pestilential."

"'Don't say that again, Sir; don't use that word pestilential; take some other word, or I'll—' Here he doubled his fist, and made a feint to assail the Captain.

""I meant to say,' stammered the frightened man, 'that this is a rascally administration.'
""Oh, very well, you may say that as much as

""Oh, very well, you may say that as much as you please,' replied the mollified postmaster; 'but you shan't call it by that other name when I am present."

In the Western part of the State of New York a mass meeting was to be held, and some of the marshals rode out of town to direct the incoming cavalcades where to fall into line. One of them waited long at the fork of the roads without having his eyes gladdened with the sight of the moving phalanx that he expected, until at last he was elated with the appearance of a lengthened train of carriages coming over a hill toward the village. When the forward carriage of the train reached the spot where the marshal was waiting, the driver turned his horses' heads to the wrong road, and was evidently leading off in another direction. The marshal rode up to him, and exclaimed, " Why don't you come the other way? the meeting is to be on the village green."

"The meeting?" returned the honest driver; "we are going to the cemetery; this is the funeral of Mrs. Jones."

"The dogs it is!" cried the disappointed marshal, and, putting spurs to his horse, returned to the town, and left the funeral to go unattended to the grave.

Some very amusing scenes occurred at the offices of naturalization. Here is one of them:

JUDGE. "Do you know O'Brien?"

IRISH WITNESS. "Yes, Sir."

JUDGE. "How long has he been in this country?"

WITNESS. "A little over five year."

JUDGE. "Is he a man of good moral character?"
WITNESS (quite bewildered). "Sure, your honor,
I don't know what moral character manes."

JUDGE. "Well, Sir, I will talk more plainly to you. Does O'Brien stand fair before the community?"

WITNESS (completely nonplussed). By my sowl, I don't apprehend your maning, your honor."

JUDGE (rather irritated). "I mean to ask you, Sir, if O'Brien, the person who wants to be a citizen, and for whom you are a witness, is a good man or not?"

WITNESS. "Oh! why didn't you ax me that way before? To be sure, he is a good man. Sure and I've seen him in ten fights during the last two years, and every time he licked his man."

MR. SUMNER closed an eloquent letter with a familiar couplet, the beauty of which, and the sentiment too, were spoiled by a bad printer, who made the lines to read:

"Is not this cause worth lying for?"
"Is not this cause worth dying for?"

In Ottawa, Illinois, the Democrats had a grand rally and barbacue. An Irishman went to some of the Democratic leaders, and said,

"And sure didn't ye know betther than to have a barbacue on Friday, when two-thirds of the party can't ate mate?"

A LARGE Republican meeting was held in Clermont, Ohio, which was attended by a small boy who had four young puppy dogs which he offered for sale. Finally one of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked,

"Are these Frémont pups, my son?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, then," said he, "I'll take these two."

About a week afterward the Democrats held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same chap and his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Democrat and asked,

"My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?"

"They're Buchanan pups, Sir!"

The Republican, who had purchased the first two, happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy:

"See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups that I bought of you last week were *Frimont* pups?"

"Y-e-s, Sir," said the young dog merchant; but these ain't—they've got their eyes open?"

A good moral—a lesson to those who are looked up to for an example, and whose business it is to teach others—may be read in the following little incident communicated to us by one who vouches for its truth:

"Miles Clinton is a bright boy, who has just reached the dignity of a six-year-old. As one of the rights of that age he goes to church on his own hook, and, last Sunday, came home in advance of the family, and announced to his sister, who had remained at home, that the minister swore dreadfully in the pulpit.

""Why, what did he say?"

"'Oh, he said he would have a revival in spite of hell!"



"When the rest came home and were inquired of as to the truth of the boy's account, they were obliged to confirm it, with the addition of more of the same sort. It had not struck the older ones as profane; but it is worthy of being considered by the clergy, that the language they sometimes employ is liable to be misunderstood by the children, and a woe is pronounced upon him who offends one of these little ones. 'It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'"

THE army, the invincible army of the United States, is responsible for the following, which comes to us from the far Southwest; and we copy it with the hope that the writer will often lay aside his sword and wield a mightier weapon—the pen, and the Drawer will keep his laurels for him. He writes:

"Once on a time it was my fortune, the fortune of war, to be stationed at Fort Mann, better known as 'Camp Sods,' near the crossing of the Arkansas. Doctor Ridley, who is one of the most generous fellows and capital officers that were ever raised in the State of Maryland, was the surgeon of the post, and, of course, had charge of the sick, the lame, and lazy, who wore the uniform of Uncle Sam and drew his money. Not a few were in the habit of playing 'old soger,' and getting on the sick list as often as they could, and staying there as long. Among the number who attended the Doctor's levee at 'sick call,' was a long-headed Scotchman, who had been seized with a severe desire to rest from his labors for a while, and the seat of his malady on which he relied for the privilege he sought was one of his eyes, in which he professed to have an intolerable and constant pain. The Doctor took a look at the offending member, and ordered the patient to keep quiet, to sit in the shade, and to have his eye washed with a mixture which he prepared, and hoped would in a few days subdue the inflammation and bring all right again. The few days passed with no improvement, and various lotions were applied with no better effect. The Doctor determined to make a more critical examination, and when Scotty came to 'sick call,' he lifted up the evelid, could see nothing out of the way, pressed down upon it, when, to his horror, out popped the eye into the Scotchman's hand. It was a glass eye, and Sandy had been playing sick the while. The Doctor lost his usual equanimity, and I am sorry to say that he used some language that might, without violence to the truth, be called The Scotchman was complained of and brought before a court-martial for "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline;" but when the Judge Advocate read the specifications the President adjourned the Court, discharged the prisoner, took all hands to the suttler's store; and all came back drunk, except one, who is your correspondent;" and, we add, was perhaps not able to get back at all.

ESSAY ON MAN,
At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, strong, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

A FRIEND in Illinois writes us an amusing incident in the adventures of Audubon that we do. not remember to have met with before:

"The great naturalist was on the look-out for red-headed woodpeckers, and was very anxious to obtain a specimen. Seeing one fly into a hole in a tree a long way up, he pulled off his coat and climbed with that energy of his that never failed him. Puffing and sweating he reached it at last, and, putting in his hand to seize the bird, to his own dismay a snake stuck his head out of the hole and hissed in his face. This was so unexpected and frightful that Audubon let go his hold, and tumbled to the ground more dead than alive. His companion came running to him, and seeing that the naturalist was not hurt but was dreadfully alarmed, said to him: 'Ah, you are very much frightened, Doctor!'

"'No, Sah!' replied the Doctor, quite offended, 'no, Sah; but if you want to see von tam scared

snake, just go you up dare!'

"He did not go up. He took the Doctor's word for it; and the Doctor himself was very careful after that not to put his hand into holes after redheaded woodpeckers till he found there were no snakes 'up dare.'"

A country cousin came to town, and for the first time in his life was to make his appearance in a world the ways of which were quite unknown to him. He asked his city cousin to post him on matters in general, and things in particular, especially to tell him how to behave in company. This city cousin was a wicked wag. For the sake of fun he would trample under foot the sacred laws of hospitality, and sport with the feelings of a friend. He from the country saw, on the table of a lady where they were to take a social cup of tea, a pair of silver sugar tongs-an article he had never seen before, and the use of which he could not at a glance comprehend. So he asked his city kinsman, who, with malice aforethought, and instigated by the Evil One, told him they were to blow his nose with, and advised him, when they should be handed round, to use them for that purpose. The simple boor complied; and, to the horror of the company and the infinite amusement of his cousin, clapped the tongs upon his nasal organ and blew a blast at once so long and loud that he alarmed his friends and himself by the explosion. An explanation was demanded, and it was honestly given, to the shame of the young reprobate who had trifled with the feelings of an honest youth for the sake of a joke, and disgraced himself, and not his cousin, by his ill-timed and ungenerous impo-

THE city of Salem, in the Old Bay State, has sent the Drawer some of the best things that have found their way into it for the amusement of our readers. Here is another from that quarter:

"It was some fifteen or twenty years ago that a country minister by the name of Green—not green except in name, but full of dry humor—came to town on exchange with one of the Salem pastors. In the venerable church where he was to officiate the Bible and hymn-book in the pulpit had been in use for years beyond which the memory of the people did not extend. The pastor was not of the roaring order, like the 'great preacher' in Scotland who, in three years, kicked out two pulpits, and dang the guts out of sixteen Bibles. But he had worn these well out, and new ones were greatly needed. This need the Rev. Mr. Green very speedily detected. He gave out a hymn for the



choir to sing, read three verses of it, and then, looking up toward the singers in the gallery, said, 'That's all there is in this book; if there's any more in yours, you may sing it.'

"In the afternoon a beautiful psalm-book was in the pulpit, and on the next Sabbath a Bible to match.'

Some people can take a hint.



linois, was not what you would call a fast man; indeed he was rather inclined to be slow and sure, and it riled him sometimes that people were all so everlastingly in a hurry. A correspondent of ours in Cincinnati says that he once heard him break loose on this wise:

MR. DAVID GUARD, of Dearborn County, II- | ing trip, we went in barges and flat-boats, and bragged about making quick trips. But they got to be too slow, and then they made these steamboats that go bilin' their busters and blowing all creation to pieces to get ahead of one another. And then they wasn't fast enough, and we had a railroad with its steam injuns, tearing along and smash-"When we used to go to New Orleans on a trad- ing up every day or two, and cutting up people so



that a man don't know his own legs when they are off. And then that wasn't fast enough, and they went and got up the thunder and lightning telegraph that goes in little less than no time, and now they are grumbling about that. I declare I believe if you were to ram a man into a cannon in New Orleans, and shoot him to New York in a quarter of a second, he'd jump up and swear the powder wasn't good." Our correspondent adds: "The gentleman has been dead some three or four years." We should think it very likely, if he means the man in the cannon.

Doctors of Divinity are so called, it is sometimes said, because they are in the habit of doctoring divinity, or their divinity needed doctoring; but more likely the title was derived from the former habit some of them had of uniting the practice of physic with that of preaching, thus aiming at the cure of bodies as well as of souls. We remember, Firstly, the case of a man who tried all three of the learned professions in the pursuit of money. He said that he first became a preacher; for as the soul was worth more than the body, he thought people would rather pay a man who would tell them what they must do to save it. But he soon found that they thought more of their health than they did of their morals, and he left the pulpit and took to pills and blisters. Not long did he stick to them before he learned that men care more for property than they do for their souls and bodies both. Accordingly he renounced the practice of medicine for that of the law, and realized his own idea of the sief end of man—to make money. Secondly In olden time it was not unusual for

Secondly. In olden time it was not unusual for the itinerating Methodist ministers in the new settlements to dabble a little in physic, as doctors were "few and far between," in this respect making their visits just like angels'. At the Annual Conference one of the bishops, who had a holy horror of quackery, called a physicking preacher to account, and when his name was before the body, the Bishop began:

"Brother Hibbard, did you ever study the science of medicine?"

To which Brother Hibbard replied, with much modesty, "I can not say, Sir, that I ever did."

"How then can you, as a Christian man, venture to prescribe for them that are sick?"

"Why, Bishop," answered the humble preacher, "I don't do much in that way, though I confess that I sometimes give advice in difficult cases."

"Those," returned the venerable Bishop, "are the very cases in which it seems to me that you should give no advice at all."

"Allow me to explain, Sir. I mean to say," said the offending brother, "that when I am called to a case in which I don't know what to do, I give my advice—and that is, to get somebody that does."

The Bishop was silent, the brethren smiled placidly, and Brother Hibbard was allowed to preach and practice too.

In the next place: A few years ago a celebrated female preacher was drawing crowds of hearers in this city, but for the want of "a place of worship" she and her admirers were compelled to meet in halls that were profaned by daily and secular assemblies. They applied to a popular minister of a fashionable church for the use of his house for the female orator to preach in. His reply was short and decisive: "If the Angel Gabriel should ago."

descend from heaven, I would not allow him to preach in my pulpit in petticoats."

The lady-speakers who adopted the Bloomer costume would not come under this clerical interdict; but we would rather have the Angel Gabriel, with or without petticoats, than to see a woman in breeches.

Finally: We have a very refreshing anecdote of an old-time parson, one of the Puritan stock, and the scene of the story is laid in Old Salem, in Massachusetts, where the witches lived and died.

The Rev. Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the Old School—a good man in his way, but a little queer—came to Salem to preach, on exchange with one of the city ministers. On going to the house of his brother minister to spend the noon intermission, he desired to lie down, and not to be interrupted while he should refresh himself with a grateful snooze. To guard against being intruded upon, he said to his friend's daughter,

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul comes

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul comes himself, don't you disturb me."

Mr. Bently, who preached in the East Church, who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing he was in town, hurried off after dinner to make his old friend a call.

"Where is Brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, Sir, not even if St. Paul should call."

"I must see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bently. Resistance to such a must was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was designated. With no gentle voice, and a corresponding shake, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bently, but was rather taken aback when Mr. Bently said to him,

"I think, Brother Williams, that you are a little inconsistent."

"How so, how so, Brother Bently?"

"Didn't you tell our friend's daughter you was not to be disturbed even if St. Paul called? yet you appear very glad to see me."

"No, no, Brother Bently, not inconsistent at all. I was—I am glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but you, Brother Bently, I never expect to see you again."

This gentle intimation that Brother Bently was not quite so sure of heaven as Paul, or even as Brother Williams, is very rich, and will serve to conclude the present discourse on pulpits and preachers.

DEACON JOHNSTON is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fire-place, it was found necessary to remove the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished every body. A brace of decanters, a tumbler, and a pitcher were cozily reposing there, as if they had stood there from the beginning. The Deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles, he exclaimed,

"Wa'll, I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must be that old Baines left them things there when he went out of this 'ere house thirty years ago."



"Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter; "but, Deacon, the ice in the pitcher must have been friz mighty hard to stay so till this time."

A little further investigation showed that some one in the Deacon's family had a private entrance into the closet, and it was probable the bottles and pitcher were in daily use.

Now this story is no doubt made up by some of the Anti-Maine law people, who are always trying to throw suspicion on the temperance men. We do not believe it; but the following is said to be a true bill:

Young Watkins, John Watkins, of Virginia, came North to visit his maternal uncle, Colonel Joseph Martindale, a very worthy man, in the vicinity of Boston, who was at the head of the temperance party there, and never allowed any of the intoxicating fluid to be kept on the premises, or drank by any one in his employ. John was a great favorite with the uncle and all the family, from the parlor to the coach-house. His visit had been anticipated with pleasure, and every body was disposed to make the most of him. After breakfast, before the Colonel went into town, as was his daily practice, he asked John into the library, and said to him,

"We are all temperance here; but I keep a little old brandy here for my own use—take a drop

before you ride?"

John took a thimbleful, and the Colonel went off. No sooner was he gone, than Mrs. Martindale, seeing John on the piazza, beckoned him to come in, and leading him to her boudoir, remarked, very good-naturedly,

You see, John, we are all very strict temperance folks. The Colonel never drinks, and lets no one else; but I keep a little for my dyspepsia. Would you drink something before you go

So John took a glass of old brandy, and the Colonel's wife joined him in the same. John strolled out to the carriage-house, and thought he would take one of the Colonel's saddle-horses and run over the country a while. As soon as the coachman saw him, he touched his hat, and said,

"Begging your pardon, Master John, but may be you would like to taste a drop of liquor this cool morning. The Colonel is so hard on us that we have to kape it all snug; but I have some that can't be bate."

So John drank with the coachman, and gave him a quarter for his politeness; but by this time he was so nearly drunk that he had to postpone his ride till the next day. John said that the worst place for liquor he was ever in was Colonel Martindale's, and he had to shorten his visit and hasten home to keep out of the way of temptation.

With the morals of the following business transaction we have nothing to do, but the wit of it pleases us mightily. A poor coot of a fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at a well-known grocery, so called by courtesy, but groggery being the more fitting name, came in one day, being faint, feeble, and out of change, and begged the keeper to trust him for a glass of liquor.

"No," was the answer to the request; "I never make a practice of trusting."

The drunkard turned to a man sitting in the room, and one whom he had known in better days, saying,

"Sir, will you please to lend me sixpence?"

"Certainly," said he, and handed him the money.

The landlord immediately placed the bottle and glass before him. He helped himself to a stiff horn, and smacked his lips with great satisfaction.

Turning to the man who had kindly made him the loan of sixpence, he said,

"Here, Sir, is the money I owe you. Degraded as I am, and no man feels it more than I do, I always make it a point to pay borrowed money before I pay my liquor bills."

The landlord found he was regularly sold, and

the liquor given away.

In a grave-yard in the city of Philadelphia is a tombstone bearing the following inscription, intelligible enough except that the last word is suggestive of a double, and therefore a doubtful paternity:

In memory of John Thomas Wilson, Aged 32 years.

Over the grave's cold silent deeps A widow and two orphans weeps. A husband kind and true, A fond, indulgent father two.

ARISTOCRACY among the "niggers" is quite as respectable as elsewhere, and we find an amusing specimen of it in a history of old times in Richmond. The author relates an anecdote of an old negro "who, when asked by his young mistress why he did not attend church as formerly," replied,

"That when he could sit by Mr. Wickham's Bob and Judge Marshall's Jack he liked to join siety, but now he never knew who he sot by, and so

he staid at home.'

Such, in the "gregarious equality" of our degenerate times, has been the deterioration of even colored siety!

An anxious inquirer writes to know whether the Powder Magazine is published monthly, and is considered a safe magazine for quiet families.

Also, whether mint-juleps will be any cheaper if a branch of the United States Mint is located here in New York.

Also, whether dead letters are ever known to revive after they reach the Dead-Letter Office, and if not, what is the use of sending them there.

Also, whether navigators have to double their capes in all latitudes, or only in cold regions.

Also, whether a schoolmaster can be said to have no scholars when he has two pupils in his eyes.

If "distance lends enchantment to the view," and said "view" does not return it within a reasonable time, has "distance" a legal cause of action, and is she entitled to recover?

"I say, boy, whose horse is that you are riding?"

"Why, it's daddy's."

"Who is your daddy?"

"Why, don't you knew?—he's uncle Peter Jones."

"So you're the son of your uncle; how do you make that out, young man?"

"Well, I don't know 'zactly how 'tis," replied the boy, "but you see daddy got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, who is aunt Sally, and so he's my uncle now."



Che Miseries of Mistresses.



Susan (loquitur).—"What beautiful hair yours is, Ma'am. The finest I ever saw except dear Mrs. Tiptop's where I was last. And, Ma'am, she was so fond of me; she couldn't do too much for me. Such presents, Ma'am, as she used to give me. For all the three years I was there, Ma'am, I never had to buy a single dress, or bonnet, or collar, or pair of gloves. And when I came away, Ma'am, when poor Mr. Tiptop failed, she gave me her Daguerreotype, and all the dear Children's. I never shall find such a place again, Ma'am, no, never."



Ellen (loquitur).—"Yes, Ma'am, I am goin' away this very day. I ain't a-goin' to spile my hands making two fires every day. I don't live in nobody's house, where there ain't a Furnace."

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MISTRESS.—"Well, how do you like our Nursery?"

NURSE.—"Oh! Ingrain Carpet, I declare! I never was in a house where there wasn't at least Brussels in the Nursery."



BRIDGET.—"Indade, Misthress Smith isn't in the House. She tould me to tell you so, this very minit, when she set her eyes on you."



Peggy.—"Please, Ma'am, Cook is dressin' for the ball to-night, and says would you lend her a brooch, and a pair of bracelets, and a scarf, and a wreath.



Fashions for January.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3.—FURS AND CHILD'S COSTUME.



THE two styles of Furs which we illustrate, are the only ones which have come under our observation which differ materially from those worn last season. Siberian Squirrel is a very decided favorite; when mottled, as in Figure 1, it is called the "Squirrel Lock." The lining is a warm gray silk.

The CHILD'S COSTUME will be understood without description. The tunic is of heavy plaid taffeta, trimmed with broad velvet. The cloak is

small and circular, of dark-green velvet, lined with salmon-colored taffeta.

COIFFURES.—We append two very pleasing varieties of coiffure. Figure 4 is classic in character. Figure 5 is adapted for bridal costume.

CAPS.—Figure 6 is composed of lace, with taffeta tabs; these, together with the ribbons, are of maize-color. The trimmings are velvet ribbons and acacia-flowers.—Figure 7 is trimmed with Napoleon-blue velvet ribbons.



FIGURE 4.—CLASSIC COIFFURE.



FIGURE 5 .- BRIDAL COIFFURE.



FIGURE 6.-LACE CAP.

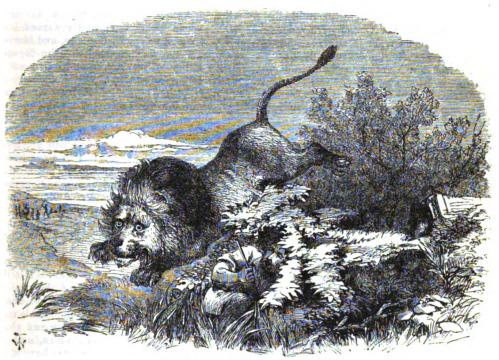


FIGURE 7.—VELVET-TRIMMED CAP.



HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXI.—FEBRUARY, 1857.—Vol. XIV.



THE LION MISCALCULATES THE CURVE.

BEHEMOTH AND HIS FRIENDS AT HOME.*

FIFTEEN years ago, Gordon Cumming established the fact that Southern Africa was the Paradise of Nimrods. Allowing for exaggeration and Highland vain-glory, enough remains in Cumming's work to prove that he is one of the mightiest hunters of our day, and that his hunting-ground is the noblest that has ever rung to the sound of the rifle. Whichever element of eminence we examine—whether the abundance of the game, or the character of the animals to be killed, or the danger of the chase—we must come to the conclusion that, for the adventurous hunter, the first spot in the world is Southern Africa.

For the benefit of those who may not have followed Mr. Cumming's wanderings on the map, it may be stated that he took his departure from Graham's Town, in long. 26° 25′ E.,

* Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries, during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa. By Charles John Andersson. 12mo. Numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

journeyed north through Caffraria and the country of the Bechuanas to the banks of the Limpopo, the highest point of latitude reached being about 22°, and the most westerly point about 25° E. long.; that he roamed the country between these points until he was tired of slaughter, and then returned home by the way he had followed on his journey outward. Now, large as this field of operations was, it comprised but a very small section of the lower peninsula of Africa. The line 25° East bisects the southern portion of the continent unequally; leaving about two-thirds on the west, and but one-third on the east. This western portion comprises, at its southern extremity, Capetown and Cape Colony, and, north of these, a vast tract of country which has only begun to be explored within a very few years. All that was known, until five or six years ago, of the land between 15° and 27° 45' South (say the mouth of Orange River), as far inland as 25° East was that the coast was barren, treeless, and waterless, that the interior was inhabited by wild tribes who were said to be ill-disposed to strangers,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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WALFISCH BAY.

and that wild beasts were plentiful there. There was a rumor of a great fresh-water lake at some distance in the interior: it was compared, on the strength of accounts from the natives, to the North American lakes, and even said to exceed the largest of them in extent. There were likewise stories of a great river flowing no one knew whence, and disemboguing itself no one could tell where. And the Boers were full of stories about the abundance of hippopotami, elephants, and all manner of wild beasts, which dwelt in the trackless land to the north, which they had never dared to penetrate. This was all.

Six or seven years ago, enterprising explorers, excited, perhaps, by the success of Cum-

ming, undertook journeys into this unknown Their labors were well rewarded. In 1849, Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray discovered the fresh-water lake-the Ngami. In the following year Green and others added a mite to our knowledge of its approaches. In 1851, Mr. Galton roamed through Damara-land, penetrated into the Ovambo Country north of 20°, and published the result of his discoveries in a work entitled "Tropical South Africa." Later still, Mr. Andersson, who had accompanied Mr. Galton, found his way in a nearly due easterly direction to Lake Ngami, of which he made fuller and more precise examinations than any of his predecessors. Mr. Andersson was an ethnologist, a hunter, and a naturalist, as

well as an explorer. Standing only second to Cumming at the chase, he takes rank above him as an observer of men. His delineations of the African tribes which he encountered possess the double merit of originality and philosophical acumen, and his hunting-scenes have rarely been surpassed for vividness and reality.

We propose to condense a few of his hunting and traveling experiences; and, passing over much scientific matter which adds greatly to the permanent value of his book, to let our readers know, briefly, what manner of men and beasts inhabit the tract of land we have designated by its boundaries, and what Mr. Andersson did with them.

His point of departure was Walfisch Bay, a miserable crook in the western coast, often choked up with dead fish, about 22° 70′ South; and his basis of operations, as a soldier would say, was a missionary station, called Scheppmansdorf, on a river a few miles inland. Let us note at the start that misnomers are as



LIONS PULLING DOWN GIRAPPE.

common in South Africa as in South America. The "river" on which Scheppmansdorf is situate has not flowed for years, having been dried up by an uncommonly hot day before the advent of white men. And the missionaries, zealous and able as most of them have been, have achieved so little in their missionary work, that the chief among them confessed to Mr. Andersson that, after several years persevering labor, he had not made a single convert. Once, he said, he thought he had convinced a Damara: the man was evidently giving way, and the missionary's hopes were high; but at the last moment the rogue avowed frankly that his conscience would not permit him to dispense with any of his seven wives, and, therefore, that he must decline baptism. A couple of years later the chief, Jonker Africaner, of whom we shall have more to say presently, caught one missionary and thrashed him, then bade the others begone. "We can not manage the

country," said the rude African, "without the missionaries; how shall we get on so long as they are here adding to our dissensions?"

From Scheppmansdorf Andersson, Galton, and their party proceeded in a northeasterly direction across a desert: the mode of conveyance, horses, ox-carts, and ox-back. Ox-carts or wagons had only been introduced into the country a year or two before, and were still so little understood by the natives that when a wagon belonging to a missionary had broken down and been left in the desert, a Bushman hastened to the owner to say that he had seen | tify-the rider, after a few tumbles, learns his



DAMARAS

his "pack-ox" standing all alone with a broken leg, and as it had no grass, it would probably soon die, if not relieved. For long journeys across the deserts of South Africa, oxen are They are better saddle-beasts than horses. caught in a wild state, with a species of lasso; a stick is passed through the cartilage of their nose to serve as a bit, and the reins are fastened to either end of the stick. A little training educates them to the saddle; and though girths are more ornamental than useful-as many of our juvenile country readers can cer-



BRULL OF A RECHUANA OX.

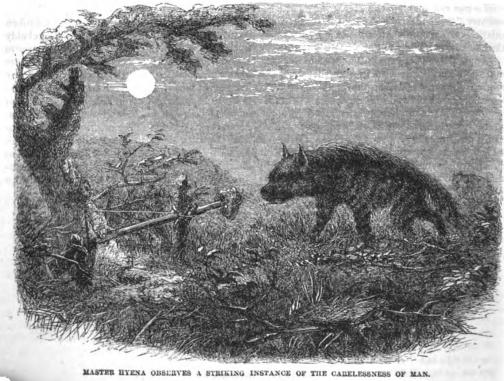


part of the business. An ox usually walks three than the Doctor. If they lost their way, they miles an hour; but, when well ridden, they may be made to go twice as fast: Mr. Andersson rode over 2000 miles on the back of one of his.

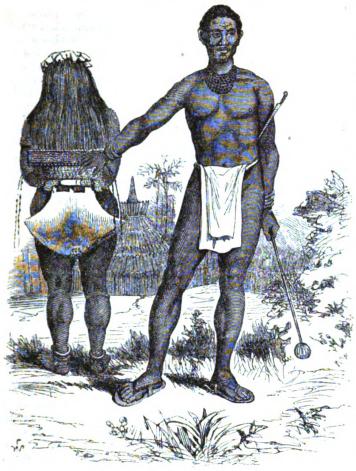
Well supplied with trained oxen, wagons, a few horses, and a large force of camp servants, the travelers plunged into the desert. They had before them three likely prospects-first, of losing their way; second, of starving to death; third, of being killed by the heat. The first is quite the rule in that part of Africa. A short while before, a medical man, who had been stranded at Walfisch Bay, took a fancy to travel into the interior, and hired a native guide. After toiling over the sand for some distance, the Doctor inquired where they were. The guide sulkily replied that he would not stir another step unless the Doctor gave him his hat. Afraid of being left alone in the wilderness, and deficient in pluck, the European doffed his hat and surrendered it. They jogged on for some distance; then the guide sat down complaining of the heat, and observed that he thought the Doctor's coat would fit him exactly. It was given up, like the hat; and in the course of an hour or so the unhappy Doctor was divested of all his clothing but a shirt, and exposed to the rays of a torrid sun. To add to his misery, after he had yielded every thing, the guide announced that he had lost the way. Such was the fact, and the pair were only rescued from death by being accidentally overtaken by a party of hunters on their way to the woods. The rascally guide, it is satisfactory to know, was made acquainted with the weight of the hunters' whips.

Mr. Andersson's party were more fortunate

found it again, and they were strong enough to keep their guides in order. But they did not escape hunger or heat. Putrid horse-flesh became a relished meal; and before they had been many days out Mr. Andersson had a sun-stroke. He was behind the party at the time, walking through the sand. All at once he felt a sensation of giddiness; his eyes swam, and his knees shook. With his utmost strength he shouted to his friends, and staggered on; they heard him, and came to his relief just as he fell back senseless. Strange to say, he felt no evil effects beyond a severe headache for some days. Death or cerebral fever is the usual consequence. One may realize the imminence of such accidents from the fact that at Scheppmansdorf, and on their line of march, the thermometer at noon, in the shade, and in an airy situation, stands for many days together at 110° Fahrenheit; the ink dries in the pen on leaving the inkstand; gun-stocks, cart-wheels, and every wooden or horn article shrinks enormously; the cattle give up grazing early in the morning to seek shelter. These terrible heats are interspersed with as terrible storms. In the course of an hour a clear sky will be cloaked in heavy black layers of cloud; the lightning will flash with such vividness as to blind the traveler; rain will fall, not in drops, but in masses. A few minutes will suffice to convert a wide plain into a lake. Dry water-courses will foam and roar with billows ten feet high, tearing along with them trunks of trees, huts, and every movable thing they can grasp. Then-as suddenly as it began-the storm will cease. Out



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OVAMBO

comes the sun with increased fury; and before he sets, every vestige of the storm has disappeared, save a somewhat greener tinge upon the grass and foliage. Nothing can equal the suddenness of these changes. On one occasion, after a long and thirsty march, Mr. Andersson pushed his cattle to the utmost to reach a water-course a few miles' distant. With great fatigue it was gained, but, to the agony of the parched travelers, it was dry as the plain. They sat down overwhelmed; when one of the party caught the sound of gurgling, roaring water. They listened breathless: in a minute the torrent was down upon them like a runaway horse, and the dry course contained a respectable river. The secret was very simple: it had thundered the day before, and they had had a storm in the mountains.

By way of compensation for these hardships, the sport was excellent. Lions were constant visitors. Now and then the travelers were obliged to draw up their force in line of battle, to protect the cattle from these hungry thieves. One fellow, after helping himself to a goat, very nearly brought the exploration to a close. Roused by the cries of the goat, the natives had armed themselves and frightened the "ongeama" into a tamarisk brake. Mr. Andersson,

who was very anxious to have the blood of a lion on his hands, entered the brake, and offered battle. Leo declined, and tried to escape. Unfortunately there happened to be a group of natives just opposite the spot at which be issued forth. They f. red their matchlocks, and though, of course, no one hit him, they frightened him back. Mr Andersson renewed his search through the brake, and toward evening the lion sprung up within a few paces of him. To fire at the shoulder was the work of an instant. The ball told, but did not disable the lion, who sprang with a terrific roar upon his antagonist. Mr. Andersson-who, by the way, like Gordon Cumming, always takes pains to assure his readers that his coolness never forsook him, even in the most critical situations-fell upon his knee, drew his huntingknife, and "prepared to receive cavalry." But the lion, poor brute! was a bad geometrician; he miscalculated the curve necessary to reach his enemy,

and actually sprang over his head, and lighted on the ground three or four paces behind him. Of course the hunter wheeled, fired, and broke Leo's shoulder in less time than the operation can be described. A second spring—but what can a poor lion do with both shoulders broken? We think it highly creditable to him, under the circumstances, that he succeeded in making off, and spending his last moments in a peaceful corner of the brake, where the hyenas and jackals did justice to his corpse.

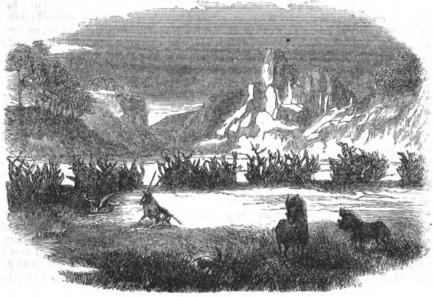
Leopards, rhinoceroses, gemsbcks, giraffes, also abounded, and fell to the guns of the party from time to time; and so did many curious birds. Of most of these game we shall speak hereafter. One bird the party does not seem to have met after leaving the neighborhood of Scheppmansdorf. This was the Lanus subcoronatus, or Fiscal-bird, so called by the Boers, from the notion that it is the judge and executioner of the winged world. It is a species of shrike, and lives on smaller birds, which it catches and gravely impales on a thorn before proceeding to discuss them. The best epinion among the Boers is that the Fiscal-bird, out of deference to Dutch usage, only holds its court on Fridays. We beg to present the fact to the

Hyenas were more numerous than agreeable. Of course people do not go to Africa to shoot hyenas (in Algeria a man is disgraced who wastes powder and shot on such vermin), and when they became too troublesome, the travelers amused themselves by setting traps for them. A gun was fixed to two posts or trees, in a horizontal position; to the stock was fastened a movable stick, with strings at either end; one string communicated with the trigger of the gun, the other with a piece of meat hanging directly in front of the muzzle. The whole trap was inclosed in a kraal, and the only opening contrived just opposite the meat. Master hyena, stepping that way, and observing this wonderful instance of the carelessness of man, would call in and seize the meat for his afternoon meal; but at that instant an unaccountable noise would be heard, he would see a million of lights flashing before him, and feel a strange warm sensation about the head. The next minute he would be lying in a disordered state on the plain, with his ears and nose scattered in different directions, and his family and friends would be discussing his condition and picking his ribs.

The country in which Mr. Andersson and his party now were—which extends for a great distance on either side the Swakop River—is inhabited by a tribe of negroes called Damaras. They appear to have emigrated, at some not very distant period, from a northern latitude. Their own idea is that they sprang originally out of the iron-tree, and finding the world dark, lit a fire and gave light to the earth; in recompense for which boon their chief god made them the greatest of nations. They are fine fellows, physically speaking, many of them six feet high and muscular; the women plump and well-formed in their youth. They are not quite black, dark-brown is nearer the hue; and as they edicct to wash themselves and smear their

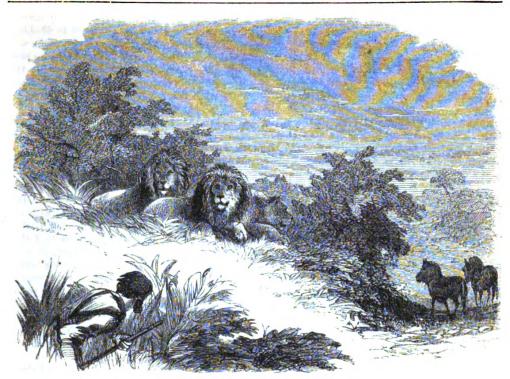
skins with grease, the dark-brown sometimes becomes light brown, and is then politely referred to ethnological causes and called "red." Adults wear goat-skins, like Robinson Crusoe; and the ladies get themselves up in a sort of chain-armor, consisting of iron and copper rings, beads, ostrich egg-shells, leathern thongs, and, indeed, any thing that comes handy; but Mr. Andersson was shocked to notice the younger members of the sex going about dressed in a dozen beads and a few strips of leather dangling from a belt. He was somewhat consoled by ascertaining that when a girl was engaged she wore a helmet and visor. Marriage takes place at about the same age as with The lady's price varies with the state of the market. In an easy wife market, three oxen will purchase a very fair article; but in stringent times, a judicious parent can obtain a dozen. Mr. Andersson was bound to admit that polygamy was a Damara institution; but in justice to the Damaras he avows that he never knew any one have more than twenty wives. It must be said, however, that this striking evidence of their moderation is not consistent with their appetite in other respects. They eat until their muscles refuse their office and they sink exhausted. Leaving them gorging at night when he went to sleep, Mr. Andersson has waked in the morning and found them gorging still. When the end does come, and even the Damara can eat no more, they jerk their meat, cutting it into strings or strips sometimes twenty feet long. In their climate this soon dries, and can be carried about for some time; so that when hunger returns the Damara throws his coil into the fire, leaves it half a minute, then swallows it from end to end, like a Neapolitan eating maccaroni.

black, dark-brown is nearer the hue; and as Our European cousins may be surprised to they object to wash themselves, and smear their hear that the Damaras have organized their so-



DAMARA PITFALLS





UNWELCOME HUNTING COMPANIONS.

ciety on the best European principles. have their king, lords, and commons. The starve to death, and the lords speak of them last-mentioned class are the black trash of the with great contempt, and treat them worse than

GRAVE OF DAMABA CHIEF.

They | country; some of them are slaves, many often

dogs. We have no doubt, however, if the truth were known, that the Damara commonalty are very proud of their aristocracy, and pity nations that have none. The nobles are the cattle owners (there are no landholders, the tribe being nomad, and fee-simples not having been invented), and some of them laugh to shame even the cattle-breeders of South America. Mr. Andersson was present one evening at the camp of a Damara chief, when his cattle began to arrive in droves a mile wide, from the mountains; he went to bed, slept, and found in the morning the droves still defiling before the camp; all day they marched past, an undiminished throng; at night, their tramp was as heavy as ever. Mr. Andersson rose frequently during the night and they were still moving past; next morning same sight, and the last of them did not appear till late that day. So immense was the throng that they devastated the country like a swarm of locusts. When a chicf of this baronial calibre dies, profound affliction seizes the tribe. For a poor man's death his son will wear a black cap; but for the owner of countless herds the best society shaves its head. "Tears," says Mr. Andersson, artlessly, "are considered favorable signs, and the more the better." With a large round stone and an air of solemn sorrow, the defunct's best friend breaks his backbone, and doubles him





up; he is then carefully planted in the earth, an end to the ridiculous performance by beating with his face to the north, and a pail of milk poured over him. A quantity of oxen are slaughtered—no doubt, the mourners dispose of the flesh in honor of the deceased-and the horns are slung upon a tree with the arms of the deceased, so as to form a monument such as is represented in the cut at the bottom of the preceding page.

The third branch of the Damara governmentthe monarch-appears to be a Roi fainéant. His power, in theory, is absolute; in practice, insignificant. Criminals deride him by taking refuge with another tribe. But in minor matters he is always obeyed; and on his death his eldest son by his favorite wife assumes the crown without dispute.

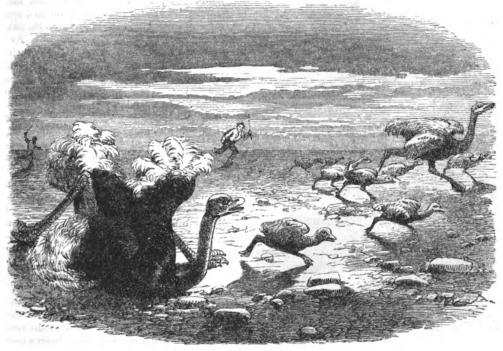
Mr. Andersson was taken aback by some peculiarities of the Damaras. Like some of the Pacific Islanders, they hold that when people are too old to work they ought to die directly, and if the aged persons are obstinate-as, indeed, they rarely are—they help them into the grave. A standard joke is for a son to pretend that he thinks his old father is dead when he is only asleep or meditating, and to break his backbone with a stone. One poor old woman, who was left to starve to death, was relieved by a be-

his succor, she appeared to do so merely out of good breeding and not to disoblige She seemed to feel that she was committing a sort of fraud upon her people. Another old lady, relieved in the like case, was detected by her brother, who generously forgave the missionary in consideration of his ignorance, but put

his sister about the head with his knob-stick till she was dead. This explains the total absence of old persons among the Damaras.

Another oddity of these singular people is their habit of lying. This evidence of civilization is carried to an incredible extent. A Damara lies without aim or object-lies with the certainty of detection. Mr. Andersson offers the somewhat Hibernian hypothesis that they believe their own lies; at any rate, they lie when truth would serve their purpose better, and lie to each other as well as to strangers. As an instance of their falsehoods, they would assure Mr. Andersson that a mountain, which he saw and knew to be ten or twelve miles distant, was a long week's journey. The defect is evidently in their mental, not their moral, constitution.

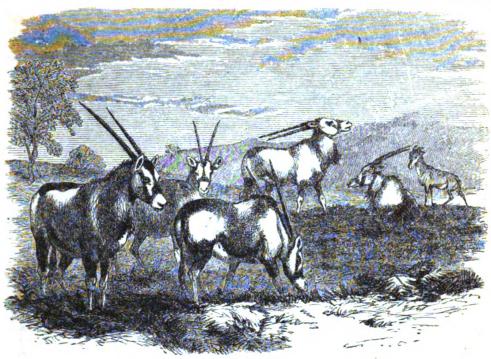
We may be considered as having embalmed these Damaras, for before long they will have shared the fate of the Indians for whom Eliot wrote his Bible. When they first invaded the country, they subjugated the tribe called Namaquas, which lived between the Orange and the Swakop rivers. Shamefully oppressed by their conquerors, these Namaquas sent for help to a bold and warlike chief, known in the country as nevolent missionary; but though she accepted Jonker Africaner, the son of the Jonker Afri-



COURSING YOUNG OSTRICHES







ORYX OR GEMSBOK.

caner whom Mr. Moffat describes. Jonker had now. During the four years of Mr. Andersson's

horses and fire-arms; he marched against the observation the Damaras lost half their cattle Damaras, defeated them in many battles, and be- and a large number of their men. From time gan to drive them northward. The war has last- to time energetic efforts of the missionaries ed for many years, but must be nearly finished succeeded in obtaining a truce; but the war



JONKER AFRICANER.

soon broke out afresh with increased fury. It was waged with truly savage cruelty on both sides, especially on that of the Namaquas. No quarter was given in battle. Fugitives were systematically hunted down and killed. Women were constantly butchered after unheard-of outrages. When a Damara village was taken the men were generally slaughtered, and very often the hands and feet of the women were lopped off, and the children ripped up. Mr. An-dersson saw several mutilated wretches whom Jonker Africaner had spared in order to see them drag a miserable life. He is a perfect Caligula, this Jonker. His cattle were once stolen. Suspecting a Damara, he asked him to dinner. The man came, and was seized and stabbed to death in Jonker's presence. Before dying he implored the ruthless Namaqua to let him see his wife and children. Jonker refused. The dying man wiped the blood from his face, and invoked maledictions on his murderer, calling upon God to make





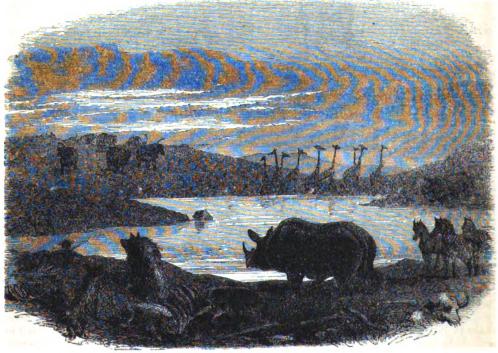
VIEW IN ONDONGA.

"my cattle, which I know you covet, a curse to you." It will be curious to ascertain whether the curse has ever been fulfilled.

So the tribe is dying out. Jonker, whose mind is comprehensive, had once an idea of slaughtering the whole male population of Damaraland: from this characteristic scheme he was subsequently dissuaded; but he will accomplish his object otherwise. The Damaras are sealed.

Through this Damara country the travelers lay, were exasperating. The Boers have juditoiled, ever making for the northeastward, and ciously christened them Wait-a-bit thorns, and

feasting their imagination on the prospect of fine sport on a lake called Omanbondè, said to be in the 20th parallel, and to be a favorite resort of wild animals. In addition to the heat, various tropical insects proved a sad nuisance. The Bush ticks—like the jiggers of Central and South America—got into the feet, required a severe surgical operation to extract them, and left a wound which required three months to heal. The thorns, through which much of their road lay, were exasperating. The Boers have judiciously christened them Wait-a-bit thorns, and



THE APPROACH OF ELEPHANTS.





MORE CLOSE THAN AGREEABLE,

travelers soon find reason to approve the name. Each individual thorn—and there are myriads -will sustain a weight of seven pounds. They are crooked, or rather barbed; so that when the impatient traveler tries to force his way through them, he can only succeed at a sacrifice of a portion of his dress. At night, scorpions, and a far worse enemy, the termite or white ant, were to be expected. Mr. Andersson had an opportunity of verifying all that has been written about the destructive capacity of these last-mentioned tiny insects. In a single night his bedding and blanket were cut to shreds by them, though not one was visible when he went to bed. In a few days they will eat away the heart of a stout tree or the beams of a house, leaving not the least external trace of their operations, but so thoroughly consuming the interior that the least touch will bring the whole to the ground. Great builders they are as well as great destroyers: some of their ant-hills measured twenty feet in height and one hundred in circumference at the base.

The scorpions were also frequent bed-fellows. Unless they are molested, it seems they will not attack man; but touch them, and their horny tail is raised, inflicting a wound which, though rarely fatal, takes a long time to heal. Of the more venomous African serpents Mr. Andersson saw but little. All of them, so far as he could judge, are decent creatures, and act only on the defensive. He has ridden his ox over a most venomous snake without accident. But the ondara, a boa constrictor, is a very different character. On one occasion two Boers found a bees'-nest in the rocks. Discovering a

round hole by which it could be reached, one of them prepared to crawl through it. His companion suspected it might be the hole of a serpent, and endeavored unsuccessfully to dissuade him. The man entered, crawled on hands and knees for a short distance, then suddenly stopped. There was the ondara coming toward him with glaring eyes. The Boer squeezed himself against the rock in an agony of fear, and held his breath. Like a train of cars the great serpent rolled along, his eyes gleaming through the darkness, passed the man unconsciously, then, as if changing his mind, turned sharp round, and thrust his fangs into the Boer's body. The poor fellow died in a few minutes, so virulent was the poison. His companion fled at top speed till quite out of reach. After a while, burning for revenge, he returned to the place, and watched till he saw the ondara leave his hole. The moment the serpent disappeared on his morning crawl the Boer crept into the hole and lay quiet, watching. He had chosen the narrowest part of the passage. The space through which the serpent would pass to reach him was only a few inches in diameter. After several hours of dreadful anxiety the mouth of the hole was suddenly darkened. Ondara was coming home. Another second, and his coal-red eyes flamed through the darkness. Outstretching his open hand across the narrow part of the passage, the Boer waited till the serpent's head had passed, then grasped him firmly by the neck. Poor ondara was caught. Needless to say that the Boer dashed his head from side to side against the rocks until it was knocked altogether out of shape.

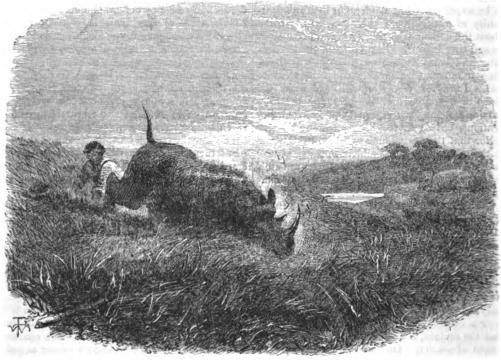
the wayside was the ostrich chase. In the neighborhood of Scheppmansdorf, and in the desert inland, they are very plentiful, and the number of eggs hatched by each female being large, there is little fear of the supply diminishing. No captive ostrich exhibited in menagerie, aviary, or zoological garden, can give any just idea of the native bird. Reaching at times a height of eight and nine feet, it weighs from 200 to 300 pounds, and has strength enough to kill with a blow of its foot a panther, a jackal, or a hyena. Its speed of foot is so great that the most incredible stories are told of its performance. One traveler asserts that an ostrich with two men on its back outstripped a fleet horse. It seems certain that when the ostrich is in good trim no horseman can ever hope to get within gun-shot. It leaps over the plain in bounds of from twelve to fourteen feet, its claws hardly seeming to touch the ground. From man it invariably tries to escape; but its devices are not so stupid as some books of natural history would lead us to suppose. When a pair of ostriches with their young are attacked, the male will separate himself from his family, and at a short distance pretend to be wounded and roll on the ground. The hunter naturally runs toward him to secure him, but the cunning bird is up and off again in proper time-meanwhile the juveniles have had a good start. Much has been said of the food of ostriches; we have all read of

> The estridge that will eate An horshowe so great In the steade of meate— Such fervent heat His stomach doth freat.

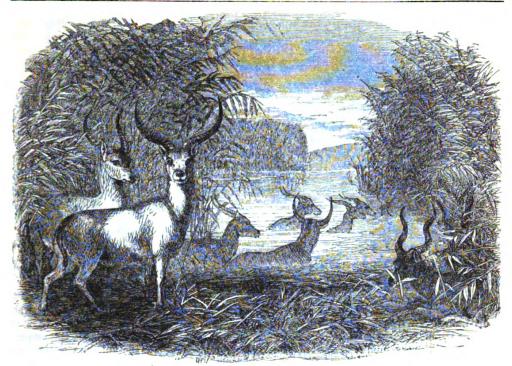
One of the most interesting of the hunts by a wayside was the ostrich chase. In the highborhood of Scheppmansdorf, and in the sert inland, they are very plentiful, and the amber of eggs hatched by each female being ree, there is little fear of the supply diminisher. No captive ostrich exhibited in menagie, aviary, or zoological garden, can give any st idea of the native bird. Reaching at times height of eight and nine feet, it weighs from to 300 pounds, and has strength enough to

It must be said in defense of the juvenile ostriches that the eggs are remarkably fine eating. So far as substance goes, they are said to be equal to twenty-four hen's eggs; but their flavor is very superior to these latter. The Romans ate the flesh and brain of the bird as well as the egg: one of their emperors is said to have devoured a whole ostrich at a meal; after which, the less we say about the voracity of ostriches the better.

Toward the approach of the rainy season, that* is to say, in the African dog days, the ostrich grows tired of life. He may then be seen standing all alone in the plain with drooping eye and flagging wing, wearing an expression which Sir Charles Coldstream might envy, and contemptuously staring at the Boer who comes with jambok to knock him on the head. At other seasons, the missionary Moffat informs us that ostriches are killed by the stratagem which sportsmen sometimes employ to shoot ducks. A Boer covers a saddle or cushion with ostrich feathers, and shoulders it. His legs he whitens, and in his hand he holds a head and neck of an ostrich, through which a pliant stick has been thrust. Thus disguised, he trots out into the



DESPERATE SITUATION.



NAKONG AND LECHÉ.

plain, picking at the grass with his sham head, and shaking his feathers after the most approved ostrich fashion. His new fellow-creatures stare, but, after a while, set him down for a provincial, and continue their repast or their gambols. Suddenly, one of them tumbles down, struck by a poisoned arrow. The whole flock gallop off in affright; but the most astonished of the party is the new-comer, who runs at doublequick speed, and takes care to sidle up to the strongest males for protection. In this way a Boer has been known to slay eight or ten fine birds in a morning.

After making several degrees easting, Mr. Andersson and his party resolved, as they found they could stand the climate, and the traveling, though severe, was not impracticable, to explore a portion of the country north of 21°. Many days' march through a mountainous country brought them to the plains of Ondonga, the first settlement of the Ovambo Africans, between the parallels 18° and 19°. It was, Mr. Andersson says, with indescribable sensations that they exchanged the thorny jungle for yellow cornfields, with pleasant homesteads, fine old trees waving in the wind, and every sign of comfort and plenty. For the Ovambo are an agricultural people; grow beans, peas, corn, pumpkins, melons, calabashes, and even tobacco; rear cattle on an improved method, fence in their farms, and fill up the country at the rate of a hundred heads to the square mile.

Like the Damaras, the Ovambo enjoy a monarchical government. It is, however, seemingly elective, and that candidate is chosen who well. Their honesty, strange to say, is above rehas-not most votes, but-most fat. Obesity proach; and, unlike their neighbors, they pride is the test of eligibility; corpulent men are a themselves on taking care of sick and aged per-

natural aristocracy, and the most unwieldy is sovereign of all. At this time, one Nangoro was the monarch; he had not seen his knees for years, and he could with difficulty waddle from place to place. He could not talk much, for the layers of fat and flesh which wrapped his throat; nor could he, of course, share the athletic exercises of his people. With a truly democratic simplicity he dressed, like his subjects, in a strip of cloth or leather twisted round his loins; and the tendency of his paunch was to rid him even of this incumbrance. When Mr. Andersson had his audience, his majesty was almost in a state of nature. In his palace he lived like a king: ate largely of all he could get, and drank strong beer in large wooden goblets; after meals disported himself with his hundred and six wives. The travelers had the honor of an invitation to a court ball, at which the hundred and six showed off their charms in native dances. When young, it seems the Ovambo ladies have pleasing faces and good figures: their ball dress appears to consist of ankle rings and cowrie shells; Mr. Andersson confesses, with a blush, that their performance ruined his peace of mind. One of the wives of Nangoro, worth at least three cows, proposed marriage gratis to Mr. Galton, her fat lord and master being apparently a consenting party to the arrangement; but as that gentleman has since married in England, it is to be presumed that the amorous fair one met with a rebuff.

The Ovambo are, however, a fine people in many respects. They are industrious, and live





ONDONGA BLACKSMITHS AT WORK.

sons. Kind and hospitable in the extreme, they render their homes a sort of paradise to the African traveler, who is used to meet with a thief and a murderer in every human creature. Their houses, which resemble bee-hives, are invariably inclosed by palisades for purposes of defense; within the fortification there are separate dwellings for children, servants, poultry, and cattle—all distributed and arranged with order and method. For their absolute wants, their farms suffice; and for articles of luxury, such as beads and cowries, they barter ivory, which they obtain by digging pitfalls for elephants.

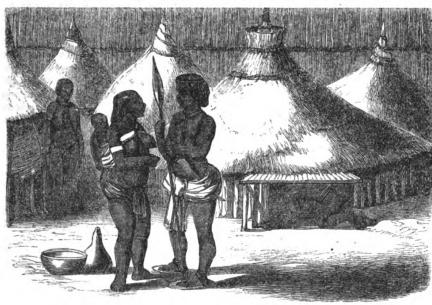
On their journey to the country of the Ovambo, the travelers discovered the long-wished-for lake—Omanbonde. Their anticipations had been roused to the utmost by the stories the natives told of its size. One man asserted that "the water was as large as the sky;" another assured

the travelers that a man appeared no bigger than a crow when seen from the opposite side of the lake. An India rubber boat had been prepared for the navigation of the unknown waters; and immense stores, in the shape of artillery and ordnance, had been carried along for the benefit of the hippopotami who were said to line the When the explorers were within a day's journey of the spot they lost their guide, and were in despair. On visiting some of the natives who lived near by, the latter, never having seen white men before, took fright and ran off in great alarm. It was absolutely necessary to hunt one of them down, and make him fast like an ox. By dint of intermingled threats and promises, his captors prevailed upon him to lead the way; and after several hours' distressing march through the sand, he announced that the lake would be seen from yonder height. In



MR. ANDERSSON IS RECEIVED BY KING NANGORO.





OVAMBO DWELLING-HOUSE AND CORN STORE.

a wild fit of delight Mr. Andersson spurred forward, and rode to the point indicated; but he could see nothing but a dry water-course. under good cover, when he noticed, to his surprise, that the herd had taken the alarm, were snuffing the air and pawing the ground in an

"There," said the native, triumphantly, "is Omanbonde!"

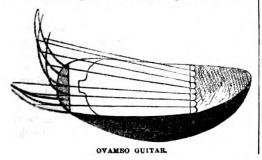
"Where?" roared the travelers.

"There—there!" replied the African, pointing to the dry water-course.

"But where, in the name of Heaven, is the water?" groaned Andersson.

As for water, the native replied that he would soon find some of that; and, true enough, he set to work to look for water under the reeds, and shortly discovered one or two mud-holes with a few drops of water in them. In utter prostration of heart the travelers were forced to admit that the great Omanbonde was nothing in reality but a small pool or swamp which had been dried up by the heat of the sun.

This disappointment, and a misunderstanding with King Nangoro, induced them to bend their course southward again sooner than they had intended. On their homeward journey they met with some fine sport. Antelopes of all kinds were plentiful, and so were beasts of prey. Gnoos afforded Mr. Andersson much excellent practice in stalking. Once, having discovered a troop of them quietly grazing on the bend of a stream, he proceeded to creep toward them



prise, that the herd had taken the alarm, were snuffing the air and pawing the ground in an agitated manner. He was wondering what could have frightened them, when, just behind him, he heard a sudden roar, and saw two lions and a lioness, the latter making for the gnoos, the former dividing their attention between the hunter and the game. His first impulse was to fire at the new-comers; but a moment's reflection satisfied him of the imprudence of this course, and the gnoos happening to discover the enemy at that moment, and to take to flight, Andersson and the lions started in parallel pursuit. The position was really ludicrous, though at the time it did not probably strike the hunter in that light; his eye traveling from the lion to the gnoos, and his thoughts shared between the hope of catching the latter and not being caught by the former. As it happened, he missed both: the gnoos made good their escape, and the lions judiciously disregarded their human companion to follow them.

It must be noted here that it is an unusual thing for lions to run down their prey as they did in this case, even when that prey is an animal so inferior in strength as the members of the antelope family. Leo, as we are now beginning to learn, is an arrant coward, and almost invariably pursues the sneaking feline mode of attack-lies in wait, and springs upon his victim unawares. The gemsbok or oryx, for instance, which is a common meal for him, never fears him in an open plain. Swift as the horse, as indeed its beautiful make and antelope legs would lead one to suppose, the gemsbok does not always rely upon its fleetness of foot. Its long straight horns are capable of inflicting a severe blow, and more than once, when the lion's spring has been ill calculated, he has had an opportunity of testing their sharpness. An old African



hunter once discovered, in crossing a plain, a dead lion and gemsbok lying in each other's embrace, the former quite impaled on the horn of his feeble adversary.

The "monarch of the forest" fares much better with the unhappy giraffe. On page 290 is represented a scene which Mr. Andersson had the good fortune to witness. He had discovered the track of a giraffe, and was riding in pursuit, when the track became obscured by the spoor of lions. Somewhat in doubt how to proceed, he rode on a few paces mechanically, when all at once, at a turn in the bush, he found himself a close spectator of the death-struggle of his quarry. Two enormous lions had sprung upon the giraffe and were tearing it to pieces, while three others stood by watching the operation and growling hungrily. The hunter was so much struck with the sight that he did not think of firing; but the natives, in whose minds the thought of a feed is always uppermost, frightened away the lions by shouting, and triumphantly bore off the carcass of the dying giraffe.

Monsieur Gérard, who has written an amusing book about lions, intermingling a good deal of fact with his fiction, says that they are gallant brutes, and invariably help their wives first

ern hunters. Mr. Andersson was once roused from his camp fire by roars from a jungle, and the old cries from the natives-"Ongeama!" Hastening to the spot, he found a large blackmaned lion tearing his wife to pieces, and even picking a bit here and there from her fleshy It appeared that one of the pair had parts. just killed an antelope; the lioness wanted to share the spoils; her lord and master not only persisted in eating the whole, but in a burst of wrath killed his helpmate and began to eat her too. Some hunters have even accused the lion of eating his servant, the hyena; but this is not Hyenas have been found, however, minus a leg or a pair of feet; and the better opinion is, that these fellows have misconducted themselves, and that the lion, their master, has punished them by snapping off a limb or

When the missionaries first went into this part of the country the lions troubled them greatly. One of them confessed that he had found it utterly impossible to keep the few head of cattle required for his family use. One Sunday afternoon, as another missionary was exhausting his store of eloquence upon an audience of wild Damaras, a noise was heard at the at dinner. This is not the experience of south- door, and in stalked a great black-maned lion.

Terrific was the uproar; every one expected to be seized; no one could run, for the lion had the key of the position; there was not a gun in the church. In utter despair one of the bravest of the natives caught the lion by the tail, another seized him by the ears, and, to their astonishment, they dragged him out of the church with comparative ease. The fact was, the poor brute was starving. He had passed the point at which hunger renders the lion so terribly dangerous; his strength was gone, and he was slaughtered without difficulty.

Shortly after the return of the travelers from the Ovambo Country they parted company, and after a brief visit to the Cape, Mr. Andersson undertook alone the task of discovering a western route to the newly-found lake Ngami. Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray, who are the real discoverers of the lake - if the word discovery can be applied in such a case-had started from Graham's



Town, and, like Cumming, had journeyed northward through Kuruman and the Bechuana country. It was evident that such a route as this was too long and too difficult for commercial purposes. Mr. Andersson determined to try a direct route from the western coast, from Walfisch Bay; calculating that the distance could not far exceed two hundred miles. His preparations were soon made—a few tried men, including a boy from the Cape, engaged, and an



NEGRO BOY FROM THE CAPE.

ample stock of ammunition laid in for the journey.

The party set out in good spirits, and soon found themselves in an unexplored region nearly due east of Walfisch Bay. The character of the country was the same as that previously traveled-immense sand wastes, interspersed with thorn brakes, with here and there a plain covered with rank herbage. Through the wastes water-courses had cut rugged grooves, but very few of them contained water. So rare and precious an article is water in these regions that one race which the wayfarers visited never use it at all. They drink nothing but the milk of their cows and goats; and the cattle quench their thirst by eating a succulent plant-the mesembryanthemum-a sort of ice-plant. Ghanzé, in long. 22°, the party halted for some days to hunt the rhinoceros, which abounds there.

Justice has not been done to the rhinoceros by writers on natural history. He has many claims to a high rank among beasts. In size he is second only to the elephant. The white rhinoceros of Africa will sometimes measure fourteen feet from the nose to the tip of the tail; his girth often exceeds eleven feet; his horn, in the straight-horned species, varies from three to five feet in length. Hunters calculate that a rhinoceros will provide them with as much Vol. XIV.—No. 81.—U

meat as three full-sized oxen. Notwithstanding his unwieldy shape, short legs, pendent belly, and overhanging horn, he is one of the most agile of beasts. "A horseman," says Cumming, "can hardly manage to overtake him." "He can dart," says Captain Harris, "like lightning." In strength he is perhaps unsurpassed by any animal in the forest. Every one remembers the story of the rhinoceros that destroyed the ship in which the King of Portugal was sending him as a present to the Pope, some three hundred years ago; modern hunters certify that the tale is not necessarily an exaggeration. In single combat no animal but the elephant can venture to stand up against him, and even that mighty brute often leaves his porcine enemy master of the field. As for the lion, he sneaks away at the first sight of the rhinoceros. To complete the portrait of this terrible brute, we must add that he is graminivorous, eats grass, young trees, and the like, and never deviates from a strict Grahamite diet. One species, the white rhinoceros-the larger of the two divisions of the family-is a peaceable, inoffensive animal, and only asks to be let alone; though, like modern legislators, he believes in the right of self-defense in the broadest sense of the term. The black variety are ugly; they object to have their rest disturbed, and are fond of fighting: they will demolish man, lion, or even each other, if their wrath be aroused. On such occasions it appears quite providential that the rhinoceros, whose strength and activity are so prodigious, is defective in point of eyesight; his eyes being small, awkwardly situate, and limited in their range of vision.

Of the danger of encountering this terrible brute, Mr. Oswell, the discoverer of the Ngami, tells a thrilling story. He was walking quietly to camp, when he saw two large rhinoceroses feeding in the plain. At sight of him the animals advanced toward him. He stood stock still and took aim. As it happens, a shot in the head affords a tickling sensation to the rhinoceros, and does not otherwise affect him; so Mr. Oswell dared not fire, and stood waiting for at least one of his enemies to give him a chance at his quarter. They evinced no disposition to do any thing so foolish, but marched steadily on, coming frightfully close. At the last moment Mr. Oswell resolved, as his only chance of safety, to trust to their bad sight, and to try to dash past them. He sprang forward, and in his rush actually brushed one of the brutes. But he had been seen. The moment after he heard a snorting at his heels. He had just time to wheel round, discharge his gun into the animal, when he "felt himself impaled on his horn." The next sensation he had was finding himself seated on a pony led by a Caffre. He inquired, angrily, why they were not following the spoor of the beast? But almost ere the words were uttered, he noticed that his hand, which had rested on his side, was filled with



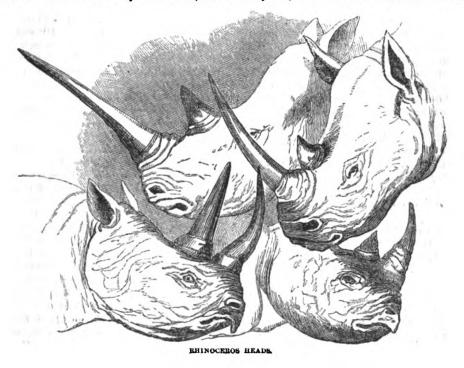
need their services this time, but he carries the scar of the wound still.

The first rhinoceros shot by Mr. Andersson drove him crazy with delight. He sprang upon his back and plunged his hunting-knife into his flesh to ascertain if he were fat. But the natives warned him not to repeat the experiment. A short time before an African had leaped on the back of a rhinoceros under the same circumstances, and had plunged his knife into him. The brute was only stunned; the cold steel revived him, and he rose and ran toward the river. Afraid to dismount, the native clung to the creature's back, more dead than alive; and had it not been for a sudden pause of the rhinoceros, which enabled another of the party to send a ball through his lungs, the fate of that rider would have been very clear.

To kill a rhinoceros the ball must strike just behind the shoulder, with a view to the lungs. The old books of beasts tell us that the hide of the rhinoceros is hard enough to turn a bullet. This is another play of the fancy: a good ball, propelled by a good charge of powder, and fired from any distance under fifty yards, will not take the least notice of the hide. If it strikes at the proper angle, three inches behind the shoulder, it will pass through the centre of the lobes of the lungs, and cause instantaneous death. But the hunter must beware of firing at the head. Mr. Andersson was once overtaken by a rhinoceros whose temper something had ruffled: he was rushing to and fro, charging sticks, stones, and trees; and seeing our friend, he charged him too. In selfdefense Andersson fired at the head. The rhinoceros stopped short, sprang into the air, coming down with a crash which shook the spheres, then rushed about more wildly than before, tear-

ing up the ground with his horn, and raising clouds of dust. In the blindness of his fury he missed his insignificant foe, who came to the conclusion that his ball must have struck the brute on the horn. Another rhinoceros, a female, who was hit in the same place under very similar circumstances, charged straight at the place where she had seen the flash. She came so close that her saliva actually dropped on the hunter's face; but, strange to say, at that very moment she pulled up, and, doubtless, calculating that she had rushed passed her enemy, turned about and charged in the opposite direction.

As is usually the case among wild beasts, the female, when nursing, is more ferocious than the male. Mr. Andersson was returning from the chase one afternoon when he saw a black female drinking at a pool. He could not get a shoulder shot, but fired at the leg in the hope of disabling her. The ball told; but the brute charged on three legs. A second ball was put in without any effect. Night was coming on, and the hunter prudently resolved to let her be for that day; so he turned, and after looking after other game which he had killed, walked leisurely to camp. Midway he came full in view of the wounded rhinoceros, standing, as before, on three legs. Her head was pointed toward him, and he dared not fire; but picking up a large stone, he threw it at her with a shout. That instant she charged. A shot in the head did not check her advance in the least: on she came, and in a twinkling the hunter's gun, belt, cap, etc., were spinning in the air, and he was in the dust. By extraordinary good luck her horn had not touched him, and the impetuosity of her onset was such that she sped onward several yards, and buried her horn in the earth.







A POOL IN THE DESERT.

Andersson hardly realized that he was yet alive; but the moment he did he sprang to his feet, just in time to receive a second charge from the infuriated animal. This time she ripped his leg up from knee to hip, and stunned him with a blow on the back of the neck. When he recovered he was being carried to his skärm. But the battle was not over. Next morning Andersson related the story to his attendant, and, giving him a gun, bade him see if he could find the brute, to put her out of her pain. The boy sallied forth; and very soon afterward Andersson heard a cry of distress. He ran to the spot, and saw the rhinoceros, on three legs, covered with froth and blood, and snorting furiously; on the other side, the boy spell-bound and motionless. To fire at the brute was the work of an instant, but the aim was unsteady, and the wound only made her more furious. She tore up and down, butting trees and stones with frantic rage, but fortunately missing the hunters, while Andersson poured in shot after shot. At last she saw him, and for the third time charged him.

Here a beautiful law of the chase will be noticed by the judicious reader. After powder, ball, and steel have failed to do their work on wild beasts, and they persist-contrary to all reason, moral and physical-in having the life of the hunter before they give up their own; when the moment comes that no earthly power can save the life of our hero-his gun is empty, his knife is broken, his strength is gone, and the most imaginative reader can not suggest a means of escape; then, at that critical moment, in the very nick of time, the beast which has so terrified us is sure to die. We do not under-

books of hunting that have ever seen the light; and from it we deduce the law that, in the case above-mentioned, the beast is sure to die. In obedience to this law the rhinoceros which we left charging Andersson for the third time died submissively at his feet.

Gentlemen who wish to hunt the rhinoceros will please make haste, for they are being slaughtered at a furious rate by the African Nimrods. There are men in Caffraria and Bechuana-land who kill their hundred rhinoceroses in a year, and take their horns to the Cape. These horns are useful in a variety of ways. As drinking-cups, every well-educated Boer knows that they possess the virtue of detecting poison: the least drop of any kind of poison poured into one of them will make it ex-Then, powdered, they are a capital remedy for convulsions; with a proper amount of advertising they might become a universal panacea. Finally, to the turner they are worth half as much as elephant ivory, and are often sold as such.

Talking of elephants, Mr. Andersson was not as successful a hunter of this noble game as Gordon Cumming, or even the Cingalese Nimrod, Baker. Their tusks were counted by the hundred; his by the score. At Ghanzé, however, he occasionally fell in with a troop. The first he saw surprised him while lying in wait for rhinoceroses near a pool; he fancied he could count at least fifty of the huge creatures cut out in bold outline against the sky, and browsing in perfect unconsciousness of his presence. whistled, and all the troop raised tail and trunk erect, and looked and listened; he fired at a large male, and the elephants galloped off like take to explain this curious phenomenon. We a well-appointed troop of horse-artillery. The are mere chroniclers, gleaners of facts; we note shot had been well aimed; down came the this one as a fact uniformly recurring in all brute: a magnificent fellow with fine tusks.



Small note took the Bushmen of these; it was his earcass they cared for; and twenty-four hours afterward nothing remained of him but the head, the sternum, and some of the larger bones. After this "tuck out," as they call it, the Boers were prepared for a week's fast.

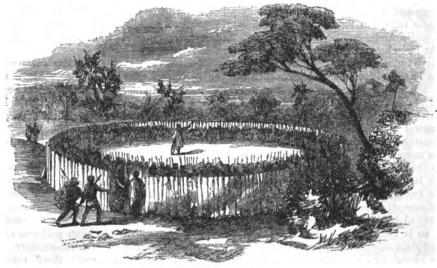
Pushing on a little farther to a vley and wells at a place called Kobis, Mr. Andersson saw more elephants. He used to take up a commanding position near the pools, and wait quietly for his enemy to come to be shot. When he arrived at the spot all would usually be silent. As night fell, animals of all sizes and races would come to drink-giraffes, zebras, gnoos, elands, goats, etc., with an occasional rhinoceros. When on the look-out for elephants the hunter spared smaller game; the more readily as they served his purpose as sentinels. Some time before the elephants made their appearance, he was warned of their approach by the animals at the pool. The giraffe began to sway his long neck to and fro; the zebra to whine in a plaintive tone; the eland to crouch into the smallest space; and even the rhinoceros to snort and grunt. Before many seconds elapsed, one by one all these animals would slink away into the woods, leaving the pool to the exclusive enjoyment of the monsters, whose huge forms were just becoming visible in the distance; and until the whole troop had quenched their thirst no stranger would venture to intrude upon the

Lying in ambush in one of these spots one evening, Andersson had watched vainly for the approach of game, when he heard at no great distance a clattering noise, as if a wagon was being hurried violently over a stony path. Knowing that no wagon could be traveling there at such a time, he concluded that the sound must proceed from elephants, and prepared for action. It was a bright tropical night, with a clear moon, and he soon discerned a troop of elephants, led by a huge male, trotting down to the very place

fast as they approached. More than once his finger was on the trigger of his rifle, but the impossibility of getting a good shot at the leader made him withhold his fire. He remained in this position till the elephant's huge bulk was actually above him. An involuntary motion betrayed him; the elephant, startled and enraged, turned upon the intruder. Andersson had only time to throw himself flat on his back when down came the trunk, sweeping away some large stones, behind which the hunter had hid, as though they had been pebbles. Mechanically he raised his gun and fired upward. The explosion and the noise scared the brute; he bounded off, and rejoined the herd with a ball tickling his throat. Mr. Andersson rather regrets that his other gun was not in a state to permit him to follow up the chase; but when a man has seen the fore-feet of an elephant raised above his face, he need not be at any trouble to account for his abandoning the chase.

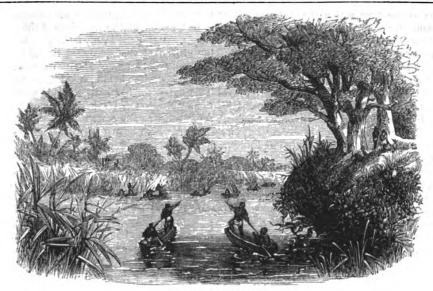
These sports were at length brought to a conclusion by an attack of rheumatism, which partially crippled Mr. Andersson. It came on suddenly, after some days of severe exercise, and after subjecting Mr. Andersson to excruciating agony for some days, left him with a crooked leg. As his boy assured him, "the calf was nearly where the shin ought to have been." This was no hindrance to traveling, and leaving his hunting gear at Kobis, he pushed on toward the lake, then only a few miles distant.

On the fifth morning the natives, who were in advance, suddenly cried, on reaching the top of a ridge, "Ngami! Ngami!" That instant Mr. Andersson was with them; and this time, sure enough, a great sheet of water lay spread at his "Long as he had been prepared for the event, his sensations overwhelmed him. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. His temple throbbed, and his heart began to beat so violently, that he was obliged to dismount and lean against a tree for support until the excitement where he lay. He confesses that his heart beat had subsided." These feelings, for which Mr.



BECHUANA CONGRESS





ASCENDING THE TEOGE.

Andersson thinks it necessary to apologize, need no apology; every traveler, or reader of books of travel, can thoroughly understand them. So great an achievement, gained at such a cost, might well unsettle a man's nerves.

The lake in question, to which rumor had ascribed an extent not inferior to that of the great lakes of North America, Mr. Andersson found to be not over seventy miles in circumference, and sixteen in width at the widest part. Its shape is not unlike that of a pair of spectacles, to which the natives compare it, being considerably narrower at the middle than at the ends. The northern shore is low and sandy, without vegetation of any kind; the southern shore is fringed by a dense belt of rushes, which render its access impracticable. At a distance of a mile or so an acacia grove surrounds it. The natives say that the waters of the Ngami retire daily "to feed." Certain it seems that there is a strange ebb and flow in the lake. Canoes, anchored in a few inches water and at two hundred yards from shore, were left high and dry in the course of the night, and floated again in the morning. Mr. Andersson ascribed the phenomenon to the wind; but he has been since led to believe that it is produced by the moon's attraction.

Africa seems intended to give the lie to all scientific principles. Elsewhere rivers flow to the sea; here they often flow nowhere, but suddenly stop in the middle of a plain and form a marsh. In this country and in Europe rivers are narrow at the source and increase in width and bulk as they flow onward: in Africa they are wide and extensive at the source and dwindle away into small streams as they proceed. Our sea has a tide, and our lakes have none: there the reverse is the rule. The Ngami is fed by the Teoge on the north, and emptied by the Zouga on the south; but at times the Teogewhich is a considerable river at ten days' journey from the lake, though quite small at its mouth—finds its usual outlet inadequate, cuts

another channel to the Zouga, and drives the waters of that river back into the lake. Places now dry and covered with reeds on the lake shore were identified by natives as having once been covered with water and common fishing-grounds; and, on the other hand, in the water were seen trunks and roots of trees, which had evidently grown on dry land.

The travelers of 1849, who, as has already been stated, approached the lake from the southeast, sailed upon the Zouga, and admired it exceedingly. It is, however, practically useless, as it has no outlet and no communication with the sea. Mr. Andersson indulged hopes of discovering another great river on the opposite side of the lake. At two days from the northwestern corner of the Ngami, the natives say that a great river-which they call the Mukuru-Mukovanja-flows westward to the Ovambo Country and the regions north of that. While in the Ovambo Country the travelers had heard of it, and had speculated on its course. From all that he heard Mr. Andersson concludes-on very slight data, as it seems to us-that the Mukuru-Mukovanja may be a river of large size, with a course of several hundred miles, flowing from within two days' journey from Lake Ngami to the western coast of Africa, with one outlet, now known as Nourse's River, between 17° and 18°, and another further to the north. He also concludes-on very fair circumstantial evidencethat it irrigates a fine fertile country, rich in the products of a tropical climate.

The writers who credited Lake Ngami with an extent equal to Lake Superior were consistent throughout. A British captain was led to believe that the inhabitants of its shores were the genuine original Cyclopes, with one eye in the centre of the forehead; that they were cannibals: "a baby was nothing to them—they swallowed it whole." Mr. Andersson did not see any Cyclopes during his visit, nor did he witness the consumption of babies pill-fashion.



Batoana is the title which the dwellers about the Ngami give themselves; they are, in fact, a tribe of the Bechuanas, and probably accompanied the latter on their irruption from the north. The aborigines of the country, who call them-selves Bayeye, or "the men," serve the Batoana as slaves. All seem to be poor, dirty, and dishonest. They are governed in a democratic fashion, live on the scant produce of their fields, rear but few cattle, and often in dry seasons endure unheard-of misery from famine and thirst. Where the missionaries have penetrated, some of the men have been induced to wear clothing; but the large proportion of the Bechuanas and the cognate races confine themselves to the usual strip of leather. Rings are the female costume; they are often so large and heavy, that, as the chief observed contemptuously and coarsely to his visitors, "the women grunt under their burdens like pigs." They smoke, snuff, and drink beer, and finding that the Europeans did the like, they rather conceived a good opinion of them; but they had their joke at their visitors about washing. The idea of putting water on the body instead of grease and paint, is considered highly comic in the vicinity of Lake Ngami.

The Rev. Mr. Moffat, who wrote a fair book, though dull, about the Bechuanas some fourteen years ago, describes their wizards amusingly. Rain being the chief desideratum in that country, the wizards profess to be rain-makers. On the occasion of a great drought at Kuruman, the chiefs resolved to send for a great rain-maker who lived two hundred miles away in the north. The great man came, and, marvelous to relate, though the heavens had been of brass for many weeks up to the day of his arrival, on that day a copious rain fell. He was worshiped, of course, and his orders-not to sow the fields, to collect herbs, and so forth-were obeyed with surprising alacrity. Once the natives thought they had caught him. Suddenly, at mid-day, a shower fell. The Bechuanas ran to his house

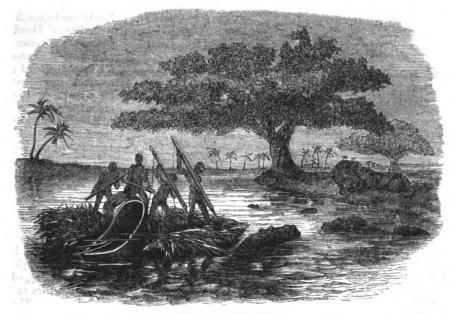
to thank him; but, to their amazement, he was in bed, asleep, and unconscious of the happy accident. "Halloo! by my father," said the leading citizen of the place, "I thought you were making rain!" The wizard rose slowly, and seeing his wife shaking a milk sac to obtain a little butter for her hair, replied, with indignation, "Do you not see my wife churning the rain as fast as she can?" Still this was only a shower, which soon dried up. More rain was needed, or a famine was inevitable. The Bechuanas growled, and complained to the rainmaker. He was ready with his reply. "You only give me sheep and goats to kill, I can only make goat-rain; give me fat slaughter oxen. and I shall let you see ox-rain." The oxen were produced, at no slight expense, for the drought was decimating the cattle; but still the rain-maker did not perform his task. Anticipating an outbreak, he went to the chiefs and told them that, the heavens being obstinate, he must have a baboon, alive, and free from blemish. Not a hair must be wanting. It was no easy matter to catch a baboon at all among those rocky glens; but a party of the best hunters set out, and after great fatigue succeeded in capturing a young one. At the sight of it the wizard screamed that his "heart was rent in pieces," pointing to the tail of the baboon, from which some hairs had been lost. However, he consented to bring rain if they would let him have the heart of a lion. The lion, too, was hunted down, at no slight risk of life, and his heart produced; but still no rain. Driven, finally, to the wall, and ruined in credit, the wizard boldly imputed his failure to the magical arts of the missionaries, who were very near paying the penalty of the knave's ill success with their lives. Happily, Mr. Moffat succeeded in convincing the natives that he had no more power to stop, than the wizard to make, rain; and instead of the parsons it was the rain-maker who was killed.

In the vicinity of the lake the sport was ex-



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SPEARING HIPPOPOTAMUS.

cellent. Rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, hartebeests, pallahs, reed-bucks, etc., were constantly seen, and the hunters lived a princely life. But the game Mr. Andersson best loved to stalk was the beautiful koodoo, an antelope with spiral horns. Taking every thing into consideration, strength, symmetry, expression, nobility of carriage, endurance, he considered the koodoo the most admirable beast he had seen. About four feet high at the shoulder, the koodoo carries heavy spiral horns of three feet in length, which oblige him to hold his head high in air, and give independence to his gait. When pursued, he springs over the ground in bounds of many feet, and if the country be favorable he can hardly be run down. Shy and timid, moreover, by nature, he is perhaps the antelope that the hunter most rarely kills; many successful sportsmen have never seen a single specimen of the race. This may also be ascribed in some degree to the capacity of the koodoo to dispense with water: they can live many days without visiting the pool.

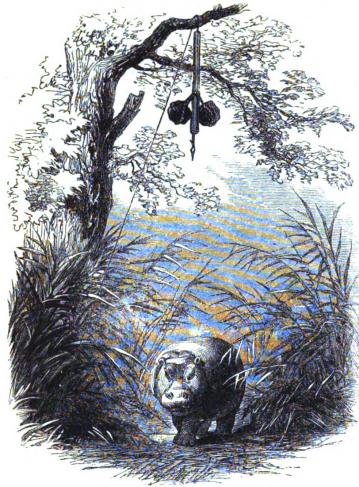
After navigating the Teoge as high as the water would permit, about 19° 51', Mr. Andersson turned southward. The Batoana chief had promised him canoes for his return; but when he was about to start he found no conveyance ready but reed rafts. These are made of the palmyra, which grows in abundance on the shores of the lake and its tributaries; the reeds are just cut, thrown into the water in transverse layers, and the raft is made. No ligatures are used; but from time to time, as the raft proceeds, new layers are placed on the top to replace those underneath which have become water-logged. Unsatisfactory as this mode of traveling appeared at first sight, on second thoughts Mr. Andersson recognized its merits; the rafts are much safer

beguile the way by hunting the hippopotamus, this was a consideration.

Behemoth, who has never had a better limner than Job, is at home in all the rivers of Africa south of 22°, and in the heart of the continent is also found a couple of degrees further north. Formerly, as our books of natural history tell us, he was a mild, inoffensive brute; ate his herbs like a Grahamite, took his constitutional snort in his river, and retired peaceably to snooze and meditate "under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens." But these were his days of innocence. When the fire-lock was invented, and white men invaded his tranquil haunts to perforate his hide with balls, a change came over Behemoth, and he grew crusty. Endowed with enormous strength-he is nearly equal to the rhinoceros in size, and often measnres twelve feet from nose to rump-he is one of the most formidable denizens of the tropics. So widely can he distend his jaws that a man can find accommodation therein; and an old painter, who was something of a naturalist, thought it no exaggeration to introduce him into a picture of the last judgment, making his open mouth the "jaws of hell." He is a wise beast, endowed with remarkable power of memory, cunning, and quick senses. Had he the agility of the rhinoceros, he would be the scourge of the Bechuanas; but, though he moves rapidly enough in the water, on land the shortness of his legs are a disadvantage, and his unwieldy bulk an encumbrance.

but from time to time, as the raft proceeds, new layers are placed on the top to replace those underneath which have become water-logged. Unsatisfactory as this mode of traveling appeared at first sight, on second thoughts Mr. Andersson recognized its merits; the rafts are much safer than canoes, and as the travelers proposed to





THE DOWNFALL

for the present day. The natives arm them- | gloating already on the prospect of hippopotaselves with a harpoon with a single barb, and a shaft ten to twelve feet in length; they sally forth on a reed raft, and let the current float them down to the spot frequented by Behemoth. Soon an experienced eye detects several dark patches on the water like lumps of mud. These are noses. In breathless silence, and lying flat down, the hunter lets the raft drift on till it strikes the body of one of the unconscious brutes. Up then he springs like lightning, and down comes the harpoon perpendicularly and with unerring aim. What the hippopotamus may do after this is of no consequence. He can not board or upset the raft; he can not break the strong cords to which the harpoon is tied; nor can he tear it out of his body, for the thickness of his hide. So when he dives, some of the natives slip off the raft into a canoe, paddle hastily to shore, and take a turn of the harpoon rope round a tree; after which, the sooner Behemoth gives up the contest and the ghost, the pleasanter for all parties. Whenever he rises to the surface darts are showered at him till the water is crimson, and the result is merely a

the hippopotamus in a canoe before he is exhausted from loss of blood; and Behemoth will often in this case crush the canoe with a single bite, and cut his assailant in two with his huge jaws. But such accidents are rare.

Another native device is the downfall, which is represented in the adjoining cut. This trap is predicated on the shortness of Behemoth's legs. When, in the course of his morning walk, he meets with the string which crosses his pathway at a few inches from the ground, he does not think of stepping over it, as a long-legged brute would, but tries to kick it out of the way. The string either breaks or slips off the trigger to which it is fastened, and down comes the harpoon, which is a log of wood, made heavier with stones. Sometimes the harroon is poisoned. But the wound it inflicts is usually sufficient to cause death without poison; when the natives see the trap sprung they go to the nearest pool, confidently expecting to find Behemoth a corpse, and

mus rashers.

Mr. Andersson killed many hippopotami. He shot them easily; the ear shot being invariably fatal. Only once was any danger run. He had shot a large hippopotamus which disappeared, as usual, in the water. A party of the natives started in pursuit in a canoe, and were soon out of sight. The raft was poled after them as fast as possible; but at the first turn in the river Mr. Andersson was shocked at seeing the canoe bottom upward, and no men any where. Happily they turned up on the shore; the wounded brute had upset the canoe and obliged them to swim for their lives; and, by extraordinary good luck, they had escaped him and the crocodiles and reached the land in safety.

On leaving the lake Mr. Andersson started homeward through great Namaqua-land, which lies between the Swakop and Orange rivers. The Namaquas are a miserable race, thievish, cruel, and treacherous; the dominant race at present in that part of the continent, they evince a barbarity without parallel in their treatment of their neighbors. Jonker Africaner, indeed, question of time. It does happen occasionally has already been sketched. Professor Haldethat an imprudent native will venture to attack man, the linguistic ethnologist, will be charmed to hear that this vile race have no word for fearfully at her husband. Dashing into the gratitude in their language. plain she pulled down a zebra, then returned

Like their neighbors, they are superstitious, and have their witches and their wizards. Their tradition is that man and the animals once lived together in a rock in peace and amity. Being dispersed by the Supreme Power, they scattered throughout the earth. The moon then called the hare, and bade him go to man and say to him, "As I die and am born again, so shall you die and be again alive." (The Africans, it must be remarked, always say that the moon dies and is born, in allusion to the setting and rising.) The hare, from stupidity, delivered the message incorrectly. It said, "As I die and am not born again," etc. On ascertaining this, the moon flew into a rage and threw a stick at the hare, which cleft her lips; whence the formation of that animal's mouth. The moon also cursed the hare, and pronounced it a wanderer forever on the face of the earth, forbidding mankind to eat it, because it had not carried to mankind the "good message regarding the immortality of the soul."

The Namaquas believe that many of their women can at pleasure assume the forms of wild beasts. Sir James Alexander picked up a story illustrative of the superstition. A Namaqua was traveling with his wife, who was a witch, when a troop of zebras appeared in the plain. Said the man to the woman, "I know you can transform yourself into a lion; do so now, catch one of those wild horses and kill it, for I am hungry." The woman replied, "You'll be afraid." Her husband assuring her that he would never be afraid of her, she set down the child, and hair began to appear on the back of her neck; her nails turned into claws; her features changed. Slipping behind a tree, she dropped her skin petticoat, and rushed out a perfect lioness, glaring fearfully at her husband. Dashing into the plain she pulled down a zebra, then returned to the side of the man. He was in an agony. "Enough! enough!" he roared. "Put off your lion's shape!" The woman lioness eyed him, growling. "I'll stay here till I die," said the man, frightened out of his wits, "if you don't become a woman again!" The mane began to disappear, the tail dropped off, the lioness stepped behind the tree and put on her petticoat; then emerging forth in her original shape, she took her child in her arms and called her husband. That man, said the legend, never asked his wife to catch game for him again.

Mr. Andersson draws a fearful picture of his sufferings on his long ride home. "I traveled," he says, "either alone or accompanied by a single native, sometimes on foot, and at others on horseback or ox-back, over a thousand miles of country, parts of it emulating the Zahara in scarcity of water and general inhospitality. Tongue is too feeble to express what I suffered at times. To say nothing of narrow escapes from lions and other dangerous beasts, I was constantly enduring the cravings of hunger and the agonies of thirst. Occasionally, I was as much as two days without tasting food; and it not unfrequently happened that in the course of the twenty-four hours I could only once or twice moisten my parched lips. Sometimes I was so overcome by these causes, joined with bodily fatigue, that I fainted. Once both my steed and myself (as seen in the sketch below) dropped down in the midst of a sand plain, where we remained a long time in a state bordering on unconsciousness, and exposed to all the injurious effects of a tropical sun. At times I 'scarcely knew what I was about, and staggered like a drunken man. Such was the pleasure of traveling in Africa."



AUTHOR AND STEED BROKEN DOWN.



LIVERWORTS.

WHEN the great traveler Mungo Park had laid himself down to perish in the midst of the vast wilderness, and his heart's anguish tempted him to doubt the all-seeing eye of the Most High, His mercy caused a tiny moss to unfold its little leaves by his side; and as he looked upon its passing beauty, and noticed even a tiny, joyful flower to blossom there merrily, unknown and unobserved by man, his heart was filled with new faith and new hopes. The humble moss became an angel that descended from on high to say to him, as God's angel called out of heaven to Hagar, "Despair not; for even in the dread desert, in this vast grave, the Lord still upholdeth life. He feedeth the tiny moss, He will surely not forget thee!" Mungo Park rose once more, and God led him safely to his distant home.

Well would it be for all of us, if the modest but ever-beautiful mosses were such sweet monitors for us also. But how few of us know their rare beauty! alas, how few of us deign to read the simple characters with which our great mother, Nature, writes her impressive lessons on field and forest! They could teach us not only to know, but to love and to worship. If St. Augustine had held his sermons in such barns and ugly churches as adorn our towns and villages, our Saxon fathers would have been but little aroused. But he spoke his great words to them under venerable old forest trees, in the shade of gigantic oaks, amidst the mysterious rustling and rushing of mighty branches, and the scene itself gave weight and solemnity to these grand meetings. Do not our own camp-meetings owe much to the scenery that surrounds them? And did not our Saviour himself speak to the anxious multitude, now on the banks of Lake Tiberias, and now upon mountains amidst a host of still higher peaks and ridges? Even if we were but to read the simple alphabet in our mosses on a stone or in our ferns by the side of a bubbling brook, we should surely come home daily wiser in that knowledge which tendeth toward heaven.

Small and insignificant at first sight, these mosses lend to all nature a rare beauty. Here, tracing down a lively burn through its muirland courses, we linger to admire the soft goldengreen patches with which they cover up every oozy spot or well-head on rocky margins, putting forth, in unthanked profusion, their beautiful fruit and roseate flowers. There a soft cushion invites us to

"A bank of moss, Spongy and swelling, and far more Soft than finest Leinster ore;

and when we stoop down to examine them more closely, we are struck with the neat mimicry of their tree-like elegance. In hazled deans they lap over grave, bare rocks, and shelving banks, or they cover the gnarled, twisted roots with cushions of luxuriant softness; in the secluded dell we find them hanging in plumy,

ping rock, incrusting it gently with the lime of the water that oozes softly and sweetly through their dense shading vail.

High in the North they vie with grasses, in the vast spaces they cover on the surface of the earth. There all pastures, mountain lands and moors, deans and dells, abound with their exuberant growth. Nor are marshes and pools neglected; so far from it, mosses act the main part in filling them up with their deep-green masses, and by their rapid growth and decomposition they contribute, more than all other plants, to form that most useful kind of fuel. our peat. Far and near they form a brightgreen carpet that lies gently spread over the heaving, elastic surface of the moor; and, as generation after generation sinks down into darkness, layer after layer is formed to produce at last an invaluable treasure. Silently and noiselessly the lonely laborer then digs his winter provision of moss-peat, and values it higher than crackling wood or cannel coal.

Few of the mosses only are known to blossom and to bear fruit when exposed to the light in pastures and open places. It is in shadowy nooks, on rock and fell, on earth-capped dykes and the trunks of aged trees mainly, that they exhibit the fullness of their rare beauty. Here they may be found in perfection and luxuriance, especially during winter and early spring, and reward the observer by their unexpected variety and great elegance.

Their very modesty, however, has caused the poor mosses to be treated with greatest injustice. The mass of the people do not distinguish them from other plants of similar shape and structure. To many, all tiny forms that show no distinct blossoms and barely approach to the forms of regular leaves, are one and the same class of mosses. Lichens and algae, liverworts and horsetails, all are thrown into one great race. Neither the Iceland moss nor the Reindeer moss is a genuine moss; and so it happens, especially in poetical language, with the vast majority of so-called mosses. Their true nature and distinctive marks can, however, but rarely be seen without the aid of the microscope, as they also belong to the plants which Linné called Cryptogames, because they hide the sweet secrets of their love and their tiny blossoms from the eve of man. Hence their importance in the sketches we propose to offer of a world that is hidden from the sight of the careless observer, and which may thus be justly called, as far as it regards millions of men, a "New World."

Mosses differ from algæ and lichens-which often resemble them-mainly in the higher endowment with leaves, an ornament which is never found in the humbler classes of these tiny plants. But as Nature never proceeds with startling suddenness, but ever passes from step to step in gentle transition to most beautiful, regular order, so there are numbers of mosses also to be found that have not as yet a stem set with leaves, but consist simply and wholly of an odddark-green masses over the front of some drip- | ly-shaped, much-varied foliage. But even here,



when the resemblance to lichens and sea-weeds would apparently efface all distinction, and bewilder the observer, the microscope has revealed to us, of late, an essential difference. Their inner structure is vastly superior to that of all other competitors, and what draws at once a broad line of distinction, is the fact that mosses possess, like higher plants, two sexes, and a most beautiful apparatus, by the aid of which they produce, in the dark bosom of their tiny blossoms, the desired sporules. Such instruments have nowhere been found as yet among alge, lichens, or fungi. The fruit itself also differs much from the so-called spores of the lower classes: it consists of a well-closed membrane of cellular texture, and is filled with diminuitive seed-sporules, which it emits at a given time, and often in a most curious manner.

To the smallest of mosses, and we may add to the fairest also, belong the liverworts—plants name. Saith the old herbalist: "The liverwort is under the dominion of Jupiter, and under the sign of Cancer. It is a singularly good herb for all diseases of the liver, both to cool and cleanse it, and helpeth inflammation in any part, and yellow jaundice likewise." Hence its good name. But liverworts, also, have suffered under the great injustice that allows the noblest deeds in history to be achieved by agencies which are never mentioned, and often not even known to the world at large. The humble soldier, who by his dauntless bravery carries off, as if by contagious rapture, all who are near him, and thus decides the fate of the battle, is not named in the pompous bulletin; but the general who won the field is praised by his friends, and his name made immortal. So also with the mosses. We admire the beauteous green dress with which they cover rock and tree; we honor them for their busy work in gathering moisture from a thou-

sand invisible sources, and thus feeding forests and rivers for the benefit of mighty nations, but we forget the humbler sisters, the liverworts. Their sad-colored dresses, their close-clinging leaves, and their very resemblance to the higher forms of genuine mosses, make us overlook their useful service, their invaluable assistance in the great purpose for which all mosses were created.

Modestly hid under dripping rocks and dashing cascades, in the shade of a noble old tree, and by the side of fresh, prattling springs, they unfold their rare beauty. Few plants on earth are more delicately made, few more gracefully formed; if not clad in bright green, they love a bluish color, and at times a strange, elfin-like, reddish hue. Their vagabonds—for the races of plants as well as those of man have their lawless members-roam freely over stagnant waters, and swim gently to and fro at their pleasure. Only one of these liverworts, however, may be said to be a true cosmopolitan—the so-called

Marchantia. All others are, more or less, strictly limited to certain localities, and venture not into the regions of genuine mosses. They fear frosty heights and lofty mountains, and love rather to dwell in damp, shady valleys, in lowly dens and cozy glens. While the mosses find their way even into the cities of man, and settle contentedly on the roofs of his houses, the liverworts barely dare to seek a home in his orchards, or send their boldest sisters—the abovementioned marchantia-to the foot of some damp wall. A like peculiar feeling makes them shrink from frost and snow; the more we approach the polar regions the smaller becomes their number. Norway, however, and Scotland produce—thanks to their ever-moist climate more varieties than any other part of the North; one family only, that ever dwells as parasites upon the trunks of trees, abounds in vast numbers amidst the tropics. The strangest and oddthat we love on account of their good Saxon est varieties may there be seen to cover fig-trees



FIGURE 1.

and cinchones, around which twines the fragrant vanilla in loving embrace, and weaves fair garlands with paulinize and passion-flowers. The gigantic plants of those primeval forests shelter the tiny liverworts under their huge, leathery leaves, and protect them as safely as the granite rocks of Norway against the fatal rays of a tropical sun.

They differ from genuine mosses in the form of their fruit mainly. By far the largest number of mosses have a kind of oddly-shaped cap or hat, which covers their tiny seed-vessel, and protects it, like the covers we wear on our heads. against the fatal effects of wind and weather. Liverworts, on the contrary, rest forever uncovered. On the other hand, they possess a most curious contrivance: elastic springs, that act with all the force and precision of the slings of the ancients, and cast their diminutive spores, upon the opening of the fruit, far and wide. A variety, called the Fat Nerveless (Aneuris pinguis), shows very clearly, and, in Figure 1,



in its natural size, the peculiar manner in which this liverwort raises its tiny fruit on graceful columns; while in Figure 2, one of these so-



called elaters, or slings, may be seen, much magnified, with its four small spores. Its beauty of color is almost unsurpassed. The very fragile and exquisitely delicate leaves—if leaves they can be called—are of a deep, rich green, while the slender, fruit-bearing stems shine resplendently in dazzling white. The tiny capsules on the end, again, are of a dark violet, and the still smaller slings within of brilliant yellow. In another illustration (Figure 3) the peculiarly arranged ribbons, by means of which it is supposed the little slings are enabled to act with such surprising force, may be still more distinctly seen. They are coiled up in a double



FIGURE 4.

spiral, and hence have, like the spring of a watch, the power to contract, and at will to unfold themselves with a truly wonderful elastic power.

The tiny baskets which are borne upon the surface of some of these humble liverworts, like the Many-shaped Marchantia, are structures of singular beauty (Figure 4).

This is the true cosmopolitan among the liverworts; we find it in the same exuberance in the swamps of Greenland and Labrador, and in the dismal morasses of New Holland. It covers with its superb, luxuriant carpet of softest green, the abandoned coal-kiln in the dark forest, and the damp walk in the midst of a populous city. On fern land it spreads its countless rosettes in passing splendor over the level ground; in boggy waters it raises its foliage in light, graceful crowns. Its seed-vessels, when they mature, look, for all the world, like diminutive birds'-nests (Figure 5), the edges of which

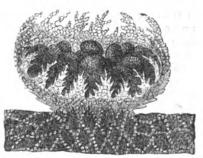


FIGURE 5.

are adorned with a glistening fringe, while within lie a number of egg-shaped grains.

These little cells—for they are nothing more—gradually raise themselves upon almost invisible footstalks, until at last they assume the form of minute disks, lying free within the cozy nest in which they had first appeared. Rains come to their aid and carry them over the low edges to their future home on well-chosen ground. Many, however, prefer staying at home, and there grow upon the very stock from which they had been developed, thus forming new fronds upon their still living parent.

Other liverworts produce, on the top of long, lofty stems, at the time of maturity, dark-brown capsules of square or elongated shape, which contain, by the side of the fruit, also a number of tiny slings (Figure 6). As the capsule grows,



FIGURE 6.

the spiral ribbons enlarge and unfold gradually, until at last the delicate walls of the tiny box are no longer able to resist the pressure. They burst commonly into four parts, and assuming



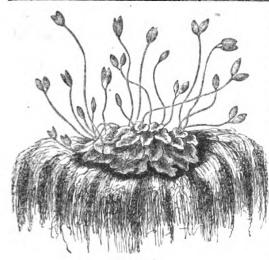


FIGURE 7.



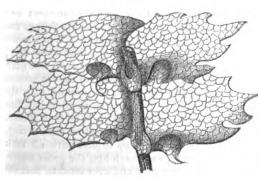


FIGURE 10.

the form of a cross, allow the contents to be scattered abroad. But the variety of modes in which they thus open and give egress to the seeds within, is almost without limit; now they open little doors at the side, and now they split lengthways, after the manner of pods. Such is the case in the beautiful Blandowia of Peru and Chili (Figure 7). In one of the most curious varieties they actually jerk off a trapdoor at the top, leaving a round little opening, out of which the well-hidden slings soon commence to shoot forth their almost invisible spores (Figure 8).

Greater still is the variety of leaves with which the fruit-stalks of liverworts are mostly adorned, though here also the aid of the microscope is required to enjoy the full splendor of their concealed beauty. These leaves have, it is true, neither stems nor nerves, or veins, but their beauty is not the less striking. Of the eighteen hundred well-known varieties we add a few of the more interesting, which to the unarmed eye appear but a small, shapeless mass, while under the microscope their large and yet exquisitely delicate cells, and their great regularity of form, afford us no small enjoyment. Thus when we first look at the Dwarf Liverwort of Jungermann (Jungermannia Nana, Figure 9),



LIGURE 9.

how little does the exterior promise of beauty and elegance! But the aspect changes at the first look through the microscope (Figure 10), and we see now how the thick, well-formed leaves surround the stem in graceful circular lines. No rib or nerve divides them as yet, thus marking at once the great difference between this race of Liverworts and that which is endowed with regular leaves. But, close as they lie upon each other, none interferes with its neighbor, and each gets its due share of heat and light. The simplest are altogether undivided, and resemble ordinary leaves (Figure 11); others begin to show

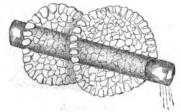
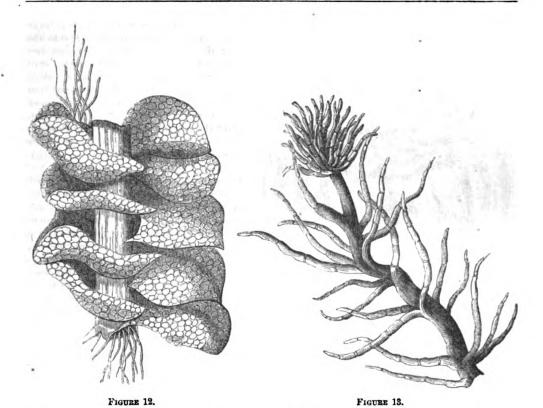


FIGURE 11.

serrated edges; and thus they increase in beauty and greater adornment (Figure 12), until they split into a thousand feathery plumes (Figure 13), and at last no longer







appear to belong to the same family (Figure

The life of liverworts is as dependent on moisture as that of their relations, the lichens, but, fortunately, they share with them also a like tenacity of life and power of reviving. As they consist but of a single layer of cells, and these of the very frailest construction, they dry with amazing rapidity whenever they are exposed to the rays of the sun. They then assume a dark color, wither and wrinkle, and at last look unmistakably dead. But life is still there, even under such deceptive appearance, and as soon as the faded liverwort is moistened, the

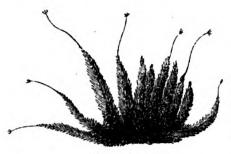


FIGURE 14.

cells of its leaves begin to stretch and to spread, and in a few minutes the whole delicate plant has resumed its full functions of life. Hence wan, withered form, shriveled with age and of death cometh life!

shrunk under hard frosts, blooms forth anew in autumn. When the blustering blasts of early tempests rush fiercely through the trembling forest and strip tree after tree of its glory, when the last scabiosæ have blossomed in vain, and the finches fly busily from one white feathery seed-vessel to another, then is the time of the liverworts. They flourish not in bright summer time, they vie not with their more gorgeous sisters among the flowers. But when grasses, and reeds, and rushes wave mournfully to and fro in the sudden gusts, when the dark brown orchides stand stiff and stern by the side of the curly heather, when the pall of winter begins already to sink lower upon the earth, then they put forth their simple, humble beauty. Amidst evergreen forests, or in the shade of a bright holly, green, velvety patches are of a sudden seen to spread their soft cover over decaying leaves and dried branches. These are the liverworts. Now their green is freshest and deepest; now their tiny, diminutive foliage unfolds its most delicate tracery. What sweet monitors they are of the hope that never dies! When the eye of man, who never can free himself entirely from the influence of nature around him, sinks mournfully to the ground with the falling leaves, and there sees nothing but dust and decay, to which he also is soon to return, it is suddenly greeted by a glorious host of tiny, gay mosses, who look up to him with all their humble beauty, and teach him the great lesson, what appears in spring and early summer but a which all nature ever and ever repeats, that out



SKETCHES OF OLD THEBES. BY AN AMERICAN.

T was after midnight—a calm, still night when we swept around the lower point of the island, and swinging into the branch which comes down from the eastward, laid our boat at the land close under the columns of the Temple of Luxor. The men were very still in all their movements, for the ladies were sleeping, and we had a crew that were remarkably intelligent for Arabs, and remarkably attentive to our wishes.

Jacques and I sat on the cabin deck, wrapped in our cloaks, for the night was cool, and watched the growing magnificence of the temple as we approached it. It seemed to rise in the air before us, and its stupendous proportions became gigantic, and even supernatural, in that dim light which seems always to be the fitting shroud of Egyptian grandeur. The columns of the principal court—which are now the only portion fronting on the river, the rest being concealed by mud houses-appeared, in their lonesome greatness, like the memorials of a race of men that knew and talked with gods; and in their shadowy presence we could well imagine the ghosts of the departed watching our arrival.

There were no boats at Luxor. The fresh wind of the previous day was too valuable to upward-bound travelers, and they had all gone on without pausing to look at Thebes. It was well for us that it was so, for it appeared more as if we were arriving at the desolated site of an ancient city, and less like a resort of modern sight-seers. A few days later, when there were four or five boats lying at the shore, and morning and evening saw ten or fifteen gayly-dressed ladies and gentlemen strolling across the open space which lies between the temple and the beach, the scene was very different, and almost modern. But now all was profoundly ancient. The very skies for once looked old, as they bent down over the site of a city of a hundred temple-gates, and the stars-

"Jacques," said I, "do not the stars look old and weary to-night?"

What a vigil theirs has been above the mighty Nile! The steady march of Time has been below: never yet has God permitted him to tread the sapphire floors above. Yonder all is as it was when Eve was young in Eden, and human love and hope as pure as the hopes and loves of angels. Below, all is changed: the mark of years is on every thing. But nowhere on the surface of the little globe that we call earth, nowhere has the vigil of the sons of night been as sad as here.

It was in the morning of the new world—in the very dawn of human existence after the flood—that the foundations of this city were laid. He who led his followers here had heard the story of the deluge from Noah, perhaps had seen its subsiding waves. And after him nations and races swept over Egypt, and dynasties changed with the shifting desert sand, and the river rose and fell and rose and fell, and the same solemn, work by night fer fear of the government.

calm watchers looked down, night after night, on all.

I thought of one scene as I sat that night on deck. You may think it an imagination, pure fancy, or what you please. It is vain to forbid imaginations in such a place as that. Midnight, profound and calm; moonlight, holy as the memories that seemed verily to compose it; stars, watching with deep eyes the plains of their long vigil; ruins that were gray centuries ago, and on whose mystical forms the men of the early ages gazed with as much of awe and wonder as we do now-all this in a land where men had lived and toiled, had walked and talked, and eaten and drunken and slept, had loved and perished, in successive generations, since a period to which neither record nor tradition can assign a date—all this, I say, was certainly enough to rouse imagination, and quicken fancy to its freest play.

Once, as the boat was coming to the land. I looked across to the western hills, above the throne of Memnon, and for an instant saw a flashing light, that might have passed for a will-o'-the-wisp among the graves of the ancient Thebans. I knew it was no ghost light, and I knew as well that it was a veritable farthingdip, and no doubt held in the hands of an Arab who was so intent on his work of robbing a newly-opened tomb that he forgot his caution for a moment, and allowed his light to shine out on the plain. Perhaps no other person saw it, but it was enough to call before me the scene on the hillside, and in an instant all of its wild strangeness was present to my imagination.

This hillside, as the reader already knows, is full of the dead. It is very manifest that a broad street once crossed the plain, near the head of which Memnon and his silent companion sit now as then, and the passage between them led onward, by temple walls and stately erections, to the place of burial—the place where now, from day to day, we open tombs and disturb the rest of ancient Egyptians. That all is changed, no one need be told. The great plain of Thebes is a cultivated field, and Memnon and his nameless companion sit in solitary grandeur, looking with mournfully fixed gaze half the year on the flood that spreads around their feet, and the other half over the desolate site of the great city. But Memnon would not sit so quietly on his rocky throne if the desecration that is carried on behind his back were perpetrated before his eyes. It would rouse an Egyptian god from his stony silence, and startle the very sleep of granite kings to see the hideous disentombment of their ancient followers, and the profane pollutions of the sanctuaries they built to sleep in till the return of

It was up the broad street of temples, statues, and palaces that the funeral processions in former days were conducted, and the dead were deposited with kingly pomp in tombs that are now invaded by the Arabs of Goornou, who





THE COLOSSI, DURING THE INUNDATION.

Achmet was abroad that night. I thought it | whose serene, calm distances the eye of a lover was he, and he told me next day that I was correct. He had discovered the entrance to a new tomb, and when his light flashed on my eve he and his companions, ten half-naked Arabs, had at length burst in the rocky wall, and the magnificent starlight of Thebes shone on the resting-place of an ancient prince.

Long ago, longer ago than with our feeble powers we can count, in the days when Joshua was judging the children of Jacob in the land of Canaan, that tomb was closed on the last of the group of sleepers that lay in its gloom. He was a prince and priest, and yonder, across the plain, stands the great temple within whose walls he had worshiped, and offered incense and sacrifice. One by one he had laid in this tomb the beloved dead of his household. Men had affections in ancient days as now. Men loved in old times as in modern. They looked on fair brows, lost themselves in the depths of blue eyes, clasped graceful forms to their breasts with all the passionate fondness of men in these days. And women were as lovely then as now. Who on earth could be more ravishingly beautiful than was the wife of Abraham, whom kings adored? Who more divinely fair than Rachel, whose young and delicate beauty won the heart of Jacob when it was growing cold in years that we think now almost too old for human passion?

Why, then, may I not imagine that she whom this great prince loved was young and very beautiful? That her brow had on it the stately light that I have seen before the sun arose on the cold, calm brow of Remeses, and that her eye had the liquid beauty and unfathomable glory of the sky that was above me that night, in darkness, and he too was gone into the un-

could see worlds of beauty and starry radiance? Her form was of the mould of the olden time, not long removed from that of Eden. There were but a few generations (for generations were centuries long) between her and her mother Eve. and she had somewhat of the music of paradise in her voice. And she too was woman, and was human: woman, for she loved him; human, for she died. Woman, for that her heart poured out her overflowing love on him; and human, for that with that love went forth her strength, and he could not keep her back from the dark road on which she went away. Yea, she died. There are pictures of such scenes on the monuments. With her slender arms wound tight around his neck, with her warm throbbing breasts pressed close to his, with her hot lips on his, and her breath thick with kisses, she went from him. He laid her young head, heavy with golden tresses, on the pillow, and before he left her, gazed one instant with unutterable longings on the face he should behold no more until those distant times when he and she should wake at the voice of Osiris. Other hands-for such was the custom - robed her for the grave, and wrapped her precious body in the spices and perfumes that should keep it safe from decay, and he followed her with feeble steps to the tomb, and closed it on the light of his life.

What vigils, outlasting the vigil of the stars, he kept! What long nights of his agony went heavily by as he sat and looked toward the hill on which she slept, who can tell? But there came an hour-the hour that comes to all men -when there was a darkening of the light, a gathering of gloom, and then the blackness of



known abodes into which Egyptian philosophy had vainly sought to look. If, as they sometimes in their varying forms of belief had thought, the soul of the dead prince hovered around its late residence until it was laid by the beloved dead in the hill, then his spirit once more looked into the tomb and beheld the dead girl that had been so startlingly beautiful lying in the calm and profound repose that resists all the endearing epithets with which broken-hearted affection seeks to awaken the dust, and then his dust slept beside her.

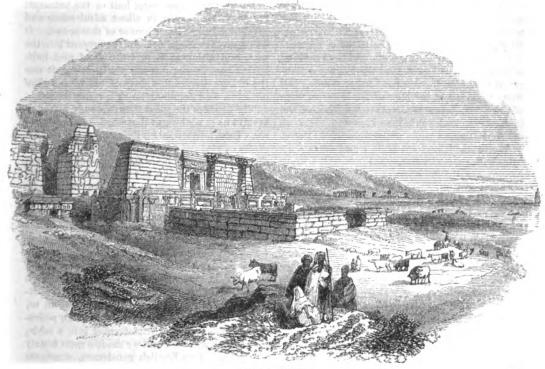
The flashing torches that had accompanied his funereal pageant lit the recesses of his tomb once more, and the rays of Sirius and the faithful stars penetrated the inner gloom once more, and were once more shut out with his departing soul as it sought the distant and unknown residence of the Osirian shades. And then they fell on the sculptured stones before the door, and then on crumbling rocks and drifting sand, and when a thousand years had been three times told on the circles of heaven, the gray rocks of the Western hills, in ragged desolation, lay piled deep over the silent company that there waited the return of the immortals.

And they came. Imagination may be pardoned thus far. When Achmet and his Arab companions tore down the last pile of rock, and broke through the wall with their rude picks and skeleton-like fingers; when the starlight sprang joyously into the gloom, among that group of gaunt men were shadowy forms flitting in the varying light, and looking with an interest more intense than any mere human being could feel in the presence of clay that had been living man

three thousand years ago. They, the Arabs, entered the silent place, and before them, in quiet that might have startled a man, but which was nothing to the inanimate souls of these poor dogs-the quiet of uncounted centuries-lay the dead prince and his dead wife, as they had wished to lie until the reunion of body to soul. With what emotion they beheld the breaking up of that long and calm companionship I dared not think. The light of Achmet flashed far out on hill and valley, and was extinguished, and then they carried them away. What fingers tore the coverings from her delicate limbs! What rude hands were around her neck, that once was white and beautiful! What sacrilegious wretches wrested the jeweled amulet from its holy resting-place between those breasts, once white and heaving, full of love and life, and bared her limbs to the winds, and cast them out on the desert sand!

But I slept calmly that night in my boat on the Nile bank, and the morning light woke me after a brief but refreshing rest, and I was away across the river and over the plain to the presence of Memnon; and I sat down where Hadrian sat, and where millions of men in all ages have sat, to hear the voice of the god saluting the coming day. But Memnon is vocal in song alone, and silent now forever on his ancient seat.

When we returned to the boat to breakfast, we found her regularly laid up in port, and our tent, one which Dr. Abbott had lent us, was pitched on the shore, with the American flag floating above it, as notice to all travelers of our own nation that here was a temporary home.



MEDINET HABOU.

Many a pleasant evening we had in that tent | afterward during our stay at Thebes, and it was some weeks before it was struck. Mustapha was down, immediately on seeing us, to report his progress in the excavations that we had directed, and in the forenoon two or three boats came up the river, and every thing began to assume a gay appearance.

Toward noon we got the small boat ready, crossed the river again, and devoted the day to the examination of the ruins of Medinet Habou, which we reached by a donkey-ride of three miles from the shore.

The reader should understand, once for all, in reading my sketches of Thebes, that the ruins of what is commonly called Thebes lie on both sides of the Nile, although we usually distinguish those on the west by this name as separate from Luxor and Karnak, which are on the east. The broad plain of Egypt, which is here more extensive than on any other portion of the banks of the Nile above the Delta, was once covered by the city, which has come down to us in tradition and song as one of the most magnificent of the Old World. But there remain of it now only a few isolated groups of ruins. Of these the greatest by far, and the most magnificent relic of ancient grandeur on the earth, is Karnak, situated on the east bank about a mile from the river. Luxor (El Aksorein-The Two Palaces) is also on the east bank.

On the west side of the river, at the southern extremity of the plain, lies Medinet Habou and the group of ruins around the temple palace of Remoses. This is at the base of the western hills, and three miles from the river-bed, but the inundation reaches its very walls. To the north of this the two colossi sit on the plain, a little nearer to the river than the straight line which would connect Medinet Habou and the Remeseion, or Memnonium. The latter is the next great ruin north of the colossi, and then nothing of importance is found until we reach the temple at Goornou, three miles further north. All these ruins are at the base of the hills and edge of the plain, being at the extreme limit of the inundation, and behind and around them all are the countless tombs of the dead of old times.

We reached Medinet Habou and entered its ruins with profound awe. Neither shall I pause here to describe the ruins of old Egypt. Human power of description is vain in the attempt to convey any idea of the grandeur of these colossal ruins, or of the startling effect produced on the visitor, who finds lofty corridors and columns exposed to the winds of centuries, yet gleaming with the brilliant colors which were laid on them thousands of years ago.

This temple, or these temples and the palace connected with them, are the work of the great Sesostris, as are most of the grand relics of ancient Egypt now standing in the upper country. In the front portions of the buildings were his private rooms, and these are especially interesting as affording us an occasional insight into luncheon. Two English gentlemen, strangers the private life of the monarch. Here he was to us, who were rambling through the ruins, ac-

accustomed to retiré from war, or from the council, and the walls are covered with sculptured designs, showing him engaged in games and in the repose of home life, one of which scenes is here given.



SESOSTRIS AT PLAY.

It is interesting to remark him in another picture playing at a game of draughts, nor is this the only instance on the monuments where this game is represented.

Passing into the grand hall of the principal temple we sat down in silent admiration and reverence before the splendor of that scene. It was a sudden stepping from the present into the past, and although it was the dead and halfburied past in one respect; yet in others it was the living; the mighty days of old even before our eyes, and demanding our reverential awe.

The deeds of the great Remeses were recorded around us in sculptures that needed no interpreter. Here he pursued his flying enemies, and his shafts carried death into their disordered ranks; there he conquered lions that rushed on him from a thicket; here was a naval combat; there the fiercest fray that was ever known on Asiatic fields. Here his chariot went rushing over dead and dying; there he carried his captives in triumph home, and received from his accountants the tongues and hands of the slain as trophies, whose hideous number is carved on the wall.

There was the pedestal of a giant column standing in the court, from which the column had been hurled. The sun was not far westward, but the lofty architrave hid it from us, and in the cool shade we sat around the pedestal which Ferrajj had transformed into a table, loaded with eatables, and we made a most hearty



cepted our invitation to try our claret, and I have often wondered since who they were, and whether they remember that luncheon in the temple of Remeses the Great.

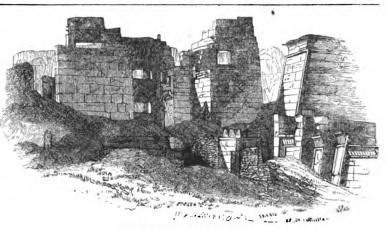
I am describing our first visit to this grand ruin only because that is first in my notes and my memory. You will not suppose that it was our last, nor will you expect me to de-

scribe each and every pilgrimage that we made our Persian carpets that evening on the shore to these or other ancient shrines. It was not till the sun was setting behind the western hills that we turned our faces homeward. The ladies mounted their donkeys and went off over the plain toward the colossi at a flying gallop, attended by the boys and half a dozen Arabs who wished to sell antiques. The long shadows of the hills were stealing across the plain, and we all sat down in the dust before the cold face of Memnon and gazed on his gray figure—that figure that has been more celebrated in history and story than any other antiquity on the earth's surface—until the gathering twilight warned us to be away.

We dined on the boat, and had coffee sent up to us in the tent, where we were joined by half a dozen ladies and gentlemen from other boats, Mustapha Aga and Sheik Hassan, of Goornou, who came to talk about some new excavations to be made, and Mr. Tonge, a young English artist, who was making sketches at and near Thebes. The scene within the tent was brilliant enough for home-land, and Amy and May will neither of them be apt to entertain a gayer or more picturesque company than sat on mies' heads and feet to newly-manufactured scar-



GRAND HALL OF THE REMESEION.



PAVILION AT MEDINET HABOU.

at Luxor.

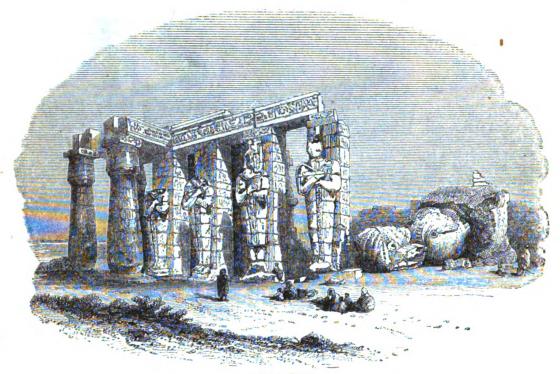
I do not recollect what day it was that we visited the tombs of the Assaseef, which lie on the eastern side of the hill, and not very far distant from the ruins of the Memnonium. To reach them, it was necessary to go across the plain, passing the great statue of Memnon, and passing also the ruins of the Memnonium, at which we paused on our way.

We mounted our donkeys at the shore opposite to Luxor, and started off in fine spirits, I myself being on foot; for by this time I was able to walk miles without fatigue, and to pass an entire day on the tramp without having occasion to regret it in the evening. We paused a moment, as we always did, under the shadow of Memnon, and looked up at his colossal form, and one rushing wave of thought rolled over us, as it always must and will in presence of that mighty relic of antiquity, and then we passed on to the temple ruins and to the hills beyond. We did not go by the temple without the usual mob of antiquity-venders approaching us with their wares, consisting of every thing, from mum-

> abæi, wherewith to entrap the green Howajji. But by this time they had gotten to knowing us well, and they retired rapidly, except one old Copt, who had a curious and valuable antique that he wished us to buy, but which he valued at a price not much less than a quarter of what Dr. Abbott asks for his entire collection. Again we paused a moment.

Though we had visited the Memnonium again and again, there was a sublimity about its ruins, and, more than all, about the fallen statue of the great Sesostris, that mighty trunk that lies on the sand in solemn silence amidst the broken fragments of its ancient throne and the fallen walls of his once glorious temple-a sublimity that commanded our respect however often we passed before it, and we did homage once more to the presence and power





OSYMANDYAS.

of the great past. The high sun looked down been occupied, until the modern resurrectionists with awe and subdued splendor on that scene, and there was a quiet sereneness with which his rays fell among those ruins that we thought very different from the glare on the outer desert, or the broad plain of modern Thebes. A solitary vulture sat on the summit of the great propylon, and looked on us with sleepy eyes as we sat on the sand in silence and gazed on the fallen Osymandyas.

I have said nothing of the Remeseion for the reason I have already so frequently given, that it is out of the plan of these sketches to give descriptions of the ruins of Egypt; and if I do not give them, I can only repeat our expressions of wonder, which were the same in each hall, palace, temple, or tomb. The beauty and gracefulness of the grand hall of the Memnonium perhaps surpasses any other ruin in Egypt, and one might linger here for weeks, lost in admiration and astonishment. But this morning we had a day's work before us, and it was necessary to press on. So, remounting their donkeys, the ladies rode on, and we walked out among the ruins, made more ruinous in appearance by recent excavations, and passing through the courts, emerged on the hillside behind, and struck across the mounds of sand and rock to the great tomb which we designed visiting.

The hills which bound the plain on the west, as I have already had occasion to remark, are a honeycomb of tombs. From the very edge of the water-level of the plain to a point more than

of England, France, Germany, or Goornou, broke the slumber that was to have been eternal. Many of these tombs have been opened. Myriads remain undisturbed. Untold treasures lie buried here, and from day to day portions of them are brought to light by the Arabs, who dig in secret, and conceal what they discover until a traveler presents himself ready to make purchases. But it must not be supposed that it is an easy matter to open tombs in this hillside. The falling stone of a thousand years, and the drifting sands of the desert, have changed the form and surface of the ground so much that it may require weeks of excavation to reach a burial-place, and the searcher may then find that he has but opened a tomb that was rifled ten, twenty, or a thousand years before. Still a plan pursued by the French and Prussian expeditions has been found very successful-namely, to run a trench in a straight line for a considerable distance. In this way they have opened many curious tombs. For a mile the earth is a succession of mounds heaped up by excavators, and hollows left by them. Up hill and down, therefore, the path is tiresome and difficult, to approach the tombs of the Assaseef; but at length winding down a hillside into a basin that was dug out by one of the great expeditions, we found ourselves in a half-acre hollow, upon the side of which opened a great tomb, one of the most wonderful in Egypt. The hollow, as I have called it, was, in fact, the court a thousand feet high, every inch of the rock is in front of the tomb, and at the western side of occupied by the dead of ancient Egypt, or has this the great entrance was visible, in the stately style of old Egypt, through which we could see the distant end of the first corridor, beyond which all was blackness. The front was carved in the usual style, with representations of gods and men, and the immediate entrance, or doorway, was covered with small hieroglyphics, beautifully cut in the white stone of the hill, which was left for the portico.

We had provided torches for entering, for although I desired as far as possible to avoid adding to the smoke which already blackens many of the walls of the formerly white or elegantly painted tombs of Thebes, yet I knew that this, the greatest of the private tombs, was already far beyond injury of that sort. No one knows at what period its silence was invaded, or by whose order the mighty priest and prince who rested here was disturbed in his repose. In the course of years, and even of centuries, the walls have become blackened throughout its extent by torches, and by bats which inhabit it in myriads. We could sometimes scarcely advance, so thick were the clouds of these animals that dashed in our faces and clung to us.

This vast tomb has been described by so many travelers that I shall not pause here to relate our progress through its labyrinthine halls. The blackness of darkness was reigning every where throughout its extent, as it had reigned for thousands of years, except when broken, as now, for a few moments by the torches of travelers penetrating with doubtful footsteps the abodes of death. That he was a great man who dug this tomb for his bones there is abundance of evidence, since his name is found on one of the gates of the temple at Medinet Habou as its erector. But of more than this-his name-we know nothing. He was a man, and he built a gateway to a temple, and he needed a tomb. He was a mortal, and he believed in immortality. After all, we know considerable of him in knowing that much. It is not every man that leaves behind him enough for us to know that much, even when he has a blazoned epitaph over his dust.

But why he built these vast halls, why these crossing and recrossing corridors and galleries, which cover an excavated space of more than twenty-three thousand surface feet, it is left for us to guess.

We walked on in wondering awe, even after we had seen the glory of Abou Simbal. There is one part of this tomb which illustrates well the manner of concealment adopted in many similar sepulchres, but which the ingenuity of man has readily made vain.

After passing under ground to the right and left, and left and right, through various galleries, and descending a long flight of steps, and again passing through long dark corridors, the traveler, pausing for a moment to glance down into a deep pit that falls into a grave hewn in the rock forty-five feet deep, shrinks back in horror from the fatal edge, and turns to the distant entrance, glad to escape the dark If he had brought with him, as I did on a second visit, a coil of rope, and directed his attendants to let him down into that pit, he would have descended to the bottom of it, and found it a simple tomb, and nothing more. Nevertheless, half way down its depth, if he has kept his eyes open as he descended, he will have seen a doorway, and swinging himself back so that he may on the return catch his foot on the edge, he will enter another passage, and then follow on through stately chambers and corridors, carved with all the images of ancient times and the dark language of the years that followed the flood; and he will ascend, by stairs hewn through the rock, to a point above the chambers he first examined, and so pass on from room to room, till he grows weary with the vast extent of this subterranean palace for the dead dust of an ancient priest.

I don't know how long we remained in these

I am reminded, in connection with this tomb, of an English book which I subsequently bought in Malta, which purported to be published at the urgent request of the friends of the author, and to give an account of his travels in Egypt.

I have mentioned the myriads of bats that inhabit this tomb. The gentleman who publishes this book says he had great difficulty in getting through it on account of the vast number of swallows with which it is filled!

When we emerged from the tomb the open air appeared beyond description beautiful, and we threw ourselves down on the sand to enjoy its richness and purity. At length the servants, who had spread luncheon in the open doorway of a smaller tomb, announced that it was ready, and we sat down to our chicken and claret with a zest that no one knows any thing about who has not spent two hours under ground among bats and mummies.

While we were eating, Mr. Basked Jacques and myself if we would go with him to a place not far distant and examine a mummy which was in possession of an Arab, and which he proposed to purchase. The ladies were safe with our servants around them, and we readily consented.

On learning the name of the Arab I was satisfied that we should lose nothing by going, for it was my old friend Achmet, whom I have several times mentioned, and who is an accomplished resurrectionist and a great scoundrel. He led us, in a very circuitous manner, to a point not far distant from the tomb of the Assaseef, and which we might have reached by a path onehalf shorter. This I saw and remarked to him. but he muttered something about an excavation to get around, and I reflected on the well-known and very proper anxiety of the discoverers of treasures to conceal them from the government, but told him that he would do better to trust us frankly, and not make a fool of himself by attempting to deceive us. At length he came to a cavernous opening in the hill fronting the and foul residence of birds of night and death northwest, it being around a spur of the mount-



ain hidden from the plain of Thebes. Entering this, and passing in a hundred feet or so, we came to a sudden break in the floor, and were obliged to descend by a jump of about eight feet. Here I observed that the cavern branched, and the other branch led to the right, while we took that to the left, and commenced a difficult passage on our hands and knees, holding our own candles, and at length came into a comparatively open space, where lay, in solemn silence, the mummy of an ancient Egyptian. The case was of a very ordinary kind, painted highly, but not so as to indicate great wealth in the deceased, or great value to the mummy. We asked Achmet where he found it, and he replied, "Here."

"In this cavern?"

" Yes."

"You lying dog!"

On the honor of an Arab it was just here, he protested over and over again.

"But," said B——, "this is not the mummy I was to buy?"

"Oh yes, it is!"

"Oh no, it isn't!"

"But it certainly is!"

"Then I won't buy it, and there is an end of it, Achmet. You showed me a better mummy than that the other day, and if you want me to buy it, show it up again."

While they were talking, Jacques and I had exchanged a few words, and were quietly working our way a little farther along into the cavern. Achmet caught sight of us, and began shouting that we were at the end; there was nothing there; but if we would come with him the other way he would show us the real mummy, the Simon Pure. But the more he shouted the more we were satisfied there were something to be seen beyond, and having climbed a pile of fallen stone, and squeezed through an opening between it and the roof of the cavern, we found ourselves in another chamber, and in the presence of three more of the departed Egyptians of Pharaonic times. Here was a discovery!

"Oh you fool of an Achmet! So you never examined the cave any farther. Those are my mummies, old fellow! I have found them. You didn't know they were here? Eh, Achmet?"

Achmet looked sheepish, and still more so when we turned around, and, raking down a heap of stone, showed the sunlight streaming across the valley of Thebes, and pushing through the "hole in the wall," emerged in the scamp's own hut, built on the hillside. He had led us this long roundabout way to conceal from us the natural and easy access to the cavern, which was, in fact, the cellar of his house. In case of the presence of suspicious characters, either in front or rear, he could readily convey his treasures to spots as inaccessible as those in which they had lain for ages.

There was something hideous, and yet quaint and strange, in the assembly of the old dead

that this Arab scamp had gathered. They lay side by side, their coffins staring on us with those startling and fixed smiles that are always found on the unmeaning faces which the Egyptians painted and carved over the countenances of their dead, and one was lying partly on his side, with a cant toward the other two, that seemed to intimate a knowledge of their presence, and a satisfaction at finding himself once more in company.

But we had not yet seen the mummy that B—— was to purchase, and now coming out of the cavern, and going around the end of the hill to the same place at which we had before entered it, we followed Achmet again to the jumping-off place; but instead of going down this, he turned into the other passage, and leading us by a narrow ledge around the descent, entered a long gallery, which brought us, after much winding and creeping, to a small chamber, in which were two other mummies, one an elegant one of Ptolemaic times, and the other one of those plain, dark mummies of remote ages, that looked verily as if it might have been a companion of the sons of Jacob.

"Now," saith my reader, "what under heaven did the gentleman want a mummy for?"

Very proper question. But will you step into Dr. Abbott's museum in New York some day, and look over some curious jewelry there. Witness a necklace of gold and precious stones, and then let your delighted eye rest on a gem of gold and lapis lazuli, representing the flight of the soul to the land of Osiris, or some similar idea, and then examine the rings and various charms, and trinkets, and stones carved into scarabæi, and other quaint shapes; and now imagine a case wherein lies a dead man of old time, or a lady of the court of Shishak, or the times of Thothmes III., and that upon unrolling the coverings you found such a necklace on her neck, such a gem on the breast, such rings on the hands, and such charms here and there about the person. In the brief phrase of modern times, "Would it pay?"

I have seen many ladies wearing the jewelry of thirty centuries ago. Indeed there is at present a great passion among the ladies resident or traveling in the East to become possessed of such treasures, and hence the price at which the Arabs sell them is enormous.

Still, aside from all this, there is a great interest in examining the mummy of an ancient Egyptian, independent of his ornaments, and it is no waste of time or money to open a case and unroll the sleeper.

We came out as we had gone in, and returned to the Assascef, where the ladies were seated in the porch of the great tomb, waiting patiently for us.

We had yet a long day's tramp before us; for we designed visiting a number of the private tombs which have been opened in the side of the mountain, hundreds of which are of the utmost interest.

This is, in fact, the grand source of our knowl-



edge of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians. In burying their dead they were not only accustomed to place in the tombs many of the utensils of ordinary life, the work-basket of the lady as well as the sword of the soldier, but they took care to paint on the walls of the tomb all the prominent events in the life of the deceased, and oftentimes all the paraphernalia of his daily living.

The day was so far spent that we had time to make a careful examination of only one of these tombs, that which is now known as No. 35. This is one of the most interesting of any of the tombs, and were it possible for me here to give on the pages of the Magazine a reduced copy of the paintings on its walls, I should be able, without a word of explanation, to describe to the reader a vast portion of the public and private manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians.

The shape of the tombs is almost invaria-The outer door opens into a sort of cross hall or chamber running to the right and left, while a deep passage or chamber penetrates the hill itself. Of course all is darkness within, and the visitor is compelled to make his examinations by candle light. If he uses torches it is at the risk or blackening the wall, and defacing these very curious memorials. But this is already almost accomplished. The most of the tombs which are interesting have been seized on by the natives as cellars, and their mud huts are built in front of them, so that it is sometimes difficult to obtain admittance. No. 35 is of this class, and we found it piled half full of doura (corn-stalks), and inhabited by colonies of fleas. Nevertheless we devoted ourselves to its examination carefully.

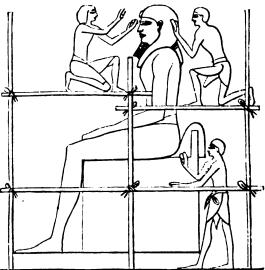
Egypt occurs on the wall of this tomb, an extract from which the reader will remember that I gave in a former article when writing on the subject of brick-making. Conjecture, of course, has not been slow to suppose that these men, who are represented as making brick under the lash of masters, are the children of Jacob; but I before remarked on the reasons for denying this supposition. But the date of the tomb is not far from the period of the Captivity, being in the reign of Thothmes III., whom we suppose to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

In the first chamber, the transcpt, is found a procession of princes of foreign nations bringing tribute to the king. Some are black, some red, some white; some have long, and others short hair. The dresses vary, as does the nature of their presents. One party bring leopard skins and monkeys, ivory, ostrich eggs, gold rings, a giraffe, and various other Ethiopian products. A second group have an elephant, a bear, a chariot, and long gloves, which indicate a more northern residence. Still a third and a fourth line of men and women appear with ostrich eggs and feathers, gold and silver cups,

metals and of porcelain, and a hundred other objects which have long afforded subjects of study to the scholar and antiquarian.

The inner chamber, which is the long hall I have spoken of, contains various subjects illustrating the private life of the proprietor of the tomb, who, from the subjects in the outer room, we may conjecture was a person high in authority under the king.

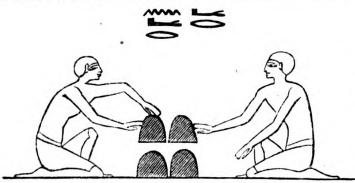
Here are represented the daily occurrences of life, and all the artisans that he had occasion to employ are here pictured in their various labors. Carpenters at work, rope-makers twisting their cords, sculptors busy on a sphinx which they are finishing, as well as two colossal statues of the king.



The minuteness with which scenes in daily One of the most interesting painted groups in life—in the house, in the garden, and in the chase—are here represented, enables us to see the life of the Egyptians as if it were furnished for the express purpose of illustrating volumes on the subject, and indeed the illustrations are ample in themselves without the aid of description. The same is true of the tombs near this, and of hundreds which lie open every where among these hills.

Let us take, for example, the custom of giving parties; for we learn that the ancients were accustomed to entertain guests as we do now. That they sat together while music and dancing were furnished for their amusement, is sufficiently evident from an illustration which we give on another page. We have also representations of the reception of guests, of the splendid ewers and basins in which they washed themselves, and of servants pouring perfumes on their heads. Nor are we left in doubt as to the manner of their coming to the feast, since we have in one place a picture of the party inside the house, and the guests approaching outside, the door of the house forming the division between those assembled and those arriving. Of the latter, some arrive on foot, others dash up in chariots, while a great chief is brought ebony and ivory, bags of jewels, vases of precious in a palanquin on his attendants' shoulders.





THIMBLE-RIG.

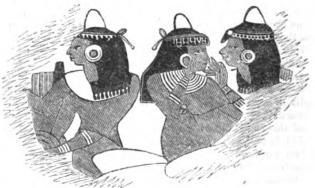
Once assembled, there is scarcely an amusement known to our day in which they did not indulge, and we are surprised to find our games of chance so familiar to the men of three thousand years ago. They even submitted to be cheated by the same tricks that now cheat us, and it may be a comfort to the last victim of thimble-rigging in New York to know that he is in the regular line of the green ones that have been found always plenty since the days of Pharaoh the First.

The ladies of ancient times had much the same passions and propensities with the ladies of these days, and it was not difficult to find subjects of conversation for an evening party. Jewelry was then, as now, the grand object of affection to the gay woman, and they discussed their treasures as we sometimes see them discussed now.

Wine made glad the heart of man, and of woman too, in those ancient times. Frequent representations of the cultivation of the vine and of use of the wine-press

occur in the tombs, and they used goblets of Homeric size and splendor wherewith to drink the blood of the grape. That the evening went by much as evenings go now in gay assemblies, we have sufficient evidence. They talked and firted, danced and sang. Jugglers and mountebanks were introduced to make the time fly more merrily, while splendid feasts were served where-in every luxury of the Eastern world abounded. That there were shadowy garden-walks and bowers, wherein the lover could whisper soft words of love, we know well. That the moon and stars beheld in old days such scenes as only the moon and stars behold now, we

can not for a moment doubt. That the human heart throbbed then as now, we know from holy record as well as from those silent but eloquent stones. And that when the dance was gayest, the revel highest—when the red wine was blushing on the cheek of the maiden and mantling on the forehead of the prince—when music, and laughter, and wit, and song had elevated and well-nigh crazed their souls, that folly had rule, and men and women forgot themselves as they



LADIES TALKING ABOUT THEIR EAR-BINGS.

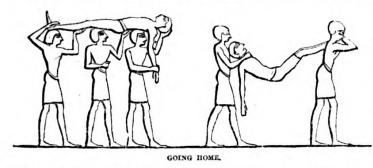
do in these cold later years, we are not left to doubt. Alas for the weakness of poor human intellect, that was weak in the long-gone ages as now! For the ladies, they had at least the decency to suffer the effects of their intemperance in private, and exhibit only to their slaves

the miserable headachy feelings that follow the free use of the red wine.

But as for the men, men were much the same sort of men as now; and when the ladies had knocked under and gone to their homes and repentance, they made a night of it in glorious style, and, after a round of rollicking song and a last bowl of the sparkling deceiver, went home as modern men go home who have sent their carriages away in full confidence of their own abilities.

Many a procession like this, along the silent streets of Thebes the Magnificent, has awoke the slumbering old fogies of those by-gone times, and many a sober Egyptian, roused





from his third nap in the small hours by the hiccoughed songs of the returning revelers, has cursed Young Egypt with a muttered ejaculation, and fallen asleep dreaming of the sad state of affairs that was beginning to prevail in the world.

I was seated at my table in the cabin of the Phantom one evening, Jacques and Amy having gone by moonlight to Karnak, and May being on one of the other boats making a call. Having a considerable amount of writing to do, I had not gone out into the tent as we usually did, and the ordinary evening assembly that we had there was not gathered. In the afternoon a steamer had arrived from Cairo, but instead of landing at Luxor it had stopped two miles below on the western side of the river, and we had no idea who was on board of her. I had dispatched Abd-el-Atti in the evening to ascertain what she was, and was hoping for news from civilization, when two gentlemen were announced by Ferrajj, and entered the cabin.

"We saw an American flag on your boat

fellow-countrymen here, have taken the liberty of calling."

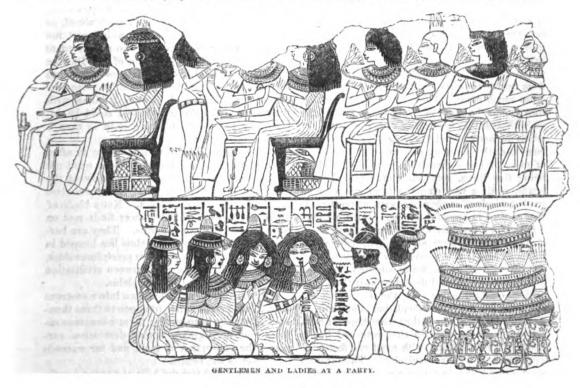
"I am delighted to see you. My name is and I am from New York."

"Is it possible? and mine is R--, from Constantinople."

It was no less a surprise to me. He was the Oriental traveling com-

panion of my brother two years before, and had returned to Constantinople, where he now resides; but had come to Egypt, and finding a party made up for a swift trip up the Nile on a steamer, he had joined it. He knew that I was in the East, but had no idea of finding me here. His companion was a reverend gentleman from Illinois, and the two were as welcome visitors as one might hope to receive of a winter night in Egypt.

Ibrahim, the old Copt, whom I have before spoken of as the chief manufacturer and vendor of modern antiques, had repeatedly urged us to visit his laboratory. He had long ago become sufficiently well acquainted with us to know that we were past hoaxing, and he then became confidential, and frankly let us into the secrets of his trade. I took this opportunity to accept his invitation, and all our party having returned, we made a sally in the moonlight to the village and the house of Ibrahim. Passing through the narrow and silent streets, we entered a dark passage into the mud walls, this afternoon, and judging that we should find and going to the rear of his house, mounted



It was a queer hole, not unlike the rooms of antiquarians that I have seen in America. Masses of stuff, broken coffin-boards, and mummy-cloths, lay piled in heaps around, while on shelves and tables and chairs were the relics of ancient Egypt. The old fellow frankly confessed that nine-tenths of all that we saw was modern Arab manufacture, and the ingenuity of the laborers is deserving of all praise. The astonishment of my friends was increased fourfold when they recognized numbers of articles which, they said, had been offered for sale at the steamer that same afternoon, and fuc-similes of which had been purchased at enormous prices by travelers in their company. One article in particular attracted the attention of one of the gentlemen. He had been bargaining with an Arab for one precisely like it, and an Englishman had bought it before his eyes at the native's price, whereat my friend had been decidedly and justly offended. He now saw its counterpart lying here, and asked Ibrahim if that were modern? The old fellow took out a box and showed him a dozen precisely like it. "It's a favorite, and sells well," said he. It was a beautiful thing; and when I asked for the original from which the copy was made, he produced it from a secret place, and asked me ten pounds for it. It was but a piece of stone, four inches by five, with a figure in relief on one side.

By far the most remarkable discovery of the past year in this neighborhood has been a sort of ancient undertaker's shop. Some Arabs digging as usual in the night, opened what appeared to be a tomb, but on entering it the contents were as astonishing to them as they have since been to antiquarians, being neither more nor less than cases containing some two thousand mummy shawls. The reader is, of course, aware that the mummy of an ancient Egyptian was rolled in long pieces of cloth, of which we find from twenty to thirty yards on one mummy, and often much more. These strips were cut and torn to suit the shape of the body, and were laid on with a skill of bandaging which modern surgeons are accustomed to envy. When this was complete, the mummy was wrapped in shawls of more or less expensive character, the cloth being fine linen, sometimes ornamented with beads, while a very common form was a shawl made entirely of earthen beads strung on thread, and worked in graceful figures. Such a shawl I found on a mummy which I unrolled at Esne.

These shawls were all of linen, varying in fineness, and this was evidently a dépôt or shop for the sale of them, being situated near the great burial-place, and doubtless near the mummying establishments; for the Egyptians did not mummy their own dead, but sent them to the undertaker's, where they were kept for from twenty to fifty days, and then returned in the shape of a roll of cloth, with head and feet alike enveloped and unrecognizable. This custom accounts for the fact that we not infrequently

a crazy flight of steps and entered his sanc- find the mummies of males in coffins elaborately ornamented with the hieroglyphical descriptions of females, and, vice versa, females in the cases which should contain males. It would be very curious if, in the great establishments, where hundreds of dead were brought daily for embalming, there were not such mistakes constantly occurring; and hence the error of Mr. Gliddon, which caused so much amusement in Boston a few years since, was not owing to his having mistaken the legends on the coffin, nor should it at all detract from his deserved reputation as an Egyptian scholar.

I purchased some twenty of these shawls. The one which lies before me as I now write is, like the rest, about three yards in length by one in width, made of the finest linen, with a fringe surrounding it; and the most curious circumstance in connection with it is, that each shawl has a price-mark on the corner. Incredulous persons, given to denying that the objects which we find can possibly be antiquities, and asserting the incredibility of the idea that these shawls have been lying two thousand years under ground, say, on seeing them, "You have been sold: these are modern, and made for the Egyptian antiquarian market." The same thing I have heard such persons assert a hundred times in Dr. Abbott's collection in New York, on looking at its wonderful specimens. The only and the complete answer to such persons is this: I bought the twenty shawls for three piastres each, being about three dollars for the whole. friend of mine, who is a large dealer in, and a manufacturer of Irish linens, has examined what I have left of the twenty, and informs me that no factory in the world could make the articles for less than one dollar and seventy-five cents each. first cost from the factory, for each shawl, or thirty-five dollars for the lot, which cost me three. The Arab, therefore, who attempted to sell us made a poor speculation of it. But the character and quality of the articles determines their antiquity; and having unrolled some dozens of mummies, and become familiar with their clothing, I do not think I could be deceived in purchasing mummy cloth by even a Yankee speculator.

The western hills, to which I have so often referred in these articles, the reader need not be informed are the eastern boundary of the great desert of Sahara. They are themselves totally destitute of vegetation. Not a blade of grass, not a weed or wild-flower finds root on their rugged sides or summits. They are barren rock, whose crumbling debris lies heaped in the hollows at the foot of their precipitous sides, and are the fitting barrier between civilization and the wastes of the Lybian plains.

Irregular in shape, and broken into numerous hills, whose height varies from one to three thousand feet, they have among them numerous ravines and deep gorges whose desolation surpasses the conception of man, and far exceeds the power of the pencil.

One of these enters the hills at a point nor far





VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

north of Goornou, and penetrates several miles, scarcely ascending from the level of the plain of Thebes. The hills on each side of this narrow gorge hang in frowning crags above the adventurer who enters its gloomy recesses. The sunshine has a sombre, solemn appearance as it falls quietly into the silent depths. Here and there a solitary vulture sits like a resident demon eying the approaching stranger, and he is not surprised when he reaches the ends—for it branches into several ravines—to find that the kings of old Egypt selected this gloomy retreat for their burial-places, where, in stately halls, dug deep in the heart of the mountain, they should sleep in kingly slumber.

I say in kingly slumber, for though the dead dust of a king was in no respect different from the dust of his meanest subject, and though his sleep was no more or less deep and profound, yet it was something to be laid in a granite sarcophagus in the centre of a vast hall, and to lie surrounded by household servants, guards, and retainers, all ready to spring to life when one should call whose voice should be loud enough to penetrate those deep caverns.

The tombs of the kings, of which seventeen are now known and open to visitors, have long been celebrated as among the chief wonders of the ancient world. Many of them were open, and had been robbed of their dead two thousand years ago, and the writers of that period have given us descriptions that indicate which ones they knew and had visited. Others have been

discovered in later periods, and some quite recently.

We made an early start in the morning for our first visit, and having crossed the river, mounted donkeys at the shore, and rode to the temple at Goornou, which we examined, and then went on up the valley of the tombs. It had been my desire to make an excavation here, over a point which I had fixed on in my mind (having never yet seen the place), where I was confident of discovering an unopened tomb. Sheik Hassan of Goornou accompanied us, for the purpose of taking our orders on this subject, but the day proved too short for even the cursory examination we desired to make, and we were obliged to put off our excavations to another time.

Without wearying the reader with tiresome description, I may be pardoned if I devote a brief space to the great tomb, No. 17, commonly called Belzon's, because discovered by him.

The descent into this tomb, of the entrance to which the reader will have some idea from the sketch of the valley before him, is more rapid and sudden than the others. A long, gradual slope of some hundred feet usually leads the visitor slowly downward. But here he descends twenty-four feet by a very abrupt staircase, and finds himself in a passage or gallery, eighteen feet in width, down which he proceeds between walls gorgeously painted and sculptured, until he reaches a second staircase, and again descends twenty feet or thereabouts, and con-



tinuing onward through two doorways and interfound a deep pit and the apparent end of the tomb. This pit was designed to deceive invaders. Belzoni filled it up and tried the wall beyond it. With a palm-tree battering-ram he burst his way through into a hall of almost fabulous splendor, and pursued his way to a second and almost precisely similar room, down yet another staircase, through two passages and a smaller chamber into the grand hall, a room about twenty-seven feet square, supported by six pillars, in the centre of which he found an alabaster sarcophagus. This appeared to stand on a solid rock floor, but experiment showed that the floor behind the sarcophagus was hollow, and when this was broken up the sarcophagus was standing on the summit of an inclined plane, which descended more than a hundred and fifty feet further into the mountain, with a staircase on each side of it. The crumbling rock filled up its extremity, and how much further it led, or what lay beyond, is left to imagination.

From commencement to end this vast cavern is ornamented with sculpture and painting, and the remark is literally true, which has been so often repeated, that the colors have the freshness of yesterday. They appeared like newly finished and varnished paintings. Of the subjects of many of these paintings I have already repeatedly spoken in connection with private tombs, while the largest and most numerous class have reference to the supposed future history of the soul of the deceased monarch. The entire length of this tomb is four hundred and five feet, and the descent from the entrance to the lowest point is ninety.

tinuing onward through two doorways and intermediate halls, enters a chamber in which Belzoni found a deep pit and the apparent end of the Harper's tomb.

The tomb No. 11 is known generally as mediate halls, enters a chamber in which Belzoni Harper's tomb, and not quite so frequently as the found a deep pit and the apparent end of the

The first name it received from the fact that the lamented Bruce on his return from Egyptian travel published an account of this tomb, and described the splendid paintings he had seen in it, and was laughed at as an egregious liar by the entire literary and scientific world.

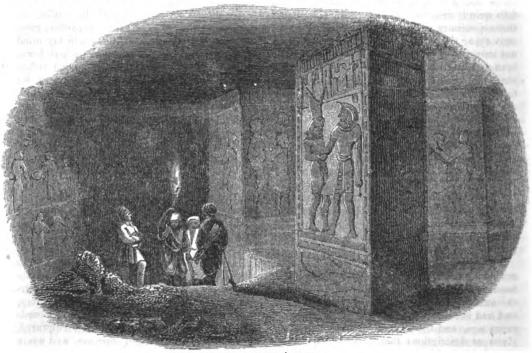
The other name is derived from the painting of the harpers on one of the chambers which Bruce described.

This tomb is supposed to be that of the third Remeses, but other royal names occur in its sculptures. Its length is the same as Belzoni's tomb, but the depth is but thirty-one feet. The entrance passage is remarkable for a series of small chambers opening out on each side of it, which seem to have been designed as sepulchres of the royal caterers and servants. In the first on the left we find the royal kitchen represented on the walls, where men are killing, preparing, and cooking meats, kneading bread, and going through the countless employments of an ancient kitchen.

Many of the scenes are very curious. In the room directly opposite to this are boats with various shaped cabins and sails. The next chamber is covered with representations of arms and armor, and the succeeding room has elegant chairs, painted and gilded in royal style.

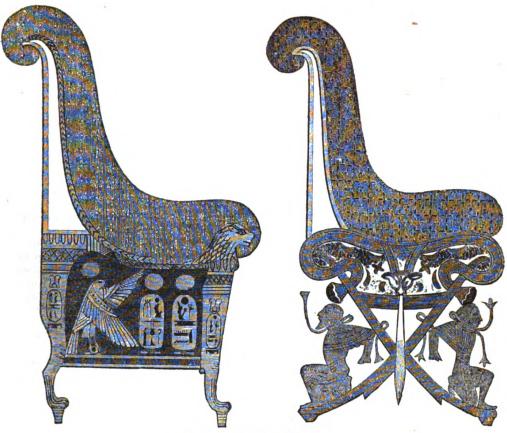
These are among the most beautiful existing evidences of the style and splendor of royal furniture in days so long gone. Beyond these rooms are others on both sides, and in the last on the left are the two harpers, one of whom at least was blind.

This tomb has afforded us great information



HALL IN BELZONI'S TOMB





TWO CHAIRS FROM BRUCE'S TOMB.

on the subject of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, as the reader may gather from the subjects delineated in these chambers.

The shades of evening were gathering in the outer world while we were still treading these dark passages in the mountain, and we were now warned that if we did not hasten, darkness would overtake us long before we had extricated ourselves from the gloomy ravine. We had several miles to go before reaching the river, and having directed our small boat to meet us at Goornou, we had still four miles of sailing on the Nile to reach our own boat.

Although we made swift progress toward the shore, it was profoundly dark when we reached it, and here we found the boat. It was blowing a fierce gale of wind from the northward, and having packed ourselves into the boat and wrapped shawls closely around the ladies, we were ready to be away. I was unwilling to trust the best Arab boatman with the precious freight we had on board. I took the sheets into my own hands, and she sprang away before the desert wind like a bird.

I never saw a boat fly more swiftly. The little lateen sail swayed forward at first, and then held a steady, strong full, and she went over the water as if she knew in what haste we were to be at home.

But it was no common gale. The wind vol. XIV.—No. 81.—Y

out in his wrath, and the desert storm came down on the river. Our eyes were blinded with the sharp, swift sand, and we could with difficulty see the lights at Luxor, toward which we were flying. The current in the river was stronger as we approached, and being against the wind, caused a heavy swell, into which the boat plunged with a will, but though the foam flew high, we held on toward the lights, and as we passed the first boat lying at the beach we were greeted with loud shouts, that passed along the line of boats as we rounded the point and ran up alongside of the *Phantom*. Every one had been alarmed on our account, and a bright look-out was kept for our appearance.

After we had dined we held a levee in the tent. Hajji Mohammed, our prince of cooks, made capital coffee, and no boat was in our neighborhood for a day without finding it out. Every evening the tent was full, and coffee and chibouks circulated till midnight. That evening, I remember, was made memorable by the arrival of a party of American gentlemen, one of whom, my good friend Whitely, afterward joined me for travel in Holy Land, and has continued my constant and most faithful companion for seven months of varied adventure in all sorts of climes and countries. The reader of these sketches will be apt to know more of him hereafter if he follows my wanderings.

THE SIEGE OF THE BLACK COTTAGE. YOUNG LADY,—As you were leaving my house, I accidentally heard you ask your sister if it was true that I had begun life as the daughter of a poor working stone-mason of the lowest degree. When you were told that this was actually the fact, you expressed your astonishment at finding me the wife of one of the largest and richest gentlemen-farmers in all the West of England. "She can never have been more than ordinarily good-looking," I heard you say, referring to me. "She is not an accomplished woman. There is nothing particularly brilliant or engaging in her conversation. She can never have had a farthing of money of her own. What, in the name of all that is marvelous, could have induced her husband to choose her for a wife, when, with his position in the world, he might have had beauty, and money, and brilliant accomplishments, almost for the trouble of asking?"

Now, under ordinary circumstances, young lady, I should not think it worth while to answer this question of yours—not a very complimentary question to me; but never mind that. You were brought from your distant home to my house, as a total stranger, by your sister, with whom I am not more than barely acquainted, to see how the plants in my conservatory were managed, as some guide to you in setting up a conservatory of your own. When you had got all the hints you wanted-had refreshed yourself with what I am vain enough to think was a good and substantial lunch—and had politely taken your leave, it was not probable that you and I should ever meet again. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, I repeat, your question might well have remained unanswered by me; for why should I care whether you were astonished or not at the position in life which I now occupy?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I those I have just written, and should soon have forgotten you and your uncomplimentary expressions of amazement. But, in your case, I can not do this. Something in your voice and look interested me the moment we met; and now that you are gone, I can not help wishing to stand well in your opinion in spite of myself. I believe—perhaps in consequence of my unaccountable partiality for you—that the remarks you made to your sister about me were only thoughtless-not deliberately unkind; and I mean to tell you, in this letter—though it is, I warn you, a long story—how it was that my rich husband first conceived the strange resolution of asking the poor stone-mason's daughter to become his wife. When you have read to the end, I hope that your view of the attractions which help a woman to make a good marriage may be enlarged. You see I am thinking of your advantage as well as of my own justification. Very strange, is it not, that I should take all this interest in a stranger? I am surprised at it myself; but I must own the truth, my father protected against the wet with pitch

and confess that if I had ever had a daughter, I should have liked to look at her all day if she could have shown me such a face as yours.

To begin at the beginning, I must take you back to the time after my mother's death, when my only brother had gone to sea, when my sister was out at service, and when I lived alone with my father, the stone-mason, in the midst of a moor in the West of England.

The moor was covered with great limestone rocks, and intersected here and there by stream-The nearest habitation to ours was situated about a mile and a half off, where a strip of the fertile land stretched out into the waste, like a tongue. Here the out-buildings of the great Moor Farm, then in the possession of my husband's father, began. The farm-lands stretched down gently into a beautiful rich valley, lying nicely sheltered by the high platform of the moor. When the ground began to rise again, miles and miles away, it led up to a country house, called Holme Manor, belonging to a gentleman named Knifton. Mr. Knifton had lately married a young lady whom my mother had nursed, and whose kindness and friendship for me, her foster-sister, I shall remember gratefully to the last day of my life. These, and other slight particulars, it is necessary to my story that I should tell you; and it is also necessary that you should be especially careful to bear them well in mind.

My father's cottage, then, stood a mile and a half away from the nearest habitation. In all other directions we were four or five times that distance from neighbors. Being very poor people, this lonely situation had one great attraction for us—we lived rent-free on it. In addition to that advantage, the stones, by shaping which my father gained his livelihood, lay all about him at his very door. So that he thought his position, solitary as it was, quite an enviable one. I can hardly say that I agreed with him, should have said to myself some such words as though I never complained. I was very fond of my father, and managed to make the best of my loneliness with the thought of being useful to him. Mrs. Knifton wished to take me into her service when she married, but I declined, unwillingly enough, for my father's sake. If I had gone away, he would have had nobody to live with him; and my mother made me promise, on her death-bed, that he should never be left to pine away alone in the midst of the bleak

> Our cottage, small as it was, was stoutly and snugly built, with stone from the moor as a matter of course. The walls were lined inside, and fenced outside, with wood, the gift of Mr. Knifton's father to my father. This double covering of cracks and crevices, which would have been superfluous in a sheltered position, was absolutely necessary, in our exposed situation, to keep out the cold winds which, excepting just the summer months, swept over us continually, all the year round. The outside boards, covering our roughly-built stone walls,



and tar. This gave to our little abode a curiously dark, dingy look, especially when it was seen from a distance; and so it had come to be called in the neighborhood, even before I was born, The Black Cottage.

I have now related all the preliminary particulars which it is desirable that you should know, and may proceed at once to the pleasanter task of telling you my story.

One cloudy autumn day, when I was rather more than eighteen years old, a herdsman walked over from Moor Farm with a letter which had been left there for my father. It came from a builder, living at our county town, half a day's journey off, and it invited my father to come to him and give his judgment about an estimate for some stone-work on a very large scale. My father's expenses for loss of time were to be paid, and he was to have his share of employment afterward, in preparing the stone. He was only too glad, therefore, to obey the directions which the letter contained, and to prepare at once for his long walk to the county town.

Considering the time at which he received the letter, and the necessity of resting before he attempted to return, it was impossible for him to avoid being away from home for one night at least. He proposed to me, in case I disliked being left alone in the Black Cottage, to lock the door, and to take me to Moor Farm to sleep with any one of the milkmaids who would give me a share of her bed. I by no means liked the notion of sleeping with a girl whom I did not know, and I saw no reason to feel afraid of being left alone for only one night, so I declined. No thieves had ever come near us; our poverty was sufficient protection against them; and of other dangers there were none that even the most timid person could apprehend. Accordingly, I got my father his dinner, laughing at the notion of my taking refuge under the protection of a milkmaid at Moor Farm. started for his walk as soon as he had done, saving he should try and be back by dinner-time the next day, and leaving me and my cat Polly to take care of the house.

I had cleared the table and brightened up the fire, and had sat down to my work with the cat dozing at my feet, when I heard the trampling of horses; and, running to the door, saw Mr. and Mrs. Knifton, with their groom behind them, riding up to the Black Cottage. It was part of the young lady's kindness never to neglect an opportunity of coming to pay me a friendly visit: and her husband was generally willing to accompany her for his wife's sake. I made my best courtesy, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure, but with no particular surprise at seeing them. They dismounted, and entered the cottage, laughing and talking in great spirits. I soon heard that they were riding to the same county town for which my father was bound—that they intended to stay with some friends there for a few days, and to return home on horseback, as they went out.

I heard this, and I also discovered that they had been having an argument, in jest, about money matters, as they rode along to our cot-Mrs. Knifton had accused her hustage. band of inveterate extravagance, and of never being able to go out with money in his pocket without spending it all, if he possibly could, before he got home again. Mr. Knifton had laughingly defended himself by declaring that all his pocket-money went in presents for his wife, and that if he spent it lavishly, it was under her sole influence and superintendence. "We are going to Cliverton now," he said, naming the county town, and warming himself at our poor fire just as easily and pleasantly as if he had been standing on his own grand hearth. "You will stop to admire every pretty thing in every one of the Cliverton shop-windows. I shall hand you the purse, and you will go in and buy. When we have reached home again, and you have had time to get tired of your purchases, you will clap your hands in amazement, and declare that you are quite shocked at my habits of inveterate extravagance. I am only the banker who keeps the money-you, my love, are the spendthrift who throws it all away!"

"Am I, Sir?" said Mrs. Knifton, with a look of mock indignation. "We will see if I am to be misrepresented in that way with impunity. Bessie, my dear" (turning to me), "you shall judge how far I deserve the character which that unscrupulous man has just given to me. I am the spendthrift, am I? And you are only the banker? Very well. Banker! give me my money at once, if you please."

Mr. Knifton laughed, and took some gold and silver from his waistcoat pocket.

"No, no," said Mrs. Knifton. "You may want what you have got there for necessary expenses. Is that all the money you have about you? What do I feel here?" And she tapped her husband on the chest, just over the breast-pocket of his coat.

Mr. Knifton laughed again, and produced his pocket-book. His wife snatched it out of his hand, opened it, drew out some bank-notes, put them back again immediately, and, closing the pocket-book, stepped across the room to my poor mother's little walnut-wood book-case—the only bit of valuable furniture we had in the house.

"What are you going to do there?" asked Mr. Knifton, following his wife.

Mrs. Knifton opened the glass-door of the book-case, put the pocket-book in a vacant place on one of the lower shelves, closed and locked the door again, and gave me the key.

"You called me a spendthrift, just now," she said. "There is my answer. Not one farthing of that money shall you spend at Cliverton on me. Keep the key in your pocket, Bessie, and, whatever Mr. Knifton may say, on no account let him have it until we call again on our way back. No, Sir! I won't trust you with that money in your pocket in the town of Cliverton.



again, by leaving it here in more trustworthy hands than yours, until we ride back. Bessie, my dear, what do you say to that, as a lesson in economy inflicted on a prudent husband by a spendthrift wife?"

She took Mr. Knifton's arm while she spoke, and drew him away to the door. He protested, and made some resistance, but she easily carried her point, for he was far too fond of her to have a will of his own in any trifling matter between them. Whatever the men might say, Mr. Knifton was a model husband in the estimation of the women who knew him.

"You will see us as we come back, Bessie. Till then, you are our banker, and the pocketbook is yours," cried Mrs. Knifton, gayly, at the door. Her husband lifted her into the saddle, mounted himself, and away they both galloped over the moor, as wild and happy as a couple of children.

Although my being trusted with money by Mrs. Knifton was no novelty (in her maiden days she always employed me to pay her dressmaker's bills), I did not feel quite easy at having a pocket-book full of bank-notes left by her in my charge. I had no positive apprehensions about the safety of the deposit placed in my hands; but it was one of the odd points in my character then (and I think it is still), to feel an unreasonably strong objection to charging myself with money responsibilities of any kind, even to suit the convenience of my dearest friends. As soon as I was left alone the very sight of the pocket-book behind the glass-door of the book-case began to worry me; and instead of returning to my work, I puzzled my brains about finding a place to lock it up in, where it would not be exposed to the view of any chance passers-by who might stray into the Black Cottage.

This was not an easy matter to compass in a poor house like ours, where we had nothing valuable to put under lock and key. After running over various hiding-places in my mind, I thought of my tea-caddy, a present from Mrs. Knifton, which I always kept out of harm's way in my own bedroom. Most unluckily—as it afterward turned out-instead of taking the pocket-book to the tea-caddy, I went into my room first to take the tea-caddy to the pocketbook. I only acted in this roundabout way from sheer thoughtlessness, and severely enough I was punished for it, as you will acknowledge yourself when you have read a page or two more of my story.

I was just getting the unlucky tea-caddy out of my cupboard, when I heard footsteps in the passage, and running out immediately, saw two men walk into the kitchen—the room in which I had received Mr. and Mrs. Knifton. I inquired what they wanted sharply enough, and one of them answered immediately that they wanted my father. He turned, of course, as he spoke, and I recognized him as a stone-

I will make sure of your taking it all home of Shifty Dick. He bore a very bad character for every thing but wrestling—a sport for which the working-men of our parts were famous all through the county. Shifty Dick was champion, and he had got his name from some tricks in wrestling for which he was celebrated. He was a tall, heavy man, with a lowering, scarred face, and huge hairy hands—the last visitor in the whole world that I should have been glad to see under any circumstances. His companion was a stranger, whom he addressed by the name of Jerry-a quick, dapper, wicked-looking little man, who took off his cap to me with mock politeness, and showed, in so doing, a bald head with some very ugly-looking knobs on it. I distrusted him worse than I did Shifty Dick, and managed to get between his leering eyes and the book-case, as I told the two that my father was gone out, and that I did not expect him back till the next day.

The words were hardly out of my mouth before I repented that my anxiety to get rid of my unwelcome visitors had made me incautious enough to acknowledge that my father would be away from home for the whole night. Shifty Dick and his companion looked at each other when I unwisely let out the truth, but made no remark, except to ask if I would give them a drop of cider. I answered, sharply, that I had no cider in the house—having no fear of the consequences of refusing them drink, because I knew that plenty of men were at work within hail, in a neighboring quarry. The two looked at each other again, when I denied having any cider to give them; and Jerry (as I am obliged to call him, knowing no other name by which to distinguish the fellow) took off his cap to me once more, and with a kind of blackguard gentility upon him, said they would have the pleasure of calling the next day, when my father was at home. I said good afternoon, as ungraciously as possible; and, to my great relief, they both left the cottage immediately after.

As soon as they were well away, I watched them from the door. They trudged off in the direction of Moor Farm; and as it was beginning to get dusk, I soon lost sight of them.

Half an hour afterward I looked out again. The wind had lulled with the sunset, but a mist was rising, and a heavy rain was beginning to fall. Never did the lonely prospect of the moor look so dreary as it looked to my eyes that evening. Never did I regret any slight thing more sincerely than I then regretted the leaving of Mr. Knifton's pocket-book in my charge. I can not say that I suffered under any actual alarm, for I felt next to certain that neither Shifty Dick nor Jerry had got a chance of setting eyes on so small a thing as the pocket-book while they were in the kitchen; but there was a kind of vague distrust on mesuspicion of the night—a dislike at being left by myself, which I never remember having experienced before. This feeling so increased on mason, going among his comrades by the name | me, after I had closed the door and gone back



to the kitchen, that, when I heard the voices of the quarrymen, as they passed our cottage on their way home to the village in the valley below Moor Farm, I stepped out into the passage with a momentary notion of telling them how I was situated, and asking them for advice and protection. I had hardly formed this idea, however, before I dismissed it. None of the quarrymen were intimate friends of mine. I had a nodding acquaintance with them, and believed them to be honest men, as times went. But my own common sense told me that what little knowledge of their characters I had, was by no means sufficient to warrant me in admitting them into my confidence in the matter of the pocket-book. I had seen enough of poverty and poor men to know what a terrible temptation a large sum of money is to those whose whole lives are passed in scraping up sixpences by weary hard work. It is one thing to write fine sentiments in books about incorruptible honesty, and another thing to put those sentiments in practice, when one day's work is all that a man has to set up in the way of an obstacle between starvation and his own fireside.

The only resource that remained for me was to carry the pocket-book with me to Moor Farm, and ask permission to pass the night there. But I could not persuade myself that there was any real necessity for taking such a course as this; and, if the truth must be told, my pride revolted at the idea of presenting myself in the character of a coward before the people at the farm. Timidity is thought rather a graceful attraction among ladies, but among poor women it is something to be laughed at. A woman with less spirit of her own than I had, and always shall have, would have considered twice in my situation before she made up her mind to encounter the jokes of plowmen and the jeers of milkmaids. As for me, I had hardly thought of going to the farm before I despised myself for entertaining any such notion. "No, no," thought I, "I am not the woman to walk a mile and a half through rain, and mist, and darkness, to tell a whole kitchenful of people that I am afraid. Come what may, here I stop till father gets back."

Having arrived at that valiant resolution, the first thing I did was to lock and bolt the back and front doors, and see to the security of every shutter in the house. That duty performed, I made a blazing fire, lighted my candle, and sat down to tea, as snug and comfortable as possible. I could hardly believe now, with the light in the room, and the sense of security inspired by the closed doors and shutters, that I had ever felt even the slightest apprehension earlier in the day. I sang as I washed up the tea-things; and even the cat seemed to catch the infection of my good spirits. I never knew the pretty creature so playful as she was that evening.

The tea-things put by, I took up my knitting, and worked away at it so long that I began at thick. last to get drowsy. The fire was so bright and comforting that I could not muster resolution you!"

enough to leave it and go to bed. I sat staring lazily into the blaze, with my knitting on my lap—sat till the splashing of the rain outside, and the fitful, sullen, sobbing of the wind grew fainter and fainter on my ear. The last sounds I heard before I fairly dozed off to sleep were the cheerful crackling of the fire and the stendy purring of the cat, as she basked luxuriously in the warm light on the hearth.

Those were the last sounds before I fell asleep. The sound that woke me was one loud bang at the front door.

I started up, with my heart (as the saying is) in my mouth, with a frightful momentary shuddering at the roots of my hair—I started up breathless, and cold, and motionless; waiting in the silence, I hardly knew for what; doubtful, at first, whether I had dreamed about the bang at the door, or whether the blow had really been struck on it.

In a minute or less there came a second bang, louder than the first. I ran out into the passage.

"Who's there?"

"Let us in," answered a voice, which I recognized immediately as the voice of Shifty Dick.

"Wait a bit, my dear, and let me explain," said a second voice, in the low, oily, jeering tones of Dick's companion—the wickedly clever little man whom he called Jerry. "You are alone in the house, my pretty dear. You may crack your sweet voice with screeching, and there's nobody near to hear you. Listen to reason, my love, and let us in. We don't want cider this time—we only want a very neat-looking pocket-book that you happen to have, and your late excellent mother's four silver teaspoons, that you keep so nice and clean on the chimney-piece. If you let us in we won't hurt a hair of your head, my cherub, and we promise to go away the moment we have got what we want, unless you particularly wish us to stop to tea. If you keep us out, we shall be obliged to break into the house, and then-"

"And then," broke in Shifty Dick, "we'll mash you!"

"Yes," said Jerry, "we'll mash you, my beauty. But you won't drive us to doing that, will you? You will let us in?"

This long parley gave me time to recover the effect which the first bang at the door had produced on my nerves. The threats of the two villains would have terrified some women out of their senses; but the only result they produced on me was violent indignation. I had, thank God, a strong spirit of my own; and the cool, contemptuous insolence of the man Jerry effectually roused it.

"You cowardly villains!" I screamed at them through the door. "You think you can frighten me because I am only a poor girl left alone in the house. You ragamuffin thieves, I defy you both! Our bolts are strong, our shutters are thick. I am here to keep my father's house safe; and keep it I will against an army of you!"



You may imagine what a passion I was in ! when I vapored and blustered in that way. I heard Jerry laugh, and Shifty Dick swear a whole mouthful of oaths. Then there was dead silence for a minute or two, and then the two ruffians attacked the door.

I rushed into the kitchen and seized the poker, and then heaped wood on the fire, and lighted all the candles I could find, for I felt as if I could keep up my courage better if I had plenty of light. Strange and improbable as it may appear, the next thing that attracted my attention was my poor pussy, crouched up, panic-stricken, in a corner. I was so fond of the little creature that I took her up in my arms and carried her into my bedroom, and put her inside my bed. A comical thing to do in a situation of deadly peril, was it not? but it seemed quite natural and proper at the time.

All this while the blows were falling faster and faster on the door. They were dealt, as I conjectured, with heavy stones picked up from the ground outside. Jerry sang at his wicked work, and Shifty Dick swore. As I left the bedroom, after putting the cat under cover, I heard the lower panel of the door begin to crack.

I ran into the kitchen and huddled our four silver spoons into my pocket, then took the unlucky book with the bank-notes and put it in the bosom of my dress. I was determined to defend the property confided to my care with my life. Just as I had secured the pocket-book I heard the door splintering, and rushed into the passage again with my heavy kitchen poker lifted in both hands.

I was in time to see the bald head of Jerry, with the ugly-looking knobs on it, pushed into the passage through a great rent in one of the lower panels of the door.

"Get out, you villain, or I'll brain you on the spot!" cried I, threatening him with the poker. Mr. Jerry took his head out again much faster than he had put it in.

The next thing that came through the rent was a long pitchfork, which they darted at me from outside, to move me from the door. I struck at it with all my might, and the blow must have jarred the hand of Shifty Dick up to his very shoulder, for I heard him give a roar of rage and pain. Before he could catch at the fork with his other hand I had drawn it inside. By this time even Jerry lost his temper, and swore more awfully than Dick himself.

Then there came another minute of respite. I suspected they were gone to get bigger stones, and dreaded the giving way of the whole door. Running into the bedroom as this fear beset me, I laid hold of my chest of drawers, dragged it into the passage, and threw it down against the door. On the top of that I heaped my father's big tool-chest, three chairs, and a scuttleful of coals—and, last, I dragged out the kitchen-table and rammed it as hard as I could against the whole barricade. They heard me as they were coming up to the door with fresh stones. Jerry ways of cunningly and silently entering it against said, "Stop a bit!" and then the two consulted | which I was not provided. The ticking of the

together in whispers. I listened eagerly and just caught these words:

"Less trouble the other way."

Nothing more was said, but I heard their footsteps retreating from the door.

"Are they going to try the back door now?" I had hardly asked myself that question before I heard their voices at the other side of the house. The back door was much smaller than the front; but it had this advantage in the way of strength—it was made of two solid oak boards, joined longwise, and strengthened inside by heavy cross-pieces. It had no bolts like the front door, but was fastened by a bar of iron, running across it in a slanting direction, and fitting at either end into the wall. "They must have the whole cottage down be-

fore they can break in at that door!" I thought to myself. And they soon found out as much for themselves. After five minutes of banging at the back door, they gave up any farther attack in that direction, and cast their heavy stones down with curses of fury awful to hear. I went into the kitchen and dropped on the window-seat to rest for a moment. Suspense and excitement together were beginning to tell upon The perspiration broke out thick on my forehead, and I began to feel the bruises I had inflicted on my hands in making the barricade against the front door. I had not lost a particle of my resolution, but I was beginning to lose strength. There was a bottle of rum in the cupboard, which my brother the sailor had left with us the last time he was ashore. I drank a drop of it. Never before or since have I put any thing down my throat that did me half so much good as that precious mouthful of

I was still sitting in the window-seat drying my face when I suddenly heard their voices close behind me. They were feeling the outside of the window against which I was sitting. It was protected, like all the other windows in the cottage, by iron bars. I listened in dreadful suspense for the sound of filing, but nothing of the sort was audible. They had evidently reckoned on frightening me easily into letting them in, and had come unprovided with housebreaking tools of any kind. A fresh burst of oaths informed me that they had recognized the obstacle of the iron bars. I listened breathlessly for some warning of what they might do next, but their voices appeared to die away in the distance. They were retreating from the window. Were they also retreating from the house altogether? Had they given up the idea of effecting an entrance in despair?

A long silence followed—a silence which tried my courage even more severely than the tumult of their first attack on the cottage. Dreadful suspicions now beset me of their being able to accomplish by treachery what they had failed to effect by force. Well as I knew the cottage, I began to doubt whether there might not be



clock annoyed me; the crackling of the fire | have felt the change produced in the atmosphere startled me. I looked out twenty times in a minute into the dark corners of the passage, straining my eyes, holding my breath, anticipating the most preposterous events, the most impossible dangers. Had they really gone? or were they prowling still about the house? Oh, what a sum of money I would have given only to know what they were both about in that interval of silence!

I was startled at last out of my suspense in the most awful manner. A shout from one of them reached my ears on a sudden down the kitchen chimney. It was so unexpected and so horrible in the stillness, that I screamed for the first time since the attack on the house. My worst forebodings had never suggested to me that the two villains might mount upon the roof.

"Let us in, you she-devil!" roared a voice down the chimney.

There was another pause. The smoke from the wood fire, thin and light as it was in the red state of the embers at that moment, had evidently obliged the man to take his face from the mouth of the chimney. I counted the seconds while he was, as I conjectured, getting his breath again. In less than half a minute there came another shout:

"Let us in, or we'll burn the place down over

Burn it? Burn what? There was nothing easily combustible but the thatch on the roof; and that had been well soaked with the heavy rain which had now fallen incessantly for more than six hours. Burn the place over my head? How?

While I was still casting about wildly in my mind to discover what possible danger there could be of fire, one of the heavy stones placed on the thatch to keep it from being torn up by high winds, came thundering down the chimney. It scattered the live embers on the hearth all over the room. A richly-furnished place, with knickknacks and fine muslin about it, would have been set on fire immediately. Even our bare floor and rough furniture gave out a smell of burning at the first shower of embers which the first stone scattered.

For an instant I stood quite petrified before this new proof of the devilish ingenuity of the villains outside. But the imminent danger I was now in recalled me to my senses immediately. There was a large canful of water in my bedroom, and I ran in at once to fetch Before I could get back to the kitchen a second stone had been thrown down the chimney, and the floor was smouldering in several places.

I had wit enough to let the smouldering go on for a moment or two more, and to pour the whole of my canful of water over the fire before the third stone came down the chimney. The live embers on the floor I easily disposed of after that. The man on the roof must have

at the mouth of the chimney, for after the third stone had descended, no more followed it. As for either of the ruffians themselves dropping down by the same road along which the stones had come, that was not to be dreaded. The chimney, as I well knew by our experience in cleaning it, was too narrow to give passage to any one above the size of a small boy.

I looked upward as that comforting reflection crossed my mind-I looked up, and saw, as plainly as I see the paper I am now writing on, the point of a knife coming through the inside of the roof just over my head. Our cottage had no upper story, and our rooms had no ceilings. Slowly and wickedly the knife wriggled its way through the dry inside thatch between the rafters. It stopped for a little, and there came a sound of tearing. That, in its turn, stopped too; there was a great fall of dry thatch on the floor, and I saw the heavy, hairy hand of Shifty Dick, armed with the knife, come through after the fallen fragments. He tapped at the rafters with the back of the knife, as if to test their strength. Thank God, they were substantial and close together! Nothing lighter than a hatchet would have sufficed to remove any part of them.

The murderous hand was still tapping with the knife when I heard a shout from the man Jerry coming from the neighborhood of my father's stone-shed in the back yard. The hand and knife disappeared instantly. I went to the back door, and put my ear to it, and listened. Both the men were now in the shed. I made the most desperate efforts to call to mind what tools and other things were left in it which might be used against me. But my agitation confused me. I could remember nothing but my father's big stone saw, which was far too heavy and unwieldly to be used on the roof of the cottage. I was still puzzling my brains and making my head swim to no purpose when I heard the men dragging something out of the shed. At the same instant when the noise caught my ear, the remembrance flashed across me like lightning of some beams of wood which had lain in the shed for years past. I had hardly time to feel certain that they were removing one of these beams, before I heard Shifty Dick say to Jerry,

"Which door?"

"The front," was the answer. "We've cracked it already; we'll have it down now in no time."

Senses less sharpened by danger than mine would have understood but too easily from these words that they were about to use the beam as a battering-ram against the door. When that conviction overcame me, I lost courage at last. I felt that the door must come down, that no such barricade as I had constructed could support it for more than a few minutes against such shocks as it was now to receive. "I can do no more to keep the house against them," I said to myself, with my knees knocking together, and heard the hissing of the fire as I put it out, and | the tears at last beginning to wet my cheeks.



"I must trust to the night and the thick dark- | listen to it. The thieves had been caught, and ness, and save my life by running for it while there is yet time."

I huddled on my cloak and hood, and had my hand on the bar of the back door when a piteous mew from the bedroom reminded me of the existence of poor Pussy. I ran in, and huddled the creature up in my apron. Before I was out in the passage again, the first shock from the beam fell on the door.

The upper hinge gave way. The chairs and the coal-scuttle forming the top of my barricade were hurled, rattling, on to the floor; but the lower hinge of the door and the chest of drawers and tool-chest still kept their places. "One more!" I heard the villains cry-"one more run with the beam, and down it all comes!"

Just as they must have been starting for that "one more run," I opened the back door and fled out into the night, with the book full of bank-notes in my bosom, the silver spoons in my pocket, and the cat in my arms. I threaded my way easily enough through the familiar obstacles in the back yard, and was out in the pitch darkness of the moor before I heard the second shock and the crash, which told me that the whole door had given way.

In a few minutes they must have discovered the fact of my flight with the pocket-book, for I heard shouts in the distance, as if they were running out to pursue me. I ran on at the top of my speed, and the noise soon died away. It was so dark that twenty thieves instead of two would have found it useless to follow me.

How long it was before I reached the farmhouse—the nearest place to which I could fly for refuge—I can not tell you. I remember that I had just sense enough to keep the wind at my back (having observed in the beginning of the evening that it blew toward Moor Farm), and to go on resolutely through the darkness. In all other respects I was by this time halfcrazed by what I had gone through. If it had so happened that the wind had changed, after I observed its direction early in the evening, I should have gone astray, and have probably perished of fatigue and exposure on the moor. Providentially it still blew steadily as it had blown for hours past, and I reached the farm-house with my clothes wet through, and my brain in a high fever. When I made my alarm at the door, they had all gone to bed but the farmer's eldest son, who was sitting up late over his pipe and newspaper. I just mustered strength enough to gasp out a few words, telling him what was the matter, and then fell down at his feet, for the first time in my life, in a dead awoon.

That swoon was followed by a severe illness. When I got strong enough to look about me again, I found myself in one of the farm-house beds-my father, Mrs. Knifton, and the doctor, were all in the room—my cat was asleep at my feet, and the pocket-book that I had saved lay on the table by my side. There was plenty of

were in prison, waiting their trial at the next assizes. Mr. and Mrs. Knifton had been so shocked at the danger I had run-for which they blamed their own want of thoughtfulness in leaving the pocket-book in my care as they did-that they had insisted on my father's removing from our lonely home to a cottage on their land, which we were to inhabit rent-free. The bank-notes that I had saved were given to me to buy furniture with, in place of the things that the thieves had broken. These pleasant tidings assisted so greatly in promoting my recovery that I was soon able to relate to my friends at the farm-house the particulars that I have written here. They were all surprised and interested; but no one, as I thought, listened to me with such breathless attention as the farmer's eldest son. Mrs. Knifton noticed this too, and began to make jokes about it, in her light-hearted way, as soon as we were alone. I thought little of her jesting at the time; but when I got well, and we went to live at our new home, "the young farmer," as he was called in our parts, constantly came to see us, and constantly managed to meet me out of doors. I had my share of vanity, like other young women, and I began to think of Mrs. Knifton's jokes with some attention. To be brief, the young farmer managed one Sunday -I never could tell how-to lose his way with me in returning from church, and before we found out the right road home again he had asked me to be his wife.

His relations were quite as much astonished and angered at the step he had taken as you yourself would have been, young lady, in their place. They did all they could to keep us asunder, and break off the match. But the farmer was too obstinate for them. He had one form of answer to all objections. "A man. if he is worth the name, marries according to his own ideas, and to please himself," he used to say. "My idea is, that when I take a wife I am placing my honor and happiness-the most precious things I have to trust—in one woman's care. The woman I am going to marry had a small charge confided to her by chance, and showed herself worthy of it at the hazard of her life. That is proof enough for me that she is worthy of the greatest charge I can put into her hands. Rank and riches are fine things, but the certainty of getting a good wife is something better still. I'm of age, I know my own mind, and I mean to marry the stone-mason's daughter."

Whether I proved And he did marry me. myself worthy or not of his good opinion is a question, young lady, which I leave you to ask my husband, if you ever chance to come again into our parts. In telling you the circumstances which led to my lucky marriage I have told you all that is necessary. You will now, perhaps, be ready to admit that a woman may possess neither beauty, birth, wealth, nor acnews for me to hear, as soon as I was fit to complishments, and yet, in spite of those dis-



advantages, may still have attractions of her | opinion of persons best qualified to judge, the own in the eyes of a sensible man. When you next feel inclined to express some astonishment at what may seem to you a strange marriage, remember my case, and distrust your own hasty opinions. I ask nothing more in the way of reward for the trouble I have taken in telling you about THE SIEGE OF THE BLACK COTTAGE.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

THE more we learn of the perils and the promise of Arctic navigation, the more unlikely does it appear that future generations will hazard valuable lives and property in the congeries of islands to the north of the American continent. It is possible that further discoveries may demonstrate the usefulness of following up the track of Dr. Kane through Smith's Sound, or-which is more likelymay instigate voyages to the "open sea," by the channel between Greenland and Norway. There may be something to learn there: geography may benefit by navigation of that unexplored region; possibly-who knows?-trade may find a return for consignments thither of ice-ships, furs, and pluck. But it seems as fully proved as any thing can be, that no adequate recompense awaits further expeditions to the scene of the labors of the late British Arctic discovery ships. One more party will probably be sent by the British Government to King William's Land, for the purpose of clearing up finally the mystery which yet overhangs the fate of Sir John Franklin, and his ships, the Erebus and Terror. The British public-the civilized world-can hardly remain satisfied with the cloudy and partial accounts brought from Fish River by Mr. Rae; and now that a voyage to Boothia is reduced to a mere question of time and endurance, men will not be wanting to pay this merited tribute to the memory of brave Sir John and his gallant companions. With this exception, we see no reason why there should be any more flying in the face of nature by explorations of the God-forsaken and man-forbidden region lying westward of 65°.

On this account, and also from the historical importance of the actual discovery of the northwest passage, some interest attaches to the account of the voyage of Captain M'Clure in the Investigator, now first published—an interest which the tedious and somewhat snobbish narrative of the historiographer, Captain Osborn, does not wholly succeed in extinguishing.

On the 20th January, 1850, the Investigator sailed from Plymouth, in company with the Enterprise, both bound for the Arctic regions, via Behring's Straits, to resume the search for Sir John Franklin's ships. Sir John Ross had just returned from an unsuccessful search on the side of Baffin's Bay, having been unable to penetrate further westward than Leopold's Island. Two other British expeditions had been

chance of penetrating to Banks's Land and the adjoining archipelago, by the way of Behring's Straits. It was to test this chance that the Investigator and Enterprise were dispatched.

They took six months, in round numbers, to reach the Sandwich Islands, by way of the Horn; took in supplies there, and sailed northward at the very time the Grinnell expedition was clearing Newfoundland. By the close of July the Investigator (the Enterprise arrived too late, and took no part in the expedition) had safely passed through Behring's Straits, in a dense fog, and in a few days bade adieu to the world in the Arctic Ocean. They met with the first heavy ice early in August, in lat. 72°, and were much enlivened by the sight of the immense herds of walruses basking upon the loose masses. Ferocious-looking as these creatures are, it does not appear that the editors of Captain Cook's voyages are justified in representing them as formidable to man. Their tusks are useless out of the water. Captain M'Clure seems to have been rather prepossessed in their favor by the affection shown by the mothers for their young, and would not allow them to be

The only chance of making easting enough to gain the scene of operations, was by creeping along the coast, in what Arctic navigators call the landwater. This is a narrow lane of water between the shore ice and the heavy sea ice, the latter being so thick as to ground in six, seven, and eight fathoms water. The Investigator worked her way into this lane shortly after sighting Cape Lisburne, and jogged on to Cape Barrow, and thence along the northern coast; keeping so close to the shore as to be in constant communication with the Esquimaux. These primitive people the Investigators cultivated with considerable success. They were somewhat addicted to stealing. A lady who visited the ship, actually stowed away under her petticoats two iron winch-handles, and an iceanchor; and while Captain M'Clure was placing some presents in the right hand of a chief, in token of good-will, with an appropriate admonition, he felt the fellow's left in his pocket. The Esquimaux, however, laughed heartily when they were caught, and so the Englishmen thought best to do the same, and not allow peccadilloes to mar the harmony of their intercourse. It was perhaps well they did; for it was from these Esquimaux that Captain Maguire afterward discovered the traces of the Investigator. They told him that a ship had passed that way: when asked to describe her, they were unable; but they remembered that the sailors had given them twisted tobacco. From this simple fact Captain Maguire knew that the vessel must be the Investigator, as no other Arctic ship was supplied with negrohead.

After some narrow escapes from the ice, once running aground, and once meeting with a equally fruitless. There only remained, in the furious rain-storm with thunder and lightning



(the first recorded in so high a latitude, 70° north), the Investigator reached Cape Bathurst on 31st August. There more Esquimaux were met with; a fine race of people, as it seems, with whom the navigators were soon on the best of terms. Indeed, if scandal speak truth, some of the bold mariners were soon on such terms with the bright-eyed girls of Cape Bathurst, that Captain M'Clure was obliged to use his authority to keep them on board ship. When a whale is killed by one of these Esquimaux, a grand banquet takes place, to which all the men and women of the tribe are invited; and after the roast venison, the stewed whale, and the other delicacies of the season have been discussed, the entertainment winds up in a fashion more suitable, one would imagine, to a relaxing southern meridian than to the borders of the Arctic Ocean.

From Cape Bathurst the Investigator followed the landwater to a level with Cape Parry, from whence they struck a northerly course, sighting, on the 7th of September, the southern cape of Banks's Land. One can not help emiling at the grave manner in which this loyal British captain—not knowing that the land he saw had been discovered before-landed on the bleak and miserable shore, and announced to the icebergs and the winds that he claimed the country for his mistress Queen Victoria. But it is a habit with English sailors. A short while before, Captain Kellett, of the Herald, sighted land to the north and northwest of Behring's Straits. It was so wretched a place, with so iron-bound a coast, that, with all his exertions, Captain Kellett could not climb the bluffs, or be quite certain in his own mind whether he stood on the beach or on the ice: nevertheless, he "hoisted the jack, and took possession of the island, with the usual ceremonies, in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." It is to be hoped it will do her good.

There were still a few days of summer left, and a lane open to the northeast. Through this the Investigator was worked slowly against head-winds; on their left they had the high bluffs of Banks's Land, on their right, at a distance of some thirty miles, stretched another island, which loyal Captain M'Clure named Prince Albert's Land. Creeping between the two, by the 9th September they were irresistibly led to the conclusion that the channel in which they were must lead to Barrow's Strait. One can readily understand Captain M'Clure's agitation at the thought, "Can it be possible that this water shall prove to be the long-sought Northwest Passage? Only give us time, and we shall discover it!" They pushed on, northward, working bravely; but when they were in latitude 73° 10' N., only thirty miles from Barrow's Strait, winter overtook them. It was the 17th September. Four more days would probably have solved the problem; but those four days were denied them. On the 17th they were stopped by the ice; on the 18th it formed whether the channel in which the ship lay did

round the ship; they began to drift with the pack: before the week was out they had resolved to winter there, and were at work housing the ship, and making all needful preparations for escape in case she should be crushed by the ice. These preparations were made under circumstances that might well shake the nerves of a strong man. As the ice surged the ship was thrown violently from side to side, now lifted out of water, now plunged into a hole. "The crashing, creaking, and straining," says Captain M'Clure, in his log, "is beyond description; the officer of the watch, when speaking to me, is obliged to put his mouth close to my ear on account of the deafening noise."

While wintering here, Captain M'Clure's loyalty was very near cutting short his career of usefulness. On the eastern side of the strait there was an ice-bound tract of land (forming part, in fact, of Prince Albert's Land, already visited) of which the gallant Captain felt bound to take possession for his Gracious Mistress. He did so accordingly, "with the usual ceremonies;" but on his return to the ship, when the party reached the junction of the land and sea ice, they found, to their horror, a yawning black gulf fifty yards wide. Night was just closing in: they had no boat; their only provision was one can of preserved meat, so hard frozen that knives would barely scratch it; the men were jaded by a twenty miles' walk over hummocks and rocks. They did the only thing they could do-walked about to keep up the circulation, and fired guns to attract the attention of the people on board the ship. It needed all M'Clure's energy to prevent the fagged men from sitting down to snooze; but he kept them moving, and, after a while, the ship answered their signals, and a light was seen approaching over the ice. The Captain's party now began to speculate anxiously on the chances of their friends having brought a boat; for without one, of course, assistance was useless. They watched the light draw nearer and nearer to the lane, one man swearing that he heard the sound of the sledgeboat on the ice, another persisting that there was no sound but footsteps; till at last the relief party was within hailing distance. Every man held his breath as M'Clure shouted, "Have you a boat with you?" There was a moment's silence, as if the men across the gulf were taken by surprise by the question. Then came the answer, "No; we didn't know you wanted one." M'Clure instantly sent them back to the ship for the Halkett's boat. It was a critical moment. Tired as the men were, it was quite unlikely that they could be kept moving till the party returned to the ship and brought the boat. But by one of those providential accidents which so often occur in Arctic navigation, a second relief party, with a boat, met the first on their way to the ship, and so all were saved.

Before winter set in completely, Captain M'Clure determined to test the vital question,



really lead to Barrow's Strait or not. He set out on 22d October, with a sledge party, for the It hardly appears, from the account given by Captain Osborn, that the party were equipped and provided in the best possible manner; for though they had 200 pounds apiece to draw in the sledge, they were pinched both for fuel (and, consequently, water) and food; and though the thermometer does not seem to have fallen much below zero, some of the men were badly frost-bitten. Four days after leaving the ship they saw to the northeast the wonderful blue crystalline sea-ice described by Parry; and that night, after a long march, M'Clure went to sleep with the thrilling conviction that next morning he would feast his eyes on the sea-ice in Barrow's Strait. Long before daybreak he was astir and afoot. Climbing a hill some 600 feet above the sea-level, he waited for sunrise in a state of excitement which can be well conceived. At last the first streak of dawn appeared, revealing the land called after Prince Albert (whom, by-the-way, the gallant historiographer of the expedition does not forget, even at such a moment, to designate in full as His Royal Highness, etc., etc.): then the coast-line of Banks's Land became visible, and at the same moment the delighted explorers saw at their feet the frozen waters of the great strait called Barrow's or Melville Strait.

The Northwest Passage was discovered! With one voice those brave Englishmen shouted, as they gazed on the long-sought spectacle, "Thank God!"

From the point in Barrow's Strait upon which they were looking—a point opposite to Cape Hay, in Melville Island—Parry had sailed into Baffin's Bay and home. The existence, therefore, of a water-communication round the north coast of America was finally demonstrated. They had not found any trace of Franklin; but they had done the next best thing, and enough for M'Clure's fame.

He was nearly lost on his way home. Having started in advance of the sledge, he was overtaken by a snow-storm, in which he lost his way. Though only six miles from the ship, he might as well have been six hundred in that storm. Night came on, with a temperature 15° below zero. Abandoning the attempt to gain the ship, after much random trudging over hummocks, he began to pace the top of a great lump of ice, in the hope of seeing some signal from the sledge or the ship. But the drift was too thick to see any thing. Up and down he marched, till eleven o'clock, wondering what he should do if the bears-whom he heard growling around him-were to take a fancy to attack him; at last, fairly worn out, he crept to the lee side of the ice-lump, found a soft bank of snow, threw himself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. Strange to say, he awoke next morning none the worse, and found himself full four miles beyond the ship.

Christmas was kept with the usual banquet of Banks's Land. As before, the ship sailed and frolic. A strange picture might have been in the landwater, creeping round the island at

seen that Christmas-day by a spirit who could have roamed from end to end of the icy continent and taken it in at a glance. No less than ten Arctic discovery-ships were wintering within a few hundred miles of each other. Under Griffith's Island lay H. B. M.'s ships the Resolute, Assistance, Pioneer, and Intrepid. In a small bay in North Devon were securely snugged Captain Penny's two brigs. The Investigator, as we have seen, lay in Prince of Wales' Strait. And at the mouth of Lancaster Sound, drifting helplessly in the pack which had borne them already twelve degrees to the eastward, were the two unfortunate ships of the Grinnell expedition. But this was not all. Only three to four hundred miles from the Investigator's winter quarters, Mr. Rae was waiting on the border of Great Bear Lake for weather that would allow him to start on his land journey. And in all human probability, on that same Christmasday, Sir John Franklin and his men, the object of so many expeditions and so much anxious hope, were miserably subsisting on short allowance somewhere in King William's Land, or on the bank of Peel Sound.

The Enterprise had failed to pass Icy Cape before the winter season began, and was not, therefore, within the Arctic circle. Her commander, in the spring of 1851, injudiciously permitted a young officer named Barnard to land in Russian America for the purpose of making inquiries with regard to the course of the Investigator; while at a trading-post called Darabin, the traders were attacked by Indians, and poor Barnard, among others, was murdered. Captain Osborn publishes a letter of his, revealing his sad fate. It was to the surgeon of the Enterprise, and ran as follows:

"DEAE ADAMS,—I am dreadfully wounded in the abdemen; my entrails are hanging out. I do not suppose I shall live long enough to see you. The Cu-u-chuc Indians made the attack while we were in our beds. Boskey is badly wounded, and Darabin is dead.

"I think my wound would have been trifling had I had medical advice. I am in great pain. Nearly all the natives of the village are murdered. Set out for this place in all haste.

JOHN BARNARD."

From March to July the Investigator's crew spent the time in searching the vicinity of their winter quarters for traces of Sir John Franklin. Three sledge parties were sent out, and there was no lack of courage, perseverance, or forethought in their leaders; but, as the world knows, they discovered nothing. In July the ice broke up sufficiently for the ship to move. A strenuous effort was made to force her through the remaining portion of Prince of Wales' Strait into Barrow's Strait-she actually reached a point only twenty-five miles from the latterbut the heavy ice of Melville Sound was jammed against the mouth of Prince of Wales' Strait, and she could advance no farther. After persevering but fruitless endeavors to find a lane through the dense pack, Captain M'Clure put the ship about, and steered for the west coast of Banks's Land. As before, the ship sailed



a snail's pace; sometimes working her way through such narrow passages that the studdingsail boom had to be "topped" to enable her to pass between the cliffs on one side and the floes on the other. Of course, close as they were to the land, they went ashore frequently. They found no Esquimaux to enliven their labors; but Captain M'Clure noted a striking confirmation of the well-known theory that the climate of the polar regions was once much milder than it is. On the northwest cape of Banks's Land, north of the line 74° N. lat., where the ground-willow has now a hard struggle for existence, he found layers upon layers of large wood, sometimes twenty and forty feet in depth. Some of the logs were so hard that men could jump upon them without breaking them; many were petrified; and all, it seems, unfit for burning. Similar discoveries of fallen trees, in a state of semi-petrifaction, were made in 1853, by an officer of the Resolute, in a latitude two degrees higher north.

Winter overtook the Investigator this year on 21st September, and Captain M'Clure, who had vainly hoped to get into the pack in Barrow's Strait before the close of the season, so as to drift with it eastward during the winter, laid the ship up in a bay on the north of Banks's Land, which he appropriately christened Mercy Bay. The winter passed—or rather the early portion of it-like any other Arctic winter in a well-appointed ship. Captain M'Clure had, however, thought it prudent to reduce the allowance of food to two-thirds, in order to provide against the mishap of being detained another winter in the ice; and, consequently, every exertion was made to supply the deficiency by hunting.

One of the hunting parties had well-nigh proved fatal to a colored man serving on board the ship. He had wounded a deer, and chased it till a fog came on, and he lost his way. It was in January, and the weather was bitterly cold; the poor fellow began to fancy himself frozen to death, and lost his wits entirely. While in this state, a sergeant of marines named Woon met him, and offered to lead him to the ship. The negro, beside himself with terror, could not be made to understand any thing, and stood crying and shuddering till he fell down in a fit. The Sergeant waited till he was restored; then partly by force, partly by entreaty, he induced him to walk toward the ship. Night soon closed in, at about two in the afternoon; and the darkness reviving all the terrors of the negro, he fell to the ground, bleeding at the nose, and writhing in convulsions. The question now was, what was to be done with him? To wait till he recevered would have placed both lives in jeopardy; to leave him there and go to the ship for assistance would have insured his freezing to death, independently of the wolves. Sergeant Woon, like a brave man, slung his own and the negro's musket over his shoulder, took the half-dead man's arms

ship with his burden. The negro was a large man; such a weight over so uneven a road was enough to try a giant's strength. The only relief the Sergeant had was when he had climbed a hill or hummock; he then loosed his hold of the negro, and rolled him down the opposite side. Rough treatment, seemingly, for a sick man, but it rather did him good. By eleven o'clock the couple were within a mile of the ship. But Sergeant Woon was exhausted. He exerted all his powers of eloquence upon the negro to induce him to walk. The poor creature only begged to be "let alone to die." Finding all his arguments unavailing, the Sergeant laid him in a bed of deep snow, and with all his remaining strength ran, alone, to the ship. He procured assistance directly, and returning to the place where he had left the negro, found him with his arms stiff and raised above his head, his eyes open, and his mouth so firmly frozen that it required great force to open it to pour down restoratives. He was alive, however, and eventually recovered.

The wolves, which the Sergeant had so gravely feared on this occasion, were the most ravenous of their species. They do not seem to have actually attacked the hunters, but more than once they disputed with them the game they shot. A sailor once had a hard tussle with a female wolf for the carcass of a deer he killed; she laid hold of the tail, he of the head, and they pulled against each other until the sailor received a reinforcement from a hunting party in the neighborhood.

In the spring, Captain M'Clure crossed with a sledge party to Melville Island, but discovered nothing; on his return to the ship he made preparations for the summer cruise. All was ready to move out of winter quarters by June. and the men, who were very tired of their dull home, and many of whom showed symptoms of incipient scurvy, were once more in high hopes. These were somewhat dashed by the discovery that the ice in June and July, instead of diminishing in thickness, had increased about two feet, However, early in August, the ice began to move, and all was activity and excitement on board the Investigator. On the 16th August a lane opened in the ice, and water was seen in several places. The ship was on the point of warping out, when, on 20th August, the "lead" closed, and cold weather coming on, the summer was abruptly brought to a close.

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to all who chose to have it. Those who know the enormous quantities of food required by travelers in the Arctic regions will appreciate the severity with which these short commons were felt by the *Investigators*.

Captain M'Clure decided to send a part of his men home by land, via the M'Kenzie River, and another party via Griffith's Island to Cape Spencer, where there was a boat and provisions, retaining only thirty of the strongest men in the ship with himself. But before they started a change came over Arctic affairs.

Lady Franklin, unceasing in her entreaties to the Admiralty, had induced the British Government to send out another expedition—the largest that had yet sailed-in search of her husband. This was the expedition under Sir Edward Belcher, consisting of four vessels. Now Mr. Creswell, of London, had a son on board the Investigator. Paternal affection sharpening his wits, he divined, what no one else in England seemed to have imagined, that the Investigator might have discovered the Northwest Passage, found her way to Banks' Land, and be somewhere in the neighborhood of Melville Island. He therefore petitioned the Admiralty that it might be an instruction to the ships of Belcher's squadron to support M'Clure as well as search for Franklin; and in accordance with this request, when the little fleet arrived in Lancaster Sound, the Resolute and her consort made for Melville Island to search for M'Clure.*

On the 6th April, 1853, the little crew of the Investigator was in low spirits: one of their comrades had just poisoned himself. Let us give the rest in M'Clure's own words: "While walking near the ship, in conversation with the first lieutenant upon the subject of digging a grave for the man who had died, and discussing how we could cut a grave in the ground while it was so hardly frozen—a subject naturally sad and depressing—we perceived a figure walking rapidly toward us from the rough ice at the entrance of the bay. From his pace and his gestures we both naturally supposed at first that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him, doubts arose as to who he could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men; but recollecting that some one might be trying a new traveling dress, preparatory to the departure of our sledges, and certain that no one else was near, we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us this strange figure threw up his arms and made gesticulations resembling those made by Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and the intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us both fairly to a stand-still. The stranger

came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony; and really, at the moment, we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or the other world: and had he but given us a glimpse of a tail or cloven hoof, we should assuredly have taken to our legs. As it was, we gallantly stood our ground, and, had the skies fallen upon us, we could hardly have been more astonished than when the dark-faced stranger called out-'I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the Herald, now in the Resolute. Captain Kellett is at Dealy Island!' To rush at him and seize him by the hand was the first impulse, for the heart was too full for the tongue to speak. The announcement that relief was close at hand, when none was supposed to be even within the Arctic circle, was too sudden, unexpected, and joyous for our minds to comprehend it at once".....

The rest is known. We all remember—for we have read the account in the newspapers—of the pusillanimous decision of Sir E. Belcher to abandon his ships in the Arctic seas, of the return of the officers and crews to England in the North Star, Phanix, and Talbot, and of the righteous court-martial whose venerable President returned Sir Edward his sword in stern silence. But it is due to Captain M'Clure to reproduce one passage in the dispatch which he had prepared to send home with the land parties he was about to dispatch in the spring of 1853:

"Should any of her Majesty's ships be sent for our relief and we have quitted Port Leopold, a notice containing information of our route will be left on the door of the house at Whalers' Point, or on some conspicuous position. If, however, no intimation should be found of our having been there, it may at once be surmised that some fatal catastrophe has happened, either from our being carried into the Polar Sea, or smashed in Barrow's Strait, and no survivors left. If such be the case, which, however, I will not anticipate, it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate farther to the westward for our relief, as, by the period that any vessel could reach that port, we must, from want of provisions, all have perished. In such a case, I would submit that the officers may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in quest of those who will then be no more."

Regulus, warning his countrymen against making peace with Carthage, did not rise higher than this.

One word more—as to Franklin. Mr. Anderson, the Hudson Bay Company's factor, who pursued the search on the traces of Rae, having added nothing to our previous knowledge, our actual information with regard to Franklin and his party may be summed up in a few sentences. His vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were last seen on the 26th of July, 1845, in the upper waters of Baffin's Bay, waiting for an opening in the pack. The winter of 1845-'46 they spent at Beechy Island, as the Grinnell



Our readers are aware that this is the same Resolute which, abandoned by her crew, was found by some Yankee whalers, brought into an American port, bought and fitted up by the United States Government, and sent to England as a present to her Majesty.

expedition proved. The next, and only remaining item of positive information, is the well-known story of the Esquimaux to Mr. Rae, touching the death of a party of emaciated white mea on the banks of the Great Fish River, and the purchase by Mr. Rae of a number of articles of plate and utensils which had undoubtedly belonged to Sir John Franklin and his officers. Our negative information amounts to this. Sir John Franklin did not progress westward for any distance beyond his winter quarters in 1845-'46. He did not visit Cape Walker, Banks's Land, Melville Island, or Prince Regent's Inlet.

These are the data on which a judgment must be formed as to his fate. Dr. Kane, writing before Rae's discovery, surmised that Sir John might have been tempted to ascend Wellington Channel. The later, and doubtless the better opinion, being founded on larger information, is that he struck, in the summer of 1846, not to the north, but to the south. That he sailed in search of the Northwest Passage down Peel Sound, and never returned to Barrow's Strait. Whether his vessels were crushed by the ice, or locked in and abandoned, remains to be ascertained: Arctic explorers believe that it was quite possible for them to reach King William's Land, at the southern extremity of the Sound; and there, no doubt, they may be sought with a strong probability of finding the clew to the mystery. There are men of strong faith who believe that there are yet survivors of that expedition, who have adopted the Esquimaux mode of life, and subsist as those children of the ice do. Conjecture is legitimate where truth can not be dis-

Lady Franklin, knowing no despair, petitioned, on the 5th of June last, that a new expedition—one more only—might be sent by way of Behring's Straits to explore King William's Land and Peel Sound. Her letter, which was addressed to the Admiralty, got into the "Circumlocution Office," and has never been answered. A number of learned men, geographers and others, with Sir Roderick Murchison at their head, addressed a separate appeal, with the same object, to Lord Palmerston: but, up to this time, it has not received a favorable answer. It would seem reasonable to hope that such a prayer will eventually be granted.

PURSUIT OF A WIFE.

T.

WHEN the fashionable world became conscious of the existence of the Grubbins, on their taking possession of their new brown stone house up-town, there was a very lively interest awakened at once in all that concerned that respectable family. If the Grubbins had remained and ended their life where they had spent the greater portion of it, in their two-story house in the lower part of the city, there had been no occasion for the high-minded historian to descend from his lofty pedestal, and giving a lift-

ing hand to raise into public notice so humble a family; and if he had, could he or his protégés have withstood the withering contempt of the inquiry, "Who knows the Grubbins?" Suddenly emerging, as they did, from obscurity into the full noontide splendor of fashionable life, the Grubbins established a claim at once to recognition, and shone with such an intensity of light that the eye of the observer could see nothing of the past, from the exhaustion of its vision in the exceeding brightness of the present.

No sooner was it known who had become the fortunate possessor of that "corner lot," at a price that could have bought half the island a few score years ago, than a very deep interest was awakened in the splendid monument which was destined to rise, story above story, to attest the triumph of opulence and the newly-arisen glories of the Grubbins. As stone arose above stone, as arch after arch spanned hall, and pillar upon pillar lifted its sculptured capital, the interest became more and more intense; and when the heavy cornice, like the brow of a proud man, frowned with magnificent contempt, from its lofty position, upon its lowlier neighbors, curiosity became admiration, and admirationworship. The temple sanctified the idol, and the Grubbins were deified.

As every one is duly diligent in informing himself about all that concerns his neighbors who are worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars or more, it is needless to give any very precise description of the Grubbins mansion. Spike, of Spike and Co., opposite, could give you the dimensions within an inch of the depth and width of the lot, and how many thousand dollars Grubbins paid down in hard cash for what had been offered, only five years before, for so many hundreds. Mrs. Spike, with the assistance of Miss Spike, may be equally depended upon for the most accurate information in regard to the splendid fitting up of the Grubbins mansion. She will describe, with glowing enthusiasm, the splendor of the Aubusson carpets, and their cost in Paris, where they were woven in one piece expressly for Grubbins—that gentleman having sent out the measure of his drawing-rooms to France, with an order that no expense should be spared. Mrs. Spike will talk to you by the hour about the damask curtains in the parlor, the hundreddollar ebony and tapestried chairs in the drawing-room, and the magnificence of the boudoir, with all its effulgence—the rose-red silk hangings, and the pink-tinted mirrors, in which Mrs. Grubbins reflects daily her broad skirts and flashy trimmings. The youthful Tom Spike whose fastness is only surpassed by the speed of his trotter, who can do his mile in 2.40 and something to spare—is the best authority on the Grubbins' magnificent coupé and pair; and we have his word for it, that the two spanking bays, so gayly caparisoned, which show off their points, and step up so proudly in front of their master's mansion, cost a round fifteen hundred at least. We should like, for the sake of



our fashionable readers, to dwell upon these interesting particulars; but our duty, unfortunately, is to record the history of the less important parts of the Grubbins establishment—the Grubbins themselves.

The world generally did not trouble itself about the suddenness of the wealth of Hosea Grubbins: the world was satisfied with the fact that Hosea Grubbins was rich. It was true, Jones and Smith, who were in the same business, shook their heads when their competitor in dry-goods stepped out of his splendid equipage, and reminding their friends that Hosea Grubbins' note had gone begging in Wall Street, not many months ago, at twenty per cent. discount, declared that people were very much overrated in New York, and very knowingly hinted that if any one wanted a brown stone house they knew where he could obtain one, in a few years, at a bargain. But Jones and Smith were mistaken. Hoses Grubbins was rich; and, moreover, in every outward aspect, became his

Respectability shone from his bald head, and lingered gracefully about the scattered hairs which Time had blanched but spared; respectability was reflected from the glistening surface of the finest and newest black broadcloth which covered, without a wrinkle, his well-filled person; but it was in the chaste folds of his white cravat where respectability was recognized by all, and commanded the reverence of its worshipers. Grubbins had become studiously sombre in dress and serious in demeanor, in accordance with the responsibility of his respectable position; but it might be observed, in spite of the polish of his bald head, and the smoothness of his gray hairs, and the diligent practice of fixing his jaws in a spasm of dignity, and smoothing down his yellow face by frequent applications of his podgy hand, that the wrinkles concentrated more and more about his sharp eyes, which seemed ever to be twinkling with delightful anticipation of a chance at a good bargain. Grubbins appreciated, but did not enjoy the splendor with which he was surrounded. The grand brown stone mansion, the gorgeous furniture, the stylish equipage, and the fashionable éclat of his position, were sources of pride, as so many attestations, in the eye of the world, of his wealth; and he contemplated them with the same satisfaction as he did the immense balance in his favor in his old ledger at the counting-house. On the score of personal comfort, he thought, when he thought at all, that he had been a great loser in giving up his simple life and old house, where he had been at home for forty odd years, for the Fifth Avenue palace, where no one was more of a stranger than himself. He found himself alone; the friends of his youth and manhood kept aloof, scared away by the grandeur of his establishment; his wife, who had been the plain Polly of his earlier years in dimity, was now the fashionable Mrs. Grubbins in velvet and diamonds, and was no more like his "old woman" of an-

ter, too—the beautiful and rich Miss Caroline Grubbins, the belle of the town—was far too fine, with her grace and accomplishments, for him to approach with that effusion of the homely affections in which even Grubbins once had the heart to indulge. He was fairly frightened at her superiority, and cared now only to contemplate her at a distance, as a magnificent appurtenance of the splendid Grubbins establishment, of which he, Grubbins, was recognized by the world as the wealthy proprietor.

Mrs. Grubbins, unlike her husband, thoroughly enjoyed her position, and fairly reveled in all its gorgeous luxuries. "There is no end." she would say over and over again, "to Grubbins's purse;" and her expenses fully confirmed her statement. Her extravagance was the talk of the town; and nothing, whether from Cashmere, Paris, or Lyons, was too costly for her profuse expenditure. She was a prodigy of personal expense, and whether "at home" in the morning, in her splendid coupe in the streets at noon, or at the great ball of the season at night, she never made her appearance without carrying an independent fortune upon her back. With a naturally expansive person, Mrs. Grubbins was fortunately endowed with the means of making a most extensive display of her purchased stores. and she spread out her finery to such advantage that its exceeding costliness was revealed to the admiration of every observer, as clearly as if the hundreds of dollars were ticketed upon it at Stewart's or Dieden's. She enjoyed fashionable life-for was she not received every where with eager welcome, as the wife of the rich Mr. Grubbins? She drank full of her cup of glory, and as her broad face grew redder with enjoyment, and more glowing with conscious dignity, and her person swelled wider and wider with skirt upon skirt, she became of such a size and importance that it was not surprising that Mrs. Grubbins' self absorbed all Mrs. Grubbins' time and interest.

Caroline, the daughter and only child, was the sole member of the family who seemed to be perfectly at home amidst the splendor of the Grubbins establishment. While her mother was overlaying herself with gilt upon gilt, that the world might be dazzled with the artificial display—while the father, "eat up with carking care," was counting out thousands upon thousands

"At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd," and living in splendid misery at home, the that he had been a great loser in giving up his simple life and old house, where he had been at home for forty odd years, for the Fifth Avenue palace, where no one was more of a stranger than himself. He found himself alone; the friends of his youth and manhood kept aloof, scared away by the grandeur of his establishment; his wife, who had been the plain Polly of his earlier years in dimity, was now the fashionable Mrs. Grubbins in velvet and diamonds, and was no more like his "old woman" of ancient times than calico is like satin. His daugh-



coarseness. With a perfection of beauty that would have commanded homage any where, either in the cottage or the palace, it was not surprising that with the additional advantage of wealth she should be the admiration of the circle within which she moved. Whoever saw her would exclaim at the first glance, "There is a beautiful woman!" Was it the complexion, so clear and purely blonde, or the finely-chiseled features, or the bright eyes so intelligent, or the expression so chastened with womanly dignity and yet so full of sympathy, or the tall figure, or the movement, so unconsciously easy and graceful? It was all combined.

Not only did Caroline receive the homage of the outer world, but she was reverenced as a superior creature at home. Her father bowed down before her, and even her mother forgot herself occasionally in admiration of her daughter. She was not willful or perverse in her longings, but if she had been as capricious and inordinate in her desires as Cleopatra herself, she would have met with no resistance from her parents. Her will had been so absolute, that she had never imagined the possibility of its freedom of exercise being checked. When, therefore, Edward Hilton, who from the free companion of her childhood had grown into the bashful admirer of her blushing womanhood, and, finally, into the impassioned suitor of her hand, she frankly, with one gush of tears of joy, sprang to his embrace and sealed her heart to his. When Hilton prudently alluded to obtaining the consent of the father, his daughter thought only of it as a mere formality which usually preceded the ceremony of marriage. Her father, who had never opposed her in the smallest wish, would not now, of course, oppose the earnest desire of her heart—the great hope of her life. Grubbins, however, not only did oppose it, but fiercely rebuked Hilton for what he termed his insolent presumption, and forbade him his house; and the old man sternly told his daughter never again to mention Hilton, as her father's happiness, and his very fate, and that of all he held most dear, depended upon her obedience.

When the packet-ship *Bunkum* was announced as "below," there was a great stir at the Astor House. The flag was hoisted, and waved its stars and stripes in the eyes of the thronging multitudes in Broadway, that they might be conscious that a distinguished personage was about honoring the hotel with his presence, and eating, drinking, and sleeping within its hospitable precincts at three dollars a day, without counting the smaller item of the five-dollar Madeira. The dignified proprietor himself, in an interval of political leisure, even displayed some interest in the prospect of his coming guest, and prepared to give a becoming welcome to the august visitor expected. The bar-keeper was drink of his numerous customers with the pi- linen collar and a pair of straggling mutton-

acter, that all the trimmings of gold lace served quant news, "The Bunkum is below, only sevonly to bring into stronger contrast their natural enteen days from Liverpool-the shortest passage on record—beats the Fly Away one minute and fifty-nine seconds and a half," a piece of intelligence which gave increased excitement to the nervous worshipers of Bacchus, and greatly enlarged the demand for slings and cobblers.

Captain Flukes, of the Bunkum, now, as usual, stepped out of the hack at the private entrance of the Astor House, but disguised from all observation, in his thick pilot-cloth coat buttoned to the chin, and his tarpaulin slouched over his eyes, and thence springing up the wide steps, he shot past the parlors, from the expansive mirrors of which such an effulgence of silks and satins flashed into his eyes that he winked perceptibly, and did not fully recover his vision until he was fairly within the more subdued atmosphere of his own room.

Flukes in sea toggery and Captain Flukes in full dress were as unlike each other as the grub and its metamorphosis of a butterfly. On shipboard he was all tar and rope-yarn; on land he was all fine linen and Cologne water. He was known among the sailors as the greatest driver who sailed out of New York, and carried more sail, lost more topmasts and men off them than any captain in the trade. "Knock down, drag out," he used to say, was the only way to get his wages out of Jack, and he broke more bones and spars than any sea-bruiser extant. He, however, made the shortest voyages and most profitable returns to his owners, and they readily forgave him the comparatively small deduction, in the shape of the frequent damages for assault and battery, they were obliged to pay for the knocking down propensities of their favorite skipper. Once ashore, however, Captain Flukes was as oily-toned as a fashionable parson at a wedding, and rather prided himself upon his politeness and gallantry.

As he came out of his room just now he was the admiration of every beholder. If he had expressed a professional opinion of himself, he would have said that he was an A No. 1 clipper going before the wind under full sail. Nor would the comparison be a bad one, as he swung in his sea gait along the immense hall of the Astor in the wide-spread magnificence of his perfected toilet. His person was naturally large, but he added very considerable to its expansiveness by his mode of giving the fullest effect to his fashionable dress. His black frock-coat was thrown wide open, as if to catch the lightest breath of admiration for the silk lining and his golden-starred velvet waistcoat, the collars of which were also broadly extended to give full effect to the diamond studs that glistened in his finely embroidered shirt-bosom, which bellied out like a main-sail in a fair breeze. Every thing seemed unfurled in accordance with the prosperous gales, under the influence of which the Captain was evidently sailing. The ends of his satin cravat were spread wide out beyond in a state of intense excitement, and spiced each his sturdy neck, above which stuck out a broad



tered freely from beyond the pocket of his coat: and to show that the clipper had every rag set she could bear, the Captain had turned up his cuffs in order to give full display to his broad wristbands and diamond buttons. The Captain's black trowsers, however, were firmly strapped down over his patent leather boots; for he liked, he said, to have every thing tightly stowed below. He had very ingeniously disguised his tough leathery hands in a pair of white kid gloves, so the passing observer was not conscious of the purple hieroglyphics in the bend between his forefinger and thumb. He was still young, not much over forty, and his lady passengers, as they steadied themselves upon his arm, thought that, with his fresh complexion, his teeth as white as a hound's, his tall person and broad shoulders, the Captain was decidedly handsome. But their husbands and lovers were sea-sick, and their sea-sickness told all to the advantage of Flukes. The Captain was entirely too red and full in the face, particularly about the chin and lower jaw, and the upper part of his person was too brawny and large for his comparatively short and meagre legs for him to pass for an Apollo on shore. He, however, was in excellent physical condition as to muscle and digestion, though the doctors might say he made too much blood, and would go off, if he did not drink less brandy and water, in an apoplexy.

As the Captain moved majestically through the passers-by, and neared the throng of the going and coming travelers and the bustling habitues of the office, he gave a tug at his cuffs and threw back his coat, displaying an additional quantity of white linen, as if he were pugnaciously going in for a struggle with a mutinous crew, or about hauling at a tarry rope, and then commenced, with a will, pulling at the numerous hands stretched out to welcome him. The waiters started up from their seats in respectful admiration, and touching each other with an emphatic nudge of their whisk-brushes, passed the word, "That's Captain Flukes!" as that distinguished gentleman exchanged his courtesies with his friends, from the dignified proprietor down to Patrick the fireman. The captain availed himself of a lull in the feu de joie with which he was received, and asked the clerk triumphantly "if his friend Mr. Grubbins had called?" Mr. Grubbins had called half a dozen times, and was very anxious to see Captain Flukes, replied the clerk, as that active individual turned round to a list of numbers like a gigantic multiplication table, and taking down a card handed it to the Captain, upon which that gentleman read, "Mr. Hosea Grubbins—will dine with you at

The abrupt termination of Edward Hilton's intimacy at the Grubbins mansion had produced a shock the more overwhelming as it was unexpected. He had been an old friend of the family, and had, in the conscious dignity of self- of its vulgar display and its sordid proprietor, respect, always deemed himself worthy of their had it not been for his love for the daughter. Vol. XIV.—No. 81.—Z

cutlet whiskers; his cambric handkerchief flut- | regard. He was not unconscious of the advantages of wealth, and was too much of a man of sense to despise them, but his refinement recoiled instinctively from that vulgar appreciation of gold which took delight in its mere chink and glitter. The ease which fortune secured from the absorbing anxieties of a life fagged, worn, and exhausted in the struggle for the mere necessities of existence, he greatly valued. With a fine natural sensibility for the beautiful, and a high culture from the best education at home. perfected by study and a communion with the most finished society and the noblest works of art and literature abroad, Edward Hilton was a man endowed with all those refined characteristics which become a man of fortune, and give a grace to wealth. He was, however, not rich according to the Grubbins standard, although possessed of an income which freed him from being controlled by his necessities in the choice of his profession, and gave him a wide liberty in the indulgence of his tastes. To literature he was naturally led from his fondness for books, and in its successful prosecution he found those additional resources, which, added to his own inherited fortune, secured him a handsome independence. That a sympathy should have been early awakened between a youth who was not only naturally gifted with a superior understanding, but possessed of all the conventional refinements of the highest social culture, and a refined woman like Caroline, to whom wealth was a means of perfecting her natural grace, and refining her feminine susceptibilities, was not surprising. That this sympathy should have strengthened into the warmest admiration and most devoted love was no less to be expected, when both were young, early associates, and each a specimen of beauty—she of feminine grace, and he of manly force and intellectual

> Hilton was so absorbed in his devotion to Caroline, that he was hardly conscious of the false position in which she was placed. The very brightness of the jewel blinded his eyes to the coarse setting. Hosea Grubbins and Mrs. Grubbins were no more to him than the heavy brassmountings on their dashing equipage, or the ugly cornice on their gorgeous mansion. certainly did not admire but hardly noticed them. Now, however, that he had been contemptuously thrust from the Grubbins mansion, and his hopes of happiness blasted by the tyrannical edict of old Grubbins, he beheld that respectable old gentleman in his true light as a devoted worshiper of Mammon, and a bigoted scorner of all who could not pay for a high seat in Mammon's temple. He did not curse his poverty, but he cursed, with all the bitterness of his heart, that greed which, though choked to dying with satiety, could still gasp after more. He would have hardly cared to revile, but would have turned away in silent contempt from the Grubbins establishment, and never thought again

refinement.



He wrote to Caroline, and gave way to the feeling of bitterness with which he viewed her father's cruel opposition to their union, and appealed to her for a proof of the sincerity of her love by leaving her father's house for his, where, if there should be less wealth, there would be more heart. He had enough, he said, to support a wife comfortably, and no effort should be spared, of which a strong arm and loving heart were capable, to secure her in her new home against every regret for the luxuries of her past life. In her answer she assured Hilton of her devotion, and warmly thanked him for his generous offers. If she should regard only her own happiness she would throw herself at once into his arms. She was ready, she declared, to make any personal sacrifice, if there were any to be made; but there was indeed none, for Hilton must know that she could only be happy with him. "I acknowledge," she wrote, "with sadness, my father's love of money, but you do him wrong in attributing that as a motive for his opposition to our marriage. There is another and a stronger motive I am confident, but what it is: I know not; but I pray to Heaven that the mystery, when revealed, may prove a revelation for our happiness. Until then, let us be patient and hope for the best. I dare not disobey my father when he tells me my disobedience would be his ruin." This was not very consolatory to the fevered heart of Hilton, who became more and more impatient with each check to his passion. Letters passed again and again, full of mutual expressions of love and devotion, but Caroline dwelt more and more upon the mystery in which her father's conduct was involved. and of her own inability to solve it, or resist its influence upon her fate. At last came a letter from Grubbins himself, in his well-known mercantile style, to this effect:

"SIE,-Your favor to Miss Caroline Grubbins was duly received on 16th instant, and is hereby returned, as inclosed. As my daughter is engaged to be married, you will please receive this as a due notification of the propriety of ceasing all further correspondence.

"Yours, etc., HOSEA GEUBRINS. "EDWARD HILTON, Esq."

"Engaged to be married! engaged to be married!" repeated Hilton, over and over again, as if he were striving to understand the words, and to awaken himself by the sound of his own voice from the insensibility with which the heavy and unexpected blow had momentarily paralyzed him. All hope was gone; his books, society, his own thoughts, his daily life, the familiar scenes of home, associated as they had been with his hopes of happiness, were now only bitter reminders of his misery. He determined to go abroad, and thus strive to stifle, with the noise and stir of travel, the old voices which so sadly echoed in his heart.

"Well, Grubbins, old fellow! how d'ye do, and how's Carry?" was the welcome shouted loudly by Captain Flukes, as Hosea Grubbins presented his respectable person at the Astor

had invited himself. Flukes did not somehow or other participate in the general reverence with which Grubbins's white cravat and uniform respectability of appearance were received. Whether it was from the frequent drinks of brandy-and-water with which the Captain's friends had been welcoming him on his arrival. or from a shrewd appreciation of character, or from exact knowledge of it, it may not be necessary to investigate; but it was quite clear that the Captain was treating Hosea Grubbins with the familiarity which bordered very closely on contempt. "How d'ye do, old fellow?" repeated the Captain, accompanying his polite inquiry each time with a blow upon Hosea Grubbins's shoulders, which fairly staggered that gentleman, and to which he only responded a faint "Thank you, pretty well." If Flukes had taken it into his head to give Grubbins a kick under the tails of his respectable black broadcloth coat, we believe that Grubbins would have been no less sparing of his expressions of gratitude. Grubbins was exceedingly deferential to the Captain, and his attitude in his presence was like that of a mouse under the paws of a terrier, very suspiciously timid—as if he thought he was entirely at the mercy of Flukes, and might be disposed of forever without a moment's notice. Grubbins now gently touched the Captain, intimating that he would be pleased to have a few words with him; and the two were soon walking, arm in arm, along the hall, and engaged in earnest conversation.

Flukes and Grubbins were not fairly aroused from their mysterious and deeply-absorbing conversation until the clang of the gong rushed from the stout arms of the white-aproned waiter, filling the hall, bursting into the parlors, diving down into the bar-room, ascending precipitately up stairs, and stirring by its welcome sound the multitude within the granite walls of the Astor. Black coats rush up stairs, black coats spring down, silks and satins rustle out of the parlors below, silks and satins hurry out of the bedrooms above, and for a moment there is a confused commotion in every part of the hotel among its crowded population of men, women, and children, who are finally gathered together in a flood of voracious guests that pours into the dining saloon.

The Captain was too conscious of his importance to lose any advantage of display by confounding his personal identity in the thick throng which crowded to their dinner. He accordingly restrained his eagerness for the satisfaction of his appetite, which was by no means remarkable for its reserve, and waiting until the miscellaneous feeders were seated, threw back his coat from his bulging chest, passed his hands through his shaggy locks, and giving a patronizing nod to Grubbins, strided in, followed meekly by that demure gentleman at his heels. We need not say that Flukes was conscious all over. from his diamond studs to his patent leather boots, of the fact that all eyes, in spite of the House, preparatory to the dinner to which he absorbing interest of the ornamentally printed



bills of fare before them, were attracted toward his imposing person. Captain Flukes now took his place in the seat always reserved for him at the head of one of the tables. On his right were placed Lady George Grumpy and her husband Sir George, two of his distinguished passengers, who had just arrived in the Bunkum, on their way to Canada, where Sir George was about to join his regiment. The Captain, who was so far from being remiss in his politeness, rather overdid it, particularly on the score of introductions, having preliminarily introduced' his friend "Mr. Grubbins, of New York, Lady Grumpy-Mr. Grubbins, of New York, Sir George Grumpy," directed him to take his seat on the left. The Captain had taken the earliest opportunity to whisper to Lady Grumpy at his side, with the air as if he were adding a trifling puff to his own inflated vanity-"One of the merchant princes of New York, worth his million." Her ladyship was not-easily aroused, but her interest was so far awakened that she actually put her glass to her eye and contemplated Grubbins with the least possible degree of consciousness of that respectable gentleman's presence. She, however, was instantly struck with the astonishing similarity of that "merchant prince" to a butler of her own at home, to which resemblance Grubbins's black suit, white cravat, bald head, and generally subdued aspect greatly added.

The Captain had ordered, with his usual expansiveness of hospitality, a bottle of Madeira-"the Flukes Madeira, remember, with the green seal," was the word; and, accordingly, the Flukes Madeira (so called in especial honor to the Captain) was brought, and ostentatiously dusted of its accumulated cobwebs by the obsequious waiter in the very eyes, and much to the disgust of Lady Grumpy, who mentally exclaimed, "The impudence of these Yankee servants!" she not knowing, apparently, that these slandered persons were generally from her own country. The Captain's wine once uncorked began to circulate freely, and Grubbins, under its exhilarating influence, ventured the remark to Sir George Grumpy, "Immense hotel this Astor House!" That gentleman managed, after some effort, to articulate through his tight military coat, his choking stock, and his overhanging mustache, "Eh?" Grubbins returned to the charge: "Immense hotel, Sir George!" "Ah, yes-s-s," was the somewhat improved result. "What do you think Astor is worth?" was the next question of the courageous Grubbins. "Can't say, 'pon my word!" was the brilliant success with which Grubbins was rewarded, and which so encouraged that gentleman that, with renewed boldness, he gave a full-mouthed response to his own query, by declaring, "Astor is worth twenty millions if he's worth a cent." Lady Grumpy lifted her eyes from a sweet potato which puzzled her immensely, and which, as she tasted its sweetness, she thought had strayed, through Yankee ignorance, from the dessert, and, looking at Grubbins, deigned to take in every word of his last remark, and mentally made a memo-

randum for future record in her journal. veracious history was afterward adorned with the elegant observation, "Astor, New York, hotel-keeper, estimated at four millions of pounds sterling!" Grubbins continued squeezing, with all the possible pressure of his native inquisitiveness, an occasional word out of the dry rind of Sir George, and supplying Lady Grumpy with the most authentic material for her veracious journal, which she proposed publishing on her return to England under the title of "The Diary of a Lady of Quality." Captain Flukes, on the other hand, was renewing his old intimacies with his numerous friends by keeping the Flukes Madeira in constant circulation from one end of the long room to the other. "That gentleman .there, in the red whiskers—that one just picking his teeth with a fork—no, no, the next one, who is helping himself to all the tomatoes," were the rapid orders to the confused waiter, which Flukes was issuing with such volubility and effort that all the Madeira seemed to be rising in a full current to his face, and turning its natural red into a deep purple. The Astor House dinner was disposed of, in spite of its almost endless courses, and its numberless appeals to a lingering taste, with the usual rapidity with which our countrymen gobble up their daily food. Captain Flukes and Grubbins, however, in compliment to their friends Sir George and Lady Grumpy, prolonged their sitting until the crowd had dispersed, but did not find their patience equal to stopping until their distinguished English friends had gone slowly and systematically through the whole range of the bill of fare. Leaving Sir George and Lady Grumpy lingering about the novel delights of a canvas-back duck, Captain Flukes and his friend Grubbins arose and took their leave, not before, however, the latter gentleman had shaken hands with his noble acquaintances, and invited them to "Grubbins and Co., - Pearl Street, where," he added, "we'll be happy to see you." The two friends, highly flushed with their copious draughts of the Flukes Madeira, now adjourned to the bar, and having lighted their cigars, retired to the Captain's room, where some mysterious parcels of which Flukes had relieved his person on his arrival were made over to the guardianship of Grubbins. A carriage was now ordered, and the two stepped out of the lofty portals of the Astor House, and ordering the driver to various resorts of the great city, the theatres, saloons, and other equally refined delights, for which Flukes's salt diet and severe restrictions at sea had given him an inordinate longing, they drove off, intending to bring up at the Grubbins mansion, to close the night with some important business in the privacy of that luxurious establishment.

V.

It was just at that brief interval of twilight, when it is too soon to light the gas, and yet too late to read without it, and the splendor of the lofty brown-stone mansion of the Grubbins was momentarily enshrouded in gloom, that Mrs.



Grubbins was dozing in luxurious comfort, with her capacious person snugly reclining in the soft depths of the purple-velveted easy chair, which had been drawn close over the rug near to the grate. The coal fire threw out an occasional jet of light that flashed brilliantly for a moment across the waving surface of Mrs. Grubbins's moire antique dress, revealing all its glistening splendors, and reflected itself in the polished surface of the rosewood furniture and the rich hangings of the window, where Caroline stood. For a moment there was a flush upon her face, which seemed to warm and brighten it into its former glow of healthful life and happiness. Soon, however, the fire waned again, and the room was darkened by the thick, misty atmosphere of approaching night, in which the splendor of Mrs. Grubbins's skirts was lost, and the heaped-up magnificence of that lady was no more than a dull cloud settling more and more earthward, and hardly distinguishable from the obscured furniture and other costly appurtenances of the apartment.

Caroline continued to stand almost motionless at the window. Her person, though naturally tall and well-rounded, looked, in the outline of her dress-which, from its lighter color, contrasting with the deep purple of the rich cloth curtains, was clearly defined even in the gathering darkness-from its fullness of development in accordance with the prevailing fashion, more matronly than virgin-like. But from the amplitude of the drapery rose a head and neck of great loveliness and vestal purity. In the gray twilight her face looked more pale than usual, and with its calm but expectant expression, and the studied stillness of her whole figure, she might have passed for a marble statue of "Sabrina fair," listening to an invocation of some gentle maid in hard-besetting need. None, however, had more reason to invoke such aid than Caroline herself.

Hearing that Hilton was bent upon leaving the country, Caroline had taken the occasion of the arrival of Captain Flukes, and the certainty of her father remaining until late at night with him, to write to Hilton and request a secret interview. She had appointed an early hour in the evening, saying that she would watch his coming from the window of the dining-room. This fronted on the avenue, and as the house was a basement one, it was easy to observe the approach of any person from the street. As Caroline moved with an occasional nervous start, and rustled her dress at the sight of some chance passer-by, whom she supposed for a moment might be Hilton, her mother would half rouse herself from her sleep, and a slumbering mutter would issue from the dark cloud near the fire, which seemed indistinctly to have the muffled sound of Car-o-line. Caroline became more cautious, but continued to look eagerly into the darkening street. As the March day was closing, cold and blustering, it was difficult to distinguish the various persons who, huddled up in their coats and cloaks, passed to the happy man?"

and fro, and the anxious expectation of the poor girl, who often asked herself, "Will he come?" was doomed to frequent disappointment. last a tall figure crossed from the opposite side, approached the iron gate, and sprang up the step with a confidence that showed him familiar with the house. "It is he!" mentally exclaimed Caroline, as she moved with a trembling heart, and with a constrained silence out of the room, and in a moment was at the door, which she opened on the instant. Grasping Hilton's hand, she tremblingly said, "Thank you, it is more than I deserve." Caroline now quietly conducted Hilton, while impressing upon him the greatest caution and silence, to the library, which was upon the same floor, but in the rear of the dining-room, where Mrs. Grubbins still continued her comfortable slumber. When Caroline lighted the gas, and the jet of light flashed suddenly into her face, it revealed is with such a deathly paleness of aspect, that it might have seemed that the bronze warrior which adorned the chandelier above the library table had suddenly plunged his sword into her heart. Hilton was startled with the look; so changed from the youthful freshness and warmth of that face but a few months ago. Was she ill? asked Hilton. No! no! she was only a little fatigued, she said.

The library was the sanctum of Grubbins, where that gentleman smoked his cigar, or indulged in his afternoon snooze. No one was allowed to enter it but Caroline, who alone appreciated the books, which, guided by her cultivated taste, she had taken care to select of the choicest kind. To a literary eye, however, the incongruity of a miscellaneous collection of Congressional documents, railroad reports, bank statements and directories, crowded upon the shelves with the immortal works of the poets and master spirits of literature, was at once apparent. For the statistical department Grubbins himself, however, was responsible, who, as a large capitalist, took great interest in such works, and of course read nothing else, with the exception of the daily papers. There were all the elegant luxuries besides, in the shape of morocco-lined lounges, and Voltaire chairs, such as the most ease-loving literary Sybarite could have desired. Among the pictures on the wall hung conspicuously a painting of the packetship Bunkum, Captain Flukes, within sight of icebergs, in a "squall."

There was a painful silence of some few moments, when Hilton and Caroline regarded each other with a mutually tender but timid and anxious air, as if conscious they had no longer a right to indulge in that free interchange of sympathy which had once been their happy lot, and as if compelled to restrain the natural movements of their loving hearts. Hilton first broke this reserve by saying, with a hardly suppressed bitterness,

"Miss Caroline, I have forgotten to congratulate you upon your engagement; pray who is the happy man?"



"I—I do not deserve this from you, Edward!" tremblingly answered the poor girl, as the tears filled her eyes, and trickled down her pale cheeks. Hilton was moved to the heart with all the strength of his former affection, and repenting of his cruel irony, would have kissed away the tearful record, and every remembrance of his bitter wound, and momentarily forgetful of the change in his relation to one he so deeply loved, approached, and would have pressed the trembling girl to his heart. She, however, with the quick appreciation of propriety, so ever alert in a woman of virtue and refinement, shrank back, and waving him off with her hand, said, with wonderful firmness,

"Mr. Hilton, you forget." Caroline seemed now to have recovered all her presence of mind, although what the French so beautifully term les larmes dans la voix-the tears in the voice—gave a deep pathos to her words, and showed that the emotion of her heart was with difficulty kept from bubbling up from beneath her affected firmness. She commenced by telling Hilton that she had asked for this night's interview, in order that Hilton, who was about leaving the country, might hear from her own lips her justification, and bear with him a remembrance of her which she hoped would be free from reproach. She then spoke of the mysterious ties which bound her father at the feet of Captain Flukes. How he had proposed that gentleman as a suitor for her hand; how, when she refused, her father had begged, prayed, and finally threatened her in vain, until at last, when he told her, so solemnly, that his wealth, his position, his character, nay, his very personal freedom, depended upon her consent, she so far yielded as to agree to abandon her hopes of happiness as the wife of Hilton, to whom she had betrothed herself. Her father had spoken freely, she said, every where of her engagement, and had written to that effect, as he told her, to Hilton himself; but she declared that she had never yet given her consent to become the wife of Captain Flukes, although that gentleman acted as if he were already entitled to her hand. She had begged, she continued, for delay, and this had been extorted unwillingly from her father. She ended her sad revelation with these words of despair: "Pity, oh, pity me, Mr. Hilton, for I see no relief but in death!" Her head fell, and, with her hands pressed convulsively to her face, she wept bitterly. Hilton was in an agony of sympathetic suffering, but did not utter a word, shocked and almost heart-broken as he was by the revelation he had just listened to, and conscious that words could bring no relief to such hopeless misery. His own interposition was in vain: Caroline was resolute in her sacrifice as regarded her union with Hilton; and, although she had not dared yet to face the final prospect of her cruel doom, which fated her to become the wife of one whom she could not love, she yet saw no hope of escape, and her wretchedness was that of despair.

Hilton and Caroline, however, gradually re-

covered their composure, and, as their future was dark and threatening, naturally turned their thoughts to the past, and called up to their memories the bright pictures of their early hopes and happiness. They were lingering in fond communion about these paths of pleasantness and peace, which their memory had conjured up, almost forgetful of the abyss at their feet, when they were suddenly aroused to a consciousness of their position.

"It's my father and Captain Flukes!" exclaimed Caroline, as a sound of the quick shutting of the front door and approaching steps were heard in the hall. "There—there!" quickly repeated Caroline, as she pointed to the entrance, which opened into a room adjoining, and had hardly closed the door when Grubbins entered the library, followed by Captain Flukes, who saw nothing in the agitation of Caroline—whom he saluted with a loud "How d'y'do, Carry?"—than what he supposed was the natural effect of his imposing appearance."

VI.

Hilton found himself in the midst of darkness, to which for a moment there seemed no limit, as he turned his back to the door which had just closed upon him. As he cautiously, however, felt his way, with unsteady step and timidly groping arm, forward for some distance, his eye caught the least glimmer of yellow light, which seemed to be straining itself with difficulty through a crevice directly in front of him, as if striving to reach him and aid his sight bewildered by the surrounding darkness. He silently moved on, with his eye upon the light, his feet sliding in slow advances one after the other, and his hands stretched out and moving circularly, as if he were swimming timidly. His fingers at last touched a cold surface, which, as they moved over the polished wood, and passed irregularly from panel to panel, he knew to be a door. He felt and felt, until his hand reached the knob, which he grasped and would have turned, when a rustle, and an exclamation, as of one suddenly aroused within, made him pause. He dropped his hand from the door, and drawing himself back, determined to change his tactics and seek for some other means of exit. He now began to reflect upon the awkward position in which he was placed. If he had been guided by his own manly instincts, he would never have hidden himself from the observation of Grubbins and Captain Flukes, but would have boldly faced them as they entered; he had, however, allowed himself unconsciously to be guided by the nervous fears of the agitated Caroline. Now that he had made the false step of concealment, he had a double motive for trying to escape from the house without the notice of its inmates, not only to avoid compromising the daughter in the eyes of her family, but to save himself from being exposed in the humiliating position in which he was, skulking like a thief in another man's house. He would make another effort to get out unnoticed, and if it failed, as a last resort he would boldly burst upon Grubbins and Flukes, and trust



to the best explanation the occasion might sug- for a moment to compose himself in preparation gest to save Caroline's dignity and his own self-

Guided by the least glimmerings of light which escaped from the illuminated apartments, which bounded at either end the room in which Hilton was inclosed, he, in spite of the deep darkness in which he was enveloped, and which was not diminished but only defined in one direction, by the faint rays of the gas which just struggled through the opposite doors, could form some idea of the prison in which he had allowed himself to be so absurdly immured. He thought, and rightly, that he was in a sort of butler's pantry, which opinion was confirmed by his groping hand suddenly plumping into a basket of household silver, the clatter of which startled himself; and as he listened lest he might have aroused the people in the house, the thought suggested itself to him, and at the same moment its ludicrousness, at which he could hardly restrain himself from a hearty burst of laughter, that his concealment and near propinquity to Mr. Grubbins's valuables, if discovered, might justify that gentleman in a prosecution of him for burglary. Mr. Grubbins, however, was too much absorbed in his mysterious business with Captain Flukes in one room, and Mrs. Grubbins too deeply smothered in her heap of skirts and her comfortable repose in the arm-chair in the other, for either of them to be roused into any anxiety about their personal safety or the security of their basket of silver. Hilton, starting with the proposition that he was in the butler's pantry, inferred that there must be passages leading from it to the kitchen below and to the dining-room above. The idea of taking the passage to the kitchen he rejected at once, as John, the footman, and Patrick, the coachman, who were holding a levee there, in company with the Bridgets and Mollys of the establishment, would raise such a hue and cry on discovering a stranger making free with their master's house, that if he escaped with his bones unbroken he could not possibly get off without such a scene as a fastidious gentleman like himself would by all means wish to avoid,

Hilton now strove to find the staircase leading above, and commenced groping about and swimming again in the darkness. He had hardly moved, when he found his hand touching a balustrade, and with a cautious, hesitating step his foot reached the stairs. He then mounted the stairs with more confidence, but still with a constrained silence, and, after a short ascent, found a door at the top, where he soon touched the handle, and with the bold assurance that he had now discovered a means of escape, gave it a confident turn and pressed forward, but great was his surprise and disappointment to find himself resisted. The door was locked.

Hilton now retraced his steps, fully determined to face old Grubbins and Flukes in the back room. He had groped his way to the door, guided by the faint rays of light which

for an audience which he was quite conscious would not only be unexpected and unwelcome to the dignified gentlemen within, but very embarrassing to himself, he heard a word in the loud voice of Captain Flukes which startled him and made him pause. He listened and listened. as the conversation within warmed, and Grubbins and Flukes became more and more confidential, with such an absorbing interest, that he never thought for a moment of an action which, under any other circumstances, he would have been the first to condemn. But the revelation he heard was so startling, so important to himself and her he loved, and involved so deeply his future destiny, that he still listened and drank in with an eager thirst of curiosity every word that was uttered. Conflicting emotions struggled within his heart, but as he mentally exclaimed, with a hopeful confidence, "Caroline shall be mine!" it may be presumed that joy was the stronger feeling of the moment.

A light suddenly filling the room, Hilton turned round and saw Caroline before him with a candle, which seemed ready to fall from her trembling hand. He was in a moment at her side, and with such a jaunty air in his step, and such pleasurable emotions glistening in his face, that she would have been painfully struck with the contrast between her sadness and his illtimed gayety, had it not been that her surprise in seeing him at all overcame all other emotions.

Hilton at once explained how he had found himself imprisoned by finding the door locked above, and she, after reproaching herself for not having thought of such a possible occurrence, told him how, by the merest accident of her mother having early retired to bed, and requested her to take the basket of silver with her up stairs (where, in accordance with the usual safe custom of prudent families, it was the practice of the Grubbins to deposit it for the night), she had chanced to come to his rescue. He, however, was too excited to attend coolly to any explanations, and as Caroline conducted him silently through the front parlor out into the hall and to the front door, he said, as he bid her good-night with the gayest possible spirit, and much to her wonderment, "Be of good cheer-to-morrow."

VII.

Hilton was conscious that, from the disclosures to which he had been an unwilling listener, he held the fate of Captain Flukes and Grubbins in his power. He now determined to use it mercifully, but advantageously to the consummation of his own happiness and that of her whom he so fondly loved. He was a man fertile in expedients and quick in execution; so no sooner had he concentrated his mind upon the subject which absorbed it, than the most effective plan of conduct presented itself, and he at once pursued it. Though late at night when he entered his rooms on his return from the Grubbins mansion, he sat down at once and percolated through its crevices, and stopping wrote a letter to Captain Flukes, in which he



informed that gentleman—but as an anonymous | mous pen-wiper; and the wrinkles, which seemcorrespondent-that his proceedings were entirely known, and that the Captain might have evidence of the fact as convincing as that of his own conscience, Hilton so specified circumstances and minute details that not a doubt could be possibly left in Flukes's mind that his schemes were clearly exposed to the writer. He then urged the Captain, as a friend, to escape; and vividly represented to him the danger of exposure, and all its fatal consequences, unless he fled at once from New York, and reminded him that the steamer was to leave for Liverpool at noon on the coming day.

Hilton could not sleep that night until he had delivered the letter, from the happy effects of which he had so much hope, and accordingly dispatched it at once to the Astor House. He had the satisfaction, on recognizing Captain Flukes next day on board the steamer, where he had gone to watch the effect of his plan, to find that it had met with the desired success. Flukes, in spite of his artful attempt to disguise his full-blown magnificence in the faded envelope of a shabby suit and slouched hat, and by the lopping off of his redundant mutton-cutlet whiskers, was detected at once by the keen eye of Hilton, who, after waiting until the steamer was fairly started on her voyage, directed his steps to the store of Grubbins and Co., in Pearl Street, with the view of trying the design he had in view upon the respectable senior member of that flourishing firm.

Hilton was so absorbed in his purpose, that he rushed through the crowded streets as if he were escaping from pursuit with a policeman at his heels, or running after the prospect of a speculation in Wall Street. He pushed on, in and out of the intricate mazes of carriages, carts, hacks, gallant policemen escorting unprotected females, down among boxes, busy brokers, and bustling dry-goods men, until he reached the new marble store of Grubbins and

Rapid though Hilton was in his movements, the long store, as he entered, seemed to stretch out before his impatient eye as an endless prospect. He hurried through the long ranges of boxes, with their wealth of rich silks and laces exposed with studied carelessness by the knowing young gentlemen in flashy waistcoats and showy jewelry, which, if paid for, must have cost the larger part of their salaries, who were putting on their best faces and practicing their art upon crowds of customers, until he reached the inclosure, within the rails, where Grubbins was hemmed in like a wild animal. He felt, by the time he had reached that gentleman's sanctum, as if, in his haste, he had been shot through an almost endless rope-walk, so long, straight, and uniform appeared the store of Grubbins and Co. Grubbins, of Grubbins and Co., of Pearl Street, was quite another man from Hosea Grubbins, Esq., of Fifth Avenue. He looked now, in his blotted coat spotted with

ed confined to his eyes when before company at home, had, with an unchecked current, spread all over his yellow face, as he bent it in eager attention to the ledger before him. The entrance of Hilton did not disturb him in the least, and after repeated summons, the only answer to the frequent calls. "Mr. Grubbins! Mr. Grubbins!" was the unsatisfactory-"Busy, busy just now -must call again;" while Grubbins did not even turn around from his absorbing occupation as he spoke.

Hilton, however, was not to be put off so easy, so he returned to the attack with the very emphatic declaration, "Mr. Grubbins, I must communicate with you at once, as my business is of the greatest importance."

Grubbins now turned round, and discovering for the first time who was his visitor, deliberately threw off the pen-wiper, and putting on his respectable broad-cloth, which hung above his desk, smoothing out the wrinkles from his face with the usual wipe of his hand, and fixing his jaw into a dignified rigidity, presented himself suddenly metamorphosed into the respectable Hosea Grubbins, Esq., of Fifth Avenue, and opened his ears to listen to Hilton's communication. "I have come," said that gentleman, "to make a last appeal for your daughter's hand."

"Sir, I have the satisfaction of informing you that she is engaged to Captain Flukes, was the quick reply of Grubbins, accompanied with an air of triumph in his sharp eyes, as if he had vanquished at one blow all the glories of the aspiring Hilton, who at once responded,

"I, Sir, have the satisfaction of informing you that Captain Flukes has escaped."

" Escaped? Sir, what do you mean?" and the jaw fell, and the wrinkles gathered all over Grubbins's face as he spoke.

"I mean, Sir, that Captain Flukes has fled from justice, for fear of prosecution for smuggling, in which it is known that he and his confederates-"

Hilton had not finished his sentence when he paused as his eye intensely watched the effect of his words on the face of Grubbins, who suddenly became as pale as his white cravat, and with broken voice stammered out,

"Do-do-you mean, Sir, to charge-?" and, collecting himself a little, ended his sentence with—"it is impossible; I saw Flukes last night."

Hilton now resumed, saying with emphatic resoluteness, as he still sternly eyed the old man, who, in consciousness of guilt, was so committing himself by his fright that he was his own severest witness against himself, "I mean merely to state, as a fact, that Captain Flukes has escaped from justice for fear of being prosecuted for smuggling, and that his confederates are known—but to me only. I again make to you, Mr. Grubbins, my last appeal for your daughter's hand." Hilton now hastily took his ink, as if he had enveloped himself in an enor- leave of the frightened Grubbins, saying, as he



from him in a few days.

It is needless to say that the last appeal proved successful, and Hilton was received as the accepted suitor of Caroline Grubbins.

Mr. Grubbins, although he never dared look in the eye of his son-in-law, and always seemed very heartily ashamed of himself in his presence, evidently was very happy at being relieved of Captain Flukes, to whom he had sold himself, body and soul, for illicit gain, and would have sold his daughter. Mrs. Grubbins, too, was very well satisfied at the result, as her gentility had been somewhat alarmed at the prospect of her daughter becoming the wife of a merchant captain. Flukes himself—on the clipper Bunkum following him to Liverpool—took her out of the packet line, and transferred her to the congenial trade of smuggling opium between Bombay and Hong Kong. Months after, news reached New York of the Bunkum and all on board having gone down in one of those typhoons so frequent in the Chinese seas.

When certain crates and hampers, marked "Irish potatoes," were found hid among the coal, on discharging the Bunkum before her preparation for a voyage to Liverpool, they were sent to the public store, where they awaited a claimant for many months. Finally, one of the Custom-house laborers finding potatoes excessively high, and rather too costly for his private purse, bethought himself of economically supplying his family with some at the public expense. On putting his hands into the hampers he pulled out some rich laces instead of the expected potatoes. When a paragraph appeared subsequently in the papers, stating the fact of this discovery, Grubbins might have been observed to grow exceedingly pale and agitated on reading it. But as he never claimed the property when advertised for those it might concern, it may be reasonably supposed he had no title to it. His losses that year, however, very greatly overbalanced his profits, and Grubbins was deeply wounded in his most sensitive part—his pocket.

THE WITS OF THE PULPIT: BEING PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF NEW EN-GLAND PREACHERS.

IF any body of men on earth have been belied by the tongue of common fame, the ministers of New England have been. Not their religion; not their learning, zeal, and works; but they have been held to be a sour, morose, ungenial, unbending, Puritanical race. Half the world believe that a Yankee minister never laughs, and thinks it sin in any body else to laugh. A greater mistake it would be hard to make or find. We know many of them; we have known of more; and we are here to testify that they have souls as keenly sensitive to the joys as to the sorrows of the world they live in; and, take them as a class, they are as genial, gentle, unselfish, and full of what, for the

went away, that he would expect an answer as the mea of any other profession, and the clergy of any other land. There are some of the old sort left. They are yet the types of the New England clergy, and give the name and character to the race. They sit for the portraits that poets and historians draw, and transmit the likenesses of the fathers from sire to son for successive generations.

Just now we have been looking at a gallery of these divines of Down East. Some four or five hundred of them are done in pen and ink, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, and we have spent a few hours "in their midst" right pleasantly. Indeed we do not wish to have better company than these godly men have given us, and we are tempted to set some of the good things they have said to us in a dish before others who have not been invited to the same entertainment.

The Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, gives to Dr. Sprague some reminiscences of the Rev. Calvin Chapin, D.D., of Rocky Hill, a parish in Connecticut. And when he has spoken of his talents, learning, piety, and usefulness, and has ventured to affirm that some of his productions "would have scarcely dishonored a Butler or an Edwards," Dr. Hawes adds:

"But I should give you at best a very unfinished portrait of this venerable man, if I were to omit all reference to what was certainly one of his most striking peculiarities—his exuberant and boundless wit. This gave a complexion to a large part of his conversation-I may say, in some degree, to his whole character. It seemed as natural to him as his breath; and even if you had regarded it as an evil, you would have seen at once that it was incurable. It often found vent, I am persuaded, when he was himself unconscious of it, or when a moment's reflection would certainly have repressed it. For instance, in the note which he addressed to me, requesting me to preach his funeral sermon, there was a playful expression which the most imperturbable gravity could hardly have resisted. I might detail many anecdotes in respect to him-many of his pithy and pungent sayings—but their offect was so dependent on his peculiar manner, that they would convey a very inadequate idea of the power in this respect which he actually possessed. I will not dissemble my conviction that this strong original propensity, which settled into a habit, though it may have been an advantage to him in some respects, was not on the whole favorable to his influence as a minister."

This passage is suggestive, and deserves to be read as a key-note to the popular sentiment on the character of the clergy. Doubtless gravity becometh them, as it becometh all earnest men. But that exuberant wit is inconsistent with gravity, or that a lively temperament is an evil, we do most strenuously deny. There are diversities of gifts, but one Spirit. And it is the will and the wisdom of Providence that the severity of one should be tempered by the genial want of a better name, we may call bonhomie, influence of another; so that there may be in



the ministry, as in society at large, such a mixture as shall afford the greatest good to the greatest number, and enable the clergy to become, in the best sense-like the great model of ministers, the Apostle Paul-"all things to all men," that they may save some. Dr. Hawes thinks that Dr. Chapin's propensity to fun was not favorable to his influence as a minister. Yet Dr. Sprague tells us that he was settled over his parish in 1794, and when, in 1847-after a ministry of fifty-three years in one place—he desired his people to call a successor, it took them three years to find a man whom they were willing to choose, and then they settled him as a colleague with the irresistibly-humorous old man, whose jokes and sermons they had heard, parents and children, for fifty-six years! It would be hard to find a match to that for "influence," reaching through more than half a century, and increasing to the end. His wisdom must have equaled his wit, or he would have lost caste and his pulpit many a long year ago. And lest the thought should linger in any one's mind that Dr. Chapin was not a man of tender feeling, and power to give it utterance, let Dr. Hawes be heard again:

"His thoughts, even when they were somewhat disjointed, seemed often like so many separate pearls. After the death of his wife, he wrote concerning her: 'My domestic enjoyments have been perhaps as near perfection as the human condition permits. She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth; and now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect.' This beautiful tribute represents faithfully, so far as it goes, both his mind and his heart."

And we do not know where in the language is to be found a more exquisite picture of conjugal bliss.

The Moodys of New England have been famous for some generations for their eccentricities, no less than for their zeal and ability as preachers. Samuel Moody, the first of whom we have any account, was born in 1676, a hundred years before the Declaration of American Independence. He was a very eminent and successful minister, great revivals of religion following his labors. He was a great friend to Whitfield, and when that "seraphic man" came to this country, it was the privilege of Mr. Moody to welcome him to York, which he did in these words:

"Sir, you are welcome, first, to America; secondly, to New England; thirdly, to all faithful ministers in New England; fourthly, to all the good people of New England; fifthly, to all the good people of York; and sixthly and lastly, to me, dear Sir, less than the least of all."

In 1745, only two years before his death, and when he had reached the age of seventy, he went as chaplain to the American army, on the celebrated Cape Breton expedition. He engaged in this enterprise at the instance of Sir William Pepperell; and one principal motive that is said to have influenced him, was the confident conviction that Louisburg would be taken, and that he should have the pleasure of demol-

ishing the objects of Papal worship. Some of his friends attempted to discourage him from his purpose; but his reply was, that there never was a bullet made to hurt him.

Mr. Moody's death occurred on the 18th of November, 1747. He suffered great bodily distress in his last hours; and his son Joseph sat behind him on the bed, supporting the dying father in his arms. When the breath had ceased, and it began to be remarked that he was gone, his son exclaimed, with a loud voice, "And Joseph shall put his hands upon thine eyes." He then actually performed the office of closing his eyes, and laid him back lifeless on the bed.

This son Joseph, a preacher also, born in 1700, partook of the same odd traits that marked his father, and a little more so. We are getting ahead of the history for the sake of bringing the two on the carpet at once. Joseph fell into a melancholy, and was seized with a strange conceit to wear a handkerchief over his face, that it might never be seen. From this practice, ridiculous indeed, he got the appellation of "Handkerchief Moody." When his father left his people to serve as chaplain, he was so far recovered from his mental depression, that he supplied his father's pulpit; though he did it in a way peculiarly his own. He would turn his back to the people; turn up his handkerchief, and read a printed sermon; but when he prayed, he would turn down his handkerchief and face the congregation.

Handkerchief Moody had a very different temperament from his father, being naturally mild and amiable. He spent the latter part of his life in the family of a Deacon Bragdon, who was constitutionally very hasty in his temper. One morning he had some difficulty with one of his neighbors about some cattle that had broken through the fence. He made out to keep his temper tolerably well while conversing with his neighbor; but afterward, while thinking the matter over, old Adam got such an ascendancy that, by the time he reached the house, he called out in a hasty and indignant tone to Mr. Moody, to pray for his neighbor, for he had got terribly out of the way. Mr. Moody, perceiving the excited state of the Deacon, mildly inquired if he did not need prayers as well as his neighbor, and whether he might not possibly have some share in the blame.

"No, no, no!" replied the Deacon, "if I thought I was to blame I would take my horse and ride fifty miles on end."

"Ah," said Mr. Moody, "I believe, Deacon, it would take a pretty good horse to outride the devil."

Handkerchief Moody finally got possessed of the idea that if he preached again he should pay for it by the loss of his life; and so he did, or, at least, he died very soon after yielding to the persuasion of his friends to go into the pulpit again. But of his father there is no end to the stories that are told.

It was the elder Moody who at one time saw



a number of his hearers asleep in the midst of | and brought it home; and by that means I obpreaching. He stopped in his sermon, and cried out at the top of his voice,

"Fire! fire! fire!"

One man, waking out of a sound sleep, asked, in the utmost consternation, "Where?"

"In hell, for sleepy sinners," answered the preacher.

One morning, late in the fall, after snow had begun to come, he rose early before his wife, and while he was making a fire in his kitchen, there came in a poor woman, and asked if Madam Moody had not an old pair of shoes that were better than hers, that would keep her feet from the snow and cold ground. Mr. Moody took his wife's shoes and gave her, and she went off high-By-and-by, when Mrs. Moody ly delighted. arose and could find nothing of her shoes, Mr. Moody, hearing her inquire for them, said,

"I gave them away to such a poor woman this morning."

"Why, Mr. Moody, how could you do so, when you knew they were all the shoes I had in the world?"

"Never mind, the Lord will send in another pair before night, I don't doubt."

And the prediction was verified; in the course of the day a new pair of shoes was actually sent

A couple of strangers called on Father Moody one day early in the forenoon. Their horses were put out, and he took them into the sittingroom and engaged in conversation with them. His wife opened a door, from another room, and beckoned to him to come to her. He went, and she said to him in a low tone,

"Dear Mr. Moody, what shall we do? We have nothing to set before these men for dinner.'

"Never mind—set the table, and I do not doubt that the Lord will send us something by dinner-time."

One of his church members, who lived in sight, and saw the men call at the parsonage, said to her daughters,

"There are a couple of strangers gone to Mr. Moody's, and I guess it is pretty short times with them: let us prepare a dinner and send it in."

They did so, and thus the set table was furnished in season.

When Cape Breton was taken the first time, Father Moody served as chaplain. After the capture was effected, the officers of the navy and land forces dined together. Some of Mr. Moody's friends, who knew his partiality for long services, were apprehensive that he would be so long asking a blessing that the food would get cold before they could commence eating it. When dinner was ready, General Pepperell spoke to Mr. Moody, and he came to the table, lifting up both hands and saying,

"O Lord, we have so much to bless thee for, we must refer it to eternity, for time is too short: so bless our food and fellowship for Christ's sake."

His friends were so agreeably disappointed that they took down his long blessing in writing,

tained it.

One time Father Moody was some distance from home, and called on a brother in the ministry, thinking to pass the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The brother appeared glad to see him, and said,

"I should be very glad to have you preach for me to-morrow, but I am almost ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Our people are in such a habit of leaving before the meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I must and will stop to preach for you."

When Sabbath-day came, and he had named his text, he looked round and said,

"My friends, I am going to preach to two sorts of folks to-day, saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention."

He then went on and preached to them as long as he thought proper, and then paused and said,

"There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please."

Of course, no one availed himself of the permission.

Among Mr. Moody's stated hearers there was a young man who took special pains, when he had a new pair of shoes to creak, or a new garment to show, to come into meeting after the service had commenced. After having annoyed Mr. Moody in this manner for some time, he came in, as he usually did, one morning during the prayer, and had to walk a considerable distance in the house before he reached his seat. The moment he stopped in his scat, Mr. Moody, with an elevated tone of voice, exclaimed,

"O Lord, we pray thee, cure Ned Ingraham of that ungodly strut!"

Lemuel Haynes was a minister of color, and the most eminent negro preacher ever known in this country. He was, however, only half-negro, but that half was the best part of him: his mother was a white woman, and abandoned her child in its infancy. So the boy had an inheritance of shame, of color, of poverty, of neglect; but through all, and in spite of all, he lived and grew to be a man of mark, the pastor of large and intelligent churches of white people, universally respected for his talents, piety, and usefulness, and admired for his keen and everready wit, which he used like a spear ir the side of the foes of truth. It was a dangerous experiment to trifle with him. Two fast young men tried it once to their cost. They met him in the street, and one of them said,

"Father Haynes, have you heard the good

"No," said he, "what is it?"

"It is great news; and if it is true, your oocupation's gone!"

"Ah, what can it be?"



" Oh, the devil's dead!"

In a moment the good old man lifted up both his hands, and placing them on the heads of the young men, in a tone of solemnity and scorn, replied.

"Poor, fatherless children, what will become of you?"

With such weapons the colored parson was always ready to

> Teach the wanton wit That while he bites, he may be bit."

As Mr. Havnes was traveling in Vermont, he fell in company with a person who soon discovered himself to be an unprincipled scoffer at religion. In the course of conversation he demanded of Mr. Haynes what evidence he had for believing the Divine origin of the Bible.

"Why, Sir," answered Mr. H., "the Bible, which was written much more than a thousand years ago, informs me that I should meet just such a person as yourself."

"The Bible says, 2 Peter, iii. 3, 'In the last days scoffers shall come, walking after their own lusts."

A physician in a contiguous town, of rather libertine principles, arrived in West Rutland with a retinue of his friends, as he was about to remove to a distant part of the country; and Mr. Haynes, seeing the Doctor drive up, and call at the public-house, immediately went thither to take a friendly leave of him and his family. After exchanging salutations, Mr. H. said to

"Why, Doctor, I was not aware that you expected to leave this part of the country so soon; I am owing you a small debt which ought to have been canceled before. I have not the money, but will go and borrow it immediately."

The Doctor replied that he must have all his affairs settled, as he expected never to return to this part of the country again. Mr. H., as he went out to borrow the money, was called back by the Doctor, who had previously made out a receipt in full, which he gave to him, say-

"Here, Mr. Haynes, is a discharge of your account. You have been a faithful servant for a long time, and received but small support. I give you the debt."

Mr. Haynes thanked him very cordially, expressed a willingness to pay, when the Doctor added,

"But you must pray for me, and make a good man of me."

Mr. H. quickly replied,

"Why, Doctor, I think it would be easier to pay the debt."

We have some very pleasant reminiscences of John Hancock—not the illustrious signer of the Declaration, but the Rev. John Hancock, pastor of the church in Lexington, Massachusetts, where the war broke out some twenty years after he was dead. The Rev. Theodore Parker was brought up in the parish where Mr. Han- | deacons undertook it, after the following fashion:

cock had spent his days, and tradition having preserved some curious incidents in his life, Mr. Parker has recorded them. One fact, thus attested, shows the moral power a good man has over his people, even in matters that do not properly belong to his office. It often happens in rural parishes, especially in newly-settled countries, that disputes arise among neighboring farmers as to the boundary lines of their estates. On such occasions law-suits, bitter, protracted, and destructive, sometimes arise, and not seldom they are handed down from father to son. It was a practice of Mr. Hancock to settle such disputes when he could, and in a very summary way. Going to the house of one of the contending parties, he says to him,

"Joseph, I hear you quarrel with your neighbor Reed.'

"Why," says Joseph, "we haven't raaly got our horns together.

"Ah, but I hear you are disputing about your "But how can you show that?" returned the lands. Now take your deed and plan, and come over to Reed's with me."

> They go together to Reed's house, and there the minister begins:

> "Well, Reuben, I've brought Joseph along with me to settle the quarrel between you. Get your deed and your plan,"

> Then he compared the two, heard the rival claims, went to the spot attended by some of the other neighbors, walked back and forth looking at the premises till he had made up his mind as to what was right, or about right, and then he would say,

"Take your axes and cut some stakes."

They were speedily cut. "Drive this stake down here, and pile some stones around it." It was done. "Now drive a stake down there, and pile some stones around that." It was done as he said. Then he would pronounce his decision:

"Now Reuben and Joseph, your line runs there, and there let it run forever! That is your land, Joseph; and that is your land, Reuben, and let us have no more quarreling about this matter.'

There was no appeal from this court. Substantial justice was done, litigation avoided, and good feeling restored.

Such a man was not likely to allow any interference with his ministerial rights and duties. Two of his deacons, who were willing to be promoted into a higher office and thus get a little more power, undertook to manage him, but found they were reckoning without their host. It was in the latter part of his ministry, while he was quite aged, but still hale and vigorous, and not a little disposed to use his authority, the two deacons, and perhaps others in the church, thought it was necessary to put some check upon the good old man. So, on a set time, the deacons went to his house to propose that they should have ruling elders in the church. It was thought to be a difficult matter to propose the business to so lofty a man, so the ablest of the



"We think, Sir," said he, "that, on account, of your great age, you ought to have some assistance from the church in your numerous assiduous labors."

"Ah," says Mr. Hancock, who knew what was coming, "I know I am old, and I suppose I am feeble too; I thank the church for their kindness. But how do they propose to help me?"

"Oh," said the deacons, "they thought they would appoint two ruling elders to divide the care of the church with you. But they did not wish to do so without your consent."

"Well, I should like it," said he; "perhaps they would choose you to the office." The deacons concurred in that opinion. "They couldn't do better; you might be of great help to me. But what do you think is the business of ruling elders?" saith he.

"Oh," said the aspirants to the office, thinking the difficulty all over, "we will leave that to you-you are a learned man, and have studied the history of the Church."

"Yes," said he, "I have studied ecclesiastical history a good deal, and paid particular attention to Church discipline and government, and I think I know what the ruling elders ought to do."

"We leave it wholly to you to say what part of your labor they shall attend to," remarked the

"Well, then," said the pastor, "I should like to have one of them come up to my house before meeting on Sunday, and get my horse out of the barn, and then saddle him and bring him up to the door, and hold the stirrup while I get The other may wait at the church door and hold him while I get off; then, after meeting, he may bring him up to the steps. This is all of my work I ever can consent to let the ruling elders do for me." The office has remained vacant to the present day.

His good-humor would be shown more pleasantly in the daily intercourse of the pastor with the people. He went to visit a family once; it was in having time, and the men folks were at a distance in the meadow, so he only saw the farmer's wife and the younger children. It was in the forenoon, and she got him for luncheon some brown bread and cider, and set before him also a whole cheese, that he might cut for himself. He put his knife on the cheese, first this way and then that, as if in doubt where to begin.

"Where shall I cut this cheese, Mrs. Smith?" asked he.

"Cut it where you have a mind to, Mr. Hancock," was the answer.

and the whole cheese put in his saddle-bags.

ministers of the last generation. He was for a turn to the right, he made great headway for a time pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Eliz- while, when, arriving at a tavern, he dashed

Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., has gathered some curious recollections of Mr. Austin from the old people who knew him well. Mr. Austin was a man of splendid cloquence, but he ran wild among the prophecies, and broke his neck theologically in trying to bring about the second advent before the appointed time. He set the day on the fourth Sabbath in May, 1796. On the previous evening the people from all the country side came together, and listened, with tears and sobs and groans, to his stirring appeals to repent, for the day of the Lord was to come with the rising of the sun! But like the Millerites of our day, he and his followers were doomed to be disappointed. The next day was one of more than usual brightness and beauty. The sun rose and set as it had done the day before. Austin was chagrined; took the vow of a Nazarite; lost the confidence of his people. and was compelled to retire. He went to New Haven, and there spent his property in buildings and wharves for the accommodation of the Jews, in whose literal return to the Holy Land he now embarked with zeal and money. His operations plunged him into debt, and then into jail. Having "the liberty of the yard," he amused himself by sitting on the piazza of the County House, and having his servant bring his elegant pair of horses daily for him to look at and caress. One afternoon of Saturday as he was playing with the horses, he mounted one, and was soon out of sight upon the Hartford road. The sheriff issued a reward of fifty dollars for his apprehension. Two men started in pursuit. They followed him through Hartford, and overtook him at Lebanon, just as he was entering the meeting-house of Mr. Ely, his classmate, in the afternoon. Mr. Austin made his way directly into the pulpit; his pursuers took a pew below.

"Brother Ely," said he, "I want to preach." "No, Mr. Austin," said Mr. Ely, "I must preach myself: my sermon is to have connection with the one which I delivered in the morning; I can not let you preach."

"Very well," Mr. Austin replied, "preach if you must, but I shall preach too;" and forthwith he took the desk and named his text-"Whither I go, ye can not come."

After preaching a discourse appropriate to his pursuers, he came down, and with good grace surrendered himself. The two men mounting him on one of their jaded horses, brought him down through New London. He complained that the gait of the animal was unpleasant, and that he rode uncomfortably. After they had crossed the ferry at Saybrook:

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, you have the "Then," said he, "I think I will cut it at river behind you; let me ride my own horse."

They granted the indulgence. Mounted on So slices of cheese were brought for the lunch, this courser, and getting the length of him ahead, he cheered them with a "good-by, gentlemen," David Austin was one of the most singular and was quickly out of sight. Taking the first abethtown, New Jersey; and his successor, the off to quench his thirst. On the table lay the



advertisement, "Fifty dollars reward for David | him, repaired to the Court-House. Austin, a debtor, who escaped from the jail in New Haven." Seizing the paper, he bent his course with all speed to the city, presented himself to the sheriff before the arrival of his escort, and demanded the reward.

After his release he took a fancy to advertise himself to deliver an "Oration on the Conquest of Canaan in the Stone Chapel, across the brook Kidron, three miles east of the city of Jerusalem." But shortly arterward, seeing that Dr. Ives was to lecture before the Phi Beta Kappa Society on Chemistry the same evening, he changed his advertisement to the same place, and actually attempted to supplant the Doctor. Failing in this, he begged the people to remain after the lecture was over, and ascending to the desk, with winning face and voice he said, "I have given public notice that an oration would be delivered here this evening; perhaps, however, the occasion may be better employed by preaching. We have had a little treat of Chemistry—if you please, we will try our hand to a small experiment in spiritual Chemistry. After ten minutes, if you will be in your seats, I will preach a sermon." Seeing the multitude beginning to move, he exclaimed, "If you will drop into your positions to hear, I will commence the services immediately. Not to be tedious, we may as well dispense with the pleasant services of prayer and singing, and enter at once upon the sermon." Forthwith he gave out his text: 1 Kings, vii. 25-"It stood upon twelve oxen, three looking toward the north, and three looking toward the west, and three looking toward the south, and three looking toward the east: and the sea was set above upon them; and all their hinder parts were inward." In his introductory remarks he described the speaker: "I am the last charge shot out of that great gun of the Gospel, Dr. Bellamy."

The preacher then entered upon the subject of his text. "This brazen sea upon the backs of the twelve oxen, we may regard as a great mirror-the Atlantic Ocean, if you please-Empire and Science, Literature and the Arts, Civilization and Liberty, civil and religious, have traveled from the East to the West. From the West to the East, they, vastly improved, shall travel back. Yes," said he, casting his eyes up to the boys of the College, "if my recollection of optics serves me, the angle of incidence is just equal to the angle of reflection. Light has come from the Alps and the Apennines, struck the great mirror and glanced upon our Alleghanies and Andes; from them, with ten-fold brightness, it shall glance back again upon the European glaciers." After this flight, and many others like it, he rounded off his discourse upon spiritual Chemistry by saying--"I understand that the Society have gone over to the Court-House to eat some bread and cheese, and perhaps we can not do better than to follow them .- Amen."

A procession of such members of this Literary

his seat among the dignitaries; and, made, by the excitement of the occasion, unusually sprightly and voluble even for him, he electrified the assembly by his conversation. In the midst of his torrent of drollery, a colored man advanced with a waiter of wine. "Stop, stop!" said Mr. Austin. "behold, Ethiopia stretcheth forth her hands!" The gentlemen took off each his glass. "Mr. Austin," said Mr. Goodrich, the President of the Society, "we will wait on you for a toast." "No. Sir," was the reply. Judge Daggett repeated the President's request, but got the same answer. "Yes," said Dr. Dana, "Mr. Austin, give us a toast—you are one of the orators of the even-ing." Instantly, David raised his glass and Instantly, David raised his glass and said, "Dr. Dana, the shadow of good things to come." The allusion to the almost ghostly appearance of the cadaverous divine was received with exuberant applause.

The Rev. Josiah Stearns, of New Hampshire, was distinguished for his regard to truth, justice, and consistency. Having insisted much to his children on the importance of frankly confessing whenever they had done wrong, instead of making their guilt greater by attempting concealment, on one occasion, when a fault had been committed, one of the small boys confessed when he was not guilty. The truth having come to light, the child, who probably thought to appear meritorious by confession, was enlightened by the father as to the nature of his sin, and then chastised for falsehood. Being exceedingly annoyed that the garden gate was often left open, and cattle came in and did mischief, Mr. Stearns said to his children and servants-"The very next person who leaves the garden gate open must be whipped." Not many days after the unlucky gate appeared in the prohibited condition. Meeting his colored boy, Peter, he said-"Well, Peter, and who has left open the garden gate now?" Peter hung his head. Mr. S. urged his question, till Peter answered "I don't love to tell, Sir." Mr. S. insisted, when Peter summoned up courage to say, "It was you, Sir!" "Me? Are you sure? When?" "When you come out of the garden" at such a time "you left it open." "Well, Peter," said Mr. S., "go and cut some sticks and lay them hard over your master's shoulders." The boy begged to be excused, but the master insisted, and it was done as required.

One of the finest specimens of the old school of manners that the New England pulpit ever saw was in the person of the Rev. Samuel Eaton, of Harpswell, Maine. Professor Packard, of Bowdoin College, says of him: "He was a little above the average stature, of a large muscular frame, of full habit, and was dignified and courteous in his manners. His entrance into the church on the Sabbath, and his somewhat stately progress up the broad aisle-bowing, as was the custom of the time, to the sitters on each side-always attracted attention, and was impressive. Invest an aged man, of his form Society as had remained to hear him, led by and manner, in the dress of sixty years since-



a spacious, broad-skirted coat, heavily cuffed, with wide pocket-flaps and large square collar, a waistcoat flaring in front and falling to the knees, breeches, high shoes with large plated buckles, the whole surmounted with a capacious white wig and cocked hat-and you have a figure which, in those days, men looked at a second time, and which would now be followed and gazed after. As he was once coming up to Brunswick, in full dress, magisterially on horseback, and with the slow trot befitting his station and calling, an Irishman, not long from the Emerald Isle, who was at work by the roadside, caught sight of him as he emerged from the pines south of the College. Never having seen such an array, except on the Justices of his father-land, and having, perhaps, some of his own misdeeds brought to remembrance by the sudden apparition, the poor fellow was sadly affrighted. He took to his heels, and ran into the house, with staring eyes, exclaiming, / The Judges are coming! I just saw one riding in with a wig, big as a shape."

Samuel J. Mills is a name that is honored by the friends of Foreign Missions, for he was in a manner, not surpassed by any other man, the prime mover in the work in this country. It is of the father of this Mills, bearing the same name with the son, that we have a few pleasantries to relate. Mr. Mills was a noble man: his person was large, elegant, and commanding: on horseback he made such a splendid appearance as to be called by the boys the generalissimo of Connecticut clergymen. In him, says his biographer, were combined strength of intellect, comic powers, and deep sensibility. Drollery undesigned, and perhaps sometimes designed, which would have marred the public services of any other man, in his were not merely effective but turned to serious account. People who, hearing his ordinary discourses, inadvertently laughed inside or out, often wept before he closed. . He was always grave; his hearers could not always conceal their amusement. His brethren sometimes admonished him that his sayings were too ludicrous for the pulpit; yet they all reverenced him as a lover of truth and of souls, and as a dexterous, faithful, and powerful preacher. The pious Jeremiah Halleck denominated him "the godly Mr. Mills."

Yet this man, so holy that he gave his son John to be a foreign missionary with so much pleasure that one of his brethren prayed he might not be unduly lifted up with the honor, this man was so much the victim of his propensity to the ludicrous that he could not help it even on the most solemn occasions. He had lost one of his children, and on the death of the second some female friends called in to express their sympathy. One of the number commenced,

"You lost your first child-"

"Yes," he replied; "and now the fat is all in the fire again."

One autumn the boys stole his peaches. In ed; and so devoted was the sage to his own a sermon soon after he reported a visit which calling, so much did he depend on others to do

he had made in a neighboring town, where the people complained that the boys stole peaches. Hearing this, he expressed his surprise and his abhorrence of such conduct. But he said they replied,

"Mr. Mills, don't the boys steal peaches in your town?"

"Dear me," said he, "what could I do? I couldn't lie; I was obliged to answer Yes!"

His illustrious son, Samuel J. Mills, died at sea, and was buried in its mysterious bosom. The father was standing in the street of his own village when a horseman rode up and handed to him a letter. He broke the seal and read a few lines; stopped; and, with the letter in one hand and spectacles in the other, his face filled with astonishment and consternation, he said, "Samuel is dead. This beats all! When Obookiah died, I thought that beat every thing; but this beats that." At this instant the rider took out a watch and handed him, saying, "This was his watch." The patron of missions gave place to the father. He took the watch, and, with streaming tears and a voice choked with grief, his lament burst forth-"Samuel is dead: I shall never see Samuel again; he is in the bottom of the sea.'

Nathaniel Emmons, D.D., was not only one of the greatest intellectual divines of modern times, but was himself the father and founder of a school of theology called after his name. He was a philosopher, a metaphysician, and, in many of the traits of his character, he must have strongly resembled the Puritans of two hundred years ago: he died in 1840, aged ninety-five years.

It was interesting to be with him and to listen to his words of wisdom wherever he went; but no one could appreciate him, who had not witnessed the play of his sensibilities and the electric flashes of his genius, among those whom he admitted to his friendship. His study was his There he ate and worked. There he home. girded himself to grapple with the severe problems in Philosophy and Theology; and there he unbent his mind to meet and entertain those whom he loved. He had every thing arranged to suit himself. His chair must be in the same spot, and a stranger could easily see where that spot was, by the four indentations which had gradually appeared under the mild abrasions of its four legs. His writing-desk, with its case of books, must be just so near to him, and all its fixtures and furnishings in the same order. There was the peg for his surtout, and there another for his three-cornered hat. There was a place on the right side of the fire for the tongs, and on the left side for the shovel. Precisely so must the wood be laid on the fire, and the ready hearth-brush must almost instinctively do its duty in keeping dust and ashes in their places. At such a time must the wood-box be replenished; the faithful servant must know enough to enter that room with head uncovered; and so devoted was the sage to his own



what belonged to other departments, that he interest, for "the grave and gay, the lively and would often playfully say, "I can not do without a servant twenty-four minutes." In his study he passed much the larger portion of his life after he was settled in the ministry; and whoever enjoyed the privilege of visiting him there will not easily forget his benignant smile or cordial laugh, or his cheerful and instructive conversation. The following specimens of that conversation may be relied on as substantially correct; and the incidents recorded actually oc-

One was calling his attention to the beauties of a very neat manuscript: "What a pity that a man who can write so well hadn't something better to write!"

A young preacher had pronounced an able discourse for him on Sabbath morning, but it advocated a principle at variance with some first principle which had for him the force of an axiom. As they walked toward his house at noon not a word was said. On entering his study the Doctor turned to the preacher, and very blandly remarked, "I liked your sermon this morning very much. It was well arranged, well argued, and well delivered. I have but one fault to find with it-it was not true.'

To another preacher, who seemed to require some mental stimulant, he said, "Did you ever go over Seekonk Plain? Your preaching is too much like that-long and level."

After telling a young man some wholesome truths, and making to him some useful suggestions, he was accosted by the subject of his criticisms with the following question: "Dr. Emmons, why is it that young clergymen feel so small after talking with you?" "Because," he replied, "they feel so big before they come

Another had preached for him one morning a sermon which touched upon a vast number of topics. "Do you ever mean to preach another sermon?" inquired the Doctor. "Yes, Sir." "What can you say? You have already preached the whole system of Theology."

At a public dinner, one who prided himself on his liberal views, and who was fond of arguing, being questioned somewhat more rigidly than usual, thought to put an unanswerable point by saving, so that all around him might hear it, "Well, every tub must stand upon its own bottom." "Yes, yes," replied Dr. E., "but what shall those tubs do that haven't any bottoms?"

A skeptic, who was fond of putting puzzling questions to clergymen, once called upon the Doctor, and after showing that "the wine was in and the wit out," asked, with apparent seriousness, "Dr. Emmons, can you tell me what I am to understand by the soul of man?" "No," was the reply; "I can not tell a man that hasn't got any.'

But we must not linger longer in the work of Dr. Sprague. We have given enough to show that his volumes are a mine of untold

severe;" and when the work is completed, to include the names and lives of the clergy of the whole American pulpit, it will be a treasury inexhaustible, and to be valued and explored in all coming time.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SINGLE WOMAN.

Born to neglect, blighted hopes and reverses-To occupy space, or be drudges and nurses.

OME persons seem born to prosperity, with-Out reference to their virtues or their vices; while others appear predestined to a life of disappointments. All the ordinary developments of the interior of society illustrate this proposition.

In the every-day movements of our neighbors, it is clear to the commonest powers of apprehension that some of them are intensely laboring to better their condition, without accomplishing the great object of their ambition. Perhaps the inmates of the next house never make any extra exertion, or systematically pursue a course of habitual industry, and yet they are out of debt; live generously, ride after tea in a barouche, and lie down on a good bed at night without a care for to-morrow or a regret for the past.

According to my reasonings, it is a sad misfortune to be a homely woman without property. What is a fine mind without money? Who worships a cultivated intellect, unsupported by unencumbered estates?

Pray don't imagine I am venting my spleen against all mankind because I have not been married, or that malevolence has taken up its abode in the deep recesses of my heart in consequence of the blights and disappointments to which I have been subjected through every period of my existence. Grateful for the favors I have had shown me, and thankful for the few privileges I have enjoyed, I have learned to look upward with a confiding hope in the never-failing promises of God, who shapes our course according to his own Divine plan, to accomplish the greatest amount of individual happiness for

Perhaps my readers have never had any experimental knowledge of poverty. If so, it is quite impossible for them to comprehend the wretchedness that accompanies a feeling of dependence. Not to know on Saturday night whether employment can be had the coming week; to sit alone looking into a dark, cheerless yard, hemmed in by high brick walls, between daylight and dusk, wondering what to do next to secure bread and clothes; and then to be obliged to submit to the exactions, the hard sayings and unfeeling taunts of those who give you employment; to suffer all this-which, bythe-way, is scarcely the beginning of the catalogue of miseries that belong to the condition of unnumbered thousands of conscientious, virtuous, broken-spirited human beings-to suffer all wealth of wisdom and wit; a fund of unfailing this, allow me to repeat, and be a woman; and



in the just government of Providence.

It is not my intention to discuss the whys or the wherefores in the Divine economy, but relate a plain narrative. If it touches your sympathy, then show it by ameliorating the circumstances of some frail, pains-taking female, who is struggling to be respectable with all the chances against her, and who knows the world only as a place of hardship, trial, and disappointments.

When our father died in Boston, eleven years ago, there were seven of us, viz., five sisters and two brothers. Our mother died when Mary, the oldest sister, was nineteen. All the care of the family devolved on her. John and Charles were the youngest.

We resided in a hired house, which took all father's carnings to pay the rent. Hence to keep up but a meagre outside show of respectability kept us always straitened.

Mechanics had smaller wages then than in these days. But if there is more coming in, there is also more going out, such have been the increase of prices for food and raiment. Nothing could be laid up for a rainy day. We economized to the extent of our ability, but nothing could be put in the crib for a time of need. Every morning here brought with its genial rays new wants-increasing with our age.

Mary had learned the milliner's trade. Being expert, ingenious, and suggestive, she became quite a favorite with the ton. By unrelaxing industry, however, she could not gather much more than was necessary to buy her own clothes. When our mother died-blessings on her memory!-Mary, who was an affectionate, good creature as ever drew breath, was obliged to give up her customers to take care of us. While this impoverished her, and shut her out from the prospects she may have seen before her hopeful vision, it gave us a substitute for a mother. I shall not fatigue you with an account of the shifts made by a poor family in a city to hold up their heads. Nobody but a fellow-sufferer can possibly comprehend the amount of soulwearing friction that they undergo in the struggle for a foothold.

Both boys attended school. I sometimes braided straw, worked collars, manufactured flowers, and, in short, turned my hand to a variety of needlecraft as opportunity presented. My other younger sisters did the same. They were charming girls, and we loved each other fondly. Our schooling was quite defective, in consequence of an incessant demand upon our personal efforts in procuring the necessaries of life.

How few there are in this land of plenty, either in town or country, who can fully comprehend the saddening, sickening sensation that comes up in the soul at the thought of being obliged to work or die!

In the midst of our accustomed industrial pursuits, our father fell one morning from his bench, and died almost instantly. This was a

the wonder is why this inequality is permitted | that he was advanced in years. He had toiled till there was no remaining vitality in him.

> My heart aches anew whenever I allow myself to recall the events of that melancholy morning. Poor, industrious, kind father! May his eternal rest be in the bosom of Abraham. He never had any enjoyments since my earliest recollections, nor a holiday in fifty years, aside from those derived from the society of his own family.

Every city has scores of men in it precisely of his stamp. They enrich their employers, yet live in poverty themselves. Were I rich, I am quite sure it would be a sacred duty to seek out persons like my father, for the sake of augmenting my own happiness by contributing systematically to theirs.

Well, we understood perfectly well the utter impossibility of keeping together any longer, and at once met the exigency as we could. Mary opened a little shop in Washington Street; I procured a situation as seamstress in a genteel family, where there was an abundance of silver plate without happiness.

Our three young sisters were provided for in the emergency pretty comfortably. Josephine was invited to reside with an aunt in the interior. This was unexpected success, which removed a prodigious weight of anxiety in regard to her. Sarah folded books in a bindery; and, lastly, Milly, who was a sweet child, with long curls dangling round a white, gracefully-turned neck, we boarded at a low price in an out-ofthe-way street, in order to give her the advantages of free schooling.

Boys are usually considered more difficult to direct than the gentle sex. We found that the common experience of every body was truethey were hard on the bit. However, Charles promised invariably to be a model boy, but John declared he would not hold his nose to the grindstone, as father had, till he was ground all away.

Please recollect these occurrences were eleven years ago, about Christmas. Amazing alterations in our little circle have since taken place. Mary, that angel of a sister, whose only prayer was that she might be spared to watch over us, died of a consumption six years since. Her sweet pale face had become slightly furrowed by care. A few gray hairs were discoverable too, about the temples. She was a martyr to unrelaxing industry. No fragrant air, rich with the perfume of country flowers, ever entered her lungs. She was indeed a complete sacrifice to the hard toil of the city. I can not bear to think of her wasted form, her sunken eyes, and those prayers she put up to Heaven for her fatherless and motherless brothers and sisters, without a hearty cry. If the pure in spirit inherit heaven, Mary, poor, dear Mary, is there, singing the songs of Paradise.

Painful as it is to re-collect together, and group those I loved so heartily, whether I will it or not they sometimes come together in the dreadful calamity. It had not occurred to us middle of the night, not to frighten me with an



exhibition of grief, but when soundest in sleep, they seem to look me full in face, smiling and beckoning me to rise and follow them. Often the inclination to go in the happy train has been so strong, that, in the act of rising, it would awaken me to the gloom and darkness of my uncarpeted room. It requires some time to relate a long story, and besides, when speaking of ourselves or those whom we most love, we forget that other people can not feel the same degree of interest in the subject. However, you must bear with me, because I shall not trouble you very often in this manner with a personal history.

In the eleven years already referred to sister Josephine married a worthy gentleman in the country. For one year—how fleeting is happiness!—she actually felt independent of the cold charity of the world. Just as she was expecting to enlarge the sphere of her enjoyments, she died in childbed. Both mother and infant are sleeping in the same grave, to rise together in the morning of the resurrection.

Sarah lost all in the book-bindery. Let others be warned by her fate. I don't at all approve of placing young, artless girls in manufacturing establishments, exposed to impositions and false demonstrations of never-ending devotion, which are violated as often as the wind changes.

Perhaps my prejudices may have warped a feeble judgment. Still, when the concealed vices of great cities are inspected, and the causes analyzed which lead to the degradations that are invariably found in them, where woman is trampled upon, and her sweet mission in this unfathomable mystery of life perverted, and hell in the ascendant, I can not restrain from expressing an opinion, that in providing respectable employment for young girls gross mistakes are made with the best intentions.

Let that pass for what it may be worth. My dear Sarah—with a broken heart, with a curse on her tongue against her betrayer—flung herself from Charlestown Bridge in an agony of despair. Her remains are in a friend's tomb in the Chapel burying-ground.

Milly grew up to be lovely. Unfortunately. she made the discovery quite as early as the rest of us. Vanity got possession of her brain before a sufficient amount of common sense had been taken in for ballast. Whether being a model scholar turned her head, or the flatteries of a herd of young bucks, who kept guard with yard-sticks in the dry-goods shops, belongs to unrecorded history. Before we thought of calling her a young lady, she disappeared all of a sudden, without giving us the slightest notice of an intention of cutting our acquaintance. An English officer, stationed at Montreal on a furlough, it appeared afterward, took a trip to see the Yankees. Boston being the focus, he walked up and down the longest street, as other idlers do nowadays, seeing what was to be seen. Nothing equals in attraction pretty young ladies. Understanding the public sentiment, they go vol-

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untarily where they can be seen, in showy apparel, to kill or be kilt, as the Irish say. Lieutenant Wolf saw Milly. She shot, and the brave fellow with a gold-laced cloth cap fell—conquered.

On returning partially to consciousness, there was but one alternative—have her, or hang himself. By hiring a lad to follow the bewitching enchantress, he found the house—quite out of the way of all romance in the way of a residence. He sent up a card, had an interview, swore eternal fidelity on one knee, and that very afternoon the hussy went with him to Providence, the Gretna Green for impatient lovers in those days, where they were married the same evening.

Perhaps I may succumb to the doctrine that matches are made in heaven. Be that as it may, this one was certainly made in Washington Street. Still more extraordinary, it proved a happy union. The honey-moon has never waned with them from that eventful day to this.

Now for the boys again. When Charles had reached fourteen, he ran away to sea. He wrote us a doleful letter from Surinam, deploring that he had not followed the advice of his sisters, and if ever he lived to reach the port of home, he had resolved to be steady and acquire the trade of a printer, where we had placed him, which would secure to him honorable employment in any civilized country.

We read and re-read the letter—and then we wept over it together, for all of us were in conclave over the little rogue's waywardness. It was a boyish freak—so we all said, provoked as we had been before; and then we dwelt fondly on his manly qualities, his resolution, and the energy of character that prompted a mere child, as he was, to brave the howlings of the ocean, no doubt with a view to raising himself, that he might eventually raise us above dependence. We found a whole volume of comfort in that one short scrawl, and made for ourselves a thousand apologies for conduct we unanimously condemned a moment before. So there was a gleaming of comfort in the midst of this unlooked-for calamity.

Months slowly were passing away, as they always do when we are anticipating some fancied felicity. On Tuesday, September 12th, the brig Quincy came in, and made fast to the end of Long Wharf. I had kept a strict eye to the shipping intelligence for weeks, with a determination to go directly to the vessel and welcome Charley immediately on his arrival.

My bonnet and parasol were quickly in requisition, and, unattended, I hurried down the wharf, scarcely noticing the troops of truckmen, carts, hogsheads, and bustle peculiar to that busy locality. On I went, regardless of all these outre things in the way of a lady's progress, with a full expectation of clasping the sweet, dear boy in my arms.

There was a complete hurly-burly on deck, a kind of novel uproar, that diverted me for the instant from looking for Charley. I tried repeatedly to get at the ear of some one of the noisy gang who were pulling, hauling, and yell-



was not among them.

"There's the cap'en, marm," bawled a huge, coarse-grained sailor in a red shirt; "he'll tell you all about the boy."

When the captain saw me, touching his hat with an air of good breeding that shows a gentleman is always a gentleman were he in a tarkettle, he invited me into the cabin.

"Whom do you wish to see?" kindly asked the captain.

"My brother," was the answer, "his name is Charles ---."

His countenance fell. I foresaw something was wrong. My heart palpitated so rapidly that my breathing was obstructed, a haziness came over my vision, and, in a word, I fainted quite AWSV. -

On coming to myself, half a dozen strange people were rubbing my hands, occasionally sprinkling a dash of water on my bloodless cheeks, and urging me to go on deck, where there was a breeze. With that good breeding characteristic of the genuine seaman, on seeing me recovered they went up themselves, leaving me alone with the captain and steward.

"Pray, Sir," said I, "relieve my suspense. Is Charley living?"

He hesitated—a tear dropped. "No, madam; poor Charley is no more!"

My sensations could not be defined. Trouble upon trouble had been steadily gathering round me from early girlhood, like the insidious coils of a master serpent. It seemed as though this last one would crush me.

How I got back to my lodgings is not known. I found myself in the old place, and have no doubt that the captain sent me there in a carriage.

Charley was blown from the yard-arm in a terrific gale. He, too, sleeps the long sleep of death on a coral bed, where the sea-flowers wave over the shells, and the King of Terrors reigns as he does on the land, the last conqueror in the battle of life.

John-or as we were accustomed to call him, Johnny-now engrossed all the thought we had heretofore bestowed upon two. All our aspirations centred upon him. This was wrong; I see it and feel it when it is too late to after the current of my affections.

We instinctively hope and expect more from boys than we do from girls. Because they have broader shoulders, more muscular arms, a heavy voice, and bolder propensities, we, who are poetically the ivy, naturally cling to the man-oak with confidence in his ability, from the organic structure of his frame, and the towering ambition of his humanity.

Even here we were foredoomed again to meet with another disappointment. Although he has grown to the full stature of manhood, become a citizen of means, is a colonel of a regiment, and gives away twice as much in his tent every annual parade, to hangers-on, as would make me quite comfortable without labor for a whole!

ing "Ye-ho," to ask for him, as he certainly year, he scarcely remembers that he has a nister old enough to be his mother. He married. and the secret of this pointed, criminal neglect lies at his wife's door. May Heaven bless them both, though I perish from hunger!

> This brings me to the consideration of myself, which is of more consequence in illustrating the phases of every-day life than a hundred biographies of the remnants of a dilapidated family.

> Having frankly related a summary of the trials I have contended with while journeying onward toward that bourne from whence no traveler returns, I shall with equal freedom depict my present circumstances, including such episodical comments as my recollections and experience may suggest.

> By the family annals, it will be understood that I was the second child of the seven. My name has nothing in it suphonious or of the novelette style of cognomination. It is plain Catherine C---, which somehow became early contracted into Kitty. First it was young Kitty -; after a lustrum or two, the genteeler portion of our humble friends used to address me as Miss Kitty. Insensibly, so rapidly have the wheels of time revolved, all who now have oceasion to mention my name, speak of me as old Kitty C-

> Rather mortifying and provoking too; still I am obliged to swallow it. Yet my heart is as warm as it was at the halcyon period of first womanhood. To myself I do not seem older than I was at twenty; but this fact occasionally flits through my mind, that all the young gentlemen and ladies known to me by sight in the streets some years ago, have become gray very early. How true it is that we take note of the crow feet about the optics of others, without suspecting that similar footprints are legible on our own faces.

> Perhaps it should earlier have been mentioned that I opened a small private school for little girls about the time sister Mary commenced the millinery enterprise.

> From small beginnings, the number of pupils gradually increased with the growth of my reputation for correct discipline and successful training. This, too, would be quite a story of itself were I to detail the trials belonging to the domain of a poor school-mistress, whose tea and bread is often in the keeping of ignorant, arrogant mothers, who, although utterly unable to speak their vernacular grammatically, are the most dictatorial and exacting of the sex. A low-bred, purse-proud woman is terrific to a cultivated one. How sensible, accomplished men select such creatures, as they often do, for companions on the whole voyage of life, is a wonder.

> Nearly opposite the school-room, which was an apartment in the back of a building near Court Street, was a lawyer's office. The regularity with which he came and went, morning, noon, and night, first attracted my attention, and my own movements were rather influenced by his motions.

When Mr. Boltoncroft started off for dinner,



I used to say to myself I must go also. The children had ordinarily been dismissed at twelve, an hour before; but it was my habit to sit and read till one, and then go up to sister Mary's to

Perhaps this is as fitting a place to confess that we slept in her shop, and took our frugal meals together in an airy closet. Our tea was always delicious, because having closed the shutters no customers came, and we sat over our cups as long as we chose.

Mr. Boltoncroft used to confine himself at a window that commanded a perfect view of my little kingdom. Had his office been a fortress spite of any resistance from within.

When he cast a searching look over the way, occasionally, I fancied he must be excessively fatigued with "Blackstone's Commentaries," which, they say, is the foundation of a legal education; and I rather felt somewhat compassionately toward him.

"If," said I to myself, "he ever becomes as weary of that huge volume that is always lying on the window-stool as I do of teaching from A to Baker, may he become as renowned as the author, to compensate him for the wear and tear pictures, which he represented in glowing colthe great English commentator."

Little by little we insensibly began to say "Good-morning," as there was only a narrow alley between the premises. Next, Mr. Boltoncroft used politely to express a hope that I was "very well to-day." In short, without being aware of the progress making, we ultimately became quite old acquaintances.

Mr. Boltoncroft is not tall, neither is he short. His proportions are symmetrical, his habit inelined to be full, with an active ardent temperament written fairly out on a broad, high forehead. Phrenologists can read the thoughts of men and women just as certainly by inspecting their heads, as any body with a pair of eyes can read a shopkeeper's sign that is nailed over the door. I think I know enough of the science to study Mr. Boltoncroft's character without mistaking a single essential point.

Whether he entertained any partiality for me, no one but himself ever knew. I certainly had for him. The discovery of the fact startled me at first, because there was a wide gulf between us. He a lawyer winning his way to fame, while I was nothing—a mere cipher—a poor, fatherless girl, oppressed by poverty, struggling for subsistence in the humblest walk of industry accredited to be respectable.

Perhaps I was in love. Something new was the matter of me. But for the soul of me I can't tell, even after the lapse of many long, gloomy years, whether that sentiment was developed by the sight of Mr. Boltoncroft or not. This much is certain, viz., that when he was absent from the window, which occurred as often as the courts were in session, there was an unsatisfied craving for something which his presence alone supplied.

In short, with all my other troubles, this undefined something nearly drove me to distraction.

Mary tried to watch me at the table, and put her delicate white hand softly over the region of my heart when she supposed me in a deep slumber, with a view to ascertaining the cause of the physical disturbance in my system. She never suspected the nerves to be out of tune. and that my debility and loss of appetite was wholly sympathetic.

We women conceal our weals and woes from each other more successfully than the lords of creation. They confess and talk off their grief, and begin anew, while we hide it, and let it the guns could have raked every inch of it, in feed upon our vitals. It is far less difficult to open the flood-gates and show a wounded heart to an honorable man than to a woman, even were she a sister. This, too, is odd; but then we are odd creatures with all our reputed angelic qualities.

Mr. Boltoncroft was self-possessed. I was often quite confused in meeting him on the sidewalk; while he, on the contrary, raising his hat, always appeared as cool as a cucumber. Once he called at the schoolroom door, and asked me to accompany him to an exhibition of foreign of his constitution in mastering the principles of ors to be very superior specimens of the Old Masters.

> Acknowledging the favor, which I regarded then, as I now do, a condescension, the offer was accepted with becoming gratitude. treat was unspeakably agreeable. I had rarely ever seen any thing in art superior to those daubs suspended on the walls of shops. A new field of exploration was thus laid open for contemplation. My soul expanded under the inspirations which those magnificent conceptions of the painter had embodied on canvas.

> Whether being supported on the arm of my escort added to the charms of the exhibition is open for conjecture. At any rate, it was extremely pleasant to glide about in a spacious hall full of the élite of the city, under the care of Mr. Boltoncroft, a gentleman of known respectability. You will scarcely credit the assertion when I assure you this was the very first civility of the kind, or any kind, ever bestowed upon me by mortal man.

> It was not necessary for any envious person to remind me of my facial ugliness; I knew and deeply deplored the misfortune of not being handsome. Half the kitchen maids in town had their beaux, their admirers, and their worshipers at the shrine of good looks; but, alas, who ever read of a man who fell in love with a homely woman! They may pity them, as Mr. Boltoncroft did me, but it would be as impossible to raise up a flame with a pock-marked face, as to burn anthracite coal under water.

> I used to wish the fairies would conduct me to some underground cave filled to the brim with gems and gold, which I should have gloried in laying at the feet of Mr. Boltoncroft by the ton. Wealth will wake up in the breast of slow, apathetic men, a passion they were uncon-



scious of possessing, especially in members of the bar.

But no fairy came at my solicitation. It was early taught me, if "wishes were horses, then beggars might ride." However, I could not keep Mr. Boltoncroft's appearance out of my mind. Fortunately no one knew of it, and to practice indifference, I heroically, half a dozen times a day, looked boldly defiant out of the school-room window without casting an eye upward, as much as to say, "Who cares a fig for you!" Then, by way of compensating resolution, I would take a peep at the idol just before closing. I am quite sure this was a nervous affection after all. Never having had any insight into the workings of a tender passion when it takes full possession of the heart, I shall never know perhaps what the real difficulty was with me.

But to the story. Many weeks in succession the blinds of Mr. Boltoncroft's office remained unopened, which gave me considerable uneasiness, because I dared not inquire of any one in the alley what had become of him. It would have been remarked upon as extremely indelicate in a lady.

Relief opportunely came to hand in a newspaper, which spoke of the eloquence and rising distinction of Mr. Boltoncroft, who had received the appointment of district attorney, and whose office would in future be in the old State House.

In connection with this nervous affection, a new ambition came over me, to rise in my vocation. Parents paid their school-bills grudgingly. To prevent their children from establishing vulgar associations by attending the public schools, the parents, more vulgar at home than any they were predisposed to meet with abroad, complained bitterly of the expense of a private education. Three dollars a quarter—only think of it! Twelve dollars a year for being select, which was not always collected at the end of the term.

As I was saying, an ambition to be in the city's service, with no other reason for it than to be punctually paid, prompted me to seek an election.

Mustering up a world of courage, I called on Mr. Boltoncroft, begging his pardon for presuming to trouble him with personal affairs that would appear quite insignificant to him, though of considerable importance to myself. In a word, a recommendation of my qualifications was solicited, to place before the committee in whom the patronage lay.

In the kindest manner, he not only wrote a far better recommendation than my merits deserved, but he further proposed to call on the chairman, whom he had the honor of knowing.

Within a week, a notice was given me that candidates would be received for examination on the following evening, at the residence of that potent dignitary the chairman. Down I went, to the minute, where I found twenty other young ladies, each anxiously hoping and praying that she might draw the prize.

We were ushered into the august presence of given an unvarnished recital of the bitter disap-

six as unintellectual-looking men as one ever sees on the sidewalk, alphabetically, to be examined. Not a single one of them spoke grammatically.

The king-of-the-camp was a grocer, who, because he had long been a dead weight on the school-board, was chosen to preside over the five remaining saps.

A broader farce was never acted upon the stage than the ordeal to which I was subjected. One of them said, "Madam, jist tell the committee the number of new moons in a year."

The President thought the question was hardly germain. This led to a warm debate, in which the moon-man said, "My idee was, to have every boy and gal in the district know the stars by name. Why, what's the use of a schule or a schule-marm, if they don't larn 'em sumthen they don't know, Mr. President? I go the whole figure for larnen."

Mr. Hercules Sledge, a gentleman with uncommonly large hands, intimated that he knew a "thing or two about what school-mams used to know when I was a child; and if the young lady can stand the racket under my interrogatories, I shall be satisfied."

This was the first view I ever had of the elephant. Experience has taught me that the poet was right, that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Even some school-committeemen, examined within arm's length, dwindle into a contemptible little compound of conceit, ignorance, and official vanity.

These are the guardians selected annually by the sovereign people, to preserve intact the free public schools of the metropolis.

It would take half a day to recite the minutize of the ridiculous scrutiny to which my educational acquirements were subjected by this conclave of donkeys.

The fates decided in my favor, and from that epoch to this I have been a primary school teacher, in good standing with each successive committee.

With earnest diligence and strict economy, I have laid aside in the Savings'-bank, for old age, three hundred and fifty dollars. The family is represented on earth by myself, Milly, in Montreal, and brother John. His wife argues that it is his first duty to provide for her and his children, so that I have no expectations of being sheltered under his roof when dismissed from service on account of being a veteran. Indeed, when the teachers assemble to be speechified to by a prosymember of the school-board, upon the delightful task of rearing up the tender twigs of humanity at our disposal, I rather shrink into a corner on account of contrasting unfavorably with the younger, rosy-cheeked sisterhood about me.

Mr. Boltoncroft remains unmarried. He is both rich and eminent. In passing he never fails to recognize me, and I never escape a recurrence of an old sensation in returning the compliment.

Thus I have unlocked the family casket, and



pointments, the heart-yearnings, the mortifications, the deprivations, and the blighted hopes of one single woman's life, who has arrived at the mature age of thirty-seven. What there is in reserve for me, the future can alone unfold.

P. S.—A note was received from the Hon. Mr. Boltoncroft while entering the school-house this morning, with a pressing invitation to accompany him to a new picture-gallery just opened at the Athenæum. What does it mean? I will write down the result. That same sensation is certainly coming on again.

DORA DEE.

CHE was not the daughter of the celebrated Doctor, although she was such an enchanting little witch that she might have come of a necromantic family. Indeed, she may have had ancestors connected with the black art, and been descended from a whole line of sorcerers for aught that I knew; for her family history, from a very early period of her existence, was wrapped in the profoundest mystery. Dora was found in an ash-barrel; an appropriate place enough for such an offering, ashes signifying, according to Mr. Mitchell, desolation. The ash-barrel selected for the repose of Dora stood exactly in front of the residence of Mr. Pluff, sexton of the well-known and fashionable Episcopal Church of the Holy Symphony. Mr. Pluff was justly proud of the reputation of his church. He could give you, Sir, the very best music in the city. None of your heavy old sacred music, which it was positively sinful to play, seeing that it was composed for Romish services, but all the newest and pleasantest music that could be had for the money. Why, Sir, at the Church of the Holy Symphony they actually played the best marceaux from the Trovatore before it had ever been produced at the Academy of Music. Tken Pluff was also proud of his clergyman. Show him in the city such a clergyman as his was-what donations he received! what fashionable audiences he had! All the upper ten, Sir, crowded into the Church of the Holy Symphony to hear the sweet rosewater sermons of the Reverend Arthur Alanthus; sermons so soft and velvety that they would not have disturbed the moral repose of a Sybarite!

Mr. Pluff was at first rather disturbed that any low person should have been misguided enough to drop a nameless child into his ashbarrel, and worthy Mrs. Pluff for a moment had her misgivings. But they were a good-natured pair, and after a midnight consultation, while the unexpected gift was slumbering in an impromptu cradle, they decided that, since Providence had sent this mortal waif to their door, they would not reject it; and accordingly the little creature was adopted by the sexton, and took the place in his household of the offspring which Heaven had denied him in the legitimate manner.

As Dora Dee grew up, she more than repaid

She than one young lady who had been taught all the "extras" at Madame Cancan's fashionable academy envied the possession of that pure liquid organ whose notes floated through the nave of the Church of the Holy Symphony. Although Dora Dee-she had been christened after a deceased and beloved sister of Mrs. Pluff-did not go to Madame Cancan's, she yet received a very excellent education. She understood music tolerably well; painted a little in water colors, and possessed a quick, intelligent style of conversation. In time the sexton's adopted daughter attracted attention from his fashionable congregation, and on Sundays, I grieve to say, young men would gather on the porch of the Church of the Holy Symphony to catch a glimpse of the pretty brown-haired Dora, as she passed out. It did not surprise Mr. Pluff one bit when Mrs. Trapeze of Fifth Avenue came to him one day, and proposed that Dora should go and live at her house as companion to her daughter, Miss Aurelia Trapeze. He was accustomed to look upon every thing connected with the Church of the Holy Symphony as so far above the common run, that he was prepared for what other men might have looked upon as an uncommon occurrence. Much as it grieved the worthy sexton and his wife to part even partially with their little Dora, still the advantages to be derived by a residence with Mrs. Trapeze were too obvious to be reasonably declined. use of Miss Aurelia's masters; good society, or at least what passed for such; and, after all, the separation was only for a time, and Dora was to spend every Sunday with her adopted parents.

So Dora went to live with Mrs. Trapeze.

II.

"Dora Dee! Dora Dee! you are bright enough to be a sunbeam; why will you be nothing but a Will-o'-the-wisp?"

"I am sure I am not leading you astray, Mr. Halbert Kimball."

"Yes, but you are, though. It's not your fault, Heaven knows, for you avoid me on every occasion; but you are like the bird with talisman in the Eastern tale, and I, like the Prince, can not help following you."

"First you call me a Will-o'-the-wisp, then a bird; have you any more complimentary similes for me, Mr. Kimball?"

"A thousand, if you will only let me tell them to you. You are like a rose just about to blow."

- "That's been done."
- "You are beautiful as the morn."
- "Herrick said that of a young lady years
- "I have no objection to his having the first of it. It answers my purpose just as well."
- "But not mine, Mr. Kimball. I don't want old compliments; and, to be frank with you, I don't want compliments at all."
 - "Why not?" said Mr. Kimball, mournfully.
 - "You know as well as I do; but as it may



impress the reasons more powerfully on you, I | ting. Both looked up startled, and beheld Mrs. will recapitulate them."

"Now for a lecture," murmured Kimball. half reproachfully, and sinking back into his easy chair.

"First, you were brought here by certain high and mighty powers in order that you may marry Miss Aurelia Trapeze, your amiable cousin."

"I don't like red hair," exclaimed Kimball, peevishly. "I should have to put an extinguisher on her head every night."

"Mr. Kimball, I am ashamed of you. Miss Trapeze deserves to be spoken of more respectfully."

Kimball groaned.

"Secondly," continued Dora, dogmatically, "it would be a very good match for you. You are not very rich. Aurelia will have a hundred thousand dollars."

"I have enough for my wants."

"So every man thinks, But if you were married, you would be perfectly miserable if you could not keep your carriage and go to the opera. Don't say no, for I won't believe you."

"Have you ended?"

"No. I am now going to be selfish. You know my history, that I am a foundling; that I was adopted by a poor sexton and his wife, who died last year, shortly after I came here, and whose deaths left me without a friend in the world."

'Don't weep, Dora; don't weep! You have a friend, one who will die for you.'

"Well," continued Dora, suppressing her sobs, "you know on what footing I live here. It is my only home. Your attentions to me have already drawn on me the suspicions, and I fear dislike, of Mrs. Trapeze and her daughter. Heaven only knows the little persecutions I have to suffer; and I really do not know the moment I shall be told to quit the house. Now for my sake, if not for your own, cease this pursuit of an object that is not worthy of you. The Trapezes are worldly people. They long for the family connections which a marriage with you will give Aurelia; for, of course, they know that Mrs. Trapeze's marriage with Mr. Trapeze was a mesalliance. Do give over these romantic notions of yours: settle down into a respectable member of society, and let the poor ladies' companion shift for herself."

"Never, by Heaven!" cried Kimball, bursting suddenly into a passion, all the more violent for the efforts he had been making to suppress it. "Dora, here in the face of Heaven I ask you to be my wife. I will never wed Aurelia Trapeze; let her buy a husband, if she chooses, with her hundred thousand dollars. Halbert Kimball is not for sale. But you, dear girl, sweet orphan, my heart yearns to you. I am not poor, believe me, I am not poor, and with such an incentive as you by my side, I would conquer every difficulty. Dora-Dora-I love you. Give me your heart-I implore it!"

The twilight deepened suddenly in the bay

Trapeze in black velvet looming behind them like a hundred and twenty gun frigate with every cannon shotted.

"Get up, Mr. Kimball," she said, in a tone of suppressed rage to Halbert, who in his earnestness had knelt, "I do not permit my drawingroom to be converted into a theatre for domestic melo-drama, though it must be confessed that this little adventuress here is a consummate actress."

"Madam," began Dora, her face paling with indignation at this insult.

"Miss Dee, I do not intend to have any words with you. You have betrayed my confidence; you have abused my bounty. shall leave my house this instant."

"As you please, Madam," said Dora, proudly, but with a bursting heart. "Good God! Mrs. Trapeze, not to-night," cried Kimball, in a tone of consternation, "she is not to blame; you must let me explain. There are five feet of snow on the ground."

"This moment," repeated Mrs. Trapeze, coldly; "my house affords no shelter for females who sin, and call it misfortune."

Kimball was for a moment stunned by this brutal speech, but only for a moment.

"Then I leave it, too, Madam," he cried, "leave it forever. As for your insinuations with regard to this young lady, they are false, and unworthy of even a soul as mean as yours. Beware, Madam, how you insult a lady whom I intend to make my wife."

No one saw the white figure flitting from the No one heard the agonized sob that burst on the threshold of the drawing-room. No one heard the hall door close softly, or saw the delicate feet sinking in the cold snow.

"No one will prevent your departure, Mr. Halbert Kimball; but one thing I must beg of you to remember, that when you grow tired of that girl, there is no admission for you ever again."

"Come, Dora!" cried Halbert, not caring to trust himself to a reply. "Come with me. No father ever watched over you more sacredly than I will until you give me the holiest of titles, that of husband. Come."

He turned to where she had been standing, but there was an empty space. He ran into the hall, opened the heavy oaken door and peered anxiously out into the icy night. There were small footprints in the white snow that covered the stoop. Without another word, he seized his hat and rushed into the street like a mad-

Oh! how cold it was that night. The snow had frozen on the top into a treacherous crust that broke at every step, and let the foet sink into a stratum of damp clinging flakes. A bitter wind swept through the streets until the wooden blinds of the houses seemed to shiver in the blast. There was a moon, but so obwindow in which Dora and Kimball were sit- scured with dull stormy clouds that she only



shone as it were by winks, looking out seemingly now and then upon the world, when, finding every thing so cheerless, she wraps herself up instantly again in her fleecy vapors. The policemen were all under cover in secret places, and nothing stirred in the white, melancholy streets. The very gas-lamps seemed to feel the drowsiness consequent on extreme cold, and looked through their frost-dimmed panes as if they could scarcely keep their eyes open. It was a night of bitter cold!

And yet something living still was moving in the city. Down along Washington Place something dragged feebly along, but what it was one could scarce determine in the dim light. Now it crouched as a more than ordinarily bitter blast swept down the ghastly sidewalk; now it clung feebly to the railings and dragged itself along; and again it would stop fearfully, and listen, like some animal hunted to the death, listening for the sounds of pursuit.

At last it crossed Washington Park, after a painful and laborious struggle, and entered Fifth Avenue, and there, where there is a lane lined with stables, it sank apparently exhausted; sank in a dark corner, huddled and senseless, where even the moon could not see it. Ten thousand flakes of pitiless snow came down upon the wind, and as each drift flew by it flung a frozen alms to the dark mass that lay huddled in the lane.

Why, the city seemed alive that night! There was another out, not faint and weak with trailing limbs, but stout, and swift, and hot with eager hope. Down the street he came, tumbling now and then in the deep snow in his haste, but rising careless of his fall and rushing on as madly as ever.

"The snow will cover her tracks," he panted to himself as with head down, like a hound on the trail, he ran along; "it is covering them fast. God grant that I may find her soon. She has passed here. These small prints are hers-but this cursed snow falls fast, and I will lose the trail; foolish girl-O Dora! Dora!"

And so calling, stopping to examine the path, tumbling in the snow and rising but to rush on again, went Halbert Kimball. He paused at the junction of Fifth Avenue and Washington Park.

"She paused here," he muttered; "the track is faint, but I can detect it—and—ah! I lose it here. It is covered with the snow. O God! I have lost her—she will perish—what shall I 40 2"

He was standing opposite the lane where the dark mass lay motionless, with the patches of freshly-fallen snow mottling its outlines. The moon was hid, and Halbert looked savagely up; for the thought crossed his mind at the moment that, by the aid of her light, he might yet continue his search. I do believe that at that moment he said in the depths of his heart something exceedingly bad about the moon.

"Lost!" he murmured, "and through my

night! Mad girl that she is! Oh! what can I do to find her?"

A moan—a very—very faint moan in the lane. Halbert listened, listened so eager that he made the silence seem painful. Again the moan came, but fainter than at first; still it was enough. He ran like a deer into the dark lane calling "Dora!" and in another moment he was warming the cold cheeks and wet curls of the lost one on his bosom.

How tenderly he lifted her up, and how proudly he walked through the snow while she lay in his arms, with hers clasped around his neck and her head was nestled in his breast! And in spite of his haste to take her to his own warm home, how often he stopped to kiss her pale cheeks!

"Dora," he murmured to her, pressing her close, as if he feared that she would again escape him, "how could you be so mad, so reckless, so cruel, as to rush out into this wild night?"

"I was mad," she said, faintly. "Did you not hear what she called me? It seemed to me as if all the world had turned against me, and I wanted to die."

"But you will not die. You will live for me, Dora, will you not?"

Her head nestled in closer to his bosom and she said nothing; but her heart was so near his in that moment that I have no doubt it told him all he wished for.

Need I tell how wonderfully Halbert illuminated his bachelor home that night? what splendid wax candles he lit, what a roaring fire he made, and how he produced his most tempting stores in order to tempt little Dora Dee to eat? How he made wonderful coffee for her in a magical self-acting coffee-pot, and how, when she grew wearied out, he retired discreetly to a neighboring hotel, which he left at six o'clock the next morning in order to have an interview with a clergyman? I know I need not describe all this. Your kindly imagination will supply all those thousand details which crowd around every such domestic romance as that which I relate.

There is one fact, however, which it is important that you should know. Important, because such events are generally supposed to be the end of romance and the beginning of reality; and as I never wish to trespass much on the domains of the latter, I like to finish off the first with the flourish.

In the morning they were married!

LOVE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. COCIETY finds no term sufficiently enven-O omed to express its abhorrence of that most detestable of all characters, a male flirt. I agree with society. I abominate a male flirt as probably no other man on earth abominates them; have always abominated them; intend always to abominate them; and if a law were passed to-morrow to hang, draw, and quarter them, to deny them the rites of Christian interfault. She will die die horribly this bitter ment, and to bury them at the crossing of the



road, with a stake through the heart, I should turn Jack Ketch and grave-digger in less than twenty-four hours. But, if society be always right in its decisions, and the law should reach all offenders, I would myself become the first victim, and, before another revolution of the earth upon its axis, be buried with a stake through my heart. Little would I care. A stake, never so big and never so sharp, could give me no more agony than I now feel and have felt for many weary months.

Am I, then, a male flirt?

Most unquestionably. Society says so, and society can't be wrong. Can't it? Does society understand perfectly the nature of that curious thing called love? Does it believe, with Shakspeare, that

Love's feelings are more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails?
that, of all mundane things, love is the most
vulnerable and liable to sudden death? Does
it doubt for a moment that Parthenia fibbed
most egregiously when she asserted

——a spirit bright, Love never dies at all?

Smart Parthenia! Smart society! Poor Ingomar! Poor fool! Poor me!

Verily, there are ten thousand little things, any one of which may kill love, occurring in the history of every courtship, about which society can never know any thing, and concerning which no man or woman dare give society the slightest hint. A wink of the eye, a curve of the lip, a wrinkle of the forehead, a dilation of the nostril, a gesture, an attitude, a step forward or a step backward, will destroy love instantly, and beyond all hope of resuscitation.

Can society comprehend the terrible results which may follow the extinction of love by causes so trivial as these? Will it believe that an honorable and affectionate gentleman may have his character impeached, his reputation destroyed, his happiness blasted, by a trifle which no one but himself has had an opportunity of observing, and the nature of which he is in honor bound forever to conceal, or only to whisper in sacred confidence to a bosom friend? No, it can neither comprehend, nor will it believe. Therefore I will not attempt to enlighten it. But the public I will enlighten.

Do I, then, make a distinction between society and the public?

Certainly. Society is conceited, stupid, dunderhead. The public is large-hearted, magnanimous, forgiving. Having no bosom friend, I will pour my griefs into the vast and friendly ear of the public. I appear here for that purpose. Being a living illustration of a reputation blasted by a trifle—or what might have been a trifle to persons less sensitive than myself—I come forward to defend myself and my fellow-sufferers (of whom there are many more than the public suppose) against the cruel mandates of the unthinking, uncaring, credulous, and tyrannical monster, Society. The line of my defense will involve the recital of a painful

fact in female affairs, which, however true and undeniable it may be, will harrow up the souls of womankind as they have never been harrowed up before, and, as I trust (after reading this), they may never be harrowed up again. It grieves me sorely to pain the dear creatures, but I do it for their good. I am, moreover, a blighted and a ruined man, and can be as little harmed by their bad opinion as benefited by their esteem.

My proposition is this: Many a man gets, and every man is liable to get, the reputation of being a male flirt, in spite of himself, and without in the least deserving it. And my argument is the following literally true history:

I was born, and grew to man's estate, in a country whose unbounded plains, adorned with the richest treasures of natural and of cultivated growth, whose cloudless skies and temperate seasons impart to its inhabitants a generous vigor of intellect and an evenness of disposition which enables them to meet with composure the shocks and vexations, and to discharge with satisfaction the complicated duties and requirements of the married life. Indeed, it is not too much to assert that the land of my nativity produces husbands of an amiability more thoroughly model, and of a meekness more submissive, than any other portion of the terraqueous globe. Thibet and the Typee Valley (where the women are double husbanded) not excepted. Strange, that in such a locality a male flirt should ever have come into being! Ay, not only strange, but, so far as the writer of this history is concerned, untrue!

My father's farm adjoined the glebe lands formerly attached to the church in the village of Mudgully; and in that village, at the age of fifteen, I commenced my career as a store-boy. My employer was a man of austere but not unkind habits, given to the acquisition of money, and disposed to regard life from a stand-point of pure coin. His name was Ganders, and he was married to a good-natured, busy-bodyish. little woman, whose tongue, for velocity and endurance, was unsurpassed by any other organ or machine in nature. The fly-wheel of a chronometer was an inert fixture compared to it. It went, and it went. I may appear to be hard upon Mrs. Ganders; but, as John Randolph of Roanoke would say, she was the "Iliad of all my woes." Ganders had no child, and would adopt none; and that may account for the singular advice he gave me soon after I entered his store.

"Fillison"—my name is Robert Fillison—
"Fillison," said he, "if you keep on as you have begun, if you remain attentive to business as you have heretofore been, you'll make money; but if you make money, you will be like all the rest of the young Mudgullians—in a hurry to get married. Don't do it. Wait a while. Don't get married until you are worth at least twenty thousand dollars. A man with a growing crop of children can't get along with less. Children are expensive."

This oracular address was the longest he ever



nttered in my presence during the five years I lived with him; and so much condescension from a middle-aged man, and a strict man of business, produced a profound impression upon me. I treasured his words as carefully and exactly as if they had been howled at me in awful Greek from the "navel of the earth" at Delphi, or extracted for my especial behoof from the mysterious leaves of the Cumean Sibyl. On the other hand, Mrs. Ganders rushed upon me from the opposite tack. She wanted to marry me off before I had a sprig of beard to my chin. To tell the truth, Mrs. Ganders was a matchmaker of the avowed, and, therefore, the worst and most indefatigable species. A female seminary in Mudgully, celebrated for the beauty of its scholars, was the arsenal from which she drew her weapons; and, armed in the full panoply of twenty odd "dear Emmas" and "sweet Julias," she would penetrate the thickest phalanx of bachelors, dealing love and matrimony upon all sides, as Ajax Telamon dealt blows, or as an ordinary person would cards.

"Now Mr. Fillison"—the first time I was ever Mistered in my life was by Mrs. Ganders-"now Mr. Fillison, you do treat the girls shame-They all think you are handsome, and are dying to make your acquaintance. There is little Molly Taylor, or Annie Ludlow, or Lucy Todd, any of them would suit you exactly. I do think Molly is the sweetest thing, and I know she likes you—she told me so. And then she is your third or fourth cousin, you know. You ought to pay some attention to her. Come, don't take your hat, some of the girls will be here presently, and-

Before Mrs. Ganders's fly-wheel stopped itself, I would be half way to the store, oblivious of the "sweetest thing," and intent upon twenty thousand dollars. Of my two advisers I preferred the husband. Mrs. Ganders was not a man, and I believed in Ganders because he was a man, and talked about money and business. Therefore I clave to him, keeping Mrs. Ganders at bay, and discomfitting her for many years. But in process of time Ganders slipped from his stand-point of pure coin into the grave, leaving me his stock in trade, and a parting injunction of these words, "Wait a while." I waited a while, and my parents died. Their estate, divided among three legatees, afforded each of us something quite handsome. Thus in my twentyfirst year, counting goods, real estate, and money, at fair valuation, I possessed a snug twelve thousand. This was by no means a disheartening situation. Eight thousand more, and I would be justified in getting married, I began to think very seriously of a subject which at fifteen had never occupied my mind for a moment. But I remembered the advice of my employer, and toiled on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, defying Mrs. Ganders, who speedily resumed her assaults, and dismissing every dream of love. I hoped to make up the deficiency in my capital in two, or at the farthest, three years. But the ways of trade are hard and grievously immovable barrier of my will, burst forth with

uncertain. I made and lost, lost and made. I was twenty-five years old before my possessions, according to a liberal estimate, reached the sum of fifteen thousand dollars. Many men would have been satisfied with this, but my purpose was fixed. During all these years of toil, I kept my heart unspotted from the female world. I was polite to the ladies, but never visited them.

Mrs. Ganders was furious, in a good-humored way. "She had married off every other young man in Mudgully. I was the only one remaining. It was a shame, a sin and a shame, a libel upon the character of the Mudgullians. I was no Mudgullian; she would not own me as such. I was getting old and ugly, had gray hairs in my head, was wrinkled and round-shouldered. Nobody but an old maid would have me; I was wedded to money; was a miser; a wretch; good for nothing; ought to be drowned; might have married any body I chose; might have been the father of a family; too late now," etc.

Not a day passed without a harangue of this sort, delivered at me over the counter, and oftentimes when the store was filled with customers. I bore her attacks with great equanimity, but the shots began to tell. I felt old; had seen crop after crop of lovely maidens blooming in the Mudgully Seminary only to be plucked and borne in triumph away, frequently by men of most limited means; all of my contemporaries had married and married happily; I was left "solitary and alone," as Benton never was. Began to dread a "Thirty Years' View," not of the Senate, but of celibacy.

These particulars, seemingly impertinent to the gist of my narrative, show what sort of a man I was, and am. Not idle, not dissolute. not sociable, not a ladies' man, in no sense a man likely to become a professional lady-killer, a male flirt.

Years rolled on. I beheld the light of my twenty-eighth birth day, to the horror of Mrs. Ganders, and to my own despair. Yet the goal of my expectations was nigh. In July I entered my twenty-ninth year, and in the following September took my annual inventory. The result astonished even more than it delighted me. I could not believe it. It was too good to be true. My books, after deducting bad and doubtful debts, showed a clear balance in my favor of twentytwo thousand five hundred dollars! Not satisfied with repeated calculations of my own, I called to my assistance the best accountant in the village. Our balance-sheets tallied to a The figures had not lied. Still unsatisfied, I had my property appraised. The appraisers valued it at a price beyond my own. There was no room for doubt. I was worth fully twenty thousand dollars. I might now marry, and I determined to do so without delay.

Words can not describe my rapture. The earth, the air, the human race, the brute creation, wore a new and sudden glory to my eyes. The waters of affection, long dammed up by the



joyous energy, rolling a delicious vigor through Wrinkles and round shoulders disappeared. In five days I fattened ten pounds. It was then that I succumbed to Mrs. Ganders; even begged her to adjust the matrimonial noose as soon as possible. The creature went mad with joy; declared she could die of sheer content. She wrote twenty-six letters, containing two hundred and twenty-six transparent hints to twenty-six different young ladies, inviting them to her house.

Only one came; and it is but justice to say that she was en route to Mudgully before the letter reached her. She was proudly beautiful. A glowing brunette, tall in person, graceful in manner, charming, ay, fascinating in conversation, of gentle birth, accomplished, rich. From her eyes of brilliant jet coruscated a light that permeated and intoxicated the soul. Her teeth, even, firm, and whiter than the driven snow, filled me with delight; for I did value teeth. Ah! what murmurous honey warbled in clear affluence from her coral lips! What magnetic thrillings obeyed the lightest touch of her dimpled hand! And then her name! sweet, expressive! It was Imogene Barling.

I entered Mrs. Ganders's parlor at four o'clock, P. M.; I left it, as I would have left Paradise, reluctantly, at one, A. M. Next morning, before I had fairly swept out my store, Mrs. Ganders had traversed the entire village imparting the mighty secret. All Mudgully knew that Bob Fillison was at length smitten. Mudgully marveled, doubted, watched, waited. I prosecuted my suit with the energy, if not the tact of a man of business, leaving my store in charge of my clerks, and spending day and night in the parlor of Mrs. Ganders. And when, after the expiration of the most blissful fortnight of my life, Miss Barling returned to her father's house, I was left not as one without hope in the world. I had good reason to believe that the lovely Imogene regarded me, to say the very least, with favor. Mrs. Ganders said so; and at the instance of Mrs. Ganders, I wrote the divine Barling a letter. She replied; we became regular correspondents. By public conveyance, I visited her thrice within the space of sixty days. She lived in elegant style, at the almost regal country seat of her father, an educated and refined gentleman, who had represented his district in Congress, and was spoken of as a candidate for the next Governorship, and who received me with unconcealed impressment.

Returning home after my third visit, I consulted Mrs. Ganders as to the proper duration of a courtship, and the time of popping the question. She recommended instantaneous action, and her advisement coincided with the burning eagerness of my wishes. Upon reflection, however, I considered that Mrs. Ganders was not a man; whereas Ganders had been not only a man but a man of business, and, if alive, would have urged me to "wait a while," and not to imperil my happiness by imprudent and ungenteel haste.

tional surrender of my heart and hand until the following spring.

This delay may have been fatal for me. If so, I scarcely know whom to blame the most-Mrs. Ganders, Ganders, or myself. But what boots it now, which of us was most to blame?

Meanwhile, I avowed my passion to the darkeyed Imogene on paper, in a bold, commercial hand, and in a style at once eloquent, ardent, and manly. Her replies breathed forth the most delicate, lady-like, non-committal encouragement. They enraptured me. In the language of Mr. Talfourd, "my raised spirit walked in glory," and I began to set my house in order. in order to get married. I made every needful preparation, and some that were not needful, to the great delight and approbation of all Mudgully, including the widow Ganders, who superintended and palavered over every individual thing. All Mudgully knew that Fillison was about to be married. Hadn't he bought his furniture?

May came. Upon the tenth morning of that month of blossoms I departed, not in a public conveyance as before, but in a style becoming a man worth twenty thousand dollars, and a suitor of the daughter of an ex-Congressman. satin a superb phaeton, drawn by a span of blooded bays equipped in splendid harness; in my rear, and mounted upon a tall iron-gray charger, appeared my servant, a gorgeous negro, fat and glossy, and black as sealing-wax, and of the aristocratic name of Dabney. This was the proudest moment of my life. I felt infinitely happy. Not a doubt bedarkened the smiling vista of my hopes. My success was certain. Above me was the blue and lofty welkin, around me were verdurous fields and woods full of young leaves, and following hard upon my wake came the faint echoes of Mudgullian cheers and bless-

At even-song I reached the enchanted domain of the fair Imogene, and passed onward to a neighboring inn. It would not do, Mrs. Ganders said, for a gentleman to spend the night at the residence of a lady whom he had just courted. Leaving my servant in charge of my phacton and luggage, I rode to the gate of Barling Lawn, dismounted, entered the broad graveled walk, and upon the classic portico beheld Miss Barling, sitting pensively in a wicker chair. My reception was most gracious; my arrival most propitious. A number of ladies and gentlemen. visitors at Barling Lawn, had just taken their leave; the ex-Congressman was indisposed; Miss Barling was alone, and "delighted to see a friend."

Tea was served in the classic portico, and at its conclusion we passed into the parlor. There, while the rosy flush of twilight deepened the blushes on her velvet cheek. Imogene heard and accepted my suit. A sweet and prolonged silence followed. Two sighs of bliss from two enraptured souls, wreathing upward through the parlor gloom, met, and in the moment of their I determined, therefore, to put off the uncondi- embrace, dissolved the charmed pause. With



one accord, but without a word, we rose and | fluence was great. Between Mrs. Ganders and wandered into the garden.

I know not how it was; the drowsy, newlyrisen moon, the roguish stars, the voluptuous perfumes, the twitter of dreaming birds, disposed the heart to softness and to love. A lilac hedge, dense and high, towered between us and the house. Her little hand rested trembling on my arm; my arm usurped the office of her slender belt; her beautoons head drooped to my shoulder; I bowed to imprint the first, the best, the sweetest * * * *

In less than ten minutes I was back at the inn; fifteen minutes afterward I drove off in a whirlwind of dust. My man, of the aristocratic name of Dabney, rode after me, as fast and nearly as scared as Tam O'Shanter. Crushed into a despairful and inanimate lump, I rushed onward, I knew not, cared not, whither. A week, a fortnight, of Cain-like travail and vagabondage ancreeded.

Once more I stood behind my counter, but not as I had stood before. Shocked by my pale and lengthened visage, Mrs. Ganders begged to know the cause. I was dumb. All Mudgully joined in her entreaty. I was deaf. It was noised abroad that Robert Fillison had been kicked, received the condolence of many kind friends, But I opened not my lips. Miss Barling was roundly abused by the Mudgullians. "She had given me every encouragement," it was said, and put me to not a little expense in the way of phaetons, horses, negroes, and household chattels, only to trifle with me. Fillison was as upright a gentleman and as good a fellow as ever lived. Any one might see how intensely he suffered." The tables soon turned. Mrs. Ganders received letters from Barling Lawn, beseeching to know "if I had recovered from my sudden attack; what had happened? what had the writer done to displease me that I did not write?" These questions Mrs. Ganders put to me with unetion. I set my face as a flint against her. I myself received letters, asking, and at length demanding, an explanation. I would give no explanation. The blood of Mrs. Ganders boiled with anxious curiosity; she was bent upon knowing all about it, and ordered her carriage to Barling Lawn.

Returning to Mudgally, she threw herself upon me with the rage of a cubless tigress; she rained abuse upon me; she exasperated the whole village against me. Her tongue foamed with velocity; it outstripped the swiftest of the ghosts of Faust-faster than "fast as possible," faster than "the change from good to evil," it went. It murdered me.

When the model husbands of Mudgully knew that I was "a cold-blooded, inhuman, remorseless, male flirt," they turned from me with loathing and contempt. Some asked the reason of my singular, my ungentlemanly, my outrageous conduct. I peremptorily refused to give any reason. Mrs. Ganders's version of the affair, coming to the ears of ex-Congressman Barling,

himself, I was speedily undone. My business, my property, my health, my all, vanished like a dream.

Against the hue and cry which brought me to distinction, I raised not my voice either in entreaty, in anger, or in expostulation. I acted as an honorable, high-minded, broken-hearted gentleman. Tabooed on every side, insulted, cursed, I fied from Mudgully, to return no more forever! * * * * *

Oh! generous and compassionate Public! You who have been placed in every situation. who can therefore understand and make allowances for all predicaments, receive into your loving and capacious heart the confidence I would not and could not repose in Society.

I shrink from the confession, as I would not shrink from all the tortures of the Inquisition; but if I make it not, I shall die in infamy. Hear me, in my own behalf, and for the sake of those who suffer with me.

Know then, that when Imogene and I stood behind the lilac hedge, and when I stooped to imprint the first, the best, the sweetest kiss of love upon her coral lips—know that then my love was struck by lightning—by:a thunderbolt that pierced and searched the minutest channels of my system, blasting and eradicating every vestige, every semblance of affection!

Did that lightning fall from the cloudless and jeweled canopy of heaven? How could it? Did it burst from out the moon, whose silver shield hung whitening in the East? It did not. Did it issue from the pebbled walk beneath our feet? or dart from the umbrageous boughs above our heads? Nay. It had a nearer and a deadlier source. It came, alas! it came out of her very mouth.

Why did not the dentist fasten those upper teeth more securely?

CELEBRATED WINES.

QO much has been written, said, and printed about the manufacture of stuff called wine, that many people actually believe that there is no such thing as the juice of the grape. It is to them a sort of fiction, talked about, but never seen or tasted.

It is probable that very few men in America have ever tasted wine. Some may have by good luck, when they did not know it, smacked their lips over Madeira that was Madeira. Fewer, still, have had their mouths wet with red Bordeaux; an incredibly small number have seen veritable Sherry; but one is safe in saying that no American in America can boast of having tasted a drop of Johannisberg, even if he may, by a remote possibility, have drunken Champagne.

The chances we have arranged much in the order in which the wines come to America. More pure Madeira is brought here than to any other country. England receives but very little. An English nobleman told me that he is in the habit of importing all his Madeira from he denounced me. The ex-Congressman's in- America. The reason is that a manufactured



wines we get our fair share, but little of it reaches the lips of drinkers in its native state. The Champagne we drink bears about the proportion to the quantity actually made of grapejuice that one bottle bears to the last bubble on the glass; while of Johannisberg or Steinberger not a drop, not the aroma of a drop ever reaches these shores, unless by means of a private purchase abroad, and not in one case out of a hundred then.

But this is not the object of the present arti-It is my design to give the reader some general information about wines in various parts of the world.

One of the first points of interest is Palestine, where the grapes of Eschol are of ancient fame. Much absurd discussion has from time to time arisen on the question whether the wine of ancient times, mentioned in Scripture, was intoxicating. Wine is and has been wine in all ages. Doubtless the modern wines of Syria are much like the ancient.

As in old times, the grapes of Eschol are plentiful. Approaching Hebron from the north, I passed for two miles through vineyards, exhibiting the great care of their proprietors. Each vineyard had in its centre a stone tower, used in the summer season by the owner as a sleeping-place for himself and family. They come out of town, and pass the hot weather in these rude huts, for they are nothing else. The Jews are the only cultivators of grapes here. The Mohammedans do not grow nor use wine. moved to their abstemiousness by the command of their Prophet, who, the tradition saith, was led to make the command by having been once induced to issue an unjust order while in a state of intoxication.

In Jerusalem wine may be bought of the Jews. Its quality varies, but it has the merit of being the pure juice of the grape. One article which I found was of delicious flavor and force. It was called Lebanon wine, and was of the color and taste of amber muscat, having much the same raisin flavor. In the convent at Bethlehem, and again at Saint Saba, the monks offered us wine, and we tasted it; but it was detestable. It was about such a drink as rotten apple cider diluted with water.

At Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, I found the largest variety of wines, and had an opportunity of examining a Jewish wine cellar that, I have no doubt, was a fair representation of the same repository in holy times.

The Father Superior of the Convent of the Annunciation, at Nazareth, had supplied me with a small quantity, enough to last us until we reached Tiberias, where he assured us we should find plenty.

The last evening of our rest on the shore of that holiest of lakes, we were compelled to go into the town to purchase wine. It was an unromantic incident. Nevertheless it had interest. I make no apology to the intelligent read- | for us around the sea of Gennesareth.

article is more valued in England than the pure. | er, who knows the necessity of having a full Whatever the reason is, the fact is so. Of red supply of wine in such travel, when water is

> It was a glorious night. The moonlight on the sea was like a memory hallowing it. The water was still, calm, silvery, and the ruins of old Tiberias, the fallen walls and crumbling towers, lay in the lake as if they had sought just such repose, and were content with it.

> My tents were pitched south, and just out of the city, on the shore. A vast breach in the wall, made by the earthquake of 1835, admitted us to the narrow, deserted streets, in which the moonlight fell with a sort of right-of-possession look that made the desolation absolute.

> Whitely and myself went in together to hunt for some Jew who would sell wine, and after wandering some time unsuccessfully, we at length found a woman who offered to lead us to a vender. We followed, and she entered a low hut, or house, of stone, roofed with a halfbrush, half-thatch covering, where she called an old woman from an inner room to sell us the juice of the Lebanon vintage. While I talked with the old lady, Whitely was eying our guide, who now, by the light of the dim lamp, was revealed to be a beautiful girl of nineteen, tall, slender, and graceful as the solitary palm in the corner of the old city, and, for beauty among all women we had seen in Tiberias, quite as lonely. Her eyes were like stars, and her face like an artist's dream of Ruth.

> The old woman brought me what she had to offer, and I tasted and did not like it. Whitely lifted it to his lips, looking over the rim of the cup at Miriam, and he pronounced it tolerable, and, having nothing better, he recommended a purchase.

> I sent a gallon down to the tents and went out, determined to hunt up something better. We at length entered a house where they told us they could bring us a person who would sell us good wine, and while we waited the woman went and brought her mother who proved to be our old friend of whom we had already purchased. She laughed at finding us looking for other wine, and said she had better than she had given us.

> Nothing loth to see Miriam again we went back, and she brought us decidedly better, which she pronounced the best wine in Syria.

> The first was a curious mixture, not unlike that which one would make by sweetening claret with sugar, and adding a little port wine. This second was a heavier wine and more dry. It was like sweet malaga, with a slight taste of acid mingled in it. We chaffered over it a while, and sent another gallon to our tents. But I was not satisfied with it, and renewed my search.

> Again I hit on one who could show us where we could get wine, and who went out to bring in his friend. He brought-Miriam! the same; and she laughed loud, and her ringing laugh in the moonlit street of Tiberias is among the more ancient and glorious memories that linger



She said her mother had such wine as Solomon would have left his throne to drink in his later days, and we went back.

I made the old woman take me to her wine cellar. It was a vaulted chamber, three feet below the level of the ground, some twenty feet by ten, and not more than six high. Around the sides and in the middle stood fifteen or twenty earthen jars, each of which was large enough to hold nearly or quite thirty gallons. These were open at the top, but on each was laid an earthen plate which closed it, and I opened one after another and tasted every variety of the Galilean wine. Such jars as these might well have been used at Cana of Galilee.

Some was new and raw, unripe and unpleasant, the bitter taste of grape seeds predominant; other was better, more like a Beaune Burgundy sweetened. One jar was not a little like dead Champagne, and that which she thought best of all was heavier than port, thick, oily, and sweet, strong and sharp in the throat, but cloying to the taste. I have never seen any thing like this wine elsewhere, except in Jerusalem, in the house of one Mordecai, where I tasted the same. The Jews esteem it as above all other wines. They take but little of it at a time, using it as we do a preserved fruit or a rich jelly. It, as well as all the others, was alcoholic. There is a preparation of boiled grape-juice called dibs, which resembles molasses in taste and consistency, but which is not now, and never was, called wine, and is no more wine than rum is molasses. This is used by Europeans and Americans as a substitute for sugar sirups in cooking. American lady in Beyrout told me that she had always made gingerbread with this article, and that on one occasion, when the printing-office connected with the mission had imported a bar-•rel of molasses for their rollers, she begged a pint for gingerbread, but it was a failure. dibs was better, or she had forgotten how to use molasses.

The Lebanon hills are extensively covered with grape vines. In Damascus I found tolerable wine, of the Tiberias sort, and through the Lebanon country excellent wines abounded. I found no sour wines, except that at Bethlehem and Saint Saba, which was vile stuff; no good sour wines any where in Syria.

In Greece one looks in vain for classic wines, but in Italy they are well represented by modern productions, and one may, by paying devoted attention to the English bankers in Naples, buy a flask of good Falernian which he may sip as he reads,

> "Est qui nec veteris pocula massici Nec partem solide demere de die Spernit."

How. Od. 1. 1.

My own recollections of the "Falernus Ager" bring up the miserable albergo of Saint Agatha, a woe-begone inn near Monte Massico, two Italian soldiers eating hard bread and swilling a vile decoction of dye-stuffs, and a vain at-

eat before pushing on in a hot sunshine to "Capua's marble halls," now miserably represented by modern Capua.

Of Italian wines the most celebrated is the Lachryma Christi of Naples. It derives its name from the vineyard of the now almost forgotten Abbey of Christ's Tear, so called, doubtless, from a relic of that name in its possession. The idea which is common is easily accounted for, that the wine is thus called profanely, by way of extolling its character.

It is difficult to obtain any of it. During a fortnight in Naples last spring I found it impossible to aver that I had seen a drop of it, though we had opened more than twenty-eight bottles so called.

At the Hotel Vittoria they gave us a wine, clear as spring water, golden in color, and right pleasant to the taste. The landlord confessed. when I cornered him one day in the office, that it was a made-up wine. At the Café d'Europe, the largest café in Italy, they gave us a rosy wine, tasting like Champagne, without a sparkle; and at the Hermitage, on Mount Vesuvius, the old monk furnished a bottle of deep-red heavy wine, which he vouched for as veritable Lachryma.

Switzerland produces more wines than mount-At the smallest Swiss inn they will give you a wine card of immense length; and if you call it through they will never fail to have the wine you order, though a nice taste might observe that from three to six specimens would be taken out of the same cask. This is easily done in France or Europe where our American style of labels on wine bottles is almost nnknown. Parisian landlord knows all his wines by the color of the seal. A bottle with a label on it is a rarity seldom seen. In Switzerland the label is usually simply the name of the wine, and a judicious application of the thumb will rub this off, showing thereby the freshness of the paste, if you try it as soon as it is set before you. But Swiss wines have no celebrity.

Throughout Southern Europe wine is a necessary of life. We can hardly appreciate this in America. The French or Italian peasantry live on food that an Irish or American laborer would starve on. A piece of hard brown bread and a cup of red wine is the morning, noon, and evening meal of the large majority of Southern Europeans. If the wine be poor or be costly it is a hardship, and the recent short crops of grapes have produced distress that equals semi-starvation, by depriving many of their sole substitute for tea and coffee, and compelling them to use water, which brings disease and death to their families. Large quantities of dye-stuff wine are sold in the heart of the wine-growing districts; and if this be true there, what chance have we here?

The Rhine wines, Hocks as we sometimes hear them called, have greater celebrity in Europe than in America. They are much the most expensive of European wines, the rarer tempt on my part to get a mouthful that I could kinds and qualities commanding readily prices



it is not uncommon to see a greenhorn pay twelve dollars for wine that he finds so marked on a hotel bill, not dreaming that he could have the same wine for two, if he ordered it by another

One of the sights of the Rhine is the chateau of Johannisberg, the property of Prince Metternich, standing back from the river a little below the village of Geisenheim, where this celebrated wine is grown. The position is elevated, and the slope, though southern, is by no means especially warm.

In ancient days this vineyard belonged to an abbey, as did most of the famous vineyards of Europe. But it passed from the monks of the saint whose food was locust and wild honey, and became the property of the Prince of Orange. Napoleon snapped it up as a choice bit and gave it to Marshal Kellerman; but he held it only during the days of the empire, and in 1816 it was presented by the Emperor of Austria to Prince Metternich.

It contains sixty-two acres; and the books say that it produces, in the best years, about forty butts of seven and a half ohms each, which makes about fifty-two thousand five hundred bottles as the total annual product. The grapes are not gathered here until they are more than ripe, and even rotten. Those which fall on the ground are carefully preserved. As a result, the vintage is much later than elsewhere.

Every bottle of Johannisberg is signed in autograph by the steward of the prince. This, of course, is not a complete protection, especially in hotels, where the empty bottles can be refilled with poor wine. At Weisbaden, a half-day from Johannisberg, a bottle of the blue seal is sold for the equivalent of four dollars American; a bottle being the smallest wine bottle known (except what are called half-bottles), and holding about a pint.

The wine of certain years, especially that which grew over the cellars of the castle, a particularly choice spot, is not to be purchased for money. Such vintages are reserved for princely presents, and no one may hope to taste it except in a palace.

Near Erbach, on the Rhine, not far from Johannisberg, lies the celebrated Steinberg Vineyard, which is esteemed second only to Johannisberg. It belongs to the Duke of Nassau, and the castle, which was once the convent of Eberbach, contains his choice collection of wines. One of the old churches, built in the twelfth century, is filled with wine presses.

In 1836, the Duke sold half his wines at auction. The best cask, the bride of the cellar, as the Germans call it, which was Steinberger, vintage of 1822, was bought by Prince Emile, of Hesse, for 6100 florins, or about \$2500. It contained three and a half ohms, or about six hundred bottles, which made the price a little over four dollars a bottle—a higher price than was ever paid for Johannisberg in the quantity.

I have named these two Rhine wines, because rock-candy in wine, white wine for common

that would be considered extravagant here, where they alone compose the first and best class. They are produced on one hundred and sixtytwo acres of land. There is, probably, more Johannisberg and Steinberg wine, so called, sold in America in any one year than was grown in the vineyards in any ten. Rudesheim, Markobrunner, and Hockheimer are esteemed next. and then follows a list as long as the Rhine.

> Champagne derives its name from that part of France. We apply it wrongly to any sparkling white wine. St. Peray is not Champagne, because it is not grown in Champagne.

> Epernay is the great centre of the district of this wine, and here are the vast cellars cut in the chalk rock, which contain the largest store of sparkling wine to be found in any one collection in the world.

> Champagne is produced from a small sweet grape, and, contrary to common belief, these must be fully ripe to produce good wine.

The first expression of the juice is very sweet. and this is drawn off into casks where it is allowed to ferment. When the fermentation ceases, the wine is dead and flat, and no one would imagine that it could be made fit to drink; but in the spring after vintage it is bottled, and a new fermentation induced by putting into each bottle a small quantity of rock-candy dissolved in wine. All sediment has been carefully removed, but this produces a farther sediment. The temperature of the cellars is regulated with great care, but thousands of bottles explode. The usual estimate of loss is ten per cent., but twenty and thirty-five per cent. is not an uncommon breakage. It is well known that Madame Cliquot, of Rheims, the largest Champagne grower in France, lost, in the spring of 1848, four hundred thousand bottles, so great was the fermentation produced by intensely hot weather that came on in April. It was finally checked by great quantities of ice which she brought from Paris and threw into the cellars. This breakage is not always a loss, for the greater it is the more is the wine esteemed and the higher the price.

The bottles are placed on shelves, in a position slightly inclining, the neck downward, and every day a man passes along and lifts the end of each bottle, shaking it very gently, so as to detach the sediment from the side, and leaves it with the bottom a little more elevated. He repeats this till the bottle is upright and the sediment is all deposited in the neck. It is then ready for what is called disgorging. A man holds the bottle in his hands, cuts the string, and the cork flies, and with it the sediment and dirty wine. It is done as swiftly as hands can move; the bottle is filled up with clear wine, recorked, and placed on the shelf again. Each bottle goes through this process at least twice, and often three times.

All Champagne is artificially sweetened, and all colored Champagne is artificially colored. This is done at the second or third time of opening, by filling up the bottle with a solution of



white Champague, and red wine for pink or rose Champague.

Such is the process through which Champagne wine passes. In the immediate Champagne districts immense quantities of imitation wine are put up, chiefly for Russia and America. All the sparkling Hock and Moselle that we buy are made wines.

France has produced, in the most favorable seasons, something more than fifty millions of bottles of Champagne, and exported twenty-five millions to Russia alone; while to England and America the exportation, added to a fair estimate for home consumption, exceeds many times over the total product.

The Dukes of Burgundy were well styled the "Princes des bons vins," for the Côte d'Or is unsurpassed in the world for good and celebrated wines. The Clos-Vougeot, Beaune, Chambertin, and a dozen others, are almost classical. The whole country is crowned with vines, and their cultivation is the chief husbandry of this part of France.

The Vougeot may serve us for an example, in describing the manufacture of which we shall describe that of almost any claret wine.

The grapes are brought in in baskets and thrown into large troughs, where men with large wooden shoes tread them till the grapes are nearly all crushed. The stalks are then taken out. Not all of them, for a small portion left in improves the wine. The must from the treading runs into a vat, into which are thrown the remaining grapes and stems. The vat is not filled by about a foot, and a sliding lid or top is put in floating on the surface. rises with the fermentation six inches above the top, but the stems and grape-skins which float occupy this space, and no liquor escapes. time of the fermentation varies from two to twenty days, according to the weather. If it is hot it is short, and in that case the wine is bet-The wine is then drawn off into butts that hold six to eight hundred gallons each, and every few months is pumped from one to another.

Burgundy wine is not fit for sale till three or four years old, and the best is kept ten or twelve years and then bottled by the grower. A very common notion, that wine improves by age, is well known to be false after a certain period. All good wine has its time to be ripe and perfect, and after that time to keep it is a loss of interest on your money. Of course to drink it must be understood as stopping the running of the interest account.

I close this article by a reminiscence of good wines. The best sparkling wine that I have ever tasted was at St. Peray on the Rhone, where is grown this prince of foaming wines. The best red wine that I found in travel was at Chalons on the Saone, where I found old ripe Beaune; but the best Hock, as we should call it in America, though that is a misnomer, I drank at Constantinople. It was Brousa wine, grown in Asia a few miles from Stamboul, under the mowy summit of the Asian Olympus. It was

by far the most delicate and delicious juice of the grape that I have ever seen, and the judgment of a gentleman who ought to have been, and was, a better judge of wine than any American can hope to be, pronounced it equal to the best Johannisberg that the cellars of the prince could furnish, and he had drunk it in the chateau of Johannisberg many times.

LITTLE DORRIT.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—IN WHICH A GREAT PATRI-OTIC CONFERENCE IS HOLDEN.

HE famous name of Merdle became, every day, more famous in the land. Nobody knew that the Merdle of such high renown had ever done any good to any one, alive or dead, or to any earthly thing; nobody knew that he had any capacity or utterance of any sort in him, which had ever thrown, for any creature, the feeblest farthing-candle ray of light on any path of duty or diversion, pain or pleasure, toil or rest, fact or fancy, among the multiplicity of paths in the labyrinth trodden by the sons of Adam; nobody had the smallest reason for supposing the clay of which this object of worship was made to be other than the commonest clay, with as clogged a wick smouldering inside of it as ever kept an image of humanity from tumbling to pieces. All people knew (or thought they knew) that he had made himself immensely rich; and, for that reason alone, prostrated themselves before him, more degradedly and less excusably than the darkest savage creeps out of his hole in the ground to propitiate, in some log or reptile, the Deity of his benighted

Nay, the high priests of this worship had the man before them as a protest against their meanness. The multitude worshiped on trust -though always distinctly knowing why-but the officiators at the alter had the man habitually in their view. They sat at his feasts, and he sat at theirs. There was a spectre always attendant on him, saying to these high priests, "Are such the signs you trust, and love to honor; this head, these eyes, this mode of speech, the tone and manner of this man? You are the levers of the Circumlocution Office, and the rulers men. When half a dozen of you fall out by the ears, it seems that mother earth can give birth to no other rulers. Does your qualification lie in the superior knowledge of men, which accepts, courts, and puffs this man? Or, if you are competent to judge aright the signs I never fail to show you when he appears among you, is your superior honesty your qualification?" rather ugly questions these, always going about town with Mr. Merdle; and there was a tacit agreement that they must be stifled.

Beaune; but the best Hock, as we should call it in America, though that is a misnomer, I drank at Constantinople. It was Brousa wine, grown in Asia a few miles from Stamboul, under the snowy summit of the Asian Olympus. It was Three or four ladies of distinction and liveli-



ness used to say to one another, "Let us dine at our dear Merdle's next Thursday. Whom shall we have?" Our dear Merdle would then receive his instructions; and would sit heavily among the company at table and wander lumpishly about his drawing-rooms afterward, only remarkable for appearing to have nothing to do with the entertainment beyond being in its way.

The Chief Butler, the Avenging-Spirit of this great man's life, relaxed nothing of his severity. He looked on at these dinners when the bosom was not there, as he looked on at other dinners when the bosom was there; and his eye was a basilisk to Mr. Merdle. He was a hard man, and would never bate an ounce of plate or a bottle of wine. He would not allow a dinner to be given, unless it was up to his mark. He set forth the table for his own dignity. If the guests chose to partake of what was served, he saw no objection; but it was served for the maintenance of his rank. As he stood by the side-board he seemed to announce, "I have accepted office to look at this which is now before me, and to look at nothing less than this." If he missed the presiding bosom, it was as a part of his own state of which he was, from unavoidable circumstances, temporarily deprived. Just as he might have missed a centre-piece, or a choice wine-cooler, which had been sent to the banker's.

Mr. Merdle issued invitations for a Barnacle dinner. Lord Decimus was to be there, Mr. Tite Barnacle was to be there, the pleasant young Barnacle was to be there; and the Chorus of Parliamentary Barnacles who went about the provinces when the House was up, warbling the praises of their Chief, were to be represented there. It was understood to be a great occasion. Mr. Merdle was going to take up the Barnacles. Some delicate little negotiations had occurred between him and the noble Decimus-the young Barnacle of engaging manners acting as negotiator-and Mr. Merdle had decided to cast the weight of his great probity and great riches into the Barnacle scale. Jobbery was suspected by the malicious; perhaps because it was indisputable that if the adherence of the immortal Enemy of Mankind could have been secured by a job, the Barnacles would have jobbed him-for the good of the country, for the good of the country.

Mrs. Merdle had written to this magnificent spouse of hers, whom it was heresy to regard as any thing less than all the British Merchants since the days of Whittington rolled into one, and gilded three feet deep all over—had written to this spouse of hers, several letters from Rome, in quick succession, urging upon him with importunity that now or never was the time to provide for Edmund Sparkler. Mrs. Merdle had shown him that the case of Edmund was urgent, and that infinite advantages might result from his having some good thing directly. In the grammar of Mrs. Merdle's verbs on this momentons subject, there was only one Mood, the

Imperative; and that Mood has only one Tensethe Present. Mrs. Merdle's verbs were so pressingly presented to Mr. Merdle to conjugate, that his sluggish blood and his long coat-cuffs became quite agitated.

In which state of agitation, Mr. Merdle, evasively rolling his eyes round the Chief Butler's shoes without raising them to the index of that stupendous creature's thoughts, had signified to him his intention of giving a special dinner: not a very large dinner, but a very special dinner. The Chief Butler had signified, in return, that he had no objection to look on at the most expensive thing in that way that could be done: and the day of the dinner was now come.

Mr. Merdle stood in one of his drawing-rooms, with his back to the fire, waiting for the arrival of his important guests. He seldom or never took the liberty of standing with his back to his fire, unless he was quite alone. In the presence of the Chief Butler he could not have done such a deed. He would have clasped himself by the wrists in that constabulary manner of his, and have paced up and down the hearth-rug, or gone creeping about among the rich objects of furniture, if his oppressive retainer had appeared in the room at that very moment. The sly shadows which seemed to dart out of hiding when the fire rose, and to dart back into it when the fire fell, were sufficient witnesses of his making himself so easy. They were even more than sufficient, if his uncomfortable glances at them might be taken to mean any thing.

Mr. Merdle's right hand was filled with the evening paper, and the evening paper was full of Mr. Merdle. His wonderful enterprise, his wonderful wealth, his wonderful Bank, were the fattening food of the evening paper that night. The wonderful Bank, of which he was the chief projector, establisher, and manager, was the latest of the many Merdle wonders. So modest was Mr. Merdle withal, in the midst of these splendid achievements, that he looked far more like a man in possession of his house under a distraint, than a commercial Colossus bestriding his own hearth-rug, while the little ships were sailing in to dinner.

Behold the vessels coming into port! The engaging young Barnacle was the first arrival; but Bar overtook him on the stair-case. Bar, strengthened as usual with his double eye-glass and his little jury droop, was overjoyed to see the engaging young Barnacle; and opined that we were going to sit in Banco, as we lawyers called it, to take a special argument?

"Indeed," said the sprightly young Barnacle, whose name was Ferdinand: "how so?"

"Nay," smiled Bar. "If you don't know, how can I know? You are in the innermost sanctuary of the temple; I am one of the admiring concourse on the plain without."

and that infinite advantages might result from having some good thing directly. In the grammar of Mrs. Merdle's verbs on this momentous subject, there was only one Mood, the Bar was likewise always modest and self-depresent



ciatory—in his way. Bar was a man of great variety; but one leading thread ran through the woof of all his patterns. Every man with whom he had to do was, in his eyes, a juryman; and he must get that juryman over, if he could.

"Our illustrious host and friend," said Bar; "our shining mercantile star; going into politics?"

"Going? He has been in Parliament some time, you know," returned the engaging young Barnacle.

"True," said Bar, with his light-comedy laugh for special jurymen; which was a very different thing from his low-comedy laugh for comic tradesmen on common juries: "he has been in Parliament for some time. Yet hitherto our star has been a vacillating and wavering star? Humph?"

An average witness would have been seduced by the Humph? into an affirmative answer. But Ferdinand Barnacle looked knowingly at Bar as they strolled up stairs, and gave him no answer at all.

"Just so, just so," said Bar, nodding his head, for he was not to be put off in that way, "and therefore I spoke of our sitting in Banco to take a special argument—meaning this to be a high and solemn occasion, when, as Captain Macheath says, 'the Judges are met; a terrible show!' We lawyers are sufficiently liberal, you see, to quote the Captain, though the Captain is severe upon us. Nevertheless, I think I could put in evidence an admission of the Captain's," said Bar, with a little jocose roll of his head; for, in his legal current of speech, he always assumed the air of rallying himself with the best grace in the world: "an admission of the Captain's that Law, in the gross, is at least intended to be impartial. For, what says the Captain, if I quote him correctly—and if not," with a light-comedy touch of his double eyeglass on his companion's shoulder, "my learned friend will set me right:

> "Since laws were made for every degree, To curb vice in others as well as in me, wonder we ha'n't better company Upon Tyburn Tree!

These words brought them to the drawingroom, where Mr. Merdle stood before the fire. So immensely astounded was Mr. Merdle by the entrance of Bar with such a reference in his mouth, that Bar explained himself to have been quoting Gay. "Assuredly not one of our Westminster Hall authorities," said he, with the jury droop, "but still no despicable one to a man possessing the largely-practical Mr. Merdle's knowledge of the world.'

Mr. Merdle looked as if he thought he would say something, but subsequently looked as if he thought he wouldn't. The interval afforded time for Bishop to be announced.

Bishop came in with meekness, and yet with a strong and rapid step, as if he wanted to get his seven-league dress-shoes on, and go round to a branch of his usual function by looking at

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factory state. Bishop had no idea that there was any thing significant in the occasion. That was the most remarkable trait in his demeanor. He was crisp, fresh, cheerful, affable, bland; but so surprisingly innocent!

Bar slided up to prefer his politest inquiries in reference to the health of Mrs. Bishop. Mrs. Bishop had been a little unfortunate in the article of taking cold at a Confirmation, but otherwise was well. Young Mr. Bishop was also well. He was down, with his young wife and little family, at his Cure of Souls-and it is to be hoped was curing largely.

The representatives of the Barnacle Chorus dropped in next, and Mr. Merdle's physician dropped in next. Bar, who had a bit of one eye and a bit of his double eye-glass for every one who came in at the door, no matter with whom he was conversing or what he was talking about, got among them all by some skillful means, without being seen to get at them, and touched each individual gentleman of the jury on his own individual favorite spot. With some of the Chorus, he laughed about the sleepy member who had gone out into the lobby the other night, and voted the wrong way: with others, he deplored that innovating spirit in the time which could not even be prevented from taking an unnatural interest in the public service and the public money: with the physician he had a word to say about the general health; he had also a little information to ask him for, concerning a professional man, of unquestioned erudition and polished manners—but those credentials in their highest development he believed were the possession of other professors of the healing art (jury droop)—whom he had happened to have in the witness-box the day before yesterday, and from whom he had elicited in cross-examination that he claimed to be one of the exponents of this new mode of treatment which appeared to Bar to-eh?-well, Bar thought so; Bar had thought, and hoped, Physician would tell him so. Without presuming to decide where doctors disagreed, it did appear to Bar, viewing it as a question of common sense and not of so-called legal penetration, that this new system wasmight be, in the presence of so great an authority-say, Humbug? Ah! Fortified by such encouragement, he could venture to say Humbug; and now Bar's mind was relieved.

Mr. Tite Barnacle, who, like Dr. Johnson's celebrated acquaintance, had only one idea in his head, and that was a wrong one, had appeared by this time. This eminent gentleman and Mr. Merdle, seated diverse ways and with ruminating aspects, on a yellow ottoman in the light of the fire, holding no verbal communication with each other, bore a strong general resemblance to the two cows in the Cuyp picture over against them.

But, now, Lord Decimus arrived. The Chief Butler, who up to this time had limited himself the world to see that every body was in a satis- the company as they entered (and that, with



more of defiance than favor), put himself so far out of his way as to come up stairs with him and announce him. Lord Decimus being an overpowering peer, a bashful young member of the Lower House, who was the last fish but one caught by the Barnacles and who had been invited on this occasion to commemorate his capture, shut his eyes when his Lordship came in.

Lord Decimus nevertheless was glad to see the Member. He was also glad to see Mr. Merdle, glad to see Bishop, glad to see Bar, glad to see Physician, glad to see Tite Barnacle, glad to see Chorus, glad to see Ferdinand his private secretary. Lord Decimus, though one of the greatest of the earth, was not personally remarkable for ingratiatory manners, and Ferdinand had coached him up to the point of noticing all the fellows he might find there, and saying he was glad to see them. When he had achieved this rush of vivacity and condescension, his Lordship composed himself into the picture after Cuyp, and made a third cow in the group.

Bar, who felt that he had got all the rest of the jury and must now lay hold of the Foreman, soon came sliding up, double eye-glass in hand. Bar tendered the weather, as a subject neatly aloof from official reserve, for the Foreman's consideration. Bar said that he was told (as every body always is told, though who tells them, and why, will for ever remain a mystery), that there was to be no wall-fruit this year. Lord Decimus had not heard any thing amiss of his peaches, but rather believed, if his people were correct, he was to have no apples. No apples? Bar was lost in astonishment and concern. It would have been all one to him, in reality, if there had not been a pippin on the surface of the earth, but his show of interest in this apple question was positively painful. Now, to what, Lord Decimus—for we troublesome lawyers loved to gather information, and could never tell how useful it might prove to us-to what, Lord Decimus, was this to be attributed? Lord Decimus could not undertake to propound any theory about it. This might have stopped another man; but Bar, sticking to him fresh as ever, said, "As to pears, now?"

Long after Bar got made Attorney-General, this was told of him as a master-stroke. Lord Decimus had a reminiscence about a pear-tree, formerly growing in a garden near the back of his dame's house at Eton, upon which pear-tree the only joke of his life perennially bloomed. It was a joke of a compact and portable nature, turning on the difference between Eton pears and Parliamentary pairs; but it was a joke, a refined relish of which would seem to have appeared to Lord Decimus impossible to be had, without a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the tree. Therefore, the story at first had no idea of such a tree, Sir, then gradually found it in winter, carried it through the changing seasons, saw it bud, saw it blossom, saw it bear

fruit, that many thanks had been offered up by belated listeners for the tree's having been planted and grafted prior to Lord Decimus's time. Bar's interest in apples was so overtopped by the wrapt suspense in which he pursued the changes of these pears, from the moment when Lord Decimus solemnly opened with "Your mentioning pears recalls to my remembrance a pear-tree," down to the rich conclusion, "And so we pass, through the various changes of life, from Eton pears to Parliamentary pairs," that he had to go down stairs with Lord Decimus, and even then to be seated next him at table, in order that he might hear the anecdote out. By that time, Bar felt that he had secured the Foreman, and might go to dinner with a good appetite.

It was a dinner to provoke an appetite, though he had not had one. The rarest dishes, sumptuously cooked and sumptuously served; the choicest fruits; the most exquisite wines; marvels of workmanship in gold and silver, china and glass; innumerable things delicious to the senses of taste, smell, and sight, were insinuated into its composition. Oh, what a wonderful man this Merdle, what a great man, what a master man, how blessedly and enviably endowed—in one word, what a rich man!

He took his usual poor eighteenpennyworth of food, in his usual indigestive way, and had as little to say for himself as ever a wonderful man had. Fortunately Lord Decimus was one of those sublimities who have no occasion to be talked to, for they can be at any time sufficiently occupied with the contemplation of their own greatness. This enabled the bashful young member to keep his eyes open long enough at a time to see his dinner. But, whenever Lord Decimus spoke, he shut them again.

The agreeable young Barnacle, and Bar, were the talkers of the party. Bishop would have been exceedingly agreeable also, but that his innocence stood in his way. He was so soon left behind. When there was any little hint of any thing being in the wind, he got lost directly. Worldly affairs were too much for him; he couldn't make them out at all.

This was observable when Bar said, incidentally, that he was happy to have heard that we were soon to have the advantage of enlisting on the good side, the sound and plain sagacity—not demonstrative or ostentatious, but thoroughly sound and practical—of our friend Mr. Sparkler.

Ferdinand Barnacle laughed, and said, oh, yes, he believed so. A vote was a vote, and always acceptable.

Bar was sorry to miss our good friend Mr. Sparkler to-day, Mr. Merdle.

no idea of such a tree, Sir, then gradually found it in winter, carried it through the changing seasons, saw it bud, saw it blossom, saw it bear fruit, saw the fruit ripen, in short cultivated the tree in that diligent and minute manner before indispensable for him to be on the spot."



"The magic name of Merdle," said Bar, with the jury droop, "no doubt will suffice for all."

"Why—yes—I believe so," assented Mr. Merdle, putting the spoon aside, and clumsily hiding each of his hands in the coat-cuff of the other hand. "I believe the people in my interest down there, will not make any difficulty."

"Model people!" said Bar.

"I am glad you approve of them," said Mr. Merdle.

"And the people of those other two places, now," pursued Bar, with a bright twinkle in his keen eye, as it slightly turned in the direction of his magnificent neighbor; "we lawyers are always curious, always inquisitive, always picking up odds and ends for our patch-work minds, since there is no knowing when and where they may fit into some corner; the people of those other two places, now? Do they yield so laudably to the vast and cumulative influence of such enterprise and such renown; do those little rills become absorbed so quietly and easily, and, as it were by the influence of natural laws, so beautifully, in the swoop of the majestic stream as it flows upon its wondrous way enriching the surrounding lands; that their course is perfectly to be calculated, and distinctly to be predicated?"

Mr. Merdle, a little troubled by Bar's eloquence, looked fitfully about the nearest saltcellar for some moments, and then said, hesitating:

"They are perfectly aware, Sir, of their duty to Society. They will return any body I send to them for that purpose."

"Cheering to know," said Bar. "Cheering to know."

The three places in question were three little rotten holes in this Island, containing three little ignorant, drunken, guzzling, dirty, out-of-the-way constituencies, that had reeled into Mr. Merdle's pocket. Ferdinand Barnacle laughed in his easy way, and airily said they were a nice set of fellows. Bishop, mentally perambulating among paths of peace, was altogether swallowed up in absence of mind.

"Pray," asked Lord Decimus, casting his eyes around the table, "what is this story I have heard of a gentleman long confined in a debtor's prison, proving to be of a wealthy family, and having come into the inheritance of a large sum of money? I have met with a variety of allusions to it. Do you know any thing of it, Ferdinand?"

"I only know this much," said Ferdinand, "that he has given the Department with which I have the honor to be associated;" this sparkling young Barnacle threw off the phrase sportively, as who should say, We know all about these forms of speech, but we must keep it up, we must keep the game alive; "no end of trouble, and has put us into innumerable fixes."

"Fixes?" repeated Lord Decimus, with a majestic pausing and pondering on the word that made the bashful member shut his eyes quite tight. "Fixes?"

"A very perplexing business indeed," observed Mr. Tite Barnacle, with an air of grave resentment.

"What," said Lord Decimus, "was the character of his business; what was the nature of these—a—fixes, Ferdinand?"

"Oh, it's a good story, as a story," returned that gentleman; "as good a thing of its kind as need be. This Mr. Dorrit (his name is Dorrit) had incurred a responsibility to us, ages before the fairy came out of the Bank and gave him his fortune, under a bond he had signed for the performance of a contract which was not at all performed. He was partner in a house in some large way—spirits, or buttons, or wine, or blacking, or oatmeal, or woolen, or pork, or hooks and eyes, or iron, or treacle, or shoes, or something or other that was wanted for troops, or seamen, or somebody—and the house burst, and we being among the creditors, detainers were lodged on the part of the Crown in a scientific manner, and all the rest of it. When the fairy had appeared, and he wanted to pay us off, egad we had got into such an exemplary state of checking and counter-checking, signing and counter-signing, that it was six months before we knew how to take the money, or how to give a receipt for it. It was a triumph of public business," said this handsome young Barnacle, laughing heartily. "You never saw such a lot of forms in your life. 'Why,' the attorney said to me one day, 'if I wanted this office to give me two or three thousand pounds instead of take it, I couldn't have more trouble about it.' 'You are right, old fellow,' I told him, 'and in future you'll know that we have something to do here." The pleasant young Barnacle finished by once more laughing heartily. He was a very easy, pleasant fellow indeed, and his manners were exceedingly winning.

Mr. Tite Barnacle's view of the business was of a less airy character. He took it ill that Mr. Dorrit had troubled the Department by wanting to pay the money, and considered it a grossly informal thing to do after so many years. But Mr. Tite Barnacle was a buttoned-up man, and consequently a weighty one. All buttoned-up men are weighty. All buttoned-up men are believed in. Whether or no the reserved and never-exercised power of unbuttoning, fascinates mankind; whether or no wisdom is supposed to condense and augment when buttoned up, and to evaporate when unbuttoned; it is certain that the man to whom importance is accorded is the buttoned-up man. Mr. Tite Barnacle never would have passed for half his current value, unless his coat had been always buttoned up to his white cravat.

"May I ask," said Lord Decimus, "if Mr. Darrit—or Dorrit—has any family?"

Nobody else replying, the host said, "He has two daughters, my lord."

"Oh! You are acquainted with him?" asked Lord Decimus.

"Mrs. Merdle is. Mr. Sparkler is, too. In



fact," said Mr. Merdle, "I rather believe that one of the young ladies has made an impression on Edmund Sparkler. He is susceptible, and-I-think-the conquest-" Here Mr. Merdle stopped, and looked at the table-cloth: as he usually did when he found himself observed or listened to.

Bar was uncommonly pleased to find that the Merdle family and this family had already been brought into contact. He submitted, in a low voice across the table to Bishop, that it was a kind of analogical illustration of those physical laws, in virtue of which Like flies to Like. He regarded this power of attraction in wealth to draw wealth to it, as something remarkably interesting and curious—something indefinably allied to the loadstone and gravitation. Bishop, who had ambled back to earth again when the present theme was broached, acquiesced. He said it was indeed highly important to Society that one in the trying situation of unexpectedly finding himself invested with a power for good or for evil in Society, should become, as it were, merged in the superior power of a more legitimate and more gigantic growth, the influence of which (as in the case of our friend, at whose board we sat) was habitually exercised in harmony with the best interests of Society. Thus, instead of two rival and contending flames, a larger and a lesser, each burning with a lurid and uncertain glare, we had a blended and a softened light, whose genial ray diffused an equable warmth throughout the land. Bishop seemed to like his own way of putting the case very much, and rather dwelt upon it; Bar, meanwhile (not to throw away a juryman), making a show of sitting at his feet aud feeding on his precepts.

The dinner and dessert being three hours long, the bashful member cooled in the shadow of Lord Decimus faster than he warmed with food and drink, and had but a chilly time of it. Lord Decimus, like a tall tower in a flat country, seemed to project himself across the tablecleth, hide the light from the honorable member, cool the honorable member's marrow, and give him a woeful idea of distance. When he asked this unfortunate traveler to take wine, he encompassed his faltering steps with the gloomiest of shades; and when he said, "Your health, Sir!" all around him was barrenness and des-

At length Lord Decimus, with a coffee-cup in his hand, began to hover about among the pictures, and to cause an interesting speculation to arise in all minds as to the probabilities of his ceasing to hover, and enabling the smaller birds to flutter up stairs; which could not be done until he had urged his noble pinions in that direction. After some delay, and several stretches of his wings which came to nothing, he soared to the drawing-rooms.

And here a difficulty arose, which always together at a dinner to confer with one another. | Universe of Jurymen, he, in the most accidental

Every body (except Bishop, who had no suspicion of it) knew perfectly well that this dinner had been eaten and drunk, specifically to the end that Lord Decimus and Mr. Merdle should have five minutes' conversation together. The opportunity so elaborately prepared was now arrived, and it seemed from that moment that no merely human ingenuity could so much as get the two chieftains into the same room. Mr. Merdle and his noble guest persisted in prowling about at opposite ends of the perspective. It was in vain for the engaging Ferdinand to bring Lord Decimus to look at the bronze horses near Mr. Merdle. Then Mr. Merdle evaded, and wandered away. It was in vain for him to bring Mr. Merdle to Lord Decimus, to tell him the history of the unique Dresden vases. Then Lord Decimus evaded, and wandered away, while he was getting his man up to the

"Did you ever see such a thing as this?" said Ferdinand to Bar, when he had been baffled twenty times.

"Often," returned Bar.

"Unless I butt one of them into an appointed corner, and you butt the other," said Ferdinand, "it will not come off at all."

"Very good," said Bar. "Ill butt Merdle, if you like; but, not my lord."

Ferdinand laughed, in the midst of his vexation. "Confound them both?' said he, looking at his watch. "I want to get away. Why the deuce can't they come together! They both know what they want and mean to do. Look at them!"

They were still looming at opposite ends of the perspective, each with an absurd pretense of not having the other on his mind, which could not have been more transparently ridiculous though his real mind had been chalked on his back. Bishop, who had just now made a third with Bar and Ferdinand, but whose innocence had again cut him out of the subject and washed him in sweet-oil, was seen to approach Lord Decimus and glide into conversation.

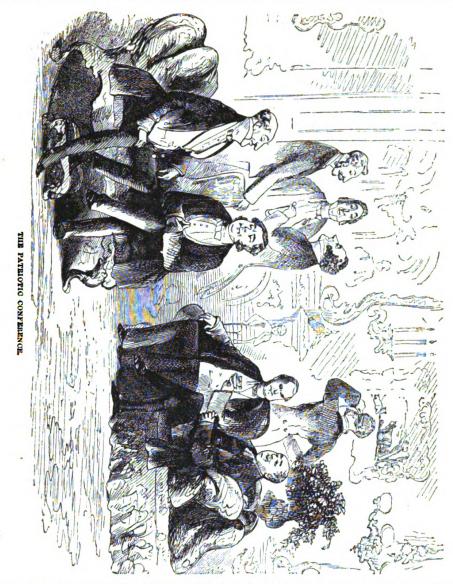
"I must get Merdle's doctor to catch and secure him, I suppose," said Ferdinand; "and then I must lay hold of my illustrious kinsman, and decoy him if I can-drag him if I can'tto the conference."

"Since you do me the honor," said Bar, with his slyest smile, " to ask for my poor aid, it shall be yours with the greatest pleasure. I don't think this is to be done by one man. But, if you will undertake to pen my lord into that farthest drawing-room where he is now so profoundly engaged, I will undertake to bring our dear Merdle into the presence, without the possibility of getting away."

"Done!" said Ferdinand. "Done!" said Bar.

Bar was a sight wondrous to behold, and full of matter, when, jauntily waving his double eyedees arise when two people are specially brought glass by its ribbon, and jauntily drooping to a





manner ever seen, found himself at Mr. Merdle's shoulder, and embraced that opportunity of mentioning a little point to him, on which he particularly wished to be guided by the light of his practical knowledge. (Here he took Mr. Merdle's arm, and walked him gently away.) A banker, whom he would call A. B., advanced a considerable sum of money, which we would call fifteen thousand pounds, to a client or customer of his, whom he would call P. Q. (Here, as they were getting toward Lord Decimus, he held Mr. Merdle tight.) As a security for the repayment of this advance to P. Q., whom we would call a widow lady, there were placed in A. B.'s hands the title-deeds of a freehold estate, which we would call Blinkiter Doddles. Now, the point was this. A limited right of felling and lopping in the woods of Blinkiter Doddles lay in the son of P. Q., then past his majority, and whom we would call X. Y.—but really this was too bad! In the presence of | ily and evenly. He conversed with the great

Lord Decimus, to detain the host with chopping our dry chaff of law, was really too bad! Another time! Bar was truly repentant, and would not say another syllable. Would Bishop favor him with half a dozen words? (He had now set Merdle down on a couch, side by side with Lord Decimus, and to it they must go now, or never.)

And now the rest of the company, highly excited and interested, always excepting Bishop, who had not the slightest idea that any thing was going on, formed in one group round the fire in the next drawing-room, and pretended to be chatting easily on an infinite variety of small topics, while every body's thoughts and eyes were secretly straying toward the secluded pair. The Chorus were excessively nervous, perhaps as laboring under the dreadful apprehension that some good thing was going to be diverted from them. Bishop alone talked stead-



Physician on that relaxation of the throat with which young curates were too frequently afflicted, and on the means of lessening the great prevalence of that disorder in the church. Physician, as a general rule, was of opinion that the best way to avoid it was to know how to read, before you made a profession of reading. Bishop said dubiously, did he really think so? And Physician said, decidedly, yes he did.

Ferdinand, meanwhile, was the only one of the party who skirmished on the outside of the circle; he kept about midway between it and the two, as if some sort of surgical operation were being performed by Lord Decimus on Mr. Merdle, or by Mr. Merdle on Lord Decimus, and his services might at any moment be required as Dresser. In fact, within a quarter of an hour, Lord Decimus called to him "Ferdinand!" and he went and took his place in the conference for some five minutes more. Then a half-suppressed gasp broke out among the Chorus; for Lord Decimus rose to take his leave. Again coached up by Ferdinand to the point of making himself popular, he shook hands in the most brilliant manner with the whole company, and even said to Bar, "I hope you were not bored by my pears?" To which Bar retorted, "Eton, my lord, or Parliamentary?" neatly showing that he had mastered the joke, and delicately insinuating that he could never forget it while life remained.

All the grave importance that was buttoned up in Mr. Tite Barnacle took itself away next; and Ferdinand took himself away next, to the opera. Some of the rest lingered a little, marrying golden liqueur glasses to Buhl tables with sticky rings; on the desperate chance of Mr. Merdle's saying something. But Mr. Merdle, as usual, oozed sluggishly and muddily about his drawing-room, saying never a word.

In a day or two it was announced to all the town that Edmund Sparkler, Esquire, son-inlaw of the eminent Mr. Merdle of world-wide renown, was made one of the Lords of the Circumlocution Office; and proclamation was issued, to all true believers, that this admirable appointment was to be hailed as a graceful and gracious mark of homage, rendered by the graceful and gracious Decimus, to that commercial interest which must ever in a great commercial country-and all the rest of it, with blast of trumpet. So, bolstered by this mark of Government homage, the wonderful Bank and all the other wonderful undertakings went on and went up; and gapers came to Harley Street, Cavendish Square, only to look at the house where the golden wonder lived.

And when they saw the Chief Butler looking out at the hall door in his moments of condescension, the gapers said how rich he looked, and wondered how much money he had in the wonderful Bank. But if they had known that respectable Nemesis better, they would not have wondered about it, and would have stated the amount with the utmost precision.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE PROGRESS OF AN EPI-DEMIC.

THAT it is at least as difficult to stay a moral infection as a physical one; that such a disease will spread with the malignity and rapidity of the Plague; that the contagion, when it has once made head, will spare no pursuit or condition, but will lay hold on people in the soundest health, and become developed in the most unlikely constitutions; is a fact as firmly established by experience as that we human creatures breathe an atmosphere. A blessing beyond appreciation would be conferred upon mankind, if the tainted, in whose weakness or wickedness these virulent disorders are bred, could be instantly seized and placed in close confinement (not to say summarily smothered) before the poison is communicable.

As a vast fire will fill the air to a great distance with its roar, so the sacred flame which the mighty Barnacles had fanned caused the air to resound more and more with the name of Merdle. It was deposited on every lip, and carried into every ear. There never was, there never had been, there never again should be, such a man as Mr. Merdle. Nobody, as aforesaid, knew what he had done; but every body knew him to be the greatest that had appeared.

Down in Bleeding Heart Yard, where there was not one unappropriated half-penny, as lively an interest was taken in this paragon of men as on the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Plornish, now established in the small grocery and general trade in a snug little shop at the crack end of the Yard, at the top of the steps, with her little old father and Maggy acting as assistants, habitually held forth about him over the counter, in conversation with her customers. Mr. Plornish, who had a small share in a small builder's business in the neighborhood, said, trowel in hand, on the tops of scaffolds and on the tiles of houses, that people did tell him as Mr. Merdle was the one, mind you, to put us all to rights in respects of that which all on us looked to, and to bring us all safe home as much we needed, mind you, for toe to be brought. Mr. Baptist, sole lodger of Mr. and Mrs. Plornish, was reputed in whispers to lay by the savings which were the result of his simple and moderate life, for investment in one of Mr. Merdle's certain enterprises. The female Bleeding Hearts, when they came for ounces of tea and hundredweights of talk, gave Mrs. Plornish to understand, That how, ma'am, they had heard from their cousin Mary Anne, which worked in the line, that his lady's dresses would fill three wagons. That how she was as handsome a lady, ma'am, as lived, no matter wheres, and a busk like marble itself. That how, according to what they was told, ma'am, it was her son by a former husband as was took into the Government: and a General he had been, and armies he had marched again and victory crowned, if all you heard was to be believed. That how it was reported that Mr. Merdle's words had been, that if they could have



made it worth his while to take the whole government he would have took it without a profit, but that take it he could not and stand a loss. That how it was not to be expected, ma'am, that he should lose by it, his ways being, as you might say and utter no falsehood, paved with gold; but that how it was to be much regretted that something handsome hadn't been got up to make it worth his while; for it was such and only such that knowed the heighth to which the bread and butchers' meat had rose, and it was such and only such that both could and would bring that heighth down.

So rife and potent was the fever in Bleeding Heart Yard, that Mr. Pancks's rent days caused no interval in the patients. The disease took the singular form, on those occasions, of causing the infected to find an unfathomable excuse and consolation in allusions to the magic

"Now, then!" Mr. Pancks would sav, to a defaulting lodger, "Pay up! Come on!"

"I haven't got it, Mr. Pancks," Defaulter would reply. "I tell you the truth, Sir, when I say I haven't got so much as a single sixpence of it to bless myself with."

"Well! This won't do, you know," Mr. Pancks would retort. "You don't expect it will do; do you?"

Defaulter would admit, with a low-spirited "No, Sir," having no such expectation.

"My proprietor isn't going to stand this, you know," Mr. Pancks would proceed. "He don't send me here for this. Pay up! Come!"

The Defaulter would make answer, "Ah, Mr. Pancks. If I was the rich gentleman whose name is in every body's mouth-if my name was Merdle, Sir-I'd soon pay up, and be glad to do it."

Dialogues on the rent-question usually took place at the house-doors or in the entries, and in the presence of several deeply-interested Bleeding Hearts. They always received a reference of this kind with a low murmur of response, as if it were convincing; and the Defaulter, however blank and discomfited before, always cheered up a little in making it.

"If I was Mr. Merdle, Sir, you wouldn't have cause to complain of me then. No, believe me!" the Defaulter would proceed, with a shake of the head. "I'd pay up so quick then, Mr. Pancks, that you shouldn't have to ask me."

The response would be heard again here, implying that it was impossible to say any thing fairer, and that this was the next thing to paying the money down.

Mr. Pancks would be now reduced to saying as he booked the case, "Well! You'll have the broker in, and be turned out; that's what'll happen to you. It's no use talking to me about Mr. Merdle. You are not Mr. Merdle, any more than I am."

"No, Sir," the Defaulter would reply. only wish you were him, Sir."

plying with great feeling, "Only wish you were him, Sir."

"You'd be easier with us if you were Mr. Merdle, Sir," the Defaulter would ge on, with rising spirits, "and it would be better for all parties. Better for our sakes, and better for yours, too. You wouldn't have to worry no one then, Sir. You wouldn't have to worry us, and you wouldn't have to worry yourself. You'd be easier in your own mind, Sir, and you'd leave others easier, too, you would, if you were Mr. Merdle."

Mr. Pancks, in whom these impersonal compliments produced an irresistible sheepishness, never rallied after such a charge. He could only bite his nails and puff away to the next Defaulter. The responsive Bleeding Hearts would then gather round the Defaulter whom he had just abandoned, and the most extravagant rumors would circulate among them, to their great comfort, touching the amount of Mr. Merdle's ready money.

From one of the many such defeats of one of many rent-days, Mr. Pancks, having finished his day's collection, repaired, with his note-book under his arm, to Mrs. Plornish's corner. Mr. Pancks's object was not professional, but social. He had had a trying day, and wanted a little brightening. By this time he was on friendly terms with the Plornish family, having often looked in upon them, at similar seasons, and borne his part in recollections of Miss Dorrit.

Mrs. Plornish's shop-parlor had been decorated under her own eye, and presented, on the side toward the shop, a little fiction in which Mrs. Plornish unspeakably rejoiced. This poetical heightening of the parlor consisted in the wall being painted to represent the exterior of a thatched cottage; the artist having introduced (in as effective a manner as he found compatible with their highly disproportionate dimensions) the real door and window. The modest sun-flower and hollyhock were depicted as flourishing with great luxuriance on this rustic dwelling, while a quantity of dense smoke issuing from the chimney indicated good cheer within, and also, perhaps, that it had not been lately swept. A faithful dog was represented as flying at the legs of the friendly visitor, from the threshold; and a circular pigeon-house, enveloped in a cloud of pigeons, arose from behind the garden-paling. On the door (when it was shut), appeared the semblance of a brass plate, presenting the inscription, Happy Cottage, T. and M. Plornish; the partnership expressing man and wife. No Poetry and no Art ever charmed the imagination more than the union of the two in this counterfeit cottage charmed Mrs. Plornish. It was nothing to her that Plornish had a habit of leaning against it as he smoked his pipe after work, when his hat blotted out the pigeon-house and all the pigeons, when his back swallowed up the dwelling, when his hands in his pockets uprooted the blooming The response would take this up quickly: re- garden and laid waste the adjacent country,



cettage, a most wonderful deception; and it made no difference that Mr. Plornish's eye was some inches above the level of the gable bedroom in the thatch. To come out into the shop after it was shut, and hear her father sing a song inside this cottage, was a perfect Pastoral to Mrs. Plornish, the Golden Age revived. And truly if that famous period had been revived, or had ever been at all, it may be doubted whether it would have produced many more heartily admiring daughters than the poor woman.

Warned of a visitor by the tinkling bell at the shop-door, Mrs. Plornish came out of Happy Cottage to see who it might be. "I guessed it was you, Mr. Pancks," said she, "for it's quite your regular night; ain't it? Here's father, you see, come out to serve at the sound of the bell, like a brisk young shopman. Ain't he looking well? Father's more pleased to see you than if you was a customer, for he dearly loves a gossip; and when it turns upon Miss Dorrit, he loves it all the more. You never heard father in such voice as he is in at present," said Mrs. Plornish, her own voice quavering, she was so proud and pleased. "He gave us Strephon last night, to that degree that Plornish gets up and makes him this speech across the table. 'John Edward Nandy,' says Plornish to father, 'I never heard you come the warbles as I have heard you come the warbles this night.' An't it gratifying, Mr. Pancks, though; really?"

Mr. Pancks, who had snorted at the old man in his friendliest manner, replied in the affirmative, and casually asked whether that lively Altro chap had come in yet? Mrs. Plornish answered no, not yet, though he had gone to the West-End with some work, and had said he should be back by tea-time. Mr. Pancks was then hospitably pressed into Happy Cottage, where he encountered the elder Master Plornish just come home from school. Examining that young student, lightly, on the educational proceedings of the day, he found that the more advanced pupils who were in large text and the letter M, had been set the copy, "Merdle, Millions."

"And how are you getting on, Mrs. Plornish," said Pancks, "since we're mentioning millions?"

"Very steady indeed, Sir," returned Mrs. Plornish. "Father dear, would you go into the shop and tidy the window a little bit before tea, your taste being so beautiful?"

John Edward Nandy trotted away, much gratified, to comply with his daughter's request. Mrs. Plornish, who was always in mortal terror of mentioning pecuniary affairs before the old gentleman, lest any disclosure she made might rouse his spirit and induce him to run away to the workhouse, was thus left free to be confidential with Mr. Pancks.

"It's quite true that the business is very steady indeed," said Mrs. Plornish, lowering her voice; "and has a excellent connection. tro, old boy! What's the matter?"

To Mrs. Plornish, it was still a most beautiful | The only thing that stands in its way, Sir, is the Credit."

> This drawback, rather severely felt by most people who engaged in commercial transactions with the inhabitants of Bleeding Heart Yard, was a large stumbling-block in Mrs. Plornish's trade. When Mr. Dorrit had established her in the business, the Bleeding Hearts had shown an amount of emotion and a determination to support her in it, that did honor to human nature. Recognizing her claim upon their generous feelings as one who had long been a member of their community, they pledged themselves, with great feeling, to deal with Mrs. Plornish, come what would, and bestow their patronage on no other establishment. Influenced by these noble sentiments, they had even gone out of their way to purchase little luxuries in the grocery and butter line to which they were unaccustomed; saying to one another, that if they did stretch a point, was it not for a neighbor and a friend, and for whom ought a point to be stretched if not for such? So stimulated, the business was extremely brisk, and the articles in stock went off with the greatest celerity. In short, if the Bleeding Hearts had but paid, the undertaking would have been a complete success; whereas, by reason of their exclusively confining themselves to owing, the profits actually realized had not yet begun to appear in the books.

> Mr. Pancks was making a very porcupine of himself by sticking his hair up, in the contemplation of this state of accounts, when old Mr. Nandy, re-entering the cottage with an air of mystery, entreated them to come and look at the strange behavior of Mr. Baptist, who seemed to have met with something that had scared him. All three going into the shop, and watching through the window, then saw Mr. Baptist, pale and agitated, go through the following extraordinary performances. First, he was observed hiding at the top of the steps leading down into the Yard, and peeping up and down the street, with his head cautiously thrust out close to the side of the shop door. After very anxious scrutiny, he came out of his retreat, and went briskly down the street as if he were going away altogether; then, suddenly turned about, and went, at the same pace and with the same feint, up the street. He had gone no further up the street than he had gone down, when he crossed the road and disappeared. The object of this last manœuvre was only apparent when his entering the shop with a sudden twist, from the steps again, explained that he had made a wide and obscure circuit round to the other, or Doyce and Clennam, end of the Yard, and had come through the Yard and bolted in. He was out of breath by that time, as he might well be; and his heart seemed to jerk faster than the little shop-bell, as it quivered and jingled behind him with his hasty shutting of the door.

"Hallo, old chap!" said Mr. Pancks. "Al-



self, and could speak it very well too. Nevertheless, Mrs. Plornish, with a pardonable vanity in that accomplishment of hers which made | that I should never see him again." her all but Italian, stepped in as interpreter.

"E ask know," said Mrs. Plornish, "what go wrong?"

"Come into the happy little cottage, Padrona," returned Mr. Baptist, imparting great stealthiness to his flurried back-handed shake of his right forefinger. "Come there!"

Mrs. Plornish was proud of the title Padrona, which she regarded as signifying: not so much Mistress of the house, as Mistress of the Italian tongue. She immediately complied with Mr. Baptist's request, and they all went into the cottage.

"E ope you no fright," said Mrs. Plornish then, interpreting Mr. Pancks in a new way, with her usual fertility of resource. "What appen? Peaka Padrona!"

"Im? Oo him?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"A bad man. A baddest man. I have hoped

"Ow you know im bad?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"It does not matter, Padrona. I know it too well."

"E see you?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"No. I hope not. I believe not."

"He says," Mrs. Plornish then interpreted, addressing her father and Pancks with mild condescension, "that he has met a bad man, but he hopes the bad man didn't see him.-Why," inquired Mrs. Plornish, reverting to the Italian language, "why ope bad man no see?"

"Padrona, dearest," returned the little foreigner whom she so considerately protected, "do not ask, I pray. Once again, I say it matters not. I have fear of this man. I do not wish to see him, I do not wish to be known of himit there!

The topic was so disagreeable to him, and so put his usual liveliness to the rout, that Mrs. Plornish forbore to press him further: the rather as the tea had been drawing for some time on the hob. But she was not the less surprised and curious for asking no more questions; neither was Mr. Pancks, whose expressive breathing had been laboring hard, since the entrance of the little man, like a locomotive engine with a great load getting up a steep incline. Maggy, now better dressed than of yore, though still faithful to the monstrous character of her cap, had been in the background from the first with open mouth and eyes, which staring and gaping features were not diminished in breadth by the untimely suppression of the subject. However, no more was said about it, though much appeared to be thought on all sides: by no means excepting the two young Plornishes, who partook of the evening meal as if their eating the bread and butter were rendered almost superfluous by the painful probability of the worst of men shortly presenting himself for the purpose of eating them. Mr. Baptist, by degrees, began to chirp a little; but never stirred from the seat he had taken behind the door and close to the window, though it was not his usual place. As often as the little bell rang, he started and peeped out secretly, with the end of the little curtain in his hand, and the rest before his face; evidently not at all satisfied but that the man he dreaded had tracked him through all his doublings and turnings, with the certainty of a terrible bloodhound.

The entrance, at various times, of two or three customers and of Mr. Plornish, gave Mr. Baptist just enough of this employment to keep the attention of the company fixed upon him. Tea was over, and the children were abed, and Mrs. Plornish was feeling her way to the dutiful proposal that her father should favor them with Chloe, when the bell again rang, and Mr. Clennam came in.

Clennam had been poring late over his books and letters; for the waiting-rooms of the Circumlocution Office ravaged his time sorely. Over and above that, he was depressed and made uneasy by the late occurrence at his mother's. He looked worn and solitary. He felt so, too; but, nevertheless, was returning home from his counting-house by that end of the Yard, to give them the intelligence that he had received another letter from Miss Dorrit.

The news made a sensation in the cottage which drew off the general attention from Mr. Baptist. Maggy, who pushed her way into the foreground immediately, would have seemed to draw in the tidings of her Little Mother, equally at her ears, nose, mouth, and eyes, but that the last were obstructed by tears. She was particularly delighted when Clennam assured her that there were hospitals, and very kindly conducted hospitals, in Rome. Mr. Pancks rose into

never again! Enough, most beautiful. Leave | membered in the letter. Every body was pleased and interested, and Clennam was well repaid for his trouble.

> "But you are tired, Sir. Let me make you a cup of tea," said Mrs. Plornish, "if you'll condescend to take such a thing in the cottage; and many thanks to you, too, I am sure, for bearing us in mind so kindly."

> Mr. Plornish deeming it incumbent on him, as host, to add his personal acknowledgments, tendered them in the form which always expressed his highest ideal of a combination of ceremony with sincerity.

> "John Edward Nandy," said Mr. Plornish, addressing the old gentleman. "Sir. It's not too often that you see unpretending actions without a spark of pride, and therefore when you see them give grateful honor unto the same, being that if you don't and live to want 'em it follows serve you right."

To which Mr. Nandy replied:

"I am heartily of your opinion, Thomas, and which your opinion is the same as mine, and therefore no more words and not being backward with that opinion, which opinion giving it as yes, Thomas, yes, is the opinion in which yourself and me must ever be unanimously jined by all, and where there is not difference of opinion there can be none but one opinion, which fully no, Thomas, Thomas, no!"

Arthur, with less formality, expressed himself gratified by their high appreciation of so very slight an attention on his part; and explained as to the tea that he had not yet dined, and was going straight home to refresh after a long day's labor, or he would have readily accepted the hospitable offer. As Mr. Pancks was somewhat noisily getting his steam up for departure, he concluded by asking that gentleman if he would walk with him? Mr. Pancks said he desired no better engagement, and the two took leave of Happy Cottage.

"If you will come home with me, Pancks," said Arthur, when they got into the street, "and will share what dinner or supper there is, it will be next door to an act of charity; for I am weary and out of sorts to-night."

"Ask me to do a greater thing than that," said Pancks, "when you want it done, and I'll

Between this eccentric personage and Clennam, a tacit understanding and accord had been always improving since Mr. Pancks flew over Mr. Rugg's back in the Marshalsea Yard. When the carriage drove away on the memorable day of the family's departure, these two had looked after it together, and had walked slowly away together. When the first letter came from Little Dorrit, nobody was more interested in hearing of her than Mr. Pancks. The second letter, at that moment in Clennam's breast-pocket, particularly remembered him by name. Though he had never before made any profession or protestation to Clennam, and though what he had just new distinction in virtue of being specially re- said was little enough as to the words in which



it was expressed, Clennam had long had a growing belief that Mr. Pancks, in his own odd way, was becoming attached to him. All these strings intertwining, made Pancks a very cable of anchorage that night.

"I am quite alone," Arthur explained as they walked on. "My partner is away, busily engaged at a distance on his branch of our business, and you shall do just as you like."

"Thank you. You didn't take particular notice of little Altro just now; did you?" said Pancks.

"No. Why ?"

"He's a bright fellow, and I like him," said Pancks. "Something has gone amiss with him to-day. Have you any idea of any cause that can have overset him?'

"You surprise me! None whatever."

Mr. Pancks gave his reasons for the inquiry. Arthur was quite unprepared for them, and quite unable to suggest an explanation of them.

"Perhaps you'll ask him," said Pancks, "as he's a stranger?"

"Ask him what?" returned Clennam.

"What he has on his mind."

"I ought first to see for myself that he has something on his mind, I think," said Clennam. "I have found him in every way so diligent, so grateful (for little enough), and so trustworthy, that it might look like suspecting him. And that would be very unjust."

"True," said Pancks. "But, I say! You oughtn't to be any body's proprietor, Mr. Clennam. You're much too delicate."

"For the matter of that," returned Clennam, laughing, "I have not a large proprietary share in Cavalletto. His carving is his livelihood. He keeps the keys of the Factory, watches it every alternate night, and acts as a sort of housekeeper to it generally; but, we have little work in the way of his ingenuity, though we give him what we have. No! I am rather his adviser than his proprietor. To call me his standing counsel and his banker would be nearer the fact. Speaking of being his banker, is it not curious, Pancks, that the ventures which run just now in so many people's heads, should run even in little Cavalletto's ?"

"Ventures?" retorted Pancks, with a snort. "What ventures?"

"These Merdle enterprises."

"Oh! Investments," said Pancks. ay! I didn't know you were speaking of invest-

His quick way of replying caused Clennam to look at him, with a doubt whether he meant more than he said. As it was accompanied, however, with a quickening of his pace and a corresponding increase in the laboring of his machinery, Arthur did not pursue the matter, and they soon arrived at his house.

A dinner of soup and a pigeon-pie, served on a little round table before the fire, and flavored with a bottle of good wine, oiled Mr. Panck's works in a highly effective manner. So that laden. It is the manner of communicating these

when Clennam produced his Eastern pipe, and handed Mr. Pancks another Eastern pipe, the latter gentleman was perfectly comfortable.

They puffed for a while in silence, Mr. Pancks like a steam-vessel with wind, tide, calm water, and all other sea-going conditions, in her favor. He was the first to speak, and he spoke thus:

"Yes. Investments is the word."

Clennam, with his former look, said "Ah!"

"I am going back to it, you see," said Pancks.

"Yes. I see you are going back to it," returned Clennam, wondering why.

"Wasn't it a curious thing that they should run in little Altro's head? Eh?" said Pancks as he smoked. "Wasn't that how you put it?" "That was what I said."

"Ay! But, think of the whole Yard having got it. Think of their all meeting me with it, on my collecting days, here and there and every where. Whether they pay, or whether they don't pay. Merdle, Merdle, Merdle. Always Merdle."

"Very strange how these runs on an infatuaation prevail," said Arthur.

"An't it?" returned Pancks. After smoking for a minute or so, more dryly than comported with his recent oiling, he added: "Because you see these people don't understand the subject."

"Not a bit," assented Clennam.

"Not a bit," cried Pancks. "Know nothing of figures. Know nothing of money questions. Never made a calculation. Never worked it, Sir!"

"If they had-" Clennam was going on to say; when Mr. Pancks, without change of countenance produced a sound so far surpassing all his usual efforts, nasal or bronchial, that he stopped.

"If they had?" repeated Pancks in an inquir-

'I thought you-spoke," said Arthur, hesitating what name to give the interruption.

"Not at all," said Pancks. "Not yet. I may in a minute. If they had?"

"If they had," observed Clennam, who was a little at a loss how to take his friend, "why, I suppose they would have known better."

"How so, Mr. Clennam?" Pancks asked, quickly, and with an odd effect of having been from the commencement of the conversation loaded with the heavy charge he now fired off. "They're right, you know. They don't mean to be, but they're right."

"Right in sharing Cavalletto's inclination to speculate with Mr. Merdle?"

"Per-fectly, Sir," said Pancks. "I've gone into it. I've made the calculations. I've worked it. They're safe and genuine." Relieved by having got to this, Mr. Pancks took as long a pull as his lungs would permit at his Eastern pipe, and looked sagaciously and steadily at Clennam while inhaling and exhaling too.

In those moments, Mr. Pancks began to give out the dangerous infection with which he was



diseases; it is the subtle way in which they go | benefit himself in that way, patient and pre-oc-

"Do you mean, my good Pancks," asked Clennam, emphatically, "that you would put that thousand pounds of yours, let us say, for instance, out at this kind of interest?"

"Certainly," said Pancks. "Already done

Mr. Pancks took another long inhalation, anether long exhalation, another long sagacious look at Clennam.

"I tell you, Mr. Clennam, I've gone into it," said Pancks. "He's a man of immense resources-enormous capital-government influence. They're the best schemes afloat. They're safe. They're certain."

"Well!" returned Clennam, looking first at him gravely, and then at the fire gravely. "You surprise me!"

"Bah!" Pancks retorted. "Don't say that, Sir. It's what you ought to do yourself. Why don't vou do as I do?"

Of whom Mr. Pancks had taken the prevalent disease, he could no more have told than if he had unconsciously taken a fever. Bred at first, as many physical diseases are, in the wickedness of men, and then disseminated in their ignorance, these epidemics, after a period, get communicated to many sufferers who are neither ignorant nor wicked. Mr. Pancks might, or might not, have caught the illness himself from a subject of this class; but, in this category he appeared before Clennam, and the infection he threw off was all the more virulent.

"And you have really invested," Clennam had already passed to that word, "your thousand pounds, Pancks?"

"To be sure, Sir!" replied Pancks, boldly, with a puff of smoke. "And only wish it was ten!

Now, Clennam had two subjects lying heavy on his lonely mind that night; the one, his partner's long-deferred hope; the other, what he had seen and heard at his mother's. In the relief of having this companion, and of feeling that he could trust him, he passed on to both, and both brought him round again, with an increase and acceleration of force, to his point of departure.

It came about in the simplest manner. Quitting the investment subject, after an interval of silent looking at the fire through the smoke of his pipe, he told Pancks how and why he was occupied with the great national Department. "A hard case it has been, and a hard case it is, on Doyce," he finished by saying, with all the honest feeling the topic roused in him.

"Hard indeed," Pancks acquiesced. you manage for him, Mr. Clennam?"

"How do you mean?"

"Manage the money part of the business?"

"Yes. As well as I can."

"Manage it better, Sir," said Pancks. "Recompense him for his toils and disappointments. Give him the chances of the time. He'll never thoughtfully too.

ocupied workman. He looks to you, Sir."

"I do my best, Pancks," returned Clennam, uneasily. "As to duly weighing and considering these new enterprises, of which I have had no experience, I doubt if I am fit for it. I am growing old."

"Growing old?" cried Pancks. "Ha, ha!" There was something so indubitably genuine in the wonderful laugh, and series of snorts and puffs, engendered in Mr. Pancks's astonishment at, and utter rejection of, the idea, that his being quite in earnest could not be questioned.

"Growing old?" cried Pancks. "Hear, hear, hear! Old? Hear him, hear him!"

The positive refusal expressed in Mr. Pancks's continued snorts, no less than in these exclamations, to entertain the sentiment for a single instant, drove Arthur away from it. Indeed, he was fearful of something happening to Mr. Pancks, in the violent conflict that took place between the breath he jerked out of himself and the smoke he jerked into himself. This abandonment of the second topic threw him on the third.

"Young, old, or middle-aged, Pancks," he said, when there was a favorable pause, "I am in a very anxious and uncertain state; a state that even leads me to doubt whether any thing now seeming to belong to me, may be really mine. Shall I tell you how this is? Shall I put a great trust in you?"

"You shall, Sir," said Pancks, "if you believe me worthy of it."

" I do.'

"You may!" Mr. Pancks's short and sharp rejoinder, confirmed by the sudden outstretching of his coaly hand, was most expressive and convincing. Arthur shook the hand warmly.

He then, softening the nature of his old apprehensions as much as was possible consistently with their being made intelligible, and never alluding to his mother by name, but speaking vaguely of a relation of his, confided to Mr. Pancks a broad outline of the misgivings he entertained, and of the interview he had witnessed. Mr. Pancks listened with such interest that, regardless of the charms of the Eastern pipe, he put it in the grate among the fire-irons, and occupied his hands during the whole recital in so erecting the loops and hooks of hair all over his head, that he looked, when it came to a conclusion, like a journeyman Hamlet in conversation with his father's spirit.

"Brings me back, Sir," was his exclamation then, with a startling touch on Clennam's knee, "brings me back, Sir, to the Investments! I don't say any thing of your making yourself poor, to repair a wrong you never committed. That's you. A man must be himself. But I say this. Fearing you may want money to save your own blood from exposure and disgracemake as much as you can!"

Arthur shook his head, but looked at him



"Be as rich as you can, Sir," Pancks adjured | nobody but he should seem to have any mistrust him, with a powerful concentration of all his energies on the advice. "Be as rich as you honestly can. It's your duty. Not for your sake, but for the sake of others. Take time by the forelock. Poor Mr. Doyce (who really is growing old) depends upon you. Your relative depends upon you. You don't know what depends upon you."

"Well, well, well!" returned Arthur. "Enough for to-night.'

"One word more, Mr. Clennam," retorted Pancks, "and then enough for to-night. Why should you leave all the gains to the gluttons, knaves, and impostors? Why should you leave all the gains that are to be got to my proprietor and the like of him? Yet you're always doing it. When I say you, I mean such men as you. You know you are. Why, I see it every day of my life. I see nothing else. It's my business to see it. Therefore I say," urged Pancks, "Go in and win!"

"But what of Go in and lose?" said Arthur. "Can't be done, Sir," returned Pancks. have looked into it. Name up, every whereimmense resources—enormous capital—great position-high connection-government influence. Can't be done!"

Gradually, after this closing exposition, Mr. Pancks subsided; allowed his hair to droop as much as it ever would droop on the utmost persussion; reclaimed the pipe from the fire-irons, filled it anew, and smoked it out. They said little more; but were company to one another in silently pursuing the same subjects, and did not part until midnight. On taking his leave, Mr. Pancks, when he had shaken hands with Clennam, worked completely round him before he steamed out at the door. This Arthur received as an assurance that he might implicitly rely on Pancks, if he should ever come to need assistance; either in any of the matters of which they had spoken that night, or on any other subject that could in any way affect himself.

At intervals all next day, and even while his attention was fixed on other things, he thought of Mr. Pancks's investment of his thousand pounds, and of his having "looked into it." He thought of Mr. Pancks's being so sanguine in this matter, and of his not being usually of a sanguine character. He thought of the great National Department, and of the delight it would be to him to see Doyce better off. He thought of the darkly threatening place that went by the name of Home in his remembrance, and of the gathering shadows which made it yet more darkly threatening than of old. He observed anew that wherever he went, he saw, or heard, or touched, the celebrated name of Merdle: he found it difficult even to remain at his desk a couple of hours, without having it presented to one of his bodily senses through some agency or other. He began to think it was cu-

of it. Though indeed he began to remember, when he got to this, even he did not mistrust it; he had only happened to keep aloof from it.

Such symptoms, when a disease of the kind is rife, are usually the signs of sickening.

CHAPTER L.—TAKING ADVICE.

WHEN it became known to the Britons on the shore of the yellow Tiber, that their intelligent compatriot Mr. Sparkler was made one of the lords of their Circumlocution Office, they took it as a piece of news with which they had no nearer concern than with any other piece of news-any other Accident or Offense-in the English papers. Some laughed; some said, by way of complete excuse, that the post was virtually a sinecure, and any fool who could spell his name was good enough for it; some, and these were the more solemn political oracles, said that Decimus did wisely to strengthen himself, and that the sole constitutional purpose of all places within the gift of Decimus, was, that Decimus should strengthen himself. A few bilious Britons there were who would not subscribe to this article of faith; but their objection was purely theoretical. In a practical point of view, they listlessly abandoned the matter, as being the business of some other Britons unknown, somewhere or nowhere. In like manner, at home, great numbers of Britons maintained, for as long as four-and-twenty consecutive hours, that those invisible and nameless Britons "ought to take it up;" and that if they quietly acquiesced in it, they deserved it. But of what class the remiss Britons were composed, and where the unlucky creatures hid themselves, and why they hid themselves, and how it constantly happened that they neglected their interests, when so many other Britons were quite at a loss to account for their not looking after those interests, was not, either upon the shore of the yellow Tiber or the shore of the black Thames, made apparent to men.

Mrs. Merdle circulated the news, as she received congratulations on it, with a careless grace that displayed it to advantage, as the setting displays the jewel. Yes, she said, Edmund had taken the place. Mr. Merdle wished him to take it, and he had taken it. She hoped Edmund might like it, but really she didn't know. It would keep him in town a good deal, and he preferred the country. Still, it was not a disagreeable position-and it was a position. There was no denying that the thing was a compliment to Mr. Merdle, and was not a bad thing for Edmund, if he liked it. It was just as well that he should have something to do, and it was just as well that he should have something for doing it. Whether it would be more agreeable to Edmund than the army, remained to be seen.

Thus the bosom; accomplished in the art of seeming to make things of small account, and really enhancing them in the process. While Henry rious too that it should be every where, and that | Gowan, whom Decimus had thrown away, went



through the whole round of his acquaintance | ing with sobs that she knew she made herself between the Gate of the People and the town of Albano, vowing, almost (but not quite) with tears in his eves, that Sparkler was the sweetest-tempered, simplest-hearted, altogether most lovable jackass that ever grazed on the public common; and that only one circumstance could have delighted him (Gowan) more, than his (the beloved jackass's) getting this post, and that would have been his (Gowan's) getting it him-He said, it was the very thing for Sparkler. There was nothing to do, and he would do it charmingly; there was a handsome salary to draw, and he would draw it charmingly; it was a delightful, appropriate, capital appointment; and he almost forgave the donor his slight of himself, in his joy that the dear donkey for whom he had so great an affection was so admirably stabled. Nor did his benevolence stop here. He took pains, on all social occasions, to draw Mr. Sparkler out, and make him conspicuous before the company; and, although the considerate action always resulted in that young gentleman's making a dreary and forlorn mental spectacle of himself, the friendly intention was not to be doubted.

Unless, indeed, it chanced to be doubted by the object of Mr. Sparkler's affections. Miss Fanny was now in the difficult situation of being universally known in that light, and of not having dismissed Mr. Sparkler, however capriciously she used him. Hence, she was sufficiently identified with the gentleman to feel compromised by his being more than usually ridiculous; and hence, being by no means deficient in quickness, she sometimes came to his rescue against Gowan, and did him very good service. But, while doing this, she was ashamed of him, undetermined whether to get rid of him or more decidedly encourage him, distracted with apprehensions that she was every day becoming more and more immeshed in her uncertainties, and tortured by misgivings that Mrs. Merdle triumphed in her distress. With this tumult in her mind, it is no subject for surprise that Miss Fanny came home one night in a state of agitation from a concert and ball at Mr. Merdle's house, and, on her sister affectionately trying to soothe her, pushed that sister away from the toilet-table at which she sat angrily trying to cry, and declared with a heaving bosom that she detested every body, and she wished she was dead.

"Dear Fanny, what is the matter? Tell me."

"Matter, you little Mole," said Fanny. "If you were not the blindest of the blind, you would have no occasion to ask me. The idea of daring to pretend to assert that you have eyes in your head, and yet ask me what's the matter!"

"Is it Mr. Sparkler, dear?"

"Mis-ter Spar-kler!" repeated Fanny, with unbounded scorn, as if he were the last subject in the Solar system that could possibly be near her mind. "No, Miss Bat, it is not."

Immediately afterward, she became remorseful for having called her sister names; declar-

hateful, but that every body drove her to it."

"I don't think you are well to-night, dear Fanny."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied the young lady, turning angry again; "I am as well as you are. Perhaps I might say, better, and yet make no boast of it."

Poor Little Dorrit, not seeing her way to the offering of any soothing words that would escape repudiation, deemed it best to remain quiet. At first, Fanny took this ill, too; protesting to her looking-glass, that of all the trying sisters a girl could have, she did think the most trying sister was a flat sister. That she knew she was at times a wretched temper; that she knew she made herself hateful; that when she made herself hateful, nothing would do her half the good of being told so; but that, being afflicted with a flat sister, she never was told so, and the consequence resulted that she was absolutely tempted and goaded into making herself disagreeable. Besides (she angrily told her looking-glass), she didn't want to be forgiven. It was not a right example, that she should be constantly stooping to be forgiven by a younger sister. And this was the Art of it-that she was always being placed in the position of being forgiven, whether she liked it or not. Finally, she burst into violent weeping, and, when her sister came and sat close at her side to comfort her, said, "Amy, you're an Angel!"

"But, I tell you what, my Pet," said Fanny, when her sister's gentleness had calmed her, "it now comes to this; that things can not and shall not go on as they are at present going on, and that there must be an end of this, one way or other."

As the announcement was vague, though very peremptory, Little Dorrit returned, "Let us talk

"Quite so, my dear," assented Fanny, as she dried her eyes. "Let us talk about it. I am rational again now, and you shall advise me. Will you advise me, my sweet child?'

Even Amy smiled at the notion, but she said, "I will, Fanny, as well as I can."

"Thank you, dearest Amy," returned Fanny, kissing her. "You are my Anchor."

Having embraced her with great affection, Fanny took a bottle of sweet toilet water from the table, and called to her maid for a fine handkerchief. She then dismissed that attendant for the night. and went on to be advised; dabbing her eves and forehead from time to time, to cool them.

"My love," Fanny began, "our characters and points of view are sufficiently different (kiss me again, my darling), to make it very probable that I shall surprise you by what I am going to say. What I am going to say, my dear, is, that notwithstanding our property, we labor, socially speaking, under disadvantages. You don't quite understand what I mean, Amy?"

"I have no doubt I shall," said Amy, mildly, "after a few words more."



"Well, my dear, what I mean, is, that we | tion of clever or not clever, I doubt very much are, after all, new-comers into fashionable life."

"I am sure, Fanny," Little Dorrit interposed in her zealous admiration, "no one need find that out in you."

"Well, my dear child, perhaps not," said Fanny, "though it's most kind and most affectionate in you, you precious girl, to say so." Here she dabbed her sister's forehead, and blew upon it a little. "But you are," resumed Fanny, "as is well known, the dearest little thing that ever was! To resume, my child. Pa is extremely gentlemanly and extremely well-informed, but he is, in some trifling respects, a little different from other gentlemen of his fortune; partly on account of what he has gone through, poor dear: partly, I fancy, on account of its often running in his mind that other people are thinking about that while he is talking to them. Uncle, my love, is altogether unpresentable. Though a dear creature to whom I am tenderly attached, he is, socially speaking, shocking. Edward is frightfully expensive and dissipated. I don't mean that there is any thing ungenteel in that itself-far from it-but I do mean that he doesn't do it well, and that he doesn't, if I may so express myself, get the money's-worth in the sort of dissipated reputation that attaches to him."

"Poor Edward!" sighed Little Dorrit, with the whole family history in the sigh.

"Yes. And poor you and me too," returned Fanny, rather sharply. "Exactly so! Then, my dear, we have no mother, and we have a Mrs. General. And I tell you again, darling, that Mrs. General, if I may reverse a common proverb and adapt it to her, is a cat in gloves who will catch mice. That woman, I am quite sure and confident, will be our mother-in-law."

"I can hardly think, Fanny-" Fanny stop-

"Now, don't argue with me about it, Amy," said she, "because I know better." that she had been sharp again, she dabbed her sister's forehead again, and blew upon it again. "To resume once more, my dear. It then becomes a question with me (I am proud and spirited. Amy, as you very well know: too much so, I dare say) whether I shall make up my mind to take it upon myself to carry the family through."

"How?" asked her sister, anxiously.

"I will not," said Fanny, without answering the question, "submit to be mother-in-lawed by Mrs. General; and I will not submit to be, in any respect whatever, either patronized or tormented by Mrs. Merdle."

Little Dorrit laid her hand upon the hand that held the bottle of sweet water, with a still more anxious look. Fanny, quite punishing her own forehead with the vehement dabs she now began to give it, fitfully went on.

"That he has, somehow or other, and how is of no consequence, attained a very good position, no one can deny. That is a very good connection, no one can deny. And as to the ques- | dear. That piece of insolence may think, now,

whether a clever husband would be suitable to me. I can not submit. I should not be able to defer to him enough."

"Oh, my dear, dear Fanny!" expostulated Little Dorrit, upon whom a kind of terror had been stealing as she perceived what her sister meant. "If you loved any one, all this feeling would change. If you loved any one, you would no more be yourself, but you would quite lose and forget yourself in your devotion to him. If you loved him, Fanny-" Fanny had stopped the dabbing hand, and was looking at her fixedly, and with a smile full of meaning.

"Oh, indeed!" cried Fanny. Bless me, how much some people know of some subjects! They say every one has a subject, and I certainly seem to have hit upon yours, Amy. There, you little thing, I was only in fun," dabbing her sister's forehead; "but, don't you be a silly puss, and don't you think flightily and eloquently about degenerate impossibilities. There! Now, I'll go back to myself."

"Dear Fanny, let me say first, that I would far rather we worked for a scanty living again, than I would see you rich and married to Mr. Sparkler."

"Let you say, my dear?" retorted Fanny. "Why, of course, I will let you say any thing. There's no constraint upon you, I hope. We are together to talk it over. And as to marrying Mr. Sparkler, I have not the least intention of doing so to-night my dear, or to-morrow morning either."

"But at some time?"

"At no time, for any thing I know at present," answered Fanny, with indifference. Then, suddenly changing her indifference into a burning restlessness, she added, "You talk about the clever men, you little thing! It's all very fine and easy to talk about the clever men; but where are they? I don't see them any where near me!"

" My dear Fanny, so short a time-'

"Short time or long time," interrupted Fanny, "I am impatient of our situation, I don't like our situation, and very little would induce me to change it. Other girls, differently reared and differently circumstanced altogether, might wonder at what I say or may do. Let them. They are driven by their lives and characters. I am driven by mine."

"Fanny, my dear Fanny, you know that you have qualities to make you the wife of one very superior to Mr. Sparkler."

"Amy, my dear Amy," retorted Fanny, paredying her words, "I know that I wish to have a more defined and distinct position, in which I can assert myself with greater effect against that insolent woman."

"Would you therefore-forgive my asking, Fanny—therefore marry her son?"

"Why, perhaps," said Fanny, with a triumphant smile. "There may be many less promising ways of arriving at an end than that, my



that it would be a great success to get her son off upon me, and shelve me. But, perhaps she little thinks how I would retort upon her if I married her son. I would oppose her in every thing, and compete with her. I would make it the business of my life."

Fanny set down the bottle when she came to this, and walked about the room; always stopping and standing still while she spoke.

"One thing I could certainly do, my child: I could make her older. And I would!"

This was followed by another walk.

"I would talk of her as an old woman. I would pretend to know-if I didn't, but I should from her son-all about her age. And she should hear me say, Amy: affectionately, quite dutifully and affectionately: how well she looked, considering her time of life. I could make her seem older, at once, by being myself so much younger. I may not be as handsome as she is; I am not a fair judge of that question, I suppose; but I know I am handsome enough to be a thorn in her side. And I would be !"

"My dear sister, would you condemn yourself to an unhappy life for this?"

"It wouldn't be an unhappy life, Amy. It would be the life I am fitted for. Whether by disposition, or whether by circumstances, is no matter; I am better fitted for such a life than for almost any other."

There was something of a desolate tone in those words; but, with a short proud laugh, she took another walk, and after passing a great looking-glass came to another stop.

"Figure! Figure, Amy! Well. The woman has a good figure. I will give her her due, and not deny it. But, is it so far beyond all others that it is altogether unapproachable? Upon my word. I am not so sure of it. Give some much younger women the latitude as to dress that she has, being married; and we would see about that, my dear!"

Something in the thought that was agreeable and flattering, brought her back to her seat in a gayer temper. She took her sister's hands in hers, and clapped all four hands above her head as she looked in her sister's face, laughing:

"And the dancer, Amy, that she has quite forgotten—the dancer who bore no sort of resemblance to me, and of whom I never remind her, oh dear no!-should dance through her life, and dance in her way, to such a tune as would disturb her insolent placidity a little. Just a little, my dear Amy, just a little!"

Meeting an earnest and imploring look in Amy's face, she brought the four hands down, and laid only one on Amy's lips.

"Now, don't argue with me, child," she said, in a sterner way, "because it is of no use. I understand these subjects much better than you do. I have not nearly made up my mind, but it may be. Now we have talked this over comfortably, and may go to bed. You best and dearest little mouse, Good Night!" With those tion of this attention; but merely smiled with

words Fanny weighed her Anchor, and—having taken so much advice-left off being advised for that occasion.

Thenceforward, Amy observed Mr. Sparkler's treatment by his enslaver, with new reasons for attaching importance to all that passed between them. There were times when Fanny appeared quite unable to endure his mental feebleness, and when she became so sharply impatient of it that she would all but dismiss him for good. There were other times when she got on much better with him; when he amused her, and when her sense of superiority seemed to counterbalance that opposite side of the scale. If Mr. Sparkler had been other than the faithfulest and most submissive of swains, he was sufficiently hard pressed to have fled from the scene of his trials, and have set at least the whole distance from Rome to London between himself and his enchantress. But he had no greater will of his own than a boat has when it is towed by a steam-ship; and he followed his cruel mistress through rough and smooth, on equally strong compulsion.

Mrs. Merdle, during these passages, said little to Fanny, but said more about her. She was, as it were, forced to look at her, through her eyeglass, and in general conversation to allow commendations of her beauty to be wrung from her by its irresistible demands. The defiant character it assumed when Fanny heard these extollings (as it generally happened that she did), was not expressive of concessions to the impartial bosom; but the utmost revenge the bosom took was, to say audibly, "a spoilt beauty-but with that face and shape, who could wonder?"

It might have been about a month or six weeks after the night of the advice, when Little Dorrit began to think she detected some new understanding between Mr. Sparkler and Fanny. Mr. Sparkler, as if in adherence to some compact, scarcely ever spoke without first looking toward Fanny, for leave. That young lady was too discreet ever to look back again: but, if Mr. Sparkler had permission to speak, she remained silent; if he had not, she herself spoke. Moreover, it became plain whenever Henry Gowan attempted to perform the friendly office of drawing him out, that he was not to be drawn. And not only that, but Fanny would presently, without any pointed application in the world, chance to say something with such a sting in it, that Gowan would draw back as if he had put his hand into a bee-hive.

There was yet another circumstance which went a long way to confirm Little Dorrit in her fears, though it was not a great circumstance in itself. Mr. Sparkler's demeanor toward herself changed. It became fraternal. Sometimes, when she was in the outer circle of assembliesat their own residence, at Mrs. Merdle's, or elsewhere—she would find herself stealthily supported round the waist by Mr. Sparkler's arm. Mr. Sparkler never offered the slightest explana-



an air of blundering, contented, good-natured proprietorship, which, in so heavy a gentleman, was ominously expressive.

Little Dorrit was at home one day, thinking about Fanny with a heavy heart. They had a room at one end of their drawing-room suite, nearly all irregular bay-window, projecting over the street, and commanding all the picturesque life and variety of the Corso, both up and down. At three or four o'clock in the afternoon, English time, the view from this window was very bright and peculiar; and Little Dorrit used to sit and muse here, much as she had been used to while away the time in her balcony at Venice. Seated thus one day, she was softly touched on the shoulder, and Fanny said, "Well, Amy dear," and took her seat at her side. Their seat was a part of the window; when there was any thing in the way of a procession going on, they used to have bright draperies hung out at the window, and used to kneel or sit on this seat and look out at it, leaning on the brilliant color. But there was no procession that day, and Little Dorrit was rather surprised by Fanny's being at home at that hour, as she was generally out on horseback then.

"Well, Amy," said Fanny, "what are you thinking of, little one?"

"I was thinking of you, Fanny."

"No? What a coincidence! I declare here's some one else. You were not thinking of this some one else too; were you, Amy?"

Amy had been thinking of this some one else too; for, it was Mr. Sparkler. She did not say so, however, as she gave him her hand. Mr. Sparkler came and sat down on the other side of her, and she felt the fraternal railing come behind her, and apparently stretch on to include Fanny.

"Well, my little sister," said Fanny, with a sigh, "I suppose you know what this means?"

"She's as beautiful as she's doted on," stammered Mr. Sparkler—" and there's no nonsense about her—it's arranged—"

"You needn't explain, Edmund," said Fan-

"No, my love," said Mr. Sparkler.

"In short, pet," proceeded Fanny, "on the whole, we are engaged. We must tell papa about it, either to-night or to-morrow, according to the opportunities. Then it's done, and very little more need be said."

"My dear Fanny," said Mr. Sparkler, with deference, "I should like to say a word to

Amy."

"Well, well! Say it, for goodness' sake," returned the young lady.

"I am convinced, my dear Amy," said Mr. Sparkler, "that if ever there was a girl, next to your highly-endowed and beautiful sister, who had no nonsense about her—"

"We know all about that, Edmund," interposed Miss Fanny. "Never mind that. Pray go on to something else besides our having no nonsense about us."

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"Yes, my love," said Mr. Sparkler. "And I assure you, Amy, that nothing can be a greater happiness to myself, myself—next to the happiness of being so highly honored with the choice of a glorious girl who hasn't an atom of—"

"Pray, Edmund, pray!" interrupted Fanny, with a slight pat of her pretty foot upon the floor.

"My love, you're quite right," said Mr. Sparkler, "and I know I have a habit of it. What I wished to declare was, that nothing can be a greater happiness to myself, myself—next to the happiness of being united to pre-eminently the most glorious of girls—than to have the happiness of cultivating the affectionate acquaintance of Amy. I may not myself," said Mr. Sparkler, manfully, "be up to the mark on some other subjects at a short notice, and I am aware that if you were to poll Society, the general opinion would be that I am not; but on the subject of Amy, I AM up to the mark!"

Mr. Sparkler kissed her, in witness thereof.

"A knife and fork and an apartment," proceeded Mr. Sparkler, growing, in comparison with his oratorical antecedents, quite diffuse, "will ever be at Amy's disposal. My Governor, I am sure, will always be proud to entertain one whom I so much esteem. And regarding my mother," said Mr. Sparkler, "who is a remarkably fine woman, with—"

"Edmund, Edmund!" cried Miss Fanny, as

"With submission, my soul," pleaded Mr. Sparkler. "I know I have a habit of it, and I thank you very much, my adorable girl, for taking the trouble to correct it; but my mother is admitted on all sides to be a remarkably fine woman, and she really hasn't any."

"That may be, or may not be," returned Fanny, "but pray don't mention it any more."
"I will not, my love," said Mr. Sparkler.

"Then in fact you have nothing more to say, Edmund; have you?" inquired Fanny.

"So far from it, my adorable girl," answered Mr. Sparkler, "I apologize for having said so much."

Mr. Sparkler perceived, by a kind of inspiration, that the question implied had he not better go? He therefore withdrew the fraternal railing, and neatly said that he would, with submission, take his leave. He did not go without being congratulated by Amy, as well as she could discharge that office in the flutter and distress of her spirits.

When he was gone, she said, "Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" and turned to her sister in the bright window, and fell upon her bosom and cried there. Fanny laughed at first; but soon laid her face against her sister's and cried too, loud and long. It was the last time Fanny ever showed that there was any hidden, suppressed, or conquered feeling in her on that matter. From that hour, the way she had chosen lay before her, and she trod it with her own imperious, self-supported step.



TWO DAYS ON THE ERIE ROAD.

MY name is Stephen Sharply. I sometimes travel. I rather like traveling when the appliances are comfortable, and the dust not

very great: so does Mrs. Sharply.

I lately had occasion to be in the West, on matters connected with business—Miss Sharply had married an Ohio man. But I shall have nothing farther to say of them, except that Miss Sharply's husband advised me to take the Eric Road on my return. As I have but indifferent knowledge of these things myself, I complied with his suggestion.

The Cleveland and Eric train, running over the Lake-shore Road, arrived at Dunkirk at about nine o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 17th of December last. I had been told that by stepping immediately upon the Eric and New York train I should arrive at Jersey City the following day, in season for dinner. This was precisely what I wished.

I had hoped to find, somewhere upon the Lake-shore Road, an agent of the great Erie enterprise to instruct me about the position of the cars, and to exchange checks with me for my baggage. In this, however, I was disappointed.

Two carriages in the Dunkirk Station were pointed out to me as those of the night train, and into these I conveyed my shawl and carpetsack, and industriously endeavored to find some person who could tell me the precise hour of our starting. I was unable to do so, and lost the time for a good supper in consequence. Some seventy or eighty of my fellow-passengers from Cleveland, meantime, dashed off toward Buffalo, on their way to the New York Central. could not avoid counting them very misguided persons to choose the two arms of a triangle, while I, with some ten or a dozen others, had preferred the great Eric hypothenuse. It was toward ten when we set off-very slowly and deliberately.

These men, said I, have learned prudence; they do not heat the axle too hastily in this chilly weather. I felt sure they had read the article on that subject in the morning journal of my friend, Mr. Wesley.

Fifteen miles out from Dunkirk, at about eleven, there was a sudden stoppage. An adventurous, stout man, in a grizzly black beard and gray traveling cap, who had been fretting at the slow rate of speed, and who had gravely questioned the bold assertion of the lad who built the fires in the car, that we should be in New York by three o'clock, went out to reconnoitre and report. The eccentric was brokenthe locomotive would work backward but not forward. We backed to a convenient switch in the neighborhood, and, having assured ourselves that we were safe from all trains in front or rear, abandoned ourselves to conjectures upon the probable issue of the night's travel. I think the grizzly-bearded man was ready to offer odds that we should not arrive till after dark on Thursday.

The Conductor telegraphed to Dunkirk. An engine was promised. We waited, slept, woke; built up the fires; heard trains go whizzing by in the dark; and at length, after four hours and a half of patient continuance, were rewarded by the announcement that the locomotive had arrived.

I quite envied a pert little bright-eyed young gentleman, from Chicago, who, wrapped in his shawl, and with a pair of not very savory feet elevated upon the top rim of his bench, had slept through it all, in my immediate vicinity.

Though the locomotive had arrived, there was still a delay to telegraph back for orders. The grizzly-haired gentleman, who has chafed through the car in an uneasy manner for the greater part of the night, was evidently a keen admirer of the telegraph.

"Conductor," he would say, whenever that crest-fallen gentleman showed himself during the night-watches, "any thing by telegraph? Capital thing that telegraph—such a safe way. Gad's sake, what would have become of us all, here on the Eric Road, without that splendid system! Any thing very late, Conductor?"

At length there was a flutter, and a struggle, and a stir, and a sudden jar; the Chicago lad withdrew his feet from the rim of his bench, gave a turn or two in his blanket, and composed himself afresh. We were on the road again. The fireman brought in a few billets of birch wood, and was quite chirrupy. Even the grizzly-haired man had ceased chafing for the time, and was in lively conversation with a rural inhabitant of some of those Western solitudes, who had reckoned on meeting his horse and sleigh at some wild station by ten at night—it was now verging toward one of the next morning, and many miles yet to pass over.

It is my impression that the grizzly-haired man tried to cheer the stranger. I can not say but he proposed to him one or two wagers in a pleasantly facetious way, which the stranger did not accept.

For an hour we went on swimmingly; I can't tell the name of the station where we came to a stop; there was a switch there, however, with which the Eric Road seems capitally provided. For greater security we ran down—ran back, or slid upon the switch.

The conductor disappeared; the fireman said he had gone for orders.

"There it is again," said the grizzly-headed gentleman, "that admirable telegraph. What a security against accident!"

I suppose it must be so, though I never went over a road before regulated in that way.

Well, it was very much the same thing all the night: a little advance, when the fireman grew chirruppy, or our grizzly-haired friend forgot his griefs; then a backing or a switching; a waiting for orders, or a new comment on that extraordinary telegraph system.

We reached Hornellsville (I think that is the name) in time for a late breakfast. What dashing people those were who brought us little



dishes of stewed chicken and fried sausages, after such a lingering, dreadful night! Even the little Chicago lad ate astoundingly. I think he was a clerk in some connecting Railway link, and once or twice in his wakeful moments, he had insisted upon saying that, notwithstanding the delay, the Erie enterprise was the best regulated enterprise in this country—at which we all smiled, and wished the lad would drop to sleep again.

When we went upon the cars again we found new-comers; among the rest a bridal party. The sight of it brought back Mrs. Sharply to me vividly in the chip hat she wore twenty-seven years ago. I never saw a more contented, rosv bride (I mean the one who joined us at Hornellsville); and the bridesmaids, of whom there were two, were so excessively cheery and blossomy (if I may use the word), that it did one's heart good to listen to them. What funny fellows those groomsmen were! How the maids laughed till the tears came, and hid their faces in their clean white pocket handkerchiefs! How their little feet bounded up from the floor in excess of hilarity, and went down again with a pretty clatter of heels!

It never occurred to me before; but are not groomsmen the funniest dogs in the world? I wondered if *Punch* did not keep groomsmen in pay for his best jokes.

The only sober creature in the party was the husband. He could not have been more serious, not if he had been married a year, or passed the night with us on the Erie Road.

It was interesting to see how the sight of that rosy-cheeked bride—struggling with her disposition to laugh as loud as the bridesmaids, but clearly feeling some considerations of dignity in the way—lighted up my fellow voyagers of the night. I think even the grizzly-headed man forgot the telegraph and all his vexations.

It has even been suggested to me (but I do not believe it) that the bridal party had been telegraphed by the administration, and offered a free ticket, in view of restoring the passengers to amiable humor, and "heading off" any newspaper complaints. I was in a condition to believe a good deal, but I do not believe this of either the President or of Mr. M'Callum.

Now, in the midst of all these bridal blushes, and the funny sallies of "Sam" and "George" (groomsmen always go by their first names), there was a jolt, a rumble (a slight bridal scream), and a full stop.

The grizzly-headed man recovered his old manner in an instant. He went forward for observation. He returned presently with a report. We had run into a saw log; the cowcatcher was smashed to atoms; the engine was thrown off the track, and probably disabled; and, "Gads, gentlemen," said he, in a nervous manner, "I suspect we must back up somewhere to a switch, place ourselves in position, and telegraph for orders. It's an admirable system—that telegraph!"

The groomsmen thought it a capital joke,

and all the bridesmaids laughed in the jolliest way in the world. How easily some people do laugh, to be sure!

Poor Mistress Sharply! just now laying the cloth for me on our snug table in Twenty—st Street, and Agatha dusting the hearth and putting the mutton to boil.

I wished I was a bride, or a groom, or any thing which could look on the Erie experience cheerily.

I can not say accurately how long we waited. I think I must have dozed. My next recollections are of swimming along among evergreen trees, on the banks of a frozen river, about noontide; the Chicago lad all alertness, and the bride all wakeful and blooming. The grizzly-headed man was fairly snoring. It was a hopeful sign.

I ventured to ask what time we might arrive at Jersey City? It was a new conductor, and he was not offended by the question, though I feared he might be.

"If nothing happens, Sir," said he (and he really meant no joke), "we shall be in between one and two."

One and two! I looked at my watch. It was already half-past two. I looked up for explanation.

"Oh! in the morning," said he, cheerfully.

My heart sank. I had slept little for two
nights. To be landed among the savages of
Cortlandt Street at two in the morning was
more than I could contemplate calmly.

I looked over my guide-book, fixed upon Binghamton as an important place, where hotels would be respectable at the least, and, at six in the evening, stopped there very wearily.

A man with white, flaxen hair, so like in countenance to my meek friend, Mr. Greeley, that I thought I might safely trust him, advised me to go to the American Hotel.

I always had little faith in physiognomy—less now than ever. I had abstained from a railway meal (in Owego, I think) for the sake of a good, hearty, quiet dinner in my inn at night.

They served me, at the "American," with a little hard nubbin of steak, whether beef, or venison, or mutton, I can not say. And the Irish maid, who served it in a long, cold hall, seemed to think I was "coming the genteel strongly," to be eating warm meat at that hour.

The host, a brisk, weazen-faced old man, who was swearing in a cheery manner, when I came in, about having pinched his finger in the door, was of a conversational turn; and informed me that his establishment consumed half a ton of coal a day, and "not half warm at that," said he. I think he was a truthful man, though he swore badly.

I am sorry I can not recommend his inn. A scullion—or somebody who might have been, and who made my chamber-fire in a stove about the size of a quart cup—swore as badly as his master. It seemed to me a method they had of keeping warm.

I was to leave next morning by the Cincin-



nati express train, and reach New York at halfpast three. So, being aroused at six, or thereabout, and breakfasting upon a remnant of that steak, I, in company with four or five others, rode to the station, where we were startled by the announcement, on the telegraphic blackboard of the establishment, that the "Cincinnati train was six hours behind time."

And what amazed me most was, that nobody, from the ticket-seller down to the hackmen, seemed at all surprised.

"Lauk, suds!" said one of the men I consulted, "that's nothing. She ain't up to time any day these three weeks."

Fortunately, however, there was a mail-train leaving Owego at seven o'clock, or thereabout (I have grown careless about times), which the ticket-master informed me would land me in New York by half-past six.

There was no other resource. I entered the mail-train, bade adieu to Binghamton (it may be a fine place), and dashed on for New York. But it was by short dashes. I had no conception of the multitude of post-offices which exist in that section of country.

There was no bridal party to relieve it all. There was, however, a pleasant group of three middle-aged ladies, accompanied by a sentimental and somewhat lymphatic girl, occupied mostly in sleep and novel-reading, and by a thin, bilious-looking cavalier, who excited the merriment of his little group by drinking brandy out of a flask. What small things charm one on the Eric Road! And how far a little goodhumor goes toward relieving the tedium of a mail-train!

What a flow of spirits that short, thin cavalier in the drab coat kept up! How he relieved those poor women-half dozing, half stupefied, altogether fatigued, and tumbled, and dustywith his pleasant pantomime! How Sally-Ann laughed, and then subsided into sleepiness! How they ate dough-nuts, and how they tittered at the funny tin dipper—such a funny dipper-with a handle, and all that!

There was an old lady, with a small bandbox, who, in the latter part of the day, came and took a seat beside me. (I think I have a family look about me, and a trusty one.)

"I bean't accustomed much to travelin' in carrs," said she.

"Ah! indeed," said Mr. Sharply.

"No, not much," said she; "most afear'd on 'em. But la! Sir, some folks an't. My sister Lucy, neow, says she'd jist as leeves as not."

I can not now recall my reply to this observation. But the old lady went on.

She was'nt used to "carrs;" she wondered what time we should get into Jersey City, or if it would be dark. I told her I feared it would

"Well, then, that's real aukard for me," said she. "You see, I'm a goin to Newark (strong accent on the ark); my darter's ben a stayin' along back with my sister who lives in Newark, the days are long and the nights warm.

and she's expectin' me to-night, and I've never ben to Newark, and not bein accustomed much to travelin' in carrs, you see it's kinder aukard for

I told her it was very simple; that the trains on that road left very regularly, and it was only half an hour's ride.

"Thankee, Sir," said she; "and is the carrs not very far to go to?"

I told her they were just by.

"Oh! thankee, Sir," said she; "and if you'd be so kind, Sir, as to show me the way when we gits in? for, you see, I an't much accustomed to travelin' in carrs."

I told her I would, with pleasure.

"And, if you'd be so good, Sir, I've got a couple of bundles-my darter's things, which I thought she'd be a-wantin', being in a strange place—and if you'd be so good, Sir, as to carry 'em across for me?— Oh, thankee, I can carry the band-box, it's no great lift."

I told her I would. [Weak, sensitive Mr. Sharply.]

"And the umbril, if you'd be so good, Sir."

I told her I would. [To be read by Mrs. Sharply, if she sees this, in a deprecatory tone.]

"You see, Sir," continued the old lady, "I 'spose they'd be expectin' on me at Newark, and I guess they'll be a-gittin' tea for me, and I shouldn't like to be keepin' on 'em a-waitin'."

I nodded, as much as to say my friend was acting very prudently.

Well, we arrived at length. I took the bundles, the "umbril," and the old lady to the "Newark carrs."

I was ferried over the river—the clock struck ten as I landed. Poor Mistress Sharply! The dinner of yesterday was spoiled with waiting, the dinner of to-day spoiled, the tea spoiled, Mistress Sharply's temper almost spoiled.

"And how has all this happened?" said Mrs. Sharply, kissing me conjugally.

"My dear," said I, kissing her conjugally, "I came by the Erie road!"

I met Jaundice the other day, who was with me on the Lake-shore train and took the Central road.

- "Ah, Sharply," said he, "how d'ye do? you took the Erie road, I think?"
 - "Ye-es, Erie road," said I.
 - "Get in in good time?"
- "Oh, I stopped—stopped over night at Bing-
- "Oh, you did, eh? Pleasant place enough, Binghamton, is'nt it?"
 - "Ye-es-pleasant."
- "It's a relief to stop at night, on those d-d long roads."
 - "Oh, yes, quite," said I.
- "But it won't do for business men," said he, dashing off.

"No, I suppose not," said I.

When I travel by the Erie again (if I ever do), I think it will be in summer time, when



"PAS ENCORE."

Y father and mother were of that ancient M French aristocracy who suffered so severely for their King and their Church in the terrible Revolution. They were both children of emigrants; and when their families were restored, with the Bourbons, they were married to each other by their parents' desire. But, like your own cavaliers, the once wealthy noblesse of France never fully recovered the possessions they had lost. We were very poor; and it was consequently with a great deal of pleasure that my father read a letter from an old aunt of his own, who was rich and childless, offering to make me her heiress, if, on acquaintance, she should like me. I was to be sent to her as soon as possible; and if she approved of my manners and disposition, I was to reside with her, as her adopted daughter, till her death. I can not say I was at all pleased at the idea of leaving that dear Paris, and entombing myself in an old chateau; but-que faire?—it was the will of my parents, and I might not dispute it. I was consequently dispatched with all convenient speed to my ancient relative, and arrived safely, after rather a tedious journey, at her house, having been escorted thither by a gentleman who was her neighbor, on his return home. It was such an old house—built, they said, by Vauban; and certainly there were traces of fortification about it. The domestics looked as if they had waited on Noah, and survived the Deluge. One of these antiquities ushered me into my aunt's presence. She was seated in an immense saloon, near a stove-for it was coldand had, like her apartment, a certain air of faded grandeur. She retained the dress of the court-days of Louis Seize; her hair was dressed à la Marie Antoinette, and she was highly rouged. She received me with an expression of sensibility that rather entertained than touched me, seeing she had so long ignored my existence and that of my father.

After her embraces and welcomes were ended, she turned and introduced me to an old lady who sat near her, bending over an embroidery-frame. It was Madame de Bernis, her friend and dame de compagnie. She was a great deal older than my aunt, and had a terrible face; it haunts my dreams sometimes even now. Her nose and chin nearly met; her cheeks were sunken; her hair white as snow; she also was highly rouged, and the color gave a false lustre to a large pair of cold faded blue eyes, which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

"Madame de Bernis," said my aunt, in a low voice, "has been my faithful companion for over thirty years. If she were not so much older than myself, I should have left her my fortune, but it is quite unlikely that she should survive me. You need not look at me so wonderingly. In addition to her many infirmities, she is deaf, and hears not a word we say."

Supper was now announced, and when the nier, my aunt, did not find her boudoir greatly meal was finished, my aunt asked me if I would enlivened by her young guest. She did her

not like to go to bed, as I must be tired with my journey.

"I hope you are not timid," she said, as she bade me good night; "I like courage even in a young girl. However, your room is separated from mine only by the picture-gallery, and you can come to me if you feel alarmed."

Now, by character, I am very timid, though at the moment I did not like to avow it, and my transit from my aunt's chamber, through a gallery of staring, faded portraits, did not tend to encourage me. The room destined for my occupation was a large one, entirely hung round with mirrors. Whichever way I turned, I beheld a shadowy mimic on the walls, the movement along which became so painful to me that I hurried into bed, although the couch, placed in an alcove, looked so dark and solemn after my little Paris bed, that I had at first shrunk from it.

I had been asleep about an hour or two, when a slight rustling noise awoke me. I looked up, and to my horror saw my aunt's dame de compagnie, Madame de Bernis, sitting beside the bed. Her cold still eyes were fixed on me, looking, if possible, more ghastly than by day, and in her hand she held a very bright clasp-knife, open. I was so terrified I could neither speak nor move, but lay watching her, whilst she never took her eyes off me. Every now and then she passed her finger along the edge of the knife, as if to feel if it were sharp enough, then muttering "Pas encore," let it drop again on her lap.

Mes amies, I can not tell you half my fear. Nothing in the whole course of my after-life has ever equaled the horror of that hour. I thought a prayer; I could not utter a sound, not even a cry for help. So passed a period of time which seemed to me an eternity. At length once more muttering "Pas encore," she rose, descended from the alcove, and disappeared in the large dark chamber; for my night-light sufficed only to enlighten the recess. I fainted. When I recovered my senses, it was daylight: the cold gray dawn was stealing through the jalousies; I shivered, and felt so ill I could scarcely move. At length my aunt's femme de chambre came to assist at my morning toilet, and I told her all my night's misery. She smiled incredulously, and observed that

"Mademoiselle must have had a disagreeable dream. There was no entrance or egress from her room, save through madame's, and Madame de Bernis slept in the other wing of the chateau, and was very lame."

Her words could not, however, convince meagainst the evidence of my senses. At breakfast, I told my aunt every thing; but she refused to believe it was any thing but a dream, "a fancy, an indigestion."

A gloom possessed my mind the whole day. Naturally, I was enjouée and amusing; I was now absent, sad, and dull. Madame de Vergnier, my aunt, did not find her boudoir greatly enlivened by her young guest. She did her



best, good lady, to divert my mind, but one does not easily recover from such a shock of the

It was with inexpressible horror I saw night approach; and at length, unable to bear the idea of sleeping alone again, I supplicated my aunt to let her maid stay with me all night. She seemed a little vexed and discomposed at the request, but assented to it nevertheless; and Agathe, a pretty, nice-mannered brunette, was to be my companion for the nonce.

I fell asleep, tolerably confident of safety, but awoke again at the same hour to behold once more that terrible apparition—again that cold gray glance-again that glittering knifeagain that hissing murmur of "Pas encore." In an agony of horror, I shook the girl sleeping beside me.

"Look, look, Agathe-she is there!" The aroused sleeper rubbed her eyes, yawned heavily, and then looking lazily round, exclaimed:

"Mais, qu'est-ce-que c'est, mademoiselle?" I pointed, in horror, to the old woman. She replied, in answer to the gesture, "Je ne vois

Could it be possible? I passed my hand over my eyes; when I removed it, she was gone; and, overpowered by the conviction that I had beheld a visitant from the world of spirits, I fell into a violent fit of hysterics. Agathe went and called my aunt, and related all she knew of the cause of my seizure. Madame de Vergnier was astonished, and even angry.

"The child must be a folle," she said. "Madame de Bernis was alive; it could not, therefore, be her ghost. She could not tell what was to be done."

I was too ill to leave my bed till late in the day, and I need scarcely tell you how I dreaded returning to it. I entreated my aunt to let me sleep in some other room, and, though she was vexed at the trouble and disarrangement, she permitted it, and assigned me a dressingroom outside her own room, but not opening into it.

It was small, comfortable-looking, and reminded me of my own little chamber in the Rue de la Ferme des Matthurins. I hoped that here, at least, I should be at peace. But no. About midnight, that awful rustling of silk awoke me, and once more my eyes opened upon the cold gray eyes and the glittering steel; once more I heard that awful whisper, "Pas encore."

Then came that long, horrid watch of both of us, followed, on my part-when again she disappeared—by a sort of delirium. Under its influence, I rose as soon as it was dawn, dressed myself, and stole down stairs. An old porter had just opened the hall-door; I brushed hastily past him, ran down the steps, and hurried up the avenue. I have no recollection of what followed, till I found myself in a strange room and in another house. A nurse was sitting by the bedside, and a table with medicine bottles,

ill. I fancied I had had a horrid dream, and asked my attendant where I was, and where mamma was. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and went out of the

In a few minutes she returned with my mother, who shed tears of delight over me as she embraced me. After a time, I learned from them that I had been found insensible on the steps of my fellow-traveler's door, and recognizing me, he had had me brought in, and sent for a doctor. The physician had found me delirious, and pronounced me in a brain fever; from which I had just recovered, though every one had despaired of my life. My parents had been sent for by my aunt, as soon as she heard of my escape and discovery; and she told them I had given symptoms of the approaching disease by fancying that I was haunted by her old dame de compagnie. My mother added that I had never ceased crying out, during the period of my delirium, "Pas encore."

With a profound shudder, I heard the words, and recalled my past mental sufferings. I related my tale to mamma, and-judge of my distress and annoyance—she heard it as the ravings of returning delirium, or the vision of a troubled brain! In addition to the torture I had endured, I had to support the mortification of being heard with incredulity.

"But was it really only a delirium?" asked Portia.

You shall hear. My aunt, when I recovered, showed no wish for the renewal of my visit: nor would all the gold of Mexico have induced me to sleep beneath her roof again; therefore my parents took me back to Paris, under the impression that my chance of being a rich heiress was ended.

Three years afterward came another letter from Madame de Vergnier: she wrote to apologize for my sufferings, and at the same time to acknowledge their reality. Madame de Bernis was dead, and when in extremis had sent for her benefactress, and confessed that she had actually sat beside my bed, night after night, in hopes of terrifying me away, and becoming herself my aunt's heiress. She had bribed the femme de chambre to take part in this nefarious plot, which might have destroyed either my life or reason, and now repented of it, and implored forgiveness. Madame de Vergnier was much shocked; she confronted the maid with the dying woman, and fully ascertained the truth of the confession. The woman had been dismissed without a character, and Madame de Bernis was gone to answer for her crime at a higher tribunal. We were all invited, now, to the chateau, and accepted the invitation. I was a little nervous the first night, but I got over it after a time, and we were all very happy together. Madame de Vergnier lest me her fortune; but I think I paid a fearful price to win it. For many a year afterward, I could never hear without a shudetc., testified to the fact that I had been very der those (to me) awful words, "Pas encore!"



Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

N Congress, the opening weeks of the session were mainly given up to general discussion upon the various subjects embraced in the President's Message. The principal topics were the Slavery question in its various aspects, and the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty."—The House, by a vote of 112 to 108, admitted Mr. Whitfield to his seat as delegate from Kansas.—Action has been taken on a few subjects of general interest.—The prepayment of postage on transient printed matter has been made compulsory.—An appropriation of \$150,000 has been voted for a steamer to be used in the revenue service, at the discretion of the President, with the tacit understanding that it is to be employed near New York, with a special view to the relief of vessels wrecked or in distress.—The Senate, while concurring in the House bill granting medals to the members of the Arctic Exploring Expedition, rejected the proposition to purchase copies of Dr. Kane's Narrative .- In the House resolutions were offered by Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, declaring that the proposition to open the African Slave Trade was abhorrent to the sentiments of the Christian and civilized world; and by Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, that the repeal of the laws against this traffic was inexpedient, and contrary to the settled policy of this country; the former resolution passed by a vote of 152 to 57, and the latter with only eight dissenting votes.-In the Senate a call has been made upon the President to furnish the correspondence with the Government of the Netherlands, in relation to the refusal of the Dutch Minister to testify in the case of Herbert, when on trial for killing Keating. The conduct of the Minister is disapproved by both Governments, and he has been transferred from this country to Denmark .- Judge Lecompte and Marshal Donelson, whose conduct in Kansas has been extremely unsatisfactory, have been removed by the President, and the nominations of James O. Harrison and William Spencer in their places, have been confirmed by the Senate. --The most important measures now under consideration are those relating to the proposed reduction of the tariff, the Pacific Railway, territorial affairs, increase of compensation to officers of the army and navy, the extension of several important patents, the regular appropriation bills, and the mail service to be performed by ocean steamers. In view of the refusal of Congress to continue the increased compensation, Mr. Collins requests the Government to purchase his line of steamers.—The inhabitants of that portion of New Mexico recently acquired by the "Gadsden Purchase," have sent a delegate to Washington requesting that this district may be vote, by sections, is as follows:

erected into a Territory, under the name of Arizona; they represent the Territory to have an area equal to the State of Pennsylvania, with a population of ten or fifteen thousand, and that the physical features of the country preclude them from enjoying any benefit from the administration of New Mexico, while they are exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians. The delegate from Minnesota presented a petition that this Territory might be admitted into the Union as a State, and the Territorial Committee of the Senate have prepared a bill for that purpose.

The subjoined table presents a view of the popular and electoral vote at the recent election. The returns from Texas and California are not quite complete. In South Carolina the electors are chosen by the Legislature, by which the Democratic electors were chosen unanimously. The full vote of the State is about 40,000, which would probably have been divided nearly as in our estimate:

	DEMOCRATIC.		REPUBLIC	AN.	AMERICAN.	
	Vote.	Elect.	Volo.	Elect.	Vote.	Elect
Ala,	46,739	9		• • • • •	29,652	
Ark.	21,910	4			10,787	1
Cal.	51,925	4	20,330		35,110	!
Conn.	84,905	l l	42,715	G	2,615	
Del.	8,004	3	506		6,175	
Flor.	6,358				4,830	1
Ga.	56,578	10			42,228	
III.	105,348		96,180		37,444	
Ind.	118,670	13	94,375		22,386	
lows	86,170		43,854	4	9,180	
Ky.	74,642	12	314		67,416	
La.	22,164	6			20,709	
Mc.	89,080		67,379	8	8,325	
Md.	89,115		281		47,460	8
Mass.	39,240		108,190	13	19,616	
Mich.	52,136		71,762	G	1,060	
Miss.	35,446	7			24,155	
Mo.	58,164				48,524	!
N. C.	48,246				36,586	
N. 11.	32,789		88,345	5	422	
N. J.	46,943		28,038		24,115]
N. Y.	1:5,878	!	276,907	75	124,604	'
Ohio	170,874		187,497	23	28,126	!
Penn.	230,71 0	27	147,510		82,175	
R. I.	6,580		11,467	4	1,675	
8. C.	25,000				15,000	
Tenn.	72,685				66,178	
Texas	28,757	4			15,244	
Vt.	10,56		39,561	5	545	
Va.	89,826		201		€0,∵78	
Wis.	52,843		66,090	- 5	579	
Total	1,859,837	174	1,341,812	114	898,055	8

It will be seen that the Democrats, casting 45 per cent. of the popular vote, have 59 per cent. of the electors; the Republicans, with 30 per cent. of the popular vote, choose 39 per cent. of the electors; while the Americans, with 25 per cent. of the vote, secure only 2 per cent. of the electors. The

(DEMOCRATIC.		REPUBLICAN.		. AMBRICAN.		TOTAL.	
	Popular Vote.	Electors.						
Free States	1,224,750	62	1,340,618	114	393,590	•••	2,958,958	176
Slave States	634,587	112	1,194	٠	494,465	8	1,130,246	120
Total	1,859,337	174	1,341,812	114	888,055	8	4,089,204	296

sion, and the Messages of the respective Governors present some points worthy of record. The Governor of Mississippi says that the South would be | ing States; or refuse to admit a new Slaveholdjustified in resisting, should Congress undertake ing State as such; or prohibit slavery in the Terto interfere with slavery in the States; or with the ritories; or repeal, or neglect to enforce the Fugi-

Many of the State Legislatures are now in ses- | traffic in slaves between the States; or take any action in the District of Columbia injurious to the tranquillity or rights and honor of the Slavehold-



tive Slave Law. He recommends a Convention of Southern States to concert a plan of action.—The Governor of Uhio recommends that this State should demand retrenchment and reform in the administration of the National Government; and complains that citizens of Ohio have been debarred from their rights in Kansas, and in going to and returning from that Territory. If the General Government refuses to interfere for their protection, he maintains that it is the right and duty of the State so to do. He thinks, however, that the worst is past in Kansas, since Governor Geary manifests a disposition to protect Free-State settlers. - The Governor of Missouri urges the importance of a railway to the Pacific, and animadverts upon the "mistaken policy of making our main lines of communication to the Pacific coast through the possessions of foreign powers."---The Governor of New York urges an appropriation to complete the enlargement of the canals; recommends the passage of a law regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors; points out sundry defects in the municipal government of the city of New York, and commends the whole subject to the careful consideration of the Legislature. While he disclaims any right or purpose to interfere with the domestic institutions of any State, he affirms it to be the fixed determination of New York to oppose the extension of slavery in the Territories of the United States. He reviews the causes which led to the recent disturbances in Kansas, and recommends an appropriation to relieve the necessities of the settlers in that Territory.-The Governor of Pennsylvania announces that the interest on the funded debt of the State due at the two last semiannual periods was paid, and that the February payment will be promptly met from the funds now in the Treasury. He condemns the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the proposition for the reopening of the African Slave Trade.

The State Capitol of Vermont, at Montpelier, was destroyed by fire on the 6th of January, the bare walls only remaining standing. Among the losses which can not be repaired is that of the collections in the apartment of the State Naturalist.

In Utah, Judge Drummond charged the Grand Jury that the Mormon ceremony of " sealing" does not constitute a legal marriage, and instructed them to indict all "sealed" persons who had not been legally married, especially in cases where two or more women are found cohabiting with one man. A statement has been published showing the prevalence of polygamy among the Mormon dignitaries. Brigham Young has 68 "wives;" the 13 members of the Council have 171 "wives;" of these Heber C. Kimball, the President, has 57; Lorenzo Snow, a cripple, has 25; several others have more than a dozen each; none of them less than 3. The 26 members of the House of Representatives have 157, of whom seven have ten or more; and only six have less than three. The five officers of the House have 22. Forty-five public men have thus among them 418 " wives."

The Legislature of South Carolina has made several important modifications in the law imprisoning colored scamen who arrive at the ports of that State. In case a vessel is driven in by stress of weather, mutiny, or other unavoidable cause, the colored seamen are exempted from imprisonment, in case they remain on board, or in any place appointed by a competent magistrate. If the ves-

give bonds, in the sum of five hundred dollars for each colored seaman, that he shall not leave the vessel; the bonds to be forfeited in case that the stipulation is not adhered to. The British consul at Charleston has issued a circular directed to English mariners, calling special attention to this law, and announcing his intention to refuse to interfere in any case of willful or careless neglect to comply with its requisitions.

Much temporary alarm was excited during the month of December, by reports of contemplated negro insurrections in various parts of the South. In Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas, the Carolinas, and Virginia, there seems to have been little ground for alarm, though many arrests were made, and several persons were summarily executed. In Kentucky, near Dover, six negroes were hung. In the iron region of Tennessee, where large numbers of slaves are employed under the charge of a few whites, there seems to have been something like a concerted plot. In Nashville the City Council directed the employment of additional police force, prohibited negro schools and preaching, and directed the arrest of all suspected free negroes. It appears probable that the apprehensions of contemplated outrages were not wholly groundless; but there is no good reason to credit the existence of any extended plot.

The Southern Convention assembled at Savannah on the 8th of December. Suggestions were offered having for their object the encouragement of Southern industry and trade. It was voted that the National Government has no power to construct a railway to the Pacific; but a recommendation was adopted urging the several States to construct a road along the line of the thirty-second parallel of latitude, and urging Congress to transport the mail between New Orleans and California by the Tchuantepec route. Resolutions were offered recommending the reopening of the African Slave Trade, but they were rejected by a large majority.

Charles B. Huntington, a New York broker, has been convicted of forgeries to an immense amount. The forged paper was used mainly as collateral security for the purpose of raising money, and was for a considerable time redeemed before maturity. At his trial his counsel declared that the whole amount of forgeries amounted to fifteen or twenty millions of dollars. The defense set up was that he was affected with an irresistible propensity to forgery, which amounted to moral insanity; and that he was not therefore responsible for his acts. This defense proved unavailing, and he was sentenced to the State Prison for four years and ten months—the longest term allowed by law. SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In Mexico the Government has gained the ascendancy. Puebla, the head-quarters of the Church party, which had risen against the Administration, has been taken. Vidaurri, after having gained considerable advantages entered into terms with Comonfort, by which he abandoned his designs of establishing the new republic of Sierra Madre, and the revolted States of New Leon and Coahuila agreed to return to the Mexican Confederation. An attempt at insurrection was made at Guanajusto, but it was easily suppressed. The present political lull has not secured public safety, for robberies are represented as unusually frequent. The relations between Mexico and Great Britain present sel come in voluntarily, the master is allowed to an amicable aspect. Santa Anna has issued an ad-



dress protesting against the sequestration of his property, and denouncing President Comonfort.

Peru is convulsed by revolutionary movements. President Castilla is unpopular in the provinces on account of his supposed proclivity to religious toleration, and for sundry other reasons. latest attempt at insurrection seems to be in the interest of General Vivanco, in whose favor the steam frigate Apurimac "pronounced" on the 16th of November. The captain was put on shore, and a subordinate officer took the command; the mutineers then boarded another government vessel, from which they took the guns and public money, when both vessels sailed away together. President Castilla has proclaimed the insurrectionists to be pirates, and dispatched such naval force as was at his command in pursuit; but as this was inferior to the force of the mutineers, its prospect of success was not considered very flattering.

The southern portions of Buenos Ayres are suffering from the incursions of hostile Indians, without possessing the power to repel them.

In Nicaragua, at the latest dates, the prospects of Walker were exceedingly gloomy. The advantages gained at Massaya and Granada were more showy than substantial. Early in November the Costa Ricans invaded Nicaragua from the south, and took possession of San Juan del Sur; Walker advanced upon them, when they retreated to Rivas; Walker made a second attack upon Massaya; but was unsuccessful, and fell back upon Granada, followed by the enemy. He was forced to abandon Granada, which he destroyed, to prevent its affording shelter to the enemy. The best portion of his troops, under the command of General Henningsen, took refuge in a neighboring church, where they were besieged by the Costa Ricans. Walker, with the remainder, got on board a steamer on the lake, and hovered in sight of his beleagured troops, without being able to afford them any assistance. He had previously sent his sick and wounded to an island in the lake, and a report was spread that they had been massacred by the natives. Much sympathy has been aroused in the United States in view of the perilous position of the adventurers. Recent steamers have carried out considerable assistance in men, money, and provisions. But so uncertain was the prospect of this aid being of essential service, that General Goicuria requested that the steamer Granada, from Aspinwall, might be directed to stop at Greytown to bring away such of the followers of Walker as might be able and disposed to leave. The agent of the steamer promised to comply with the request, solely, as he says, "on the score of humanity." Private letters from Nicaragua describe the condition of the adventurers as most deplorable.

EUROPE

The Arctic discovery ship Resolute, abandoned in the polar seas, recovered by an American whaler, and bought and refitted by our Government, in order that it might be presented to the British Government, arrived at Spithead on the 12th of December. Her arrival was received with every mark of satisfaction, and at Cowes she was visited by the Queen and Royal Family.—The necessary funds have been subscribed for the construction of the Transatlantic Telegraph, and contracts have been entered into for the manufacture of the cable, which it is hoped will be laid in the course of next summer.—War has been officially declared by

sailing of the expedition have reached Bombay. It consists of nine war-steamers and twenty-six sailing transports, having on board 6000 soldiers, besides camp-followers. The commander is Admiral Sir Henry Leeke, who is in his 70th year, and is said to have seen very little active service. The vessels are to rendezvous at Bassadore, in the Gulf of Persia, whence they are to proceed to Karrack, a dreary and desolate spot, but convenient for operations against the mainland, and especially against Bushire, which place is to be assailed by Intelligence has in the meanwhile gun-boats. reached England that Herat had fallen, early in October, into the hands of the Persians; that the whole surrounding territory was occupied by the forces of the Shah, and that the Affghan tribes were giving in their adhesion. Orders have been dispatched from St. Petersburg to concentrate an army of at least 40,000 men on the Persian frontier, to watch the course of events. It is not at all improbable that Russia will undertake to support Persia, and that a war between England and Russia will spring up from this cause.-Mr. Villiers, brother to Lord Clarendon, has been appointed Minister to this country.

Another cause of apprehension for the tranquillity of Europe is found in the relations between Prussia and Switzerland, growing out of the recent occurrences in Neufchatel. The King of Prussia, in his speech at the opening of the Chambers, says significantly, that while he wishes to bring about a settlement in harmony with the dignity of his crown, by means of negotiations with the European Powers, he will not nevertheless allow his long-suffering patience to be turned into a weapon against his rights. The Prussian Minister had received an audience from the President of the Swiss Confederation, at which he formally demanded the liberation of the Neufchatel prisoners. A similar demand was made by the Ministers of Austria, Bavaria, and Baden, in accordance with a decision of the German Diet that the sovereignty of the Canton belongs to the King of Prussia. The Swiss Federal Council refused to grant an unconditional pardon to the prisoners, but declared that it wished to reopen friendly relations with Prussia, and was ready to negotiate.

An attempt has been made to assassinate the King of Naples. While he was reviewing the troops, a soldier, named Milano, rushed from the ranks and endeavored to stab the King with a bayonet. His blow failed to reach its object, and he was knocked down and secured. Milano was subsequently executed. His last words were, 'It is glorious to die for our country and for liberty." -King Ferdinand during the month of October granted pardons to 41 political prisoners.—An insurrection broke out in Sicily on the 22d of November, and though the first outbreak was put down, it is affirmed that the insurrection is spreading in the interior of the island.

THE EAST.

It is generally believed in China that the rebels will soon be in possession of Shanghai. There are reports of dissensions in their body. It is affirmed that the "Eastern King" caused the "Western King" to be put to death some years ago, and keeping his death secret, caused his own son to assume his name and post; and that he now aspires to the throne of the "Heavenly King."—Two British steamers have been sent to Whampoa, in Great Britain against Persia; the orders for the consequence of some outrage committed by the



Chinese authorities upon a vessel bearing English | Cunningham, an American citizen, has directed colors.—A public meeting has been held at Hong Kong to take into consideration the state of the colony as affected by the alleged misrule of the Governor.—The American Consul at Foo-chow, failing to obtain satisfaction for the murder of Mr. | from paying.

American vessels not to pay the duties to the Chinese authorities; and the British Consul has notified them that unless the payment is enforced from Americans, the English must also be exempted

Literary Motices.

Faust, a Tragedy, translated from the German of | GOETHE, by CHARLES T. BROOKS. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) Of the numerous English translations of Faust, none have attempted to give a perfect representation of the measure and rhyme of the original. Some of them have been betrayed into the most extraordinary errors of construction and sense. In spite of the ingenious reasoning of Mr. Brooks in his preface, we doubt the possibility of giving the merely English reader an adequate idea of the spirit and form of that wonderful poem. The words are wedded to the thought in the plastic soul of the creator, and no second nuptials can reproduce the exquisite and vital beauty of the original union. Indeed, we cherish but a slender faith in the possibility of preserving the inimitable glow and colors of life in any version of a truly great poem. We admit that there are examples to the contrary in the German translations of Homer by Voss, and of Shakspeare by Tieck and Schlegel; but, notwithstanding the singular affinity of the German language with Greek and English idioms, we are not persuaded that such cases show any thing but exceptions to the general rule. Certainly the greatest successes of poetic translation into English are not adapted to increase our faith in the reproduction of living poetry in a strange tongue. Mr. Brooks has attempted more than any of his predecessors. He has engaged in an enterprise which, in common hands, we should not hesitate to call audacious. It has been his aim not only to embody the spirit of Faust in poetical English, but to represent the exact form and features of that strange weird poem. In Mr. Brooks this is not audacity, but a just consciousness of remarkable powers. He is qualified for the work by endowments and culture which we think are possessed by no other English writer. At this moment we recollect but one, and he a countryman of our own, who even approaches Mr. Brooks in this respect. A few more years of severe experience may make him the equal of the present translator. Mr. Brooks is a thorough master of the German language. This might seem to follow of course in the case of a scholar attempting to grapple with a poem presenting such peculiar and almost insurmountable difficulties as Faust. But the versions both of Shelley and of Lord Leveson Gower-if the fragmentary imitations of the former deserve to be called versions-are full of philological blunders which indicate but a school-boy's knowledge of the language. Mr. Brooks, moreover, has a great deal more than a superficial acquaintance with the whole range of German literature. This has been the favorite specialty of his studies for many years. He is no less familiar with its spirit and essence than with its manifold forms of beauty. His practice in translation has been various and successful. He possesses that refined tact, if we may so callit, in the perception of the delicacies of expression,

which can be obtained only from long exercise combined with rare natural instincts. But more than this, he has a poet's soul and a poet's tongue. He can not only study but sing. He has, accordingly, produced an admirable poem in this translation. It is an excellent Faust-in form, in substance, in rhythmical flow it is Goethe's Faust; it is far more Goethe's Faust than any preceding English version; and if it has not the living, subtle, aromal spirit, the matchless edge of irony, the soft auroral beauty fringing clouds of thunderous aspect which vivify the wondrous original, it is because he is but a man and no magician. He has not seized the fleeting, aerial splendors which no art can reproduce in a foreign sky, but he has given as vivid a picture of them as can be accomplished by the painter's skill.

Essays, Bugraphical, and Critical, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The character of this work is critical rather than constructive, but it belongs to an order of criticism that demands a rare combination of qualities for its successful exercise. It is not occupied with verbal analysis and comparison, nor with the mere record of biographical facts, nor even with discussions from an æsthetic point of view; but with synthetic representations of various modes of life and being as illustrated by eminent historical personages in a wide and diversified sphere of action. Thus Washington as a patriot, Daniel Boone as a pioneer, Southey as a man of letters, Savage as a literary adventurer, De Witt Clinton as a national economist, Governeur Morris as the American statesman, and Franklin as the American philosopher, furnish themes for elaborate portraitures, in which the events in the lives of their subjects serve for the illustration of important general truths. Without an uncommon share both of culture, reflection, and good sense, such a mode of treatment might easily diverge into dreary commonplace, or an affected effort for originality. Mr. Tuckerman keeps at a wise distance from each of these fatal extremes. His remarks are founded on a thorough study of the characters which he has selected for discussion; he strives to penetrate the secret of their inmost life, though without any artificial subtlety or refinement; their relative position in literature or public affairs is exhibited from a comprehensive stand-point; and the summing up of their qualities is made with discrimination and force. The work betrays a familiar acquaintance with literary and artistic history as well as the course of political events. It is every where marked by a spirit of choice and elegant scholarship, although its practical views, its apt illustrations, and its chaste and impressive diction eminently adapt it for popular reading. Mr. Tuckerman's taste has been formed by the study of the early and purer models of English literature. He aims at classical refinement rather than convulsive strength. He is always earnest, dignified,



the artifices of rhetoric. With no love of excitement, he often rises from the level of animated narrative and acute discussion to a manly and persuasive eloquence. Hence he will find the most numerous readers among those who have no craving for the intensity and impassioned expression which mark so many of the products of modern literature. His own self-reliance and devotion to conservative principles of taste are shown by his resolute abstinence from "the harlequin guise made up of shreds and patches of the English language, joined together by a foreign idiom or a mosaic of new and unathorized words," which is sometimes regarded as the exclusive test of originality.

Recollections of a Life-Time, by S. G. GOODRICH. (Published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan.) In preparing these memorials of his times, the wellknown author of the "Peter Parley Books" has hit the happy medium between an arid and meagre exposition of facts, and the egotistic garrulity which proves such a fatal temptation to the common run of autobiographical writers. claiming a position in public life or in literature that is not warranted by the career of an efficient man of business and a successful author in an important department of letters, Mr. Goodrich presents a quiet and modest narrative of his reminiscences during nearly half a century, embracing a period of rapid development, of striking political and social contrasts, and of brilliant activity in every sphere of human effort. The most interesting portion of his work is devoted to pictures of society and manners in New England during the boyhood and early youth of the author. Born in a primitive village of Connecticut, brought up in one of the quaint rural parsonages of which in the progress of luxury and elegance, we have few specimens left, and receiving the first rudiments of learning from the lips of an ancient dame at the district school, he had ample materials for the illustration of this subject. His subsequent experience placed him in contact with many eminent men both in this country and Europe. Of these he has given animated, and, in most instances, we think, discriminating portraitures. In the great conflict which prevailed between the two leading national parties in the early part of the century, Mr. Goodrich took a warm interest, and in his comments on that period of our national history he engages in a zealous, though not an uncandid, defense of the principles and measures of the Federalists. The public interest in those discussions has so far vielded to other issues which claim paramount importance at the present day, that few readers will share the earnestness of the author in the support of his political convictions. The origin and success of the "Parley Books," of course, fills a prominent place in these volumes. Many interesting details are given on this point, and also on the development and present condition of the publishing business generally in the United States. Mr. Goodrich has crossed the Atlantic many times, and has resided for several years in different European capitals. His account of the public characters whose acquaintance he has made, and his sketches of foreign society, are lively and readable, and often contain a good deal of valuable information. In point of literary execution the work is unequal, some portions being unnecessarily diffuse; but, as a whole, it shows the power of lucid and

self-possessed-never seeking to fortify himself by | ly" the universal favorite of juvenile readers. He has turned this characteristic gift to excellent account in the composition of these volumes for persons of maturer age.

The Adventures of a Roving Diplomatist, by HENRY WIKOFF. (Published by Fetridge and Co.) The audacious lover, whose singular escapades in Genoa have given him an extensive notoriety on two continents, here favors an admiring world with some chapters of his experience in political and official life. He was employed temporarily by Lord Palmerston as a secret agent of the British Foreign Office, but the course of diplomacy ran no smoother than that of "true love," and the high contracting parties separated, with frigid indifference on the part of the Minister, and intense disgust in the virtuous bosom of the Chevalier. He has attempted to find solace to his wounded spirit in the concoction of this volume, which flows on gently as a rivulet of oil, and presents a curious compound of egotism, vanity, shrewdness, and fun, with an occasional touch of apparent naïveté, which exerts a highly diplomatic influence on the character of the work. Such specimens of hypothetical verdancy in the accomplished Chevalier are absolutely refreshing.

Science vs. Modern Spiritualism, translated from the French of GASPARIN by E. W. ROBERT. In this elaborate treatise the phenomena of modern table-turnings and other necromantic pretensions are submitted to a stringent examination. The author admits the reality of a numerous class of facts, which are adduced in support of the spiritualistic theory, but endeavors to trace them to a perfectly natural origin in certain physiological laws which have not yet been reduced to a scientific system. His reasonings have the merit of ingenuity and candor, and will reward the attention of those whose studies are directed to the investigation of the "night-side of nature." (Published by Kig-

gins and Kellogg.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a new and enlarged edition of The American Poulterer's Companion, by C. N. BEMENT, containing a plain and practical account of the best methods for the successful pursuit of the branch of rural economy to which it is devoted. Mr. Bement writes from ample experience, having spent the largest portion of his life in the study and care of the domestic fowls, which add such liveliness and interest to the farm yard. His work sets forth no dazzling theories, recommends no magnificent projects, and tempts to no rash experiments; but presents a concise and intelligent view of the latest improvements on the subject, an interesting history of the different varieties of this family of the feathered race, a careful estimate of the expense and profit of keeping poultry, and a valuable statement of statistical facts in illustration of the views of the author. A profusion of spirited and appropriate engravings add much to the interest of the

The Life and Times of Robert Emmet, by R. MADDEN, with A Memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet, is published in a new edition by P. M. Haverty. The story of these brave champions of Irish liberty is well told in this volume, and will refresh the memory of their deeds with many readers to whom their character and fame has always been familiar.

Doré, by a STROLLER IN EUROPE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this volume is an old stager, though not an old man, havagreeable narrative, which has made "Peter Par- ing seen all parts of this country, and now record-



ing his experience on a third visit to Europe. The recently issued by the same house. title of his book indicates the polished surface presented by the "gilding" of foreign society-an exterior view for which he has not the slightest reverence, and which he undertakes to strip of its gaudy decorations in his sharp criticisms. He has given a life-like view of the scenes which meet the eye of the European traveler in the leading capitals, and although his pictures are often too free for prudish tastes, he is surpassed by no recent American writer in vivacity of temperament, animation of language, and humorous quaintness of description.

El Gringo; or New Mexico and her People, by W. H. H. DAVIS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) During the residence of the author of this work as United States District Attorney in New Mexico, he enjoyed abundant opportunities to collect the materials for its composition. His stay in that country was protracted to the space of over two years, and for the whole of that period he mingled freely with all classes of the population, observing their manners and customs with the eye of a connoisseur. He has here given a series of lively and accurate descriptions of Spanish provincial society, with a variety of historical notices founded on official records. His volume abounds with information concerning a region of which we have but little exact knowledge, and is perfectly readable in spite of an occasional excess in the use of offhand colloquial expressions.

Autumnal Leaves is the title of a new collection of tales and sketches in prose and verse, by Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD. In their freshness of feeling, loftiness of purpose, and glow of imagination, they afford a pleasing evidence that the pen of the distinguished authoress has lost none of the qualities which make her such a general favorite with the mass of readers. (Published by C. S. Francis and Co.)

Kathie Brande, by HOLME LEE, is a recent English novel in which the quiet routine of domestic life is wrought up into a delightful narrative remarkable for its simplicity and pathos. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Songs of Summer, by RICHARD HENRY STOD-DARD. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) In this volume several new pieces are added to the productions of the author which have already been presented to the public in a different form. Among the happiest efforts of his pen, we notice a highly-finished specimen of blank verse, entitled "The Fisher and Charon," which shows his mastery of the poetic elements in classical tradition, as well as his polished grace of execution in a style of peculiar difficulty. "The Day and Night," "The Dead," "The Vailed Statue," are remarkable for their weird and mystic melody, though we prefer to meet the poet in regions of more cheerful sun-"I lay his Picture on my Knee" is a rich gush of parental tenderness and pride from a poet's heart, but with an occasional subtlety of thought too fine for natural emotion. Most of the poems in this volume are elaborated with a degree of care which is not always betrayed by their apparently unstudied expression, but which reveal to the discerning reader the hand of a singularly conscientious artist.

A beautiful pocket edition of Longfellow's Poems, complete in two duodecimos, is published by Ticknor and Fields. In print and binding it is uniform with the collective edition of Tennyson, with victory over the ills of life.

warm discussions called forth by "Hiawatha," the reputation of Longfellow as a genuine bard was never more pure and brilliant than at this moment. He stands in the foremost ranks of British and American poets, and his fame will gain fresh lustre with each successive year. No reader of poetic taste can revive his acquaintance with the contents of these volumes without a fresh impression of their tender and pathetic beauty.

Words for the Hour, by the author of "Passion Flowers." (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The wail of private sorrow which forms the keynote of these remarkable poems can never harmonize with universal sympathies. They do not celebrate the mystic burden of humanity in tones to which the heart responds spontaneously, but the griefs of individual experience, which can only call forth an echo from souls that recognize in them their own sufferings. With their intense and almost preternatural subjectivity, the common ear will find no melody in the perpetual recurrence of their sad monotones. The theme of the volume is expressed in the mournful stanzas entitled "The Shadow that is Born with Us." In reply to the wish of a friend that she would reveal the secret of the grief that is treasured in the depths of her being, the poetess declares that she has "tried to frame the legendary sorrows of her youth," but that the truth lay deeper than all fables; and while she battled with the air, no impotent efforts could uplift in words the weight that hung upon her soul.

- "Mine is no grief that helps itself with tears, Or in wild sobbing passes from the breast; Constant as fate, inalienate as life, 'Tis my employ of day, my nightly rest.
- "It is a strife that heeds no set of sun. A discord daring and irresolute,

 A weary business without Sabbath pause. A problem ever endless to compute.
- "Nor hand of leech nor surgeon can avail To heal the plague-spot, hopeless of relief, The suicidal steel could reach it not: I cometimes deem, myself is all my grief."

But whatever relief may be brought to such inborn, personal woes by the utterance of song, they transcend the bounds of general poetic sympathies, and can never associate the writer with the memory of golden sunsets, of the sweet breath of morn. or the delights of vernal freshness. Still, many of the poems in this volume are free from the shadowy gloom which is its prevailing characteristic. Some of them, like those which give the name to the volume, are sharp and sinewy protests against the abuses of the times, which loom up in shapes of portentous grimness before the vivid imagination of the writer. Others are strains of tender and mystic devotion, in remembrance of objects who have received the all-potent consecration of death. "The Wolf within the Mother's Sheepfold," and "The Lamb Without," are liquid with the pathos of impassioned maternity. "Balaklava" is a burst of intrepid sympathy in commemoration of the fa-tal "Charge." Personal, however, as are most of these poems, they spring from a far deeper source than the tearful heart of suffering womanhood. If the author stands before us like Niobe, she exhibits nothing effeminate, maudlin, or sentimental. Her compact and resolute intellect seems armed as with triple steel, and the strength which she infuses into her verse must be sufficient to crown her



Editar's Cable.

MERICAN PRINCIPLES.—It has been very A well said that he has the best digestion who never is reminded that he has any digestion at all, and that the model of all stomachs was that of the eupeptic clodhopper, who devoured his food without any uncomfortable after-thoughts, or ever knowing that he had any stomach. The same principle holds good of the body politic, and it is a sign that something is out of the way in the social system whenever it is so restless as to be continually feeling its pulse or looking at its tongue, and asking the doctors what can be the matter. Our good Old America is now somewhat in difficulty of this kind, and has painful misgivings lest he may have taken into his capacious mouth some foreign substances that can not possibly be assimilated. He is asking himself what is proper food for himself and his children, somewhat more careful than usual of the distinction between the true American and the foreign elements. Sometimes our ambition has been to expatriate ourselves as much as possible, in our manners and habits at least, if not in our residence. In the parlor or ball-room, we have been fond of being French; at the concert and opera, Italian; over the cigar and the chocolate, Spanish; after dinner, over the bottle, not a few have been inclined to be English; at elections, the fashion has been somewhat Irish; in philosophy, German; while a few inglorious citizens have been disposed to play the Turk, and, under the lead of Joe Smith, run into abominations that would have made Mohammed's beard curl with disgust. Now we are a little less ashamed of our own birth and breeding, and our own natal star shines out with new radiance from the studded heavens. Some of our people have indeed discovered new charms in Russia, and their polar star is in the constellation of the Great Bear. there are who have been ready to doff the Hungarian plume for the Russian sable, and pledge the nation to the Czar, as before to the Magyar dictator. But the most prominent tendency of late has seemed to be toward a more positive nationality of our own; and surely the present position, as well as the intrinsic importance of the subject, justifies an article upon the characteristics of the true American, as we understand them.

We start in a very commonplace way, and maintain that the true American is, first of all, true to his soil, or to the land of his birth and home. It is sometimes said, indeed, that it is a sorry kind of feeling that attaches itself to localities—that it is the heart of a cat that stands by the mere place, while the human heart goes with friends, and finds its home wherever they are. For this very reason we should be true to our own country; for we look upon it, not so much as a vast tract of land, as the abode of our friends, the sphere of our labor, and the inheritance of our children. The land may be, in fact, called the homestead of the nation, calling out at once our toil and our tastes, our energy and our affections to till and beautify its domain. We may even go further, and say that the land is the physical frame-work of the nation—the earthly organism through which it develops its powers. Look at our country in this way, and instead of seeing so many square miles of territory, we behold the limbs and features of a gigantic physical constitution. The great lakes

the mountains the shoulders and back-bone: forests the lungs; the sea-coast the arms; the flowing winds and waters, with all the great currents of trade, are the healthful tides of circulation that feed and quicken the colossal brain. Every country has its own peculiar form and physiognomy, and ours is sufficiently marked to make it ours. Bounded by twin oceans and their mighty tributary gulfs and lakes, our America has a unity from God's own hand; and what God hath joined, let not man try to put asunder. The Mississippi, with its various roots and branches, repeats in every wave the compact of our national union between North and South. The twin oceans no longer divide East and West. God has raised up two providential men to join the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. Fulton's revolving wheel and Franklin's electric wire have made San Francisco neighbor to New York; and California is but one of the pockets of our great sea-ports.

The American, in being true to his country, will be true alike to its productive utilities and to its adaptation to beautiful tastes. With him the useful and the beautiful should be but different aspects of the same bountiful heritage; and in the march of his comprehensive and far-seeing policy, refinement walks hand in hand with industry. The landscape smiles more sweetly to the eye from the plenty that is garnered from well-tilled fields, and the trees of the forest whisper a richer blessing when their murmur joins with the voices of the children and parents whose home rises from beneath the friendly shade. Let the physical resources of our country be developed by our largest policy and bravest enterprise. Let the mill-wheels of the North cry out to the cotton of the South. "Come forth, and let us work together, and weave for our country a nobler tissue than the loom can produce!" Let the teeming grain-fields of the West wave health and greeting to the workshops of the East, in token of the mighty compact between the agriculture and the mechanism of the nation. Let the gold that is washed by waters from the Rocky Mountains shout out to the iron and the coal in the Alleghanies, "Come forth, and let us run such a race together as the world has never seen!" The gold giving the sinews, and the iron the arms and feet, and the coal the moving power in a campaign of peaceful industry that shall make war hide his diminished head. By a due encouragement of agriculture, by a judicious protection of our own manufactures, by a wary guardianship of our commerce, let all the industrial interests of the country be quickened and reconciled, until America shall be the blessing of Americans, without being the foe of any nation under the sun. Let beautiful tastes follow in the wake of wholesome utilities. Let every man who cuts down a tree, where its place is needed for nutritious grain, honor the beauty that falls to the ground, transfer its grace to the waving corn, and not fail to plant another tree wherever its shade is needed. Let the landscape-gardener, the surveyor, the architect, combine their taste with the teachings of nature, and have an eye to radiant health and artistic beauty, quite as much as to gain and convenience. Let the poet and the orator not spare their gift, nor fail to weave into their verse and eloquence the names that stand for and rivers are our country's heart and arteries; the loveliness and the grandeur of our land. God



has given America goodly gifts, yet they have been too little developed. Her treasure, like that to which the divine kingdom was likened, is hidden in a field, and only he who tills the field faithfully can find it. Says that philosopher among geographers, Guyot: "America looks toward the Old World; all its slopes and its long plains slant toward the Atlantic, toward Europe. It seems to wait with open and eager arms the beneficent influence of the man of the Old World. No barrier opposes his progress; the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, banished to the other shore of the continent, will place no obstacle in his path." Thus invited by the very inclination of the land, the chosen man came, and began to cultivate his domain. The wilderness became a garden. Stand at the mouths of one of our great rivers, look upon the forest of masts at our wharves, so freighted or fruited with the products of our soil, to be exchanged for the commodities of every land under the sun—read the returns of our census, then speak not of the great things that America has done, but of the grandeur of her future, if her sons are only true to her soil.

Her sons-who are her sons? They, of course, who best embody her spirit, and carry out her destiny. They are pre-eminently the sons who have the blood of the sires who made America our mother. We maintain, then, in the next place, that the true American is true to his blood-the old blood that came hither from Europe in the veins of our wisest and strongest colonists (not last nor least of whom were the pilgrims of the Mayflower, and the Dutch of Manhattan, our own peculiar ancestors). All history shows the power of blood over circumstances as much as agriculture shows the power of the seeds over the soils. The main strength of the American nation has come from the free people of Northern Europe—the Teutonic, and especially the Anglo-Teutonic races, who brought liberty and law to the New World. We are not disposed to narrow down our nationality, much less our humanity, by any prejudices of race, and we are ready to allow that there has been a great deal of folly on both sides, in the quarrel between the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon partisans. The Anglo-Saxon is but one tribe of that great division of the Caucasian family to which our people belong. As known in Europe, the Caucasian family has had three branches—the Celtic, the Teutonic, the Slavonic. The Celt and the Teuton have had many a bloody quarrel with each other; but of late much of their blood pulsated to the notes of the same martial music, under the flags of France and England, that waved together their defiance against the Sclavonic banner floating on the walls of Sebastopol. Of the three branches, thus far the most vigorous and fruitful in our modern history has been the Teutonic, and those who have been ingrafted upon its stock. Now it is very clear that the chief portion of the American people came from the Teutonic branch, no matter whether-as in the case of New England, Virginia, and Maryland—the seed went first from Northern Europe to England, and thence to America, and so became Anglo-Saxon; or whether—as in the case of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—it remained in continental Europe until transplanted hither in the Dutch and Germans. Call the majority of our people Anglo-Teutonic, Anglo-Gothic, Anglo-Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon, as you will. No matter, if we only know what the terms mean,

and designate by them the descendants of the Northern Europeans who came to America, and made the English language the voice of their faith and their freedom.

Two great classes of men appear in history: the one class impulsive, impassioned, tending strongly toward a sensuous ritual and a centralized priesthood and empire; more ready to persuade than to reason, to venture than to persevere; not a little prone to exaggeration alike in speech and action. yet full of generous enthusiasm, and, by very temperament, electric and eloquent: the other class self-poised, deliberate, jealous of priesthoods and thrones, calculating the end carefully, and very slow to yield an inch of the ground once taken; at the same time cautious and courageous, fond of solid comfort, yet readier far to starve than to beg, and more quick to deeds than words; constitutionally suspicious of large talk and fine sentiment. Of the former class the Celt is the most conspicuous and characteristic specimen, whether full blooded, as in most of Ireland, and in the Scotch Highlands, or modified by other races as in France. Spain, and Italy. Of the latter class the Anglo-Teuton, or the Anglo-Saxon-if we must retain the common but somewhat incorrect word-is the most characteristic specimen that we can choose from the great Teutonic family to which he belongs. It is he who has given our country most of its character, ideas, and institutions. The Frenchman on our northern frontier with his volatile nature, the Spaniard at the south with his reserved, impassioned zeal, were not to rule; and the destinies of North America were to be decided chiefly by the race that founded Jamestown and Plymouth, and gave language and law to the land. If we are to distinguish at all between these two sets of English colonists-the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Puritans of New England-we must rank the latter as of the purer Teutonic type, and having less of the mixture of French blood which the Norman aristocracy received from their abode in France, and bequeathed to the new nobility of Norman England. Yet in these the Northman's blood predominated over the Celtic mixture, and it may be said with truth that the main founders of the nation, whether English, or Dutch, or German, brought with them hither the hearts of freemen, and claimed every triumph of popular liberty not as the gift of a strange bounty but as the restoration of an old right. Our blood is free blood, and has been so for ages, during the march of our fathers from their first home in Central Asia to the western coast of Europe and thence to America. We sell our birth-right whenever we sell our liberty for any price of gold or honor.

Yet follow out the lessons of our blood, and we find that our hearts are not bound to beat unkindly toward races of different lineage. The civilization of Europe has sprung from the mingling of the three great races of the Caucasian family. Who can spare from our literature the great names given by each branch, who scorn Copernicus because he was Polish and probably Sclavonic, who scoff at Dante because Celtic, and who refuse to place them upon the same place of honor as our own Milton, and Shakspeare, and Newton? Surely the New World should not be less generous than the Old World, and we are not to repeat on these great shores the petty feuds that have fallen into disrepute in Europe. There is room for the Celt of every clime, whether from Italy, France, Scotland.



or Ireland. Of the latter branch of the Celtic | family we have had, perhaps, a little too much, especially of a certain quality. We have had too much of the dregs of Erin in our political cup, and the tea has been considerably too green for the pure American taste. But why not cure the evil in our own way, instead of borrowing any new tyranny from the British oppressor? We are for giving the Irishman the same justice that others of similar blood and creed have found, and we are on this very ground in a better way to prevent his doing us the injustice which some of his bad advisers may have been scheming. We believe that there is a providential aspect in the relation of the Irish to America, and in the tendencies, old and new, which balance their influence. They, for the most part, represent the form of worship once supreme in Christendom, and thus hold up for our careful study and practical scrutiny the whole genius and history of ages which now stand embodied in churches and colleges, whose crosses are rising on every side among our academic halls and city spires. The young, restless heart of the nation is thus rebuked by the stern rule of Hildebrand, and the new science of Yale and Harvard is now startled as by the spectre of the ancient Iona, roused from her sepulchral sleep in mouldering cells. The Celt brings hither a Church that can teach the American many a lesson in personal discipline and spiritual experience, yet he must have a very defective vision to see any prospect of Romanizing the heart of a nation in its whole history and progress so indomitably Protestant as ours. The old North blood in our veins never beat kindly toward the Pope; the sons of the sea-kings never had much fancy for the amateur fisherman who professes to sit in St. Peter's chair; and the ancient quarrel is not likely to be made up so long as the blood lasts. Yet it should be a part of our freedom and faith to give all creeds liberty of utterance, and we are not in any way to invade the spiritual privileges of the new-comers to our shores because they are taught by a priesthood such as Charles Carroll recognized. Let us be willing to see the worthy elements in all religions, and not play the Pharisee in the name of Him whose gospel came from the Nazareth that the Pharisee scorned. If we fight Rome, as we probably must, fight with our weapons, which we understand, and not with hers, in which we are no match for her. If we try to beat the Jesuits by secret cabals and conspiracies, they understand that game probably better than we. The better way is to fight darkness with light, and every morning's sunshine with its expanding radiance teaches the true policy of freedom against spiritual despotism. Remember that the Celt must be Americanized in time, if we only let him be, and that nothing can tend more than personal proscription to arrest the virtually Protestant feeling that is already putting a check upon priestly interference in our financial and political affairs, and claiming for the Roman Catholic people the right to hold and control ecclesiastical property which they purchase. France has put a check upon Romish domination, and her chief prelates have been an honor and strength to the nation. May not American liberty do as much as the French throne, and pastors of the stamp of Fénelon and Cheverus here teach piety to their flocks without teaching servitude, and win souls to God without mortgaging our soil to the virtual subjects of a Roman king?

the Celt as much as ourselves, and the sooner he learns in the true school a little of our own selfreliance, the better for all parties.

We must not forget to consider the providential balance between him and his emigrant companion the German, or between the Irishman, the Anglo-Saxon's original neighbor, and the German, so nearly his kinsman by common Teutonic origin. It will be well for us if we are sagacious in playing off the excesses of the two against each other, and offsetting Irish impulsiveness and zeal for the priesthood by the German's more phlegmatic individuality and political radicalism. Far more of a neutralizing power than we usually suppose comes from the constant battle going on between the more ultra German democratic organs and the Irish Catholic presses in this country. So long as one party maintains, as it sometimes does, that every church and all religion is a conspiracy against liberty, and the other maintains, as it sometimes does, that all liberty of opinion is impiety, and that a little burning of Bibles and Bible readers may not always be a bad thing, we are willing that they should use each other up, confessing that we feel somewhat like the backwoodsman's wife. who saw her drunken husband fighting with a bear, and said, that for her part, she was for fair play, and "didn't much care which licked." Neither, however, is to prevail, and the old blood, with its sober balance between freedom and order, is to carry the day against the new centralization and the new anarchy.

In some respects we may not be unwilling to win advantage from the new-comers to our shores. Perhaps our hereditary stiffness, in joint and manner, may be a little lessened by the contact with Celtic enthusiasm, and our tongues may be loosened by French vivacity as much as our roads are smoothed by Irish spades. Perhaps, too, our excessive proneness to luxury and ostentation may be somewhat corrected by German frugality and taste. We must not forget that Germany is famous for something more than lager bier, sauerkraut, and tobacco-pipes, and that the purest art and the deepest scholarship comes to us from countrymen of Luther and Schiller, who are sometimes in danger of starving on our shores for lack of the Yankee tact in catching the nimble dollar as it

If fairly understood and judiciously treated, the foreign element can not be a very dangerous one. By the last census the foreign-born portion constitutes but 11 per cent. of our free population. If we make a rough guess, and divide this 11 per cent. into two equal parts, one would be nearly all Celtic, and the other nearly all Teutonic. Thus, of these two drops of blood transfused into our body politic, the one is more quick with Celtic oxygen, the other more solid with Teutonic nitrogen, and the heart of the nation does not lose its balance by the transfusion. Let that heart beat bravely in the good old way, and it will take the new elements without harm into its circulation. It is indeed true that our patience has been sorely tried in some quarters, and that it demands of a native American no little philosophy to keep cool when he sees the ignorant horde of foreigners crowding our ballot-boxes and clamoring for our land and goods, spending their earnings in good times on beer and whisky, and criticising our soup in bad times. We have been too long imposed The true course of toleration and caution will help | upon by the braggadocio of foreign ruffians, and



it is high time to stop their mouths. But while | it at the time, Alfred the Great with his jury, and we revise our naturalization laws, and demand perhaps longer residence and proofs of sufficient education before admitting foreigners to citizenship, let us not forget that most of the difficulty has come from the baser sort of our own politicians; and our pot-house demagogues, aided, perhaps, now and then, by a foxy ecclesiastic, have been the wire-pullers of the disgraceful business. The statistics of the last census have thrown daylight into the political arena, and it is the revelation of the weakness of the foreign element among us more than any secret societies that has raised the cry, "America for Americans!"-a cry quite just, if we define the term Americans largely enough to cover all loval citizens of our republic-lovers of its liberty and laws.

After all that may be said of the new elements, the old blood is the main dependence of the nation, and the coming of the Anglo-European to this hemisphere is the chief event in history since the rise of the Christian religion. With his coming came the union of the two hemispheres, so beautifully delineated by the poet among our geographers. America lithe and graceful, in form a woman, waiting, guarded by twin oceans, was unconscious of her mighty destiny, that was to ally her with Europe so remote and unknown-Europe, as a continent, square and solid, like the figure of a May we not recall Tennyson's exquisite description of the sleeping beauty as we think of America, our fair mother, before startled from her slumber by the coming of her lord?

> "Year after year unto her fect, She lying on her couch alone, Across the purpled coverlet, The maiden's jet-black hair has grown, On either side her tranced form Forth streaming from a braid of pearl: The slumbrous light is rich and warm.

> She sleeps; her breathings are not heard In palace chambers far apart; The fragrant tresses are not stirred That lie upon her charmed heart."

In God's own time the ocean gates were passed. The bravest of the Europeans won America for his own; the winds of heaven, in their deepest swell and their gentlest whispers, chanted the marriage hymn; and the race that sprang from that union bears the best blood of the Old World and the New in their veins. To that old blood the true American will be true, or he parts with his birth-

True to his soil and to his blood, he will be true to the institutions founded upon this soil by men of his own blood. Whenever those institutions are in danger, whether on the part of absolutists or anarchists, he will rally under the old banner of liberty and order. The simple story of the rise of our national government is answer enough to both classes of destructives who are trying to undermine its foundations. This nation was the providential organization and growth from the stock of our ancestors out of this new country. They brought with them its seeds, or all the seminal principles of a free government. From their open Bible, the free faith of Luther, and the free press of Gutenberg, held out to them a majestic promise. In the cabin where the Pilgrims signed their simple compact of self-government, they put the best rights of the Old World into their signsture; and although, perhaps, they did not think of | and, instead of representatives, have committees

the Barons of Runnymede with their Magna Charta, held for them the pen. Without any common theory, the various colonies, from their own spirit, and under the action of circumstances, grew into a nation. To understand our government, we must not begin with the central power, and go down to the homes of the people; but we must begin with the households and neighborhoods, and go up to the central power. The scattered colonists wished to follow their business, educate their children, and enjoy their religion in the New World. Hence the laws, schools, and churches of the townships, and in time the Confederacy of States. The republic grew like a living tree, instead of being hewn out like timber, or hammered out like a dead stone. It grew; and the Revolution itself was but one stage of a growth that had already been going on for a century and a half-little more, indeed, than the dropping of withered blossoms, that the fruit which they had covered might come to light. Our laws were not paper manufactures, but the organic expression of the public life; and our Constitution marched because the vitality of the nation was in it. The Dutch Republican, the Virginia Loyalist, the Massachusetts Puritan, the Maryland Catholic, the Pennsylvanian Quaker, all grew into a harmonious people; and never since time was has there been such a national commentary upon the text, "Diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." The aim was to secure individual liberty and social order, to vest in each township power adequate to its responsibility, and to delegate to the central State and National Government no more than the needed authority. Thus wiser than France, so cursed by centralization as to leave the whole nation to the mercy of the army or the mob of Paris; wiser than Switzerland and Germany, so broken into separate dynastics as often to afford no common front, the United States of America enjoy a Confederacy without centralization, and state and town and individual rights without disintegration or anarchy; at once free and strong, independent, yet united. We are to look well to it that we keep this balance true, and are to have a wary eye upon all disorganizers, whether of home or foreign growth. Local institutions he leaves to local jurisdiction, and national rights he defends against local usurpations. Quite as little is he inclined to listen to destructives of foreign as of home growth, and he has as little affection for the black-capped Jesuit, who stands ready to steal away our individual and local rights in the name of a great centralized absolutism, as for the red-capped communist, who, under the pretense of individual freedom, strikes at sacred rights of person and property, which auto-Their black crats have not dared to threaten. and red are not our own true blue.

It will be well if the recent revival of native American feeling awakens the nation to a careful study of its own origin, progress, and organic laws. It will be well if the general disgust at the ravings of the thousands of vagrants who have recently been venting their ignorance and impudence against our institutions, leads us to compare the organic principles of our government with the aircastle that some of their windy theorists would put in its place. Destroy the National and State Senate as too aristocratic, bring the people together to vote directly upon every public question,



declare war, or to build a ship, or coin a new cent -what a set of Solons we should be, according to these radicals! Our State and National Governments would vanish like the dew, and in their place there would be an everlasting series of town meetings, all talk and no action, until some oldfashioned American would move that we return to the old ways of Washington, or some Cromwell or Napoleon drove out the new nonsense with sword and bayonet. America is now an organic body, a nation with bones and muscles, compactly joined. Destroy the organism of the various constituent parts that are harmonized by the central life, and, instead of this compact body, with each limb true to itself and to the whole, we should have a monstrous mollusk, an animated jelly-bag without any internal skeleton, like a flabby sunfish, tossed by the waves, or an overgrown oyster, having no bones but its shell, and waiting to be devoured, at the breaking of the shell, by the first adventurous sword.

Stand up stoutly for the doctrine that in this country the individual man, and the local community, and the minor party are not to be sacriniced to the central power whether by democratic or aristocratic usurpation, and we honor America in her noblest sphere. We will not speak with contempt or disparagement of the decisions of the majority in this country, for the popular vote has secured to us a degree of liberty and privilege hitherto unexampled on the globe. Yet may we not be peculiarly proud of the influence and honor accorded by our people to the minority and its leaders. Put upon a marble stone the names of the leaders who have opposed the opinions of the majority, whether Hamilton, Jay, the Adamses, Webster, Clay, and their peers among the dead and living statesmen, what man of any standing among the majority would dare to deface that stone, or deny it the place of honor in the temple of our liberty? Honor to America for the favor here shown to those who in important points oppose the popular will. It is something to be proud of that so much of the ablest thought of this country has been on the unpopular side, and the people have welcomed in the Senate hall, the press, and the pulpit, powerful thinkers, writers, and orators, who have boldly arraigned the current of popular opinion. Red Republicanism is prone to cut off the heads of the opposition. American Republicanism has allowed the leaders of the opposition to hold their heads as high as the popular favorites, and when they have died it has shed tears over their grave, and the nation has put on mourning for the bereavement. Such is the proper genius of our institutions, and the true American will honor the spirit alike in its freedom and its order as the true growth upon our soil from the blood which his fathers brought hither from the Old World. Washington, Franklin, Adams, and their fellows, not Rousseau, Robespierre, and that ilk, laid the foundation of our institutions.

Are we to stop here and say nothing of the reaction of America upon Europe, nothing of the hopes of humanity and the world? Much might be said upon each branch of this theme, but we are content here with making a single simple remark, and maintaining that the American is truest to humanity every where when he most loyally respects the rights and the duties of men in his own personal, social, and civil relations. Vol. XIV.—No. 81.—D D

to carry out the popular will at once-whether to | done much at inventing philosophies, and we do not claim for our two native American religions, Mormonism and Spirit Rapping, any divine honors; but we may lay claim to a civil order which aims to secure to the individual man the largest measure of privilege enjoyed upon the face of the earth. If we were to send to the Great Exhibition at Paris the best specimen of our products, it would not be a bed-quilt or a piano, a militia major or even a Broadway dandy, strong as might be the claims of the latter alike as a natural and an artificial curiosity, but we should send a sample of the average culture of our schools and homes and workshops—a thrifty Yankee youth who has been taught self-respect, faith, and energy under our institutions, and who is ready to honor any position by energy, good sense, and right principle. We hope that the average man among our native people would be found alike in respect to culture, character, and power of independent bearing, unsurpassed by the average standard any where in history or among existing nations. We do not claim to have invented any Native American species of man, and the red Indian still keeps his exclusive aboriginal speciality. If the Greek philosopher was right when he defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, we are of that type, and we have no more feathers than the Greeks, except, perhaps, at balls and on training days. If we take the English chemist's definition, and say that "A man is a little less than fifty pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through six pailfuls of water," the definition applies to us as to the John Bull who gives it, although probably we have less brandy and beer in our pails of water than he. No, we do not ask to have any new definition made for us; and in spite of our teeth, which are said to be dropping two of the old-fashioned number, our European brethren must be content to reckon us of their type of humanity, and we are content to read humanity out of the same old Bible, and with the commentary of a genuine manhood such as the old heroes showed. We have brought over from the old homes many seeds of personal and domestic, civil and religious, blessings, and we return the favor when we allow them freer and fairer growth under institutions and circumstances more favorable to individual well-being.

> The old doctrine is the best one in spite of the new times—the best now that Europe is at our doors as well as when it was a far-off and almost inaccessible country. Sterling character, strong by self-reliance; faith, and industry, guarded by civil order and social economy-this is the best thing that America has shown to the world, or is likely to show. The greatest thing that England ever did, said Carlyle, was Oliver Cromwell. The greatest thing that America ever did was-we will not say was any one man nor deed, not even the Revolution, not Congress, but the hosts of energetic, honest, faithful men, who have believed in God and their country, and brought up their families in the school and church as citizens of an earthly and of a heavenly kingdom. This simple, earnest humanity we are to keep both at home and abroad against the silken follies that would enslave it to a home luxury and pretension that Europe hardly equals; against the courtly arrogance that meets it abroad, and insists upon concealing our republican manhood under the tinsel pageantry of super-We have not annuated courts. The American will be the best



propagandist of liberty and humanity abroad when he dares to be himself before foreign courts and priesthoods, and when the dignity and power of the nation give majesty and force to his simplicity. The great blow will be struck for the New World against the despotisms of the Old World when Americans dare to show a true light in face of foreign oppressions. The worst foes to liberty have always been the traitors within its own camp. Humanity in Europe does not so much ask of us soldiers for Kossuth and Mazzini, as citizens trained in the school of Washington and Franklin.

Editor's Casy Chair.

WHY not have a mare that will take care of the horses? If there were ever a good reason for a Broadway Railroad, it is certainly found in the fearful suffering of the poor brutes in Broadway. In the cold weather the pavement is polished to a slippery smoothness, and the horses have no footing and fall heavily, happy if they are only killed by the blow, or so injured that they must be knocked upon the head.

How can we sit easily in our own chair, when, as we walked the street upon our way to it, we saw a horse with a leg broken by a fall, or another with a hoof torn off, or another with a hideous gash in his side, or another lying upon the pavement hopelessly entangled in the harness, and, while his driver endeavored to loosen him, an omnibus-driver driving his vehicle straight over the leas of the unfortunate beast. It was a disgrace to the heroism and humanity of New York that that omnibusdriver was not pulled from his seat and sent for a round term to the Penitentiary. Why should he ruthlessly insult his betters because they were prostrate and unfortunate? Why should he presume upon the slightest superiority to a beast? It was his omnibus that made him higher. It was nothing in himself. Had he stolen a pocket-handkerchief, or a penny-worth of peanuts, the whole street would have rung with the cry of outraged law-"Stop thief! Stop thief!" but he drove over the legs of a poor horse without necessity, and in pure wantonness of crime; and outraged humanity had no cry "Stop brute and murderer!"

That omnibus-driver would easily kill a man, and then condole with his widow.

That man would pick his own son's pocket, and them sue the son for not paying him for his board. That man—

Ah! well, we must pity him, too. The horses upon the pavement, and the drivers upon the omnibuses. They must each have the homage of pity.

Who are the omnibus-drivers? Where do they come from? Who ever knew one? Do they gradually grow by adhesion into the omnibus? Where are they buried—or do they ever die? Has the man of old buffalo-robe and coat and bulgy mittens any thing inside of it all? What does the strappull upon? What do the wives of omnibus-drivers say of the business? A grave man says that dead donkeys are never seen. Let us hope that it is so with omnibus-drivers. Let us believe, if they are mortal, that in another region the horses they drove drive them, and walk over them, and trot, and gallop, and run ever them, singly, in pairs, in teams, in droves. So shall the soul of the omnibus-horse be appeased, and the soul of the omnibus-driver have no rest.

But meanwhile, until the horses have a chance at their revenge, why should not the friends of animals procure the passage of the Broadway Railroad bill, and having laid the rails, and built the cars, simply harness to them the omnibus-drivers and let them drag the trains forever. What is good for one beast is good for another.

We were yesterday unfolding this plan to the bald and amiable Gunnybags, and laying before him all the details of the enterprise, urging him, in fact, to head a petition for this object, when that profound politician interrupted our eloquence by asking, with an air of taunting sarcasm,

"Yes, but it seems to me you are very anxious about horses, and have never a word for men. You are very solicitous to legislate for horses, but how about men? Day and night, night and day, it is horses, horses, horses, but you leave the poor men to the mercy of fate. When are you going to stop this eternal talk about horses, and attend to men? Are horses the only objects of legislation? Is the omnibus the only interest of society? You are forever spoiling things by thrusting forward your horses. Can't you hold them in a little? Will you always suffer them to run away with your enthusiasm, and never bestow a thought upon men?"

So growled Gunnybags as he held his evening paper close to his eyes, and seemed almost to be reading aloud.

We could have but one answer for an intellectual capacity of the Gunnybags dimensions. So we said to him, "Mr. Gunnybags, when omnibus-drivers drive straight over the legs of horses that have slipped, and are lying helpless upon the pavement, don't you think the time for legislating for horses has arrived?"

Solomon Gunnybags pooh-ed, and pish-ed. Gentle and unreflecting reader, hanging upon the arm of this Easy Chair, do you know why he did so?

Because he himself sat in the omnibus, and helped by his weight to break the horse's legs.

It is a very lovely thing to step out of Broadway into the hall where "Palmer's marbles" stand. There is a cool remoteness in statues, which impresses the beholder as with a rebuke of purity, like the modesty of a young girl. It is partly because of the snowy marble, and the screnity of silence. Even the Laocoon has a hushed and distant air. You see statues as you see stars. They are calm and beautiful, and infinitely far away. They are not pathetic, as pictures and music may be. They are, in a certain way, perfect and passionless.

So when you step into the room, and your eye falls upon the figure of the Indian girl holding the cross, you tread lightly, you remove your hat, you stop and gaze; it is as if you had surprised an idea. It is not at all as if you had surprised an Indian girl in the forest. This is your first and instinctive homage to the character of the art itself. But when you look at the statue critically, as an imitation or representation of life, then a new emotion arises.

American sculpture seems to be much less a form of thought than a sphere of skillful mechanism. The age and country does not think in marble nor in color, as Greece and Italy did. The permanent monuments of our genius are rather to be found in the realm of use. Thus our national genius for sculpture adapts itself to the exigencies of the country and time, and makes ships of wood.



rather than figures of marble. Praxiteles now is George Steers rather than Hiram Powers.

Out of strength came forth sweetness; and out of Yankee whittling comes American art. The department of art in which we are most famous is sculpture, and what is our sculpture but the flower of our whittling genius? Its great excellence is its mechanical perfection. It manipulates marble in a manner to have made Praxiteles fashion a statue of Joy. The great sculptors to-day are American sculptors. Canova, with his sentimental imitation of the Greek-with his modern fine ladies exquisitely draped and coiffed-with all his excellent affectations and amiable imbecilities, is already dismissed to barbers' shops and milliners' windows. Thorwaldsen seems no better than Crawford and Powers; and Crawford and Powers are no better than Palmer.

Palmer's Indian Girl is very beautiful, and fully illustrates the tendency and the capacity of the art in our time. It is the figure of a young Indian maid, holding in her right hand a cross which she has found in the forest, and gazing at it in wistful wonder. "Is this a trinket or a charm? Shall I hang it in my ears, or press it to my heart?" The incident is natural, and the work of art is entirely satisfactory in its rendering of it. The girl is small, with the Indian features and characteristics—the high cheek bones, the long eyes, the heavy matted hair; a skin is lightly gathered around the middle, and the hand holding the cross is raised gently before the eyes. The attitude is full of grace and arrested motion, and the statue tells its own story.

Now, as you look more curiously and closely, you will discover the characteristic of modern art its realism-leading to exact detail, and the skill which gives the superiority to the American genius. The hand, for instance, is a real hand. It could open and shut, and clasp another hand. It has joints, and dimples, and nails that can be pared. This is something you do not find in the ancient statues, and in very few of the modern. The hands of sculpture are usually wax or wood. They are smooth, impossible members, that could neither grasp a sword nor hold a flower. The best that can be said of them is, that they look more like hands than feet. Palmer has changed all that. His sculpture aims to imitate nature as far as the character of marble will allow. He is not to be satisfied with a hint or a representation. He must have the hand as Nature would have made it, had Nature fashioned Indian girls of marble. And this exactitude of resemblance is an excellence in the work, because the work is only the representation of a momentary event. There is no special thought in such a statue. It expresses nothing abstractly, for it is only a most generous imagination that would discover in it the idea of the introduction of the Indian race to Christianity. That idea is not a subject of sculpture, which is an art of form, and it is the praise of Palmer that he understands the limit of his art; and, therefore, instead of a melo-dramatic posture and expression, we have all the simple beauty of nature.

But this same detail is a defect in the "Peri Sleeping." A Peri is a kind of fay-an aerial creature, altogether too

"Bright and good For human nature's daily food."

A Peri is iris-born-evanescent. We look to see

sunset. Peris are always bound to Paradise on glittering wings of grace. Now this Peri lies upon her wings sleeping, as upon a couch—say rather, upon a feather-bed, for the wings are no shimmering, rainbow vapor, but solid pinions, as of eagles. The combination of the members of lower animals with the human form is always unpleasant. The old habit of painting angels as the loveliest women or cherubic boys, and fitting birds' wings to their shoulders, was as bad as if birds' claws had been fitted to their hands and feet. But if it was repulsive in color, it is much more so in marble.

And here, too, the exquisite detail of the work gives to the hands of the Peri the same actuality as those of the Indian girl. But we do not care to have it impressed upon our minds that Peris pare their nails and wash their hands. The human resemblance should rather be hinted than insisted upon.

Is this because sculpture should not deal with forms that are not altogether human, or because the rigid actuality of modern art necessarily limits its range of subjects?

But there could not well be a lovelier resort than the Palmer Gallery, nor a finer tonic than the rebuke of purity that comes from sculpture. Every man who creates forms of beauty which from their material are, in a manner, imperishable, is a public benefactor. Could we estimate influence and positive power, the great men of history would appear to be those who worked aloof from men in the silent service of beauty.

It seems we live in a world of monomaniacs. The man who picked your pocket yesterday, poor fellow! is the victim of that form of the disease; so of the precious pair who are casting skeleton keys to enter your house to-night. The cook who dropped arsenic in the soup just as she dished up, is unfortunately alienated in that direction; and O'Tooly MacBlunderbuss, who broke your head with a club in a retired walk at Hoboken, is subject to the same melancholy delusion. The Mannings, and Palmer, and Redpath, and Strahan, Paul, and Co., and Robson, and—in short, all the unfortunate gentlemen who have been convicted as criminals from the beginning, if they have only been criminal enough, are sad monomaniacs; and let all Christian souls pray Heaven to mend their

So, too, the distraught Huntington. Huntington, who forged and lived extravagantly, was se deeply affected with the monomania of swindling, that he concealed his unfortunate state from his friends with perfect success, until his case seemed to require treatment of some kind; and then it appeared that he was stark mad upon the subject of getting other people's money, and spending it, poor soul!

Here was a case for the public sympathy and charity. O'Tooly MacBlunderbuss, with his club, might be a doubtful patient, because, at most, he could only get what the broken-headed chanced to have in his pockets. But here was a being of different mould, who dexterously diddled thousands, if not millions of dollars. This was clearly stark lunacy. Straight-jackets, phlebotomy, and cold water—these, and nothing less, were imperatively demanded. Poor soul! with his dreadful aberration of mind upon the aberration of money!

There was something inevitably droll, too, upon her melt away on rosy wings, and mingle with the his trial, to remember that whether the verdict



came heads or tails, Huntington must be the loser. If guilty of the crimes, then the penitentiary; if guiltless, by reason of insanity, then the lunatic asylum.

The administration of affairs in the metropolis of the Western Continent needed only this crowning illustration of its character. The very desperation of the case suggested the taking the bull by the horns. "Guilty?" cried the counsel. "Of course he is guilty. Five hundred thousand dollars? Pshaw! twenty millions. You can not believe, gentlemen of the jury, that a man should be so naughty? Admirable men! you are right-a man can not be so naughty, but he may be so crazy."

Thanks, O Daniel, for thus saving our faith in human nature and showing that when great crimes are done it is wiser to shave heads than to stretch

Whether this theory is to pass into a legal and moral canon, that when a man is very criminal he is, therefore, very crazy, does not yet fully appear. It is, however, by no means a new theory. Many tender moralists have held that all sin is insanity, and not without good reason. But the present application of the principle would seem not to be without difficulty and danger; for if the insanity is never to be known until the crime is exposed. what an unconscious Bedlam the world must be! New York, especially, this great metropolis of all our loves and prides, must be viewed in the light of a vast mad-house, and its official head only as the doctor in chief. How dreadful, if ever that medical man should be himself touched with the infection around him!

Practically, the improvement of the doctrine is, that if you sin-steal, for instance, or forge, or murder-you are not to rest until you have pushed on to a degree that outrages belief, and then you are to be considered crazy.

It surely will not be long before such a view will have the cordial approbation of every criminal in the country. Sing Sing will echo the voice of Auburn; penitentiary will answer to jail: bridewell will call unto the stocks, and Botany Bay will acquire a sad eminence in history as the monument of hoary human error, which treated as crime what was only craziness. If you pick your neighbor's pocket you must be punished; if you cut his throat you must be pitied. It is a pleasure to live in an age of intelligence and refinement. Let those of us who are, up to the present time, unhung, rejoice that we have lived long enough to be forever secure from human punishment if we are only bad enough.

To eat your cake and have your cake is a favorite aim of human effort. Few men or women who have passed the age of ten have not engaged with ardor in this fascinating endeavor, and with more or less success. The patents for securing success in this direction are also many and striking; but none are so good and effective as the charity concert and ball.

Fortunately dollars are dollars, and a certain number of them will always procure a certain quantity of food and clothing and fire. It matters litthe for the advance of the work whether the farmers of New England contribute each a dollar, or Fanny Ellsler contributes ten thousand dollars to the Bunker Hill Monument. Stone, mortar, and labor cost a precise sum, and it is only necessary | lia to sing at our charity. But I assure you it is

for the Monument that the sum shall be in its treasury. It may not please the imagination of young Otis Adams to reflect that the Monument of the great battle is supported upon the foot of Ellsler, held up before the world; but the Monument does still commemorate the event, and except for that foot might never have been erected.

The argument is the same with the charming concerts and balls that appeal to the hearts and heels of the philanthropic and polkaing, during the inclement season. The tender Fiducia shuddered under the rose hangings of her boudoir, and said to herself, "Poor Mrs. O'Mac Fitz Phelim, with no shoes to her feet and no coal to her stove!" Wrapped in soft silks and furs, and rolling in her cushioned carriage to her dear Melissa's, Fiducia removed the ermine and proposed to buy coals for Mrs. O'Mac Fitz Phelim for a song.

"One of your shakes, dear Melissa, will cause her heart to thrill with joy, and her stove to redden with the leaping flame.

"One of your pas à deux temps, sweet Fiducia, will send solace and sugar into her cup and heart."

At once, gilt printing and satin cards, all the lace, and luxury, and splendor begin to move. At once the Christian virtues are taken into favor, and acrimony and scandal set in.

"DEAR LAURA MARIA,—Send me word by the bearer if you will sing at our Charity Concert. The poor ye have always with you.' Half dress and a curtain.

"Your fond "DEAR CORILLA,—Yes, if Dowda is not to sing. But she always chooses first my best pieces, and it is too bad. Of course you have asked Ganymede to sing with me in my duet.

"Your own LAURA M." Behold, then, Fiducia trying to harmonize and Dowda must sing. But she is not the What then? She has a voice. Corilla and Laura Maria can smile superior and converse in a calm loftiness of tone which shall serve to impress Dowda with the conviction that she is nobody and less than nobody, and that she and Laura and Corilla are making sweet music together for charity's sake. Meanwhile Ganymede hopes that nothing too public will take place.

"For Heaven's sake, no professional air. I am willing enough to sing, but with conditions, you know, with conditions.'

And there is a quiet little rehearsal appointed at Corilla's house—and nobody comes; and Corilla, not being a man, does not swear, but she writes to Ganymede, who had undertaken to manage every thing:

"DEAR GANYMEDE,—I am so disappointed. We thought we could rely upon you. But really—you know? It's too bad. CORILLA."

And the gay and insouciant Ganymede begs her with an easy air not to trouble her little mind. Is there not plenty of time? All will go well. Have you asked Miss Bump to sing? Oh, Heavens! Again:

"DEAR FIDUCIA,-We have forgotten Miss Bump! Can't you coax old Mother Bump somehow? You intended from the first, and are so sorry, and nothing can be done without Delia, andin fact, you know how.

"Your own CORILLA." "DEAR MRS. BUMP,-We thought from your not answering our note that you did not wish De-



FIDUCIA.

to be quite behind a curtain. Do consent, if you | confirm the regard with which the Easy Chair is There will be no professional people—it's pure charity, and amateur, and a curtain. shall be lost if you will not let Delia sing.

"Yours affectionately,

"DEAR FIDUCIA,-I have received no note before yours of this morning. Can I have a hundred dollars for the hospital for pipped hens if I let Delia sing?

"Yours truly, MRS. BUMP." "DEAR Mrs. Bump,—I had no idea you wished to make a bargain for Delia's voice. I can not promise the pipped hens more than fifty dollars.

"Yours, etc., Delia Bump will sing; but behold! Mrs. Mercury, at the last moment, declines to take her part. "A severe cold—a sudden indisposition—so sorry; l ut sure every thing will go better without me. We are in despair. Ganymede smiles languidly, and cries "Brava! brava!" We are all women as Lefore, so there is no swearing, only scowling and verbal scarifying. Days and nights consume themselves in anguish. But we have our concert, and Mrs. O'Mac Fitz Phelim's feet are warmed at her rekindled fire. Let us give thanks and be grate-

Now our concert was advertised in the newspapers. and placarded in the streets, and given in a public building. We challenged public attention and patronage, and hoped we were going to escape public criticism. It was not possible. It would not have been fair had it been possible. The public paid its money, and then looked to see if it had received its money's worth. It is the right of every purchaser; and he has one other right-it is that of grumbling.

But the reader will not accuse this Easy Chair of forgetting its philosophy and complaining; on the contrary, when people are freezing, warmth is the first thing to be supplied. It may be a pity to burn costly books to supply it; but it is better that books should be burned than that men and women should freeze. So it would be more agreeable to any man's sense of philanthropy, if relief for the poor could be made to spring from sympathy with their condition, and be consecrated by the purity of privacy, rather than be made the occasion of selfish applause and personal display. We say emphatically, have balls for the suffering, if so you can raise hundreds and thousands of dollars. Only we indulge the millennial wish that it were not necessary to deduct two dollars for the expenses of our own pleasure for every five dollars we may give to the charity.

Among our letters of the month the following, we think, promises to be the most interesting to our readers. We hope sincerely that our friend will furnish us with many more such communications, for it is surely a great pleasure to know what is doing in spheres beyond ordinary human intelli-

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,-Your enlightened comments upon current topics, of greater or less importance, have long commanded my admiration, and I have hoped the time might arrive when my peculiar studies could be made of some advantage to you. I think that has now happened. I think that you will be glad of the present communication, and if I shall have succeeded in attracting, for a moment, your venerable attention, and may, under your kind protection, speak to the world and | gathered, from what they said, that some of their

every where regarded, I shall be quite ready and willing to sing my nunc dimittis.

"So much for preface. I am more used to study than to writing letters.

"I am a curious student of birds. Understand me. Their plumage every body can admire. Even Mr. Alderman Adder can probably distinguish a crow from a nightingale. But my studies do not trench upon the sphere of Wilson and Audubon. I commend their most interesting and delightful works to your perusal.

"But I have been always persuaded that there was some significance in birds' voices. When the crow made a noise, inane human beings said, imitatively, 'Caw, caw, caw,' as if that silly sound disposed of the matter. When the nightingale or the jovial bobolink soared or tumbled, and sang, the same hopeless people said, 'Twee, twee, twee, as if birds were natural fools. Now it early occurred to my mind, as I lay in the meadows and in the woods, that the birds, overhearing the lovely La Grange, or Jenny Lind, or Catalini, might foolishly say among themselves, 'Hear those women, going "twee, twee, twee." Or if our feathered fellow-creatures should chance to listen to an oration of O'Blather MacBlather MacHeels, Esquire, they might, and, possibly misunderstandingly, declare that the distinguished orator went 'caw, caw,

"Here was an evident want of mutual intelligence. Why should men and birds do each other this extremely unnecessary injustice? And I reflected, farther, if we could only establish an understanding, how much might be gained to both sides. How much pleasure to men, if they could only know just the sentiment with which the lark wishes the sun good morning! How much fun to birds, if they could only catch the drift of O'Blather MacBlather MacHeels, Esquire's orations.

"To wish was always with me, dear Easy Chair, to act. I devoted myself to study. I spare you the details, and the method I can only communicate upon receipt of a phœnix's egg, blown by an Amazon and filled with Captain Kidd's buried doubloons. But the results you shall have; you, and the world, for you are both my friends.

"I achieved the bird-language. No canary in a cage, no blackbird in the tree, no hen in the barnyard had any secrets from me longer. I heard Chanticleer recite his loves to Partlet, and I advise young Damon, the poet, to learn the bird-language, if he wishes a few hints for lyrical verse. 1 heard the greedy refrain of the crow, contemptuous and gross. I heard the sparkling sarcasm of the cat-bird, and the timid talk of the wren. As for the pigeons, their wooing was so tender that I wished I had wings. In the deep, dark woods, the thrush poured out a gurgling dithyrambic, to which Anacreon was as dull cider to vino d'asti spumante. Why should I go on? You understand I had mastered the mystery, and now, not only their private affairs as hens and wrens, but their great public affairs as birds, were laid open to my intelligence.

"Now upon my lawn are several trees. There is one great elm, and at some distance from it a small cherry-tree, and immediately beyond the cherry is a beech. In August I lay half-dozing under the elm, which was filled with blackbirds in great numbers, chatting among themselves. I



beech a little colony of blackbirds. 'We must have them in view,' said the wise papa blackbirds, 'we must look after those little fellows, and be able to fly straight to them when we wish.' 'Of course, of course,' replied the rest, and the great elm over my head murmured with the bird-chorus. I saw upon the extreme edge of a bough a group of blackbirds chatting very earnestly together. One of them said that the yellow-birds in the cherry-tree were quarreling, and one of the parties had asked some of the little colony upon the beech to come over and help them. So the little blackbirds flew into the cherry-tree and fought with some of the yellowbirds until all was quiet again, except some sullen yellow-birds, who said the blackbirds ought to go home again to the beech. But these little gentry had found cherries exceedingly to their taste. 'They are truly delicious,' they exclaimed, and they had sent to the elm-tree to say, that if some more blackbirds would only fly over, they could easily drive out the yellow-birds and have all the cherries to themselves. This proposition was the subject of discussion among the little birds upon the bough over my head. But I heard the great man of birds in the elm declare that it was not fair, because the yellow-birds had the same right to their little cherry-tree that the blackbirds had to the elm and the beech. Then there was a great wrangling, and I went in to dinner.

"The next day I went out under the tree and heard the debate again, and gathered that late in the afternoon of the day before the little blackbirds in the cherry-tree had made terrible work among the yellow-birds, and were now sitting upon every bough and eating as many cherries as they wished. I found that many of the birds that I had heard upon the bough in the elm had flown over to feast upon the cherries, and a great many others wanted to go. But the poor little yellowbirds were fluttering about, and summoning all who would come—the wrens, and sparrows, and tom-tits, and other small feathered fry, and they were alighting upon the tips of the boughs on which sat the naughty little black buccaneers. Dinner was very early this day, so I heard no more; but when I came out, some time afterward, it appeared that the yellow-birds, with their little allies, had gradually descended the boughs on which they had alighted, and driven the blackbirds toward the end of one great bough to which

they clung.
"Then these last sent messages to the elm, and said to the papa blackbirds that they must come and help them, or they should be driven out of the cherry-tree, and if they were, it would be much farther to fly round the cherry to the beech. So the old elm-tree was noisy enough with the chat-tering of the birds. 'Let us fly to their rescue!' cried one very young and very black bird. 'Why should we see our own color and species driven out of a good cherry-tree? The blackbirds have a natural right to cherries.' 'Pooh!' interrupted an older one; 'yellow-birds have just as much right to the fruit as we have, and they were there first. Let them be, and eat their own cherries. In all conscience we have enough.' 'That may be,' broke in another of the fiery young ones; 'but we want a shorter cut to the beech-tree this hot weather. We must go through the cherry-tree, where we

young had lately set up for themselves in the | dle!' replied a grizzly old bird; 'it's both shorter and easier to fly round the cherry-tree than to go through it. You little silly bird, you disgrace the name of blackbird.' 'That's all very well,' said then the one that I knew had the nickname-borrowed from their much hearing of one of our human orators, who immensely amuses blackbirds, and, in fact, all kinds of birds-of O'Blather Mac-Blather MacHeels Blackbird, Esquire. 'That's all very well,' said he, 'but it is the inevitable destiny of blackbirds to overspread all cherry-trees, and why should you resist the design of nature? The elm-tree fairly shook with the tempest of applause that followed this speech, and MacHeels Blackbird, Esquire, resumed his perch with the air of a bird who has picked the cherry-stone clean. 'It's no more the design of nature,' said old grizzle, 'than it is that every blackbird shall be shot by truant boys. Truant boys are bigger and can shoot, but they've no business to be playing truant, and they've no right to shoot us merely because we can't shoot back again.' There was no denying the truth of this, and finding all the other birds to be silent, old grizzle continued: 'Besides, if you think the ability is the argument, you have only to see that the yellow-birds have been able to drive out the naughty little blackbirds, or to hem them in; and so, according to your own argument, the time has not yet arrived for the occupation of that particular cherry-tree.'

"Old grizzle hopped to his perch, and I could hear the most confused bawling as to the true policy to pursue. But when I last looked at the cherry-tree, a few forlorn blackbirds, who had evidently eaten no cherries for a long, long time, were fluttering feebly among the boughs, while crowds of fat little yellow-birds were chirping songs of defiance, and putting their bills and claws into them without mercy.

"Thus, dear Easy Chair, the trees are full of birds who are waging these funny little contests all the time. I have not yet investigated the intercourse of fish, but I have no doubt I should find the same thing going on in the water as in the air. The result of my bird-knowledge, gathered from a hundred episodes like the one I send you, is a satisfaction with my species, and a calm delight that men are not as blackbirds are.

"Yours with respect, "AQUILA BUZZARD."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HEINRICH says we must not leave Berlin without going to see the half-palace, half-mansion, where the young Princess of England is to live when she shall have become the bride of the dashing Frederic of Prussia. It is no way noticeable to be sure, and might be, for aught that appears upon its exterior, the war-office of the crown, or the grand huntsman's lodge, in place of the nursery (God willing) for a new race of heirs to the great throne of Brandenberg.

"And have you seen the Princess Alice?" said Heinrich.

Now it happened that years ago, on a certain soft summer's day, when we were loitering away the honeymoon of later youth among the alleys and by-ways of England, coquetting with the showers, and plucking primrose-blossoms to press and carry away to fanciers of such mementos of the can rest in the shade, and solace our little stommother-land—we say it happened that on such a achs. Come on! who is for the cherry-tree?' 'Fidday, and in such a time, we had chanced to brush



between the hedge-row and the royal coach when it came dashing out of the Long Drive at Windsor, bearing, among other infantile freight, the chubby Princess Alice; and we had our fill of looking upon her clustering flaxen hair, and into her pretty blue eyes. So we told Heinrich of all this, and described her as narrowly as the memory of so many years would permit us to do, even to the dimples in her cheek. And we will venture that with this bit of information from a personal observer, our friend Heinrich was "set up" for weeks among his fellows of the Hotel de Petersbourg.

It is curious, indeed, to observe how soon the staid journals of a staid German people seize with avidity upon the least sparkle of gossip about the new-coming wife of their prince; and the "best informed circles" (as Mrs. Grundy would say) are on the alert for the last new report about the personal charms or accomplishments of the eldest born of Victoria.

Will the Saxon daughter of England love that change from the coppices and exquisite green lawns of Osborn and Balmoral to the low, flat, monotonous level which sweeps around the palace of the Great Frederic, and which hardly breaks under view of the famed Sans Souci?

Will the windmill, and its story of royal justice (so dear to every Prussian heart, and making sore every Prussian tongue), and the brazen-tufted helmets and brilliant music of Berlin streets make good to the British girl the losses of Windsor Little Park, and the pretty yacht Fairy, and the frolics and tarpaulin of bouncing brother Albert, Prince of Wales?

Of course they will; and the womanly heart under the royal bodice, like the weak womanly heart every where, will nestle into the belongings of the wooing Prince of Prussia, and rest there as lovingly in Potsdam or Berlin, in the middle of the Prussian waste, as yours, gentle girl reader, will sometime find a sudden cleaving to some new country of a lover, and with strong womanly will and faith, nestle into a home there, which, for greenness and beauty, and all soft and tender music, shall outmatch every thing that went before in your life's memory, or that shall come after to the end.

There is both prettiness and greatness in the native, hearty outburst of homely affections and natural emotions which has always characterized the royal family of Victoria, from the mother to the youngest of the children. In these days of conventionalism and priced sentiment, we honor the Queen doubly for this, and wish her joy and pride for every match the royal young toddlers may make.

We should have loved to see that veteran of science, Humboldt, struggling now under the weight of eighty-seven years, but we could not. A brave old man, Heinrich said, with a bald head fringed with a little silver hair, stooping now, and ready to drop away any day for explorations in a new country. He has traveled very far in his time, said Heinrich, and he will travel farther soon; but he will tell no story of it.

There was a bit of poetic humor in the valet (and for this he is worth keeping when you go to Berlin). When we were quite ready for a start, Heinrich unburdened himself to us politically—always in his crisp way.

"There will be war soon," said he, "and if it is men, with their superbold costume of scarlet, and a Kings' war, as the last war was, you will find coifs of gold and silver, have yielded their place

Prussia bound fast to Russia, and fighting against Austria and all her allies; but if it is a Peoples' war (and it may be), there will be no brother German against us, and England, if she is wise, will help us."

We give it as a bit of foreign talk—good as far as it goes—and hurtle away toward the Rhine.

If Rhine visitors saw the great river only from the windows of the Cologne Hotels, they would have no grand stories of its beauty to carry away. It is only a broad, swift, yellow flood there, traversed by a bridge of barges, under which the stream chafes and gurgles hoarsely. We rode over this creaking and wheezing bridge in a ninepenny omnibus, and strolled up and down the opposite bank till day faded, and the fires broke out in street lamps and in forges, white and red upon the night air. A poet's description—we mean Victor Hugo's, the exile of Jersey—is worth recalling, both because it is so good, and because it is so little known.

He, too, was on the opposite shore: "I had be-fore me," he says, "the whole city, with its innumerable gables and sombre steeples defined against the pallid sky. To my left, like the giantess of Cologne, stood the lefty spire of St. Martin, with its two open-worked towers. Nearly fronting me was the gloomy Cathedral, with its thousand pinnacles bristling like the quills of a porcupine. crouched on the brink of the river; the immense crane on the top forming a plume-like tail, while the lanterns alight toward the base of the gloomy mass, glared like eyes. Amidst the pervading dimness, I heard nothing but the gentle ripple of the river far below me, the deadened sounds of horses' hoofs upon the bridge, and from a forge in the distance the ringing strokes of the hammer on the anvil; no other noise disturbed the stillness of the Rhine. A few lights flickered in the windows from the forge; the sparks and flakes of a raging furnace shot forth and extinguished themselves in the Rhine, leaving a long luminous track, as if a sack of fire were shooting forth its contents in the stream. Influenced by this gloomy aspect of things, I said to myself, 'The Gaulic city has disappeared—the city of Agrippa vanished—Cologne is now the capital of St. Engelbert; but how long will it be thus?'

"The temple built yonder by St. Helena fell a thousand years ago-the church constructed by Archbishop Anno will also fall—the ruin is gradually undermining the city; every day some old stone, some old remembrance, is detached from its place by the wear and tear of a score of steamboats. A city does not affix itself to the grand artery of Europe. (Victor Hugo did not foresee that a railway artery, bigger than the Rhine, would cut through Cologne from east to west, as the river does from north to south.) The mania of utilitarianism and positiveness, so called in the slang of the day, pervades every quarter of the world, and innovations creep into the labyrinth of the antique architecture of Cologne, and open streets cruelly penetrate the Gothic obscurity of one of the oldest cities of the Continent. What is called the 'taste of the day' has invaded it, with houses in the fashion of the newest modes of Paris. In that Cathedral, still endowed and adorned for vanity's sake rather than from devotion, the ancient tombs of the archbishops are decaying. The peasant women, with their superb old costume of scarlet, and



upon the quays to smart and flippant grisettes, attired in the Paris fashion; and I saw the last brick dislodged from the old Cloister of St. Martin, in order that a cafe might be built upon the site. Long rows of pert white houses give a Cockneyfied air to the catholic and feudal suburb of the martyrs of Thebes; and an omnibus takes you across the historical bridge of boats, for six sous, from Agrippina to Tuitium! Alas, alas, the old cities of Europe are departing!"

And are not the poet-travelers departing too? Who mourns over newnesses nowadays? Who does not contribute his maximum of applause to the straight, broad streets, and glaring houses, which are supplanting crookedness and the rust of age? Who quarrels with the "opening up" of Canal Street, or the new Boulevards? Have we not all run away from the old-time humors of conservative poets? In this sense, is not all the world becoming Americanized?

In the Hotel Royal, whose broad supper-room has a pleasant and near look-out upon the Rhine, the papers and people both were talking of a bloody duel which had a little time before come off at Mannheim. Bolgrad and the Conference were for the time forgotten in gossip about its details. It appears that a Prussian officer and a French traveler had fallen into conversation about the present aspect of European politics, in the course of which the officer expressed himself very warmly and indignantly in respect to the action of the French diplomatists. The Frenchman, though a Republican at heart, and having little sympathy with either Napoleon or Walewski, resented violently the reproach cast upon his nation, and demanded a recall of the intemperate language which the officer

A few friends interposed, and seconding the request of the Frenchman, matters were about being peaceably arranged; when the latter, yielding to the excitement of the moment, applied an epithet to the Prussian officer, which he declared could only be effaced with the blood of one or other of the parties.

Nothing remained but a choice of weapons, and the hour of meeting was fixed on the instant.

It was half-past five of the afternoon, and no time could be lost; the parties crossed over into the edge of the Bavarian territory, where they arrived just at nightfall. Pistols were the weapons chosen; and it was agreed that both should fire together at a given signal. The Prussian, once upon the ground, and before his adversary, gave way to expressions of the utmost rage; and it was with difficulty his seconds could calm him sufficiently to trust him with his weapon. At the word, it seemed as if there had been but one discharge, though both had fired. Strangely enough, however, neither was harmed. A way appeared open for reconciliation, and the seconds declared the honor of both parties satisfied. But their efforts were unavailing. The Prussian officer, fearing their success, taunted the Frenchman with cowardice. The rage of both combatants, at this juncture, was represented as something frightful to look on.

It was determined by the seconds, however, that upon this trial only one pistol should be charged with ball, and the parties make choice of their weapon blindfolded. The distance agreed upon was only three paces! as night had fairly fallen now, and objects could only be seen obscurely at a greater distance.

To the Prussian fell, by lot, the privilege of the first fire. He took steady aim, drew the trigger, but the explosion was harmless. The Frenchman stood there in the dusk unhurt. Fate had given to him the loaded weapon. The Prussian folded his arms calmly—there was not light enough to see the working of his countenance, or what quick shade passed over it. His death seemed absolutely certain. His opponent, with a little hesitation it is true, but nerved by the last reproaches, drew upon him—fired. But the cap only exploded.

The seconds of the Frenchman, relieved by this providential accident of a terrible responsibility, refused to press the matter farther. The courage of both had been proven beyond reproach. Still, however, the Prussian met all their efforts with new taunts, and succeeded in embroiling matters to the issue of a new trial. This time, however, it was to be with swords; and, by express condition, the first blood drawn should terminate the affair.

They took position anew; but after a few seconds only, the Frenchman exposed himself to a mortal thrust. He died pierced through the heart.

With the American taste for duels, we doubt somewhat if we are not repeating a story which has reached you already.

Shall we spend any time or words in wandering about Cologne? Do you not know it all long ago? How it is full of smells (didn't Coleridge, or somebody else with a great name, say it long time past)? How the valets are the most importunate and pence-picking of any valets in the world? How the great Farina (of the Cologne Water) turns out to be a huge multiple of a man (or woman), with his sign-board staring you every where, and his messengers dogging you at every corner, and insisting upon pressing upon you pamphlet testimony that his Farina is the only true Farina, and that all other Farinas are the falsest of false people, humbugging the world with adulterated scent drops, and only fit to be hung from the top of the great crane which hangs, like a huge gallows, from the angle of the Cologne Cathedral tower?

Indeed so earnest, and importunate, and impertinent are these "drummers" of Cologne water about all the dirty streets of Cologne, that we have never loved Cologne water since visiting Cologne. We have taken to bay rum in way of relief from the haunting memories of the Farina hirelings.

And yet how can any body forget, who has seen it, that wonderful choir of the Cologne Cathedral? Rubbish and broken buildings all around; a half-built tower, with its statues all going to decay; brush and weeds growing from fissures in the half-finished pile; and yet, within the choir, whose fingers of stone lift up a gorgeous vault two hundred feet or more, and embrace a wilderness of glass, which quickens one's thought of Paradise, chastens us (the Farinas to the contrary notwithstanding) into love, whenever we think of Cologne.

Bruised brazen effigies of bishops are on the floor, and bruised images of all sorts of priestly saints confront you in the Cathedral choir; but wearing feet-marks and destructiveness, whether malicious or accidental, can not reach to the glass and the vaultings; the stone ribs and the painted glories cling to your thought in spite of you, and you carry them back to your supper in the Hotel Royal, and to your dreams in sound of the Rhineflow—a brilliant appetizer, and a splendid night-

But we must not forget current gossip. We



took up the Leipsic Gazette next morning, and found | gance—that no man can name it safely? it rejoicing over the fact that a certain article which it had published, reflecting upon Austria for its action in respect of the Principalities, had been reissued with approval in the Paris Moniteur. Indeed the feeling seems to be hereabout (so far as one may judge from the casual hearing of supperroom talks), that Prussia, Russia, and France are growing into a capital understanding of each other's interests, and will not scruple to oppose England in the disputed matter of the new conferences.

Liberal men, of republican hopes, are taking heart from this; and say boldly that the only chance for Great Britain in the impending troubles, is to throw all the weight of her influences against despotism, wherever it may show itself, and to startle all the liberal thinkers of Germany, Lombardy, and France into a new revolt. And if it comes to this, as it may, poor Austria would cut but a sorry kind of figure—her only or chiefest sovereign ally shearing her at once of all Lombardy and Hungary. When it comes to the question of self-conservation, we do not fancy-nor does any other man we know of-that England would hesitate about winking at a Hungarian or a Lombard revolt. She must use large weapons if she wins in the next battle. France and Russia united would draw to themselves an array of the despotic elements of Europe which England could only successfully oppose by uttering a sesame to the longprisoned opinion of the Continent.

There is no doubt that there are republicans astir who are working to this end even now, and who are doing their utmost to widen the breach between the two great Western allies with this hope only in view.

Apropos of the war feeling: we learn from correspondents of the French journals that Russia was never more earnest and active in the furtherance of her great plans of defense, whether by sea or land; her arsenals are full of workmen, and her recruits under constant training. The famous floating batteries which the British Admiralty constructed more than a year since, for the attack of Cronstadt and Riga, are, we are told by the Morning Chronicle, utterly inefficient, by reason of their defective boilers or furnaces. It would have been a sad error to correct under the guns of a Baltic fortress.

Naturally enough, under the present aspect of European affairs, the projected Sicilian revolt is much talked of. It is remarked with surprise, and with not a few boding apprehensions, that very many of the noble families and large landed proprietors of the island have been abettors, if not directors of the insurrectionary movements; nor does it appear, whatever the official gazettes may say, that at our present writing (15th December) the affair is utterly at an end. A fire may live a long time in the mountain forests of Sicily before its flame will be seen upon the plain or the sea.

Have you all been reading upon the other side the speeches, or lectures (as he calls them), of Kossuth? Have you marked what hopes he has of Hungary and Italy? What promises he makes of the sympathies of Englishmen? Or is it an offense against propriety to talk of Kossuth nowa-Has the American fashion-of-Kossuth (as we fashion crinoline, or Thalberg, or Beneventano) so utterly gone by-so vulgar from its oldness-so nauseating by the scent of its ancient extrava- see that crime sometimes may have flashed up with

What has become of his Times' letters? Why stopped so abruptly? What has become of his name on the list of the Independent? Do these pulse-watching journals feel that his day is gone, and that the eloquence they once so ranted about is gone out in English lodging-lofts?

Upon this side, with no noise but the rustle of the Rhine flow to disturb us, we look curiously on such metamorphoses of the American taste and mind; we recall vividly that brilliant Hungarian march of the Governor of Comorn and of Kossuth through the length and breadth of the land; we remember the fond outcry of romantic ladies for the Hungarian autographs; we people again the great Tripler Hall with a multitude of dollar-giving women eager to welcome the lapelled velvet coat. and to listen to the honeyed flow which dropped from beneath that Thaddeus-of-Warsaw mustache.

Shall we listen again? Hear what he says to the men of Edinburgh with the old wondrous, but sometimes turbid, word flow:

"The idea of nationality has impressed its stamp on the character of the continental movement, and that idea is unconquerable. 'All for each, and each for all,' will be the war-cry of the future among the oppressed nations. Fraternity is not a mere word any longer, but the sling of David with which the Goliath of tyranny shall fall. [Cheers.] What is it that now stands between us and that consummation? What stands between the raising of the world's arm and its falling on the neck of despotism? It is the momentary success of one manonly one man, a poor worm of the dust, doomed to return to dust-and his name is Louis Napoleon BONAPARTE. [Cheers.] Sir, I do not l'elieve in the stability of successful crime. [Renewed cheers.] I will venture to contrast my own humble lot with the brilliant one of that potentate. I eat with my children the bitter bread of hopelessness; I am staggering joyless toward an obscure grave. For inheritance my children may get a legacy of sorrow, yet of devotion to their country's cause. Such is my lot; but, whatever may be my faults, my errors, or even my sins, never have I broken oaths, never have I deceived nations, never trifled with the duties of an honest patriot. [Loud cheers.] BONAPARTE, on the contrary, sits high in power, dazzling the eyes of short-sighted man with the lustre of his propitious star. Still I do not believe in the stability of successful crime. [Loud cheers.] From the depths of my desolation I turn my eyes to the universe, and from the stars in the firmament down to the atom of dust at my feet. I see creation crying out aloud that there is a God. The feeble spark of His eternal spirit glimmering in my brain, my reason revolts against the thought that it should lie at the mercy of adventurous crime to break the eternal chain of moral laws, which, by the sovereign decree of an omnipotent and self-consistent will, have ruled the world since creation dawned, and will rule it at the consummation of time. My reason revolts against the thought that a worm, the offspring of the dust, can with impunity defy those laws by which the Eternal Lawgiver has bound not only the fluctuations of human events, but has bound even His own immoveable will. No; I do not believe in the stability of successful crime. [Cheers.] I turn my regard from the universe to history, the mirror of the future, because the record of the past, and I



the dazzling blaze of a passing moment, but the success of crime never yet did last, and never shall. [Loud cheering.] I ask you, therefore, to have faith in the future-a fruitful faith, not mere lipworship. Free working men, do not underrate your own power. The voice of one of you may but resemble a tender girl's sigh, but the united voice of the people is sometimes the thunder in which God reveals His decrees."

You may be very sure we do not cull this fragment from any continental journal; such matters can not easily escape the eyes of the Prussian censors. A canny Scotchman who supped with us has given us a look at the last Times of London.

We don't advise any one going westward from Cologne to stop at Aix-la-Chapelle in the winter. The place has its prettinesses, but they do not attract one when the trees are bare. The hotels are summer hotels; a painted carpet on the floor of your chamber in place of good thick Brussels, may be cool and cheery in the July heats, but it does not overcome (with a sense of fitness) one whose feet are already numbed by too long lingering at the supper-table below. Go then in August if you like, and you may see pretty women and gallant avenues of trees, and a rich variety of landscape, lighted up by water and (if your tastes lie that way) with the fires of a hundred factories.

You must remember, of course, when you are there, that the great Charlemagne lived and held his magnificent court in that city. Indeed they pretend to show you the tomb where his remains rest, marked with a great slab of marble, and the simple inscription, "CAROLO MAGNO." the Dom Kirche, or cathedral, as we say.

The truth is, however, no remains are there now. The tomb was broken open by the Emperor Otho in 997 (a great many years ago when you think of it), and tradition says he found the body of Charlemagne seated on a throne, with the imperial robes upon him, the sceptre in his hand, and on his knees a copy of the Gospels. On the skull was a crown, his sword hung to his ribs, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had always worn with a pious affectation, was still dangling against the august skeleton. All these things the tomb-breaking Otho carried away. They adorned many a living emperor afterward, and are still brought forward whenever a new man is placed upon the great throne of Hapsburg, in the splendid city of Vienna. The throne indeed, or the old arm-chair which passed for the throne, is still preserved at Aix-la-Chapelle, and is the source of a brisk little revenue for the phthisicky sacristan who showed us the way to it.

The same church has a famous stock of relicsshown to the people only once in seven years, and drawing thousands of pilgrims to the city. The last show was in the year 1853; not being there at that time, and not choosing to enter our petition, and summon a worthy church officer for the service, we did not see them. We knew about them, however, from the travelers who have gone before us: There is the robe worn by the Virgin at the Nativity, of good cotton cloth, and some five feet long; there are the swaddling clothes in which the infant Jesus was wrapped, coarse and yellow; there is the sheet upon which the head of John the Baptist was laid; and, lastly, the scarf worn by our Saviour at the Crucifixion, bearing still red blood-stains.

relics were presented to Charlemagne by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and by Haroun, King of Persia. If, therefore, the true relics of these sacred personages and events are to be found any where in this day, we do not know a city which can lay better claim to their possession than this old one of Aix-la-Chapelle.

But every seventh year the pilgrims are fewer and fewer. Railway facilities do not bring worshipers or wonderers. The day for relics seems going by. The Church must get a stand on some-thing else than old bones. The hot springs are worth more to Aix now, than all the relics and Charlemagne together.

We went to the New Redoute to read the papers, the gambling saloons above being closed for the season. Here we first learned the result of our presidential election, and, like a good citizen, took off our hat in honor of Mr. Buchanan. The squeamish reader may understand, however, that the act implied no preference whatever. Looking from so long a distance off, one loses sight of those political eminences erected by campaign orators, and sees only the great level of our Republican platform; and when the elections have made a name famous by some new accession of dignity, we respect the man who bears it ;-if for nothing else, yet as a type and token of the quiet and orderly working of our governmental machinery.

We learned, too, in the reading-rooms of Aix, that the Emperor Louis Napoleon, yielding at length to the solicitations of his cabinet, had consented to give up his second series of hunting fêtes which had been arranged for Fontainebleau. It would appear that the Paris people were growing restive in view of this reckless dissipation outside the capital. They never-those dear, curious people of Paris-grow tired or jealous of any spendthrift ways or royal junketings which transpire under their look, and within reach of their enjoyment; but there was an exclusiveness about the gayeties of Compeigne-extending even to newspaper silence about them-which piqued their envy.

Only fancy the annoyance of a dame of the Chaussée d'Antin who could not know or see what new fashion of hunting-dress had been prescribed for the Empress Eugenie! Only imagine the violence of a dress-maker who is in vogue throughout the Faubourg St. Germain, and who is not able to instruct her clients with respect to the dinner toilets of Compeigne!

And there were more dangerous elements than these disturbed. Mr. Blouse, who works on the scaffolding of the new palace till dusk, and goes now a long walk beyond the barrier to his bed, wants a relief to that promenade; an imperial coach, a cavalcade, an official glitter-any thing to keep his mind from feeding on the longness of his walk, and on the memory of his old garret quarters of St. Thomas du Louvre, will perhaps ferbid an insurrection. Least of all will this excitable people of the metropolis, fed upon the luxury of fêtes (as our people are fed from time to time en great political campaigns), permit these shows to go on out of sight and mind. Is Napoleon not their Emperor? Are not his coaches, his hundred guards, his new palace, their toys? It is dangerous to tease them by keeping these things out of sight.

Yet more: bread is costing more and more; lodgings are harder than ever to be found. Those French poor of Paris feeling this, wish their Em-It may be interesting to know that these sacred peror to see and feel it. It may madden them to



catch rumors of Eugenie in her tri-corner hat dashing through the forests of Compeigne, with a train of new-made Dukes and gallant diplomats in her wake; and of the Emperor coquetting with the pretty women of his court. If not food, they must have fêtes; and if not fetes, at least bread enough. In short, Napoleon must come back.

The invitations which had been out for the month previous were all withdrawn, and the Emperor is again in the city—showing himself with the fresh, blooming Eugenie at the new operas and ballets, and indulging in his old fearless ride through the most populous quarters of the city.

The quidnuncs are puzzling themselves about his Majesty's present relations to the British cabinet; and there are those who say boldly that Palmerston and Louis Napoleon have broken their old

friendship.

Meantime, and it is matter of more positive news, another brilliant illustration of the world of art has passed away in the person of Paul Delaroche. He was fast nearing sixty, and had married many years ago a daughter of Horace Vernet, since dead. Strangers in Paris know Delaroche best, perhaps, by that fearful picture of the dying Queen Elizabeth at the Luxembourg. It is noways pleasant to look on; but there are greatnesses of execution in it which almost redeem its horrors. Others may remember his wall-painting at the Palace of Fine Arts, his own favorite, and the most ambitious work of his life. It occupied him from 1837 to 1841, and contains seventy-five figures, of which seventy are illustrious artists of all ages, from Apelles and Phidias, to Raphael, Poussin, and Rembrandt.

With our feet upon this painted carpet of the inn of Aix-la-Chapelle, it is impossible to warm ourselves into any glow about art, and we throw down our pen in despair, promising to pick up our next budget in Paris itself.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Dec. 15, 1856.

Editor's Brawer.

THE three lame poets, Scott, Byron, and O'Kelly, were celebrated in the November Drawer, but we were not aware of the fact that a son of the latter has become a resident of these United States. From the son of this poetical sire, who had the honor of an interview with George IV., a letter, dated "Chicago, December 4, 1856," requests us to copy the following from the Roscommon Gazette of 1821. We have pleasure in complying with this filial petition:

"GEORGE THE FOURTH AND THE POET .-When his Majesty was in Ireland, our countryman, the poet, Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., of the County Galway, waited on him at the Phœnix Park. His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, having subscribed his name for fifty copies, the poet took that opportunity to deliver his work. He was announced to the King by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, who ordered the baronet to hand the poet £50, which Sir Benjamin accordingly did. Mr. O'Kelly declined accepting it, declaring that he would rather see his Majesty than receive the money, and requested Sir Benjamin to say so, which request was complied with. The King ordered him to be introduced. When admitted to the royal presence, his Majesty received him most graciously, hoped he was well, and then observed,

"'Mr. O'Kelly, I see you are lame, as well as Lord Byron."

"'And Sir Walter Scott too,' added Mr. O'Kelly; 'and why should not I, the Irish bard, be similarly honored? for,

'If God one member has oppressed, He's made more perfect all the rest;'

at which the King smiled.

"The Marquis of Conyngham, who was present, requested Mr. O'Kelly to express himself extempore on Lord Byron, Walter Scott, and himself; to which the poet readily replied in the following impromptu:

'Three poets for three sister kingdoms born,
One for the Rose, another for the Thorn;
One for the Shamrock, which will ne'er decay,
While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away.'
At which the King and his court laughed heartily."

We call that decidedly Irish, and quite an improvement on the incident as related in a former number.

A Boston correspondent says that two young Englishmen, fresh from the Old Country by one of the Cunarders, thought to indulge in the luxury of a sleigh-ride in that city. They applied at a livery stable for a fast horse and sleigh; and overhearing the proprietor telling one of his men to put Reindeer and a couple of buffaloes into a sleigh for the young men, they were considerably bewildered, and after walking up and down the yard a while, they ventured to say,

"Mister, look a-here, please; we have often heard of those animals you are speaking of, but being strangers in this city, and not used to driving the deers or buffaloes, we would rather begin

with an 'oss!"

BRANTZ MAYER is the writer of this very clever jeu d'esprit. He indited it when he had just completed reading Dr. Kane's books:

EFIGEAM UPON OUR ARCTIO EXPLORER, DE. KANE.
From the dawn of creation the name of old Cain
Has been cursed as the author of slaying;
But glory awaits in our age on the KANE
Who SLAYS not, though famous for SLEIGHING.
So fill up the cup to the Kane of the Pole,
Whose marvelous tale, though no fable,
Attests that for generous deeds of renown,
Our KANE in reality's ANLE.

THE ball that is to come off this winter in behalf of the poor will witness nothing better than the following beautiful thing, which comes to us from over the water. At a lovely villa near Paris a charming fête was lately given. Pretty women by scores were present, and the most charming of them all was Madame T——, always eminently the leader of the "ton," but never so splendid and captivating as now. At the beginning of the ball, a young gallant, the flower of the sporting clubs, hastened to be the first to ask her to dance.

"With pleasure, Sir," she replied—"twenty francs."

"Madame!" said the puzzled cavalier.

"I said twenty francs!"

"I beg your pardon, Madame," replied the cavalier, "there is some misunderstanding, I had the honor to ask your hand for a waltz."

"Ah! you are right," replied the lady, quickly, "there was a misunderstanding. I thought you asked me for a quadrille, but since it is a waltz, it will be forty francs."



More puzzled than ever, the gentleman waited with as much calmness as possible for an explanation, which she gave him with a gracious smile.

You must understand, Sir, that I am dancing for the benefit of the poor sufferers by the inundation. It is twenty francs for a quadrille, forty for a waltz, and no abatement in the price!'

As soon as it became known, Madame Tno lack of partners, but danced bravely and charitably till the close of the ball. There is more than one Madame T-in our town who might make a good business for the poor on this plan.

UNCLE TOBY is no longer alone in his glory as n friend of the flies. He thought the world large enough for him and them, but he was no kinder to the one he put out of the window than a lady who vas sadly annoyed by one of the bluebottle species. Calling her maid, she bade her catch the fly, and to put it carefully out of doors. Seeing the girl hesitating to comply, she asked the reason.

"Why, madam, it rains so very hard," said the

rogue of a servant.
"True," replied the kind-hearted mistress, "you may put the poor thing in the other room."

THE clerical anecdotes which have enriched the Drawer recently have produced an abundant crop, from which we select a few. Perhaps the following are harmless, as they are certainly amusing, and vouched for by responsible parties, as true.

In the midst of the Miller excitement in Western New York, Elder Barr, a Baptist preacher, became very famous for his prophecies of the Second Advent as close at hand. He could prove to a day when Christ would come, and by his eloquence and good-humor he made himself a great favorite among the believers of that doctrine. The outsiders said that the Second Advent people thought more of Elder Barr than they did of their Lord. This came to the ears of his friends, who repelled it as a slander, and fondled the Elder all the more. One evening after preaching, he was eating supper with a party of the brethren and sisters. They thelped him to one good thing after another, till he cried out that he had more than enough, and they would kill him with kindness if they didn't stop. One of the good sisters, more noted for loving her minister than for knowledge of English, alluding to the story of their liking him so much, said,

"Oh no, Elder, eat away, we don't think you are the Christ, but you are at least an anti-Christ.'

This she thought was a term of endearment, that she might safely apply to him, and it stuck. The Elder never lost it, and went by the name of Anti-Christ till he left the country with the flatting out of Millerism, and has not been heard of since.

A SCOTCH Presbyterian minister, who formerly preached up the Hudson River (on its banks, we mean), stopped one morning in the middle of his discourse, laughing out loud and long. After a while he composed his face, and finished the service without any explanation of his extraordinary conduct. The elders, who had often been annoyed with his peculiarities, thought this a fit occasion to remonstrate with him. They did so during the noon intermission, and insisted upon the propriety of his making an explanation in the afternoon. To this he readily assented; and after the people were again assembled, and while he was standing, book in hand, ready to begin the service, he said,

"Brethren, I laughed in midst of the sermon this mornin', and the gude eldership cume and talked wi' me aboot it, and I towld them I would make an apowlogy to you at once, and that I am now about to do. As I was preaching to you this mornin', I saw the deil come in that door wi' a long parchment in his hand, as long as my arm; and as he cam up that side he tuk down the names of all that were asleep, an' then he went down the ither side, and got only twa seats down, and by that time the parchment was full. The deil looked along down the aisle and saw a whole row of sleepers and no room for their names; so he stretched it till it tore, and he laughed, and I couldn't help it but laughed too, and that's my apowlogy. Sing the 50th Psalm."

ELDER JONES was not remarkable for his eloquence, nor was he a very good reader, especially among the hard names. But he said that "all Scripture is profitable," and therefore he never selected any portion, but read the first chapter he opened to after he took the stand to preach. One day he stumbled in this way upon a chapter in Chronicles, and read, "Eleazer begat Phineas, and Phineas begat Alishua, and Abishua begat Bukkie, and Bukkie begat Uzzie," and stumbling worse and worse as he proceeded, he stopped, and running his eye ahead, and seeing nothing better in prospect, he cut the matter short, by saying, "And so they went on and begat one another to the end of the chapter."

The same worthy, but very prosy preacher, was addressing a drowsy congregation one summer afternoon. He was glad to see that one good woman was not only awake while all were sleeping, but she was melted to tears under the pathos of his discourse. After the services were over, he hastened to join her, and giving her his hand, he remarked, "I observe, my dear friend, that you were very much overcome this afternoon; will you tell me what it was in the sermon that most affected you?"

"Oh," she replied, "it was not the sermon; I was thinking if my son John should grow up and be a preacher, and preach such a dull sermon as that, how ashamed of him I should be."

The excellent pastor walked on, consoled with the reflection that the most of the people were very comfortable under his preaching at any rate.

DR. MASON of this city we have mentioned as being a good judge of horses. A Methodist clergyman in Tennessee writes us the following of the brethren of his persuasion:

"A little incident occurred here a few days ago confirming a point about which the Drawer had something to say a month or two since. Holston Conference was in session. It embraces East Tennessee, part of Western Virginia and North Carolina, a large body of ministers, and Bishop Andrew was in the chair. The Agricultural Fair of this division of the State was held at the same time with the Conference, and the Managers sent an invitation to the brethren to attend. This was objected to by some of the ministers, who thought they had better attend to their appropriate business, and then go home. Soon a presiding elder rose, and with much gravity said he thought there was a special reason why this body should accept the invitation so politely given: it is universally admitted and understood that of all ministers



Methodist preachers are the best judges of a good horse."

This was considered conclusive, and the invitation was immediately accepted.

"I will give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related is not true."

"I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

Two old gentlemen of our acquaintance, mellow with good living as well as with age, were fond of cracking a joke at each other's expense.

"Did you ever," said one to the other, "see me when I had taken more than you thought I could carry?"

"No, indeed, I can not say that I have," replied the other, "but I have seen you when I thought you had better have gone twice after it."

It was said of a lady who had just completed her fourth decade, and who played very loudly on her piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was forte upon her piano, but piano upon her forty.

S. G. GOODRICH, alias Peter Parley, in his anecdotical and gossipy biography of himself, the
good-nature of the books making them eminently readable, has a chapter on the Hartford Convention. He argues that that body of men were
pure patriots, never having meditated treason, disunion, or any other purpose not perfectly honest
and upright. Peter Parley glories in having been
a Federalist, and makes no secret of his dislike of
the Democrats. But he works up several anecdotes that his friends, the Feds, will not relish as
well as their foes. One or two of these we must relate.

Some years ago a Southern man came into the office of the Hon. R. R. Hinman, Secretary of State, in Hartford, Connecticut, and desired to see the room in which the Hartford Convention had held its sessions. Mr. Hinman led him to the chamber. The stranger looked around with much curiosity, and presently he saw Stuart's likeness of Washington; for in this chamber is one of the most celebrated of the full-length portraits of the Father of his Country. The stranger started.

"And was this picture here when the Convention held its sittings?" said he.

"Yes, certainly," said the Secretary.

"Well," replied the man, observing the high color which Stuart had given to the countenance of Washington in the picture, "I'll be hanged if he's got the blush off yet."

When the Convention was holding its sessions, Mr. Thomas Bull, a large, portly, courtly old gentleman, was the door-keeper and messenger. It was proper that this dignified body should have all things done decently and in order. Mr. Bull was directed to call on the reverend clergy in turn to pray with the Convention. Dr. Strong made the first prayer, and Dr. Perkins and other eminent clergymen followed. The Rev. Philander Chase, afterward Bishop Chase, was at this time rector of Christ Church—a High Churchman, who probably never in all his ministry offered an extemporaneous prayer. He was in his turn called on by Mr. Bull, who, in his blandest manner, informed

him of the honor conferred on him, and begged his attendance to pray at the opening of the morning session. What must have been his horror when Mr. Chase declined, saying that he "knew of no form of prayer for rebellion."

The tin-peddlers of Connecticut have been more noted for tricks of trade than honesty. One of them from Berlin attended an auction sale at Riley's in this city some thirty or forty years ago, and bid off a thousand copies of a cheap edition of "Young's Night Thoughts." These he peddled in the South and West as bad books, getting five dollars a piece for them. When remonstrated with for the imposition, he insisted that it was a good, moral, and religious operation.

MARCUS MORTON is distinguished as the Governor of Massachusetts who was elected by a majority of one. While he was in office, a railroad celebration was held; the Governor was to attend; but at twelve, the hour for commencing the exercises, he was not on hand. Just one hour after the time, Attorney-General Clifford, seeing the Governor coming in, rose and begged leave to offer as a sentiment, "Governor Morton, who always gets in by one." The sentiment and the Governor were received with great applause.

DURING the Harrison Campaign, an eloquent orator in the western part of the State of Virginia was holding forth to an immense assemblage in favor of the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler too. Especially the speaker was expatiating upon General Harrison's courage, tact, and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall, gaunt man, probably a schoolmaster in those parts, arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly,

"Mister-Mister, I want to ax you a question."
The speaker paused, and begged him to proound.

"We are told," the man went on, "fellow-citizens, that Gineral Harrison is a mighty great gineral; but I say he is one of the very meanest sort of ginerals. We are told here to-night that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that on that occasion he was guilty of the

Small Tail Movement, and I challenge the orator here present to deny it "

The orator declared his utter ignorance of what the man meant by the "Small Tail Movement," and asked him to explain himself.

"I'll tell you," said the man. "I've got it here in black and white. Here is Grimshaw's History of the United States"—holding up the book—"and I'll read what it says—this it is: 'At this critical moment General Harrison executed a NOVEL movement.' Does the gentleman deny that?"

"No, no; go on."

"Well, he executed a novel movement. Now here's Johnson's Dictionary"—taking the book out of his pocket and holding it up—"and here it says, 'Novel, a small tale.' And this was the kind of movement Gineral Harrison was guilty of. Now I'm no soger, and don't know much of milentary tictacks, but this I do say: a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a Small Tail Movement, is not fit to be President of the United States, and he sha'n't have my vote."

The orator of the evening could make no head



against such an argument, and gave it up in despair.

SPEAKING of the milk-and-water diet on which the ladies are fed, reminds us of the equally ridiculous fodder which the strong-minded women offer them in the manifestoes of their conventions. Mrs. Davis delivered herself, on the platform in the Broadway Tabernacle, of the following luminous and most suggestive proposition:

"It was woman's spontaneity - her intuitive perception of the affinities and repulsions of nature—that fitted her to be arbiter and queen in the sphere of the affections. When we see, through all the mist of ages, what woman has accomplished against all odds, we see how glorious and sublime is to be her mission.'

We venture to say that her mission will never send her to follow in the wake of Mrs. Davis or Lucy Stone.

Here and there a slighted aged maiden or a disappointed wife may snarl at society as it is, and hope that revolution will turn up something better; but ninety-nine out of every hundred of the daughters, wives, and mothers of the civilized world know full well that, next to God, the true woman is man's object of heart-worship. To make men out of women, to convert wives into politicians, and mothers into lawyers, would dethrone the sex, convert them into rivals and foes, and render them miserable where now they are blessed as they bless.

The folly of exalting woman by putting her into breeches, is without a parallel among the vagaries

THAT was a curious medley in the family circle, when a widower, in the person of our friend Mr. Peter Pippins, with three children, married the widow Green, with an equal number. It came to pass that three more were added to the flock, and thus the number of the muses was reached. When one of the tuneful nine was overheard making a noise in the house, it was no uncommon thing for the husband to say,
"That's yours, Mrs. Pippins."

Presently another cry would be heard, when Mrs. P. would retort,

"That's yours, Mr. Pippins."

By-and-by another voice, on a minor key, would be heard amidst the domestic choir, and Mr. and Mrs. Pippins would cry out in concert,

"That's ours."

IT was a very doubtful commendation bestowed by a brother clergyman on the new incumbent whom he was introducing to the people:

"You will find him, my friends, to be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.'

What widow was specially alluded to they were unable to say, but that some one of the many was "spoke" for, there could not be a doubt.



HI ART!

PARENT. "I should like you to be very Particular about his Hair."
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST. "Oh, Mum, the 'air is heavy enough! It's the Hi's where we find the Difficulty!"



THE Rev. Matthias Burnet, D.D., was once pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Jamaica, on Long Island. The people were not peaceable; indeed, they quarreled among themselves and with their pastor till the good man could not stand it, and he determined to shake off the dust of his feet against them and go somewhere else. The day for his farewell sermon came, and after he had delivered it, he gave out to the people to sing the one hundred and twentieth Psalm, which seems to have been inspired for such a season:

"Hard lot of mine, my days are cast Among the sons of strife, Whose never-ceasing quarrels waste My golden hours of life.

"Oh! might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell.

"Peace is the blessing that I seek, How lovely are its charms! I am for peace; but when I speak They all declare for arms."

"WILLIE," said a doting parent, at the breakfasttable, to an abridged edition of himself, and who had just entered the grammar class at the high school, "Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?" "Thirtainly, Thir—takthes me to pathe any

thing. Butter ith a common thubthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat caketh, and ith governed by thugar—molatheth underthtood."

The traits of character peculiar to the many peoples that make up our people, are very happily hit off in the following anecdote: It was agreed to make a proposition to the representatives of the several countries as they were met in the street, to ascertain the answer that each would make. The first who was met was Mr. John Bull, who was asked,

"What will you take to stand all night in the tower of that church?"

"I should not wish to do it short of a guinea."

The Scotchman came along, and to the same inquiry answered,

"And what would you be willing to give?"

A Frenchman was met, and, bowing very politely, said,

"I would be most happy to oblige you, but I beg to be excused at present, as I am engaged."

Jonathan promptly replied to the question, "What will you take to do it?"

"I'll take a dollar."

And last of all came Patrick, and when the inquiry was put to him, he replied,

"An' sure, I think I would take cowld."



THE MUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

OLD Mr. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME. "Egad, I don't wonder at Mustaches coming into Fashion; for-eh! What! By Jove, it does improve one's Appearance!"







PARTY IN BED. "Hey! Hollo! Who's that?"

DOMESTIC. If you please, Sir, it's Seven o'clock, Sir! Your Shower Bath is quite ready. I've just broken the log, Sir!"

THAT was very cruel in Lord Byron when he said: "I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship."

"Do you keep heads here?" was the anxious inquiry of a verdant young gentleman at one of the many windows of the Post-office.

"Heads!" returned the puzzled clerk; "none but our own. Haven't you got one?'

"Oh, I mean them little red heads what they put on to the backs of the letters."

"You mean stamps."

"Well, have it stamps; let's have one, will

A stamp was shown him, which he looked at, and asked, "How much do you charge for this ere?"

"Three cents."

"Three cents for this little bit-"

"Yes, three cents," said the clerk, putting it

"Stay-hold on, stranger; s'pose I take a lota hundred or so-can't you take less?"

"No; not if you take a million."

"Will you give me a dozen or so for a sample, and if I like them, I'll take a whole lot?"

was really green, entered into an explanation of the nature and value of the article, showing him that the price could not be varied to suit the whims or purses of purchasers; and the poor fellow walked off with his single stamp, for which he was obliged to pay the exacted three cents.

LEAVE the girls to answer all the objections that the old people make when the young ones have made it up between them. There was Philip Henry, the father of him who made the great Commentary on the Bible. Now Philip had courted the daughter of Mr. Matthew, and being a very diffident youth, the young lady undertook to get her father's consent to their marriage. The father admitted that Philip was a gentleman, a scholar, and an admirable young preacher, but he was a stranger, and they did not even know where he had come from.

"True," said the daughter, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him."

So they joined hands, and pursued life's pilgrimage together. They named their son Matthew-her name before marriage—and he became the Matthew Henry already mentioned. And in his commentary on the creation of woman, he remarks that she was not taken out of the head of Adam, to The clerk, who now perceived that the fellow show that she was to overtop him; nor from his



feet, to be trampled upon; but from his side, to | tually, and after dispatching business matters, show that she was to be equal with him; from under his arm, to be protected; and from near his heart, to be loved.

And we think there was never, in prose or verse, a more beautiful epitome of the divine relation between man and woman. But an English maiden, of whom we lately heard, had a decidedly novel reason for refusing to stand in the Scripture relation of wife to a man who sought her hand. He was in all respects eligible, except that he was a vegetarian, and when he proposed, the plucky lass replied, "Oh, go along with you! Do you think I am going to be flesh of your flesh, and you live on cabbages? Marry a grass widow, man, I'm not an animal of your sort;" and off she bounced, leaving him all struck up.

A VERY "particular Friend" is Amos Smith, and a very decided enemy to all worldly titles, as any body in Philadelphia knows; but as a business correspondent from the South didn't know. And "thereby hangs a tale."

This correspondent had directed his letter to "Amos Smith, Esq." Friend Amos replied punc-

added the following postscript:

"I desire to inform thee that, being a member of the Society of Friends, I am not free to use worldly titles in addressing my friends, and wish them to refrain from using them to me. Thou wilt, therefore, please to omit the word Esquire at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Amos Smith, without any tail."

By the return mail came a reply, directed, in precise accordance with the request of the particular Friend, to

"Amos Smith, without any Tail, Philadelphia."



"I say, Mister, give me one of them six cent voluntimes, with su'thin' bout hearts a-bustin'-and-andit's got to be thunderin' affectionate or 'twon't do!"



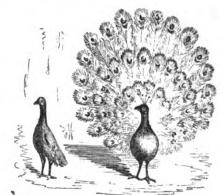
"'Tis Love that makes the world go round."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY.



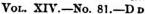
No. 1. Homo Sapiens. - MAN.





Female.

No. 2. Pavo Cristatus. - PEAFOWL









PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS.

THE AFFECTIONS.



GROWING AFFECTION.
"Doocid pretty Gal that, pon Honor."



BLIGHTED AFFECTION.
"Give me a Quarter's worth of your deadliest Poison."



Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3 .- MORNING TOILET AND CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.



MORNING TOILET.—The coif is of plain Mech-lin lace worn over the hair, which is brought in waves over the ears. The robe is of mouse-colored mousseline de laine, of a rich Oriental pattern; instead of loops, it is confined by cords finished with chenille balls by way of tassels; the front is trimmed with crochet buttons; the jupe is elaborately ornamented in needlework. The pelisse is of dark green merino. The sleeves have deep caps with pointed slashes, trimmed with crochet buttons and tasseled lacings; the cuffs are similarly fashioned, and being reversed, like the collar, expose the lining of taffeta, which may match or be of an apricot or cherry color. The wadding is quilted, in imitation of the plumage of a bird's wing. The garment is outlined with a velvet passamenterie. The collar and under-sleeves are of Mechlin lace, en suite with the coif. Slippers of rose-colored satin, quilted and trimmed with swansdown and rosettes.

GIRL'S COSTUME.—The basque is of maroon velvet, unless the complexion is dark, in which case black is preferable. The trimming is of black figured velvet and bugles. The illustration shows the somewhat peculiar form of the tabs at the shoulders. A ruche of lace forms the neck trimming. The skirt is of Sèvres-blue silk without flounces; the pantalettes and underskirts of English embroidery. The boots are Congress gaiters. The bonnet is of velvet or taffeta, matching the color of the skirt, and is ornamented with feather trimming.

Boy's Dress.—The tunic is of violet-colored habit cloth, fastened with a belt, the front being enriched with needlework. The upper portion of the sleeves is quadrilled, the interstices being marked with velvet buttons. English collar and wristbands.

UNDER-GARMENTS .- Figure 4 is a corset cover, the plastron of which is formed of five compartments, arranged as follows: A puffing of cambric is bordered by a French insertion elaborately embroidered, which, in turn, is edged with a ruffle of Valenciennes; these are placed upright upon the linen form. There is an opening upon the side of the central one, which is confined with neat buttons. The neckband, or yoke, and sleeves follow the order of the separate divisions, the borders of the puffing being highly ornamented with a rich applique. Whalebones, as indicated by the dotted lines, run to the gores. Our description is sufficiently detailed to enable any one with a gift for needlework to fashion this garment for herself, for which we hope to receive the thanks of husbands and fathers, since the price of the article from which our illustration is drawn was twentyfive dollars.-Figure 5 requires little in the way of verbal description. The trimming should be of Valenciennes lace, which of all kinds best sustains the severe ordeal of the laundry.

"Are hoops and flounces to remain in their present amplitude?" is a question often raised by anxious inquirers. Quien Sabe. There is a report that the leading Parisian modistes meditate a coup d'état against the present order of things. In the case of hoops, at least, this is a consummation most devoutly to be wished; but we fear that the report is too good to be true.

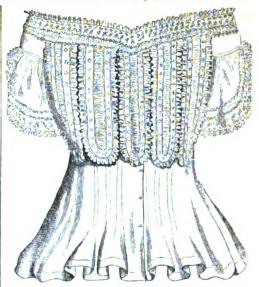


FIG. 4.—CORSET COVER.

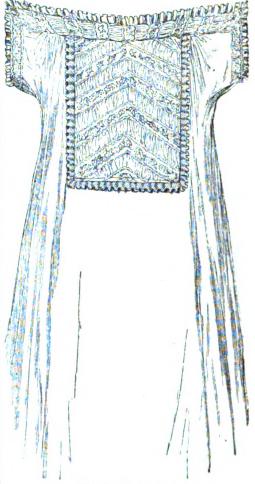
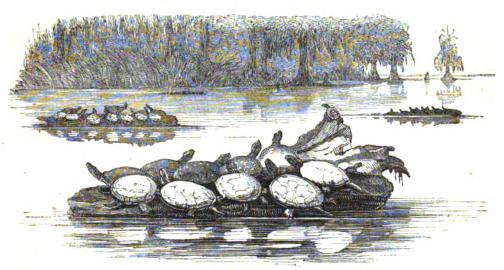


FIG. 5.—CHEMISE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXII.—MARCH, 1857.—Vol. XIV.



SCENERY ON THE CHOWAN,

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

I.—THE FISHERIES.

Yet more: the difference is as great between The optics seeing, as the objects seen.

All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolored, through our passions shown;
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

ON a pleasant morning in the month of April we find our adventurous traveler, Porte Crayon, standing on the promenade deck of the steamer Stag, which is just backing out from the Blackwater Station, on the Sea-board and Roanoke Railroad.

On approaching this station, about twenty miles distant from the town of Suffolk, one looks in vain for the promised steamboat that is to convey him to Edenton. His search for the navigable river whose waters are to float the boat is equally fruitless; and not without many misgivings does he see the train go off, leaving him standing agape beside his baggage, in the midst of an apparently interminable cypress swamp.

Anon, a blowing and fizzing draws his attention to the swamp on the left. He starts, supposing it to be the noise of an enormous alligator, but is relieved on perceiving a white column of steam rising from the midst of the forest, and a black smoke-pipe peering above the dense undergrowth. At the same moment, a negro approaches and shoulders his baggage.

"Gwine aboard, Massa?"

The traveler cheerfully follows him down a narrow path, and presently is surprised to find himself aboard of a very promising steamboat. Then, for the first time, looking over her stern, he sees the Blackwater River, a narrow, black ditch, embanked with tangled bushes and cypress-knees, and overarched completely with trees clothed in vines and hanging moss. The stream being barely wide enough to float the boat, she is obliged to crab her way along for a considerable distance, her alternate sides butting the cypress-knees, and her wheel-houses raked by the overhanging boughs.

At length the river begins to grow wider, and, taking advantage of a sudden bend, the boat turns round and pursues her course headforemost. One of the passengers openly expressed his satisfaction at this change, for he said it always made him sick to ride backward.

As his fellow-travelers were not numerous, and showed no disposition to be talkative at this stage of the journey, our hero had ample opportunity to sit apart and amuse himself by indulging in such fancies as the scene suggested.

The tortuous stream lay motionless, like a dead serpent, under the dismal shadow of the never-ending forest. When the prow of the advancing boat disturbed its glassy surface, the waves heaved up as if they might have been uncouth, lazy reptiles, hastening to get out of her way, and flinging themselves over the skel-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Vol. XIV.—No. 82.—E E



eton-like cypress roots, disappeared, tumbling and wallowing among the reeds. Although the genius of Moore has given immortal pre-eminence to the Great Dismal that surrounds Lake Drummond, all the swamps bordering the southern tide-water present the same characteristics, becoming more striking, and, if possible, more dismal, as the traveler advances southward.

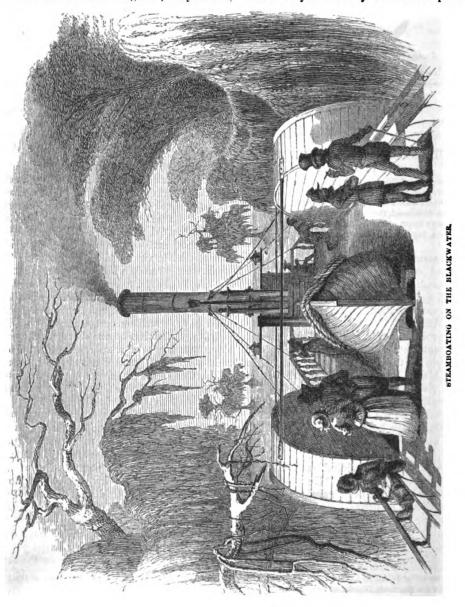
At the confluence of the Blackwater and Nottoway rivers we enter North Carolina. There is a stout rope stretched across the river here, which the passenger with the weak stomach took for the State line. On inquiring of the captain, however, he was informed that it was a rope ferry, of which he was presently satisfied by seeing a flat-boat pulled across.

William Byrd, of Westover, one of the commissioners who located this dividing line in 1727, says, "The borderers laid it to heart if their land was taken in Virginia; they chose

much rather to belong to Carolina, where they pay no tribute to God or to Cæsar."

As the day advanced the thoroughfare gradually widened into a broad and noble river, the view became more extended and more animated, but could scarcely be characterized as interesting. However, the announcement that he had entered a new State aroused Porte Crayon from his reveries, and induced him to look about with more alertness. The bordering swamps were still the same, and there was no perceptible change in land or water. Buzzards sailed in lazy majesty athwart the blue sky, and mud-colored terrapins basked luxuriously upon convenient drift logs, motionless as stones, until the waves from the passing boat rolled them over and unceremoniously plumped them into the water. But this paradise seemed as yet untenanted by the human race.

Porte Crayon listlessly whittled his pencil-





WATCHING AND PREYING.

ah, there's a living wight at last! a native Carolinian under his own beaming sun, lying in a canoe watching his fish-trap after the Southern fashion, while the sagacious eagle, with contemptuous audacity, settles down and carries off the prey.

To the inquiring mind there might be something suggestive in this picture. We, however, prefer to let every one draw his own inferences and make his own comments thereon. While our stanch little steamer paddles industriously on her way, we may be permitted to relieve the tedium of the journey by extracting some interesting historical notices of the early settlement of North Carolina.

In April, 1684, Sir Walter Raleigh sent out two ships, under Amidas and Barlow, on a voyage of discovery to the New World. In July the same year they landed on the coast of what is now North Carolina, thanked God, and took possession after the fashion of those days. They made explorations and had some intercourse with the natives, by whom they were received with "Arcadian hospitality." On their return to England they gave such glowing accounts of the new country that the public imagination was fired, and a company of adventurers was easily formed to colonize a land that promised so much.

Hackluyt says, "It is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven, the most pleasing territory of the world. The continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well peopled and towned, but savagely. If Virginia had but horses and kine, no realm in Christendom would be comparable to it." He thus characterizes the natives: "They are a people gentle, loving, faithful, void of guile, cruel, bloody, destroying whole tribes in their domestic feuds; using base stratagems against their enemies, whom they invited to feasts and killed."

Some might be disposed to consider this old writer a wag, but his description was doubtless a correct one, as it seems to be a very good gen-

eral description of human nature in all countries, and in all ages.

In the preface of a book printed in London, anno 1626, entitled "Purchas his Pilgrimage or Relations of the World," the author breaks out into the following: "Leaving New France, let us draw neerer the sunne to New Britaine, whose virgin soyle not yet polluted with Spaniards lust, by our late Virgin Mother was justly called Virginia, whether shall I here begin with elogies or elegies? whether shall I warble sweet carols in praise of thy lovely face thou fairest of virgins which from our other Britaine world hath won thee wooers and sutors, not such as Leander whose loves the Poets have blazed for swimming over the straits betwixt Sestos and Abydus to his louely Hero, but which for thy sake have forsaken their mother earth, encountered the most tempestuous forces of the aire and so often ploughed vp Neptune's Plaines, furrowing the angry ocean, and that to make thee of a ruder virgin, not a wanton minion but an honest and Christian wife."

And so the worthy Pilgrim continues for several pages without a stop; but we would as lief drink a quart of beer without taking breath as undertake to read it all. In the narrative he goes on to say, "In the river of Tamescot they found oysters nine inches long, and were told that on the other side there were twice as great. Moreover, the peple told our men of cannibals neere Sagadahoc with teeth three inches long, but they saw them not."

At this point the annotator was interrupted by a remark from a green-looking passenger, in a blue coat with brass buttons.

"Stranger," quoth he, "you appear to take great diversion in that book you're a-reading."

In reply, Crayon read the last quoted paragraph aloud. The listener opened his eyes, puckered his mouth, and wound up with a long whistle.

"Oh, Chowan! Three inches long? Well, that's what I call a Gatesville story."



"My friend," said Crayon, with severe gravity, "there is frequently as much rashness exhibited in the rejection as in the assertion of a belief. For example, we must all admit that nothing has been created in vain. It is equally susceptible of demonstration that the oyster was created expressly to be swallowed whole. Now we must either be prepared to allow that oysters eighteen inches long (which we have seen) exist contrary to a fixed law of nature—a false note in the universal harmony—or we must believe that there are men big enough to swallow them properly."

"Stranger, I've a suspicion that you're from the North."

"Why so, my friend?"

"Because the people up there are so bookish and larned that they'll believe almost any thing."

Brass Buttons walked away, and our traveler returned to his notes.

After several abortive attempts to establish a colony on Roanoke Island, the coast of Carolina was abandoned, and it was not until 1653, forty-six years after the settlement of Jamestown, that a colony from Virginia settled permanently on the Roanoke and the south side of Chowan. Ten years afterward, the Governor of Virginia appointed William Drummond to take charge of the young colony, and the Lake of the Dismal Swamp still preserves the name of the first governor of North Carolina. At a later date one of the appointees of the British Crown thus characterizes his subjects: "The people of North Carolina are not to be outwitted nor cajoled. Whenever a governor attempts to effect any thing by these means he will lose his labor and show his ignorance.....They are not industrious, but subtle and crafty-always

behaved insolently to their governors; some they have imprisoned, others they have drove out of the country, and at other times set up a governor of their own choice, supported by men under arms."

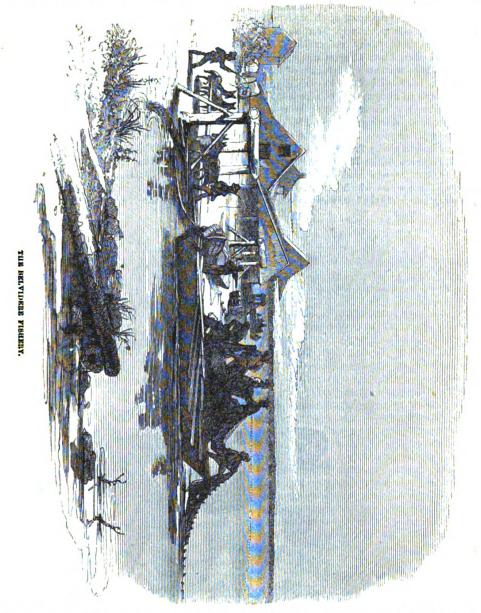
In fact, their whole colonial history is a narrative of turbulence and high-handed resistance to their British rulers, up to the commencement of the Revolutionary War; and in summing up her history, it appears that upon the soil of North Carolina the first colony of Englishmen was planted; the first child born of English parents in the New World. She may also claim, with propriety, to have shed the first blood, and to have spoken the first word, in the cause of our national independence-at the Battle of Allemance, fought in May, 1771, and through the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, put forth in May, 1775. The fact that so unruly and impracticable a colony should, when left to herself, have become so exemplary and conservative a State, is, in itself, a noble monument to the spirit, patriotism, and wisdom of her people.

The mid-day breeze now curls the broad bosom of the Chowan, and its shores are teeming with life and activity. Numerous bald-eagles sail overhead, while the surface of the water is dotted with boats of every description, from the cypress canoe, paddled by a lonely sallow-faced angler, to the ten-oared barges that carry out the cumbrous seines. White smoke curls up from groups of cottages on shore, where busy crowds, composed of whites, blacks, and mules, wage unceasing war upon the shad and herring. Colerain is at length reached and passed, and now the vessel's prow is turned eastward. Behind her the sun sets in a haze of golden glory. A long, low wooded point is turned at last, and at the head of a handsome bay sits Edenton-



SHORE OF ALBEMARLE SOUND.





queen-like, one might say, but in a small way, and the view is all the prettier for not being in any way interrupted by those forests of shipping which usually mar the appearance of sea-port towns.

The landing of this steamer is the great event of the day for the Edentonians, and our hero had no difficulty in finding his way to the principal hotel of the place. Here he got a comfortable supper, at which fish of all kinds figured largely. Not so easy was it to secure a bed, for the County Court was in session, and the house was full. Now, in regard to county courts, they are much the same all over the Anglo-Saxon world, and the only notable peculiarity of the county courts in this region is the unheard-of number of buggies and stick-gigs that are collected about the court-house taverns on the occasion.

The glimpse that our traveler had obtained of the fisheries in coming down the Chowan had so excited his imagination on the subject, that he deferred his intended exploration of the town of Edenton next morning, and shouldering his knapsack, started on foot in quest of a fishing-beach, of which he had received information from his landlord.

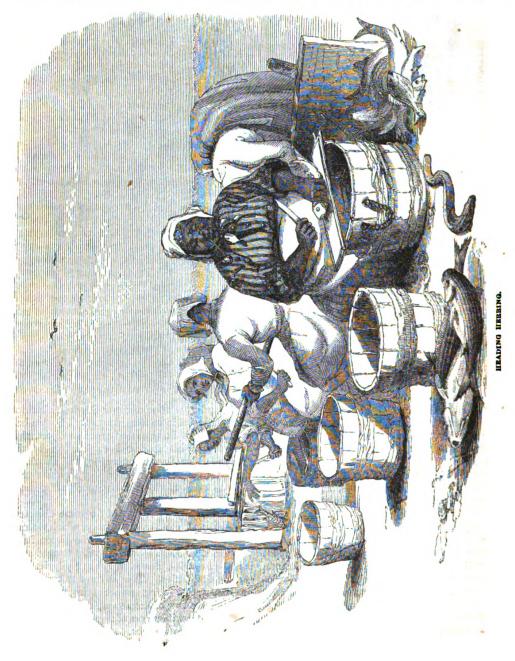
Pursuing the beaten road for some distance, he at length turned into a by-way, which seemed to lead toward the point which had been indicated to him. Like all the by-ways treated of in moral allegories, this soon led our pilgrim into serious difficulties. Too perverse to turn back, and, in truth, being rather attracted by the gloomy grandeur of the swamp forest, he pushed boldly into a wilderness of reeds, tangled green briar, and cypress-knees. After half an hour of plunging and tearing, he was at length brought



up on the shore of the Albemarle Sound. The scene which here presented itself was unique and beautiful, one peculiarly Southern in its features, and more easily pictured than described. In fact, Porte Crayon was decidedly blown, and here was an opportunity of resting for half an hour, without acknowledging his condition even to himself. When he had completed the sketch to his satisfaction, he re-commenced his walk, skirting the Sound for the distance of a mile or more, and, issuing from the swamp, at length gladly found himself on terra firma, in full view of the Belvidere Fishery.

Fatigue, hunger, and mud were all forgotten in the animated scene which here met his eye. In the foreground was the landward boat moored

to the beach, while her swarthy crew were actively engaged in piling up the seine as it was drawn in by the exertions of four lively mules at the windlass hard by. In the centre, upon a bank a little elevated above the water, rose a group of sheds and buildings, alive with active preparation. Beyond these the seaward boat appeared, while upon the surface of the water, inclosing the whole beach in a grand semicircle, swept the dotted cork line of the seine. To complete this scene of bustle and animation on land and water, the air furnished its legions of fierce and eager participants. Numerous white gulls, fish-hawks, and eagles hovered or sailed in rapid circles over the narrowing cordon of the seine, at times uttering screams of hungry im-







A NIGHT HAUL

patience, then darting like lightning to the water and bearing away a struggling prize in beak or talons.

It was wonderful to observe the brigand-like audacity with which these birds followed up the nets and snatched their share of the prey, sometimes almost within arm's-length of their human fellow-fishermen and fellow-robbers.

Our hero hastily unslung his knapsack, whipped out his pencil, and, seating himself upon the outer windlass, made a note of this busy and picturesque scene; and having thereby partially gratified his artistic yearnings, he lost no time in introducing himself at head-quarters. Here he was received with that frank hospitality which characterizes the region, and ere long was seated at the dinner-table, where boiled rock, stewed cat-fish, white perch, and broiled shad disputed the claim on his taste and attention. Unable to decide by the eye, he tried them all twice round, swearing with devout sincerity at each dish that it was the most delicious morsel he had ever tasted. About the close of the meal a grizzled woolly head appeared at the door, and its owner, flopping his greasy wide-awake upon the sill, humbly craved audience with the manager.

"Well, what is it, Uncle?"

"A little somethin', master, if you please."

A bottle of very superior whisky, which had been set out in compliment to the stranger, was at hand, and the manager, pouring out half a tumblerful, gave it to the petitioner.

"Sarvant, master—sarvant, gent'men," and as the precious liquor, in obedience to the laws of gravity, went down, Uncle Sam rolled up his eves with an expression of devout thankfulness that would have become a duck at a puddle.

"There now, you old reprobate, don't you call that good whisky?"

"Please God, masters," replied Uncle, with a low bow and a bland smile, "I often hear you gent'men talk about good whisky and bad whisky, but I never seed any dat wasn't good, 'specially ef ole nigger was dry. Ke! he! he! sarvant, gent'men."

But we must not tarry too long at table. The approaching cries of the mule-drivers at the windlasses warn us that the seine is gathering in, and on sallying forth we perceive that the dotted semicircle of cork line is narrowed to the diameter of fifty paces. Both boats are at hand, their platforms piled high with the enormous masses of netting, like great stacks of clover hay. The windlasses have done their part, and the mules discharged from their labors, as they are led away by their conductors, celebrate the event with cheerful brayings. All hands now leave the boats, and, at a signal from the chief, dash into the water waist deep to man the rope. A train of women, armed with knives and bearing large tubs, is seen hastening down the bank. Within the circuit of the net one may already see a thousand back fins skimming rapidly over the surface of the water. Every eye is lighted with excitement. "Hard cork!" shouts the captain. "Mind your leads thar!" yells the lieutenant. "Hard cork! mind lead! ay, ay, Sir!" roar the fifty black, dripping tritons as they heave the heavy net upon the beach. Behind the cork line where the seine bags the water now is churned to foam by the struggling prey, and the silvery sides of the fish may be seen flashing through the strong meshes. The eager gulls shriek at the sight, and sweep unheeded over the busy fishermen. One more

hurrah, and the haul is landed, a line of wide planks is staked up behind, the net withdrawn, and the wriggling mass is rolled upon the beach ten or fifteen thousand voiceless wretches, whose fluttering sounds like a strong rushing wind among the leaves.

"To the boats! to the boats!" and away go the men; now the boys and women rush kneedeep into the gasping heap. The shad are picked out, counted, and carried away to the packing-house. The rock are also sorted, and then the half-savage viragoes seat themselves in line, and begin their bloody work upon the herring. With such unmerciful celerity they work, that the unhappy fish has scarcely time to appreciate the new element into which he has been introduced ere he is beheaded, cleaned, and salted away.

If you now raise your eyes to look for the boats, you will see them already far on their way out in the Sound, the voice of their captain mingling with the cries of the disappointed gulls. In the operations of the fisheries there are no delays. Success is in proportion to the promptitude and energy displayed in every department, and from the beginning of the season to the end they are driving day and night without intermission. The powers of endurance are as heavily taxed as in the life of a soldier campaigning in an enemy's country.

After a delicious supper on various dishes of fish, washed down with yeopon tea, our traveler retired to bed, blessing the man that invented sleep.

About midnight he was aroused by the hand of the manager on his shoulder: "If you wish to see a night haul, now is your time, Sir; we will land the seine in fifteen or twenty minutes."

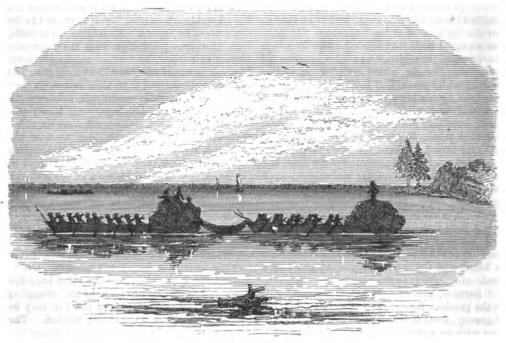
Mr. Crayon sprung to his feet, and hastily donning his vestments, repaired to the beach. Here was a scene similar to that which he had witnessed during the day, except that the picturesque effect was greatly enhanced by the glare of the fires that illuminated the landing. The wild swart figures that hurried to and fro carrying pine torches, the red light flashing over the troubled waters, the yelling and hallooing suggested the idea that these might be Pluto's fishermen dragging nets from the Styx, or maybe a dance of demons and warlocks on a Walpurgis Night.

But such half-drowsy fancies were contradicted by the dark quiet background, where one could see faint twinkling lights marking the spot where some vessel rode at anchor, and the dim unbroken line of the horizon, from whence sprung, high over all, the vaulted arch of heaven studded with stars. How calmly and solemnly they looked down upon this scene of midnight turmoil!

Oh, beautiful and benignant guardians of the night, should not men sleep when you are watching! Oh, radiant, dewy eyes of heaven, what earth-born loveliness can vie with yours! And yet I do bethink me now of one whose eyes, mayhap less bright, beam with a gentler light, warmer and nearer. Oh, high and mighty princes of the air, when the soul plumes her flight toward your mystic and illimitable realms, how groveling appear all human pursuits and aspirations! How the vaulting spirit sinks, reeling back—

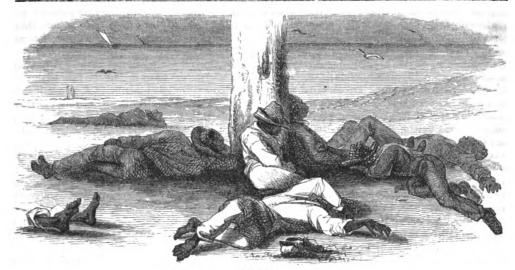
"Take care, master; you well-nigh fell into the shad bar'l."

"Whew!" ejaculated Crayon, "I believe I was asleep. Thank you, Uncle, for the timely



GOING OUT.





REPOSE.

warning;" and so he staggered back to bed, and tumbling down in his clothes, slept oblivious of heaven and earth until he was called to breakfast.

The product of these fisheries constitutes a most important item in the wealth of this region, and during the fishing season (which begins about the middle of March, and lasts until the middle of May) their success is a subject of as general conversation and all-absorbing interest to the inhabitants as is the yearly overflow of the Nile to the Egyptians.

There is scarcely an estate bordering on the Sound furnishing a practicable beach where there is not a fishery established. The number is limited, however, by the fact that these natural advantages are less frequently afforded than one might suppose. The water is often too shallow, bordered by extensive tracts of swamp, or filled with obstacles which prevent the proper dragging of the nets.

To establish a first-class fishery requires from five to ten thousand dollars of outlay, and although enormous profits are sometimes realized, the great and certain expense of carrying on the business, and the uncertainty of its results, bring it to a level with the ordinary industrial pursuits of the country. As adventurous and uncertain means of obtaining wealth are invariably more seductive than those of a character more ordinary and more certain, it has been supposed that the fisheries have exercised an unfavorable influence upon all other branches of industry in their neighborhood; but the numerous, extensive, thoroughly cultivated, and elegantly improved estates in the vicinity of Edenton would not seem to justify this idea.

Now for a more practical account of the fisheries. At the Belvidere, the seine used was twenty-seven hundred yards in length, and twenty-four feet in depth. This enormous length of netting is packed upon platforms laid on the sterns of two heavy ten-oared boats, which are rowed out together to a point opposite the land-

ing beach, about a mile distant. Here the boats separate, moving in opposite directions, and the seine is payed out from the platforms as they row slowly toward their destined points-the seaward boat following a course down the stream and parallel to the beach, the landward boat curving inward toward the shore at the upper end of the fishery; thus heading the shoals of fish as they journey upward to their spawning grounds. The top line of the seine is buoyed with numerous corks, while the bottom, which is attached to the lead line, sinks with its weight. When the seine is all payed out, heavy ropes, made fast to the staves at its ends, are carried in to the great windlasses at either end of the fishingground, at this place about eight hundred yards apart. The aggregate length of the seine with these ropes is not less than two miles and a half. During the time they are winding in the rope the oarsmen have a respite from their labors, and are seen enjoying it, lying in groups on the sand, and generally in the sun, like terrapins. Here they may snore until the staff appears, when they are called to their posts to take up and pile the netting as it is drawn in. The process of winding being now continued by lines tied to the lead line of the seine, which, as they successively appear, are attached to consecutive windlasses nearing the centre. The boats follow to receive the net until they arrive at the innermost windlasses of one-mule power, which are not more than sixty or eighty yards apart. Here, as before described, the men handle the rope themselves, land the haul, take up the intervening net, and put out immediately to do it all over again. The whole process takes from five to seven hours, averaging four hauls per day of twenty-four hours.

The shad and herring are the great staples for packing. The miscellaneous fish are sold on the beach, eaten by the fishermen and plantation negroes, or are carted with the offal to manure the adjoining lands.

The refuse fish commonly taken are sturgeon,



or ale-wife, hog-choke or flounder, lampreys, and common eels. Other varieties are sometimes taken, and among them the bug-fish, which, from its singularity, merits a particular description. In size and general appearance this fish resembles the herring, although there are external marks by which the practiced eye may easily distinguish them. The head of the bug-fish is more rounded than that of the herring, and its back and sides marked with irregular bars of a dark lead color, but its characteristic peculiarity is only discovered on opening the mouth, in which it carries a sort of parasitical bug. This singular animal belongs to the aquatic crustacea, bearing some resemblance to the shrimp or common crayfish, but not enough to be confounded with either, even by a casual observer. It is nearly colorless, and semi-transparent, like the fish found in subterranean waters which have never been exposed to light. This bug, however, has eyes which are black and prominent, and six legs on a side, each terminating in a single sharp hook, by which it retains its place in the fish's mouth. When drawn from its native element the bug-fish dies very soon, and is usually found with its mouth closed so tight that it requires a knife to force it open. The size of the occupant is proportioned to its domicil, and this fact alone proves conclusively that it is not an accidental or temporary tenant, but a permanent dweller in the fish's mouth. It is often found alive some time after the death of its carrier, and shows signs of life twenty-four hours after its removal from the fish. It makes no attempt at progressive motion either in the water or on land, but simply moves its legs and tail as if it had never been accustomed to a separate existence. The fishermen relate a number of curious

rock-cats, trout, perch, mullet, gar, gizzard-shad or ale-wife, hog-choke or flounder, lampreys, and common eels. Other varieties are sometimes taken, and among them the bug-fish, which, from by actual experiment, the author forbears to repeat them.

Mr. Crayon has taken the pains thus particularly to describe to us this queer fish, in the belief that naturalists have heretofore overlooked it. If this should prove to be the case, our traveler claims the honor of having added a scrap to ichthyological knowledge, and takes advantage of the privilege usually accorded, by naming the fish the Harengus Porte Crayonensis.

A first-class fishery employs from sixty to eighty persons, all negroes except the managers. These are for the most part free negroes, who live about in Chowan and the adjoining counties, and who, as the season approaches, gather in to the finny harvest as to an annual festival.

Although they depend almost entirely upon this employment for a livelihood, it is doubtful whether they could be induced to undergo the tremendous labor it involves, were they not passionately fond of the sport and excitement. If generally inferior in appearance to the sleek, well-fed slaves of the neighboring gentry, there are not wanting some fine-looking specimens among them, both male and female.

For instance, there is Betsy Sweat, herringheader at the Belvidere, who might serve some sentimentalist as the heroine of a romance. In her person lithe and graceful as a black panther, an expressive eye, a mouth indicating refinement and vigorous character uncommon in her race, and whether with keen-edged knife and admirable skill she whipped the heads off the silvery herrings, or with flaming torch in hand she rushed up the bank and stood waving it over the busy beach, she did every thing with an air that



WASHING SHAD.





BETSY SWEAT.

reminded one of the great tragedienne Rachel. What though Betsy was an abominable slattern, smoked a short-stemmed pipe almost incessantly, and would drink numerous consecutive jiggers of raw whisky without winking? The true romancer seizes the great and salient points of character, overlooking trivial defects, or noting them only as eccentricities of genius. It is said that Guido Reni could take a vulgar porter at the street corner, and from him draw a magnificent head; so may the skillful writer, by the power of imagination, make heroes and heroines of big negroes and beggars' brats. The world admires and weeps, but unfortunately the real blackamoor remains unwashed, and the poor child's head uncombed, as before.

We might now take a walk through the extensive cooperage and packing-rooms, but these subjects are too practical and smell rather fishy for the journal of a picturesque and sentimental tourist; we must, therefore, look out for more congenial subjects. Ah! here is something that promises better: a train of Gates County buggies, conducted by natives from the interior, come to buy fish.

The buggy, so called probably in derision,

is a cart covered with a white cotton awning, drawn by a bony, barefooted horse with one eye. This is not a Cyclopean monster, as one versed in the classics might imagine, for the eye is not located in the middle of the forehead, but on one side, and the animal, on an average, is rather below the medium size. Nor were we able to ascertain whether Gates County furnished a one-eyed breed of horses, for our visitors from the interior are not communicative, their silence being apparently the result of diffidence. But they are acute observers, and sharp as a mowing-scythe at a bargain.

"That chap with the sorrel head would make a rare sketch."

"Neighbor," said the manager, "if you will sit for your portrait to this gentleman I'll make you a present of that fine string of rock-fish."

The native paused and looked at Crayon, who was busy pointing his pencils.

"I don't see," said he, tartly, "that I am any uglier than the rest of 'em."

"Certainly not, my friend," said Crayon, "you misapprehend my motive entirely. I merely desired your portrait as a remembrance, or rather a specimen—or a—" Here our artist closed up, and the manager snickered outright.

"I'll tell you what, Mister, you needn't think to make a fool of me; if you'll jest take a lookin' glass, and picter off what you see in it, you'll have a very good specimen of a bar"

"But, neighbor, don't go off at half-cock; here's another superb rock I'll add to the bunch."

The indignant countryman hesitated, and weighed the fish in his hand. "Well, you may take me if you can catch me while I'm bobbin' around, but I can't stop for you."

Having spent several days at the Belvidere, a hospitable invitation induced our traveler to move his quarters to the Montpelier Mansion, and his sketching operations to the fishing-ground belonging to that estate. The Montpelier beach is only about a mile distant from the Belvidere, and has the advantage over all others which he visited of being beautifully shaded by a growth of lofty trees.

Henry Hoffler, the master-fisherman at Montpelier, is a model of his class, and a character not to be passed over without a proper notice. In physiognomy and manner he reminds one of a "jimber-jawed" bull-dog—one of those fellows who never let go. With an indomitable perseverance and sturdy honesty invaluable in an ex-

ecutive officer, he is a shrewd. skillful, and experienced officer in his vocation.

No one knows better than he how to interpret the signs stenographed on sky and water, or can more certainly foretell, from wind and weather, the probable results of a haul; no one readier than he to face an unpropitious gale, or who can more skillfully bring a seine to land through a roaring surf.

Like all strong characters, Hoffler has his instinctive aversions, which have been indulged in until they have acquired, perhaps, an undue prominence. Loungers about the fishery he regards with inexpressible contempt, and endeavors to express it by calling them "Arabs"-a term of opprobrium not very clear in its meaning. His hatred of eels is an exaggerated sentiment, entirely disproportioned to the importance of its unfortunate objects. He carries a cane for the express purpose of killing them, and no sooner are the duties of landing a haul attended to than he gives way to his feelings, and falls to thrashing them, right and left, with-

out mercy, swearing against them with the only | in alternate squeaks and grunts-soprano and oath or exclamation he ever makes use of, "My blessed! I wish the seed of 'em was destroyed." Hoffler talks but little, and what he says is to the point; doubly impressive by being delivered



A NATIVE.

basso by turns. Round a corner one might mistake him for two men. Like William of Deloraine,

"Though rude, and scant of courtesy,"

there is a strong undercurrent of good feeling in the old fisherman's character, and a kindly twinkle in his eye, that fully make amends for the rugged surface.

As our hero approached the beach, this redoubtable personage advanced to meet him, and giving his hand an agonizing grip, thus saluted him:

"Good-mornin'; make yourself at home; look about."

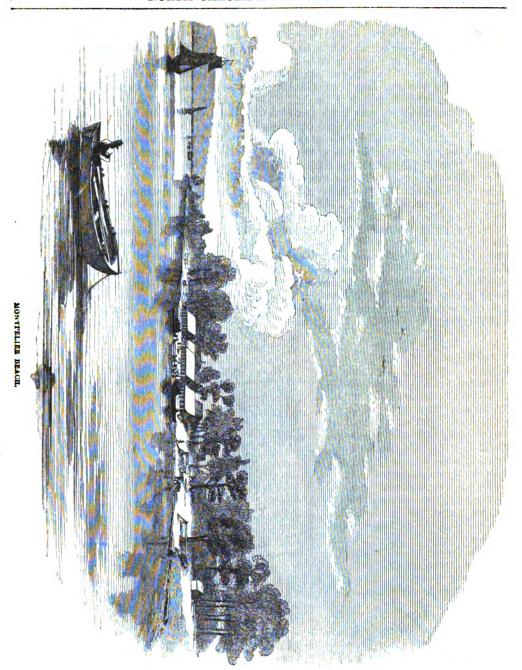
"Thank you," replied Crayon. "I perceive you have just landed your nets, and have had a good haul."

Hoffler made no reply, but looked in his face for a moment, and then ran off to head an eel that was about escaping into the water. Jimmy, the cooper, who had laid down his adze to stare at the new-comer, now hurried out of the shed.

"Hoffler, I say-easy in time-Hoffler, I've often heard



MY BLESSED !



you talk about Arabs, but that's one of 'em, sure enough."

"My blessed!" said Hoffler, "did you hear him? Whar did he come from? The man don't know a net from a seine."

The seven or eight days that followed passed pleasantly enough at the fishery. There was, indeed, a sufficiency of the exciting and the picturesque to have interested both sportsman and artist for a much longer time. The visitor soon begins to feel a personal interest in the game. 'The hopes, the fears, the successes and disappointments of the fishery become his own. When the seine is out of sight upon the Sound he may sleep, sketch, or shoot gulls at pleasure; but when

the back fins of the prey are seen playing about within the narrowing circle, he must needs throw down gun or pencil, and rush to the landing. When it happens that the seine is torn by the passage of a vessel, and the fish escape, he joins heartily in anathematizing the scoundrelly captain whose inconsiderate keel has wrought the damage, and concurs with facility in the general opinion that but for the break this would have been the greatest haul on record.

There is, too, sufficient variety in the incidents of each day to prevent the interest from flagging. Sometimes it happens that such immense shoals of fish are inclosed that the great seine can not be landed at once, and it becomes



necessary to cast smaller nets within the large one, to bring them ashore in detail. Sometimes they bring in sturgeon or rock-fish so large that there is reason to fear they may break the net in their struggles. Then negroes are sent in armed with spears and long-handed hooks to kill them and bring them to land singly. The most diverting incidents attend this part of the sport. The wary black wades into the water up to his waist, and, watching his opportunity, strikes the hook into the back of a stout sturgeon. The fish darts off, Cuffee holds on, and a struggle commences for life on one side and fame on the other. The fish leaps and flounders, the black pants and pulls. The spectators applaud one party or the other according to their sympathies, rending the air with shouts and laughter. The sturgeon makes a desperate plunge and jerks the pole out of Cuffee's handsoverwhelmed with reproaches, he splashes along in pursuit, and at length recovers his hold, but as he grasps it, loses his balance and disappears under the water. Presently he reappears, still hanging on to the hook. Two or three fel-

lows rush in to his assistance, but the general voice cries, "Stand back! fair play!" By this time the negro's blood is up, and disdaining the advantage of a weapon, he leaps upon the sturgeon's back, unmindful of his rough saddle. The furious and bewildered fish darts away and lands himself and rider upon the sandy shore. Cuffee springs to his feet, and seizing his antagonist as Hercules hugged Antæus, bears him out of reach of his native element and slams him triumphantly upon the ground.

"Aha! got you now, you mizzible longwinded cuss!"

The grinning victor is applauded, and receives an extra dram as his reward.

Without noticing Hoffler's especial enemies, the Arabs, the society on the beach is varied daily by the arrival of legitimate and characteristic visitors. There is the Yankee sea-captain, whose vessel rides in the offing, a shrewd, entertaining fellow, who can tell quaint stories of sea-faring life, and quiz the provincials, who come down with their buggies to get a thousand herring and a few dozen pearch or so.







MONTPELIER BEACH.

Then there comes old Aunt Rose, with a basket on her arm, to be filled with cat-fish or "some o' dem red hosses," as she styles the suckers. Aunt Rose is communicative enough considering the amount she has to communicate. You drop a dime into her basket and civilly inquire her age.

"Lord bless you, honey, how does I know? I was borned over on toder side of de Sound—white folks over dar knows. Lemme see, when ole miss's mother was married I was den a right smart gal—dat makes me a risin' o' sixty, or seventy, or maybe bout a hundred—any way, white folks over de Sound knows."

When more exciting entertainment was wanting, one could help old Hoffler to kill eels—not in his absurd way by beating them with a bludgeon, but more considerately by sticking a knife through their tails, making a groove in the sand, and laying them in it on their backs, or dropping them alive into a barrel of pickle.

"Mr. Crayon, Mr. Crayon! could you have so far forgotten personal dignity and the common sentiments of humanity? This comes of a man traveling off by himself without the elevating and civilizing companionship of the softer sex."

Porte Crayon looked at us fixedly for some moments.

"I do think," he at length replied, "that if entirely deprived of the society of women, men would in a short time relapse into barbarism; but I also think your sentimentality about the eels extremely ridiculous." If, at length, the sports on the beach grow stale from custom, the sojourner may find something to interest him in the adjoining country. Bordering on the Sound and around Edenton are many handsome residences and well-improved estates, whose names, Belvidere, Montpelier, Mulberry Hill, etc., in a country almost as level as the surface of the water, exhibit the disposition of the human mind to cherish pleasant illusions in the midst of adverse circumstances.

Here, on an April day, drinking in the perfumed air, the earth around him just bursting into luxuriant bloom, making the simple consciousness of existence a soul-filling delight, the stranger first begins to realize his ideal of Southern life—a life that for the Northern world exists only in books and dreams. But to complete our picture in a more satisfactory manner, let us dwell upon it a little longer—let us live through a day together.

Imagine yourself a guest in one of those hospitable mansions. Shall we begin the day at sunrise? If so, then you must imagine yourself in bed, the sun bidding you good-morning through a screen of honey-suckles or rose bushes; you lie half conscious of existence, recalling a night of moonlight, mocking-birds, and pleasant dreams. Presently, with noiseless step, a servant glides into your room, and you hear the fresh water gushing into your pitcher, suggesting thoughts of Moorish fountains, and then you catch a glimpse of the retreating shadow carrying off your boots. Again you relapse into



dreams. How long it matters not; but the blissful trance is at length broken by a soft voice—"Breakfast is ready, Sir." The idea of breakfast is a stimulant, and you start up. A fresh-washed, bright-eyed boy of five years old stands beside you, joyful messenger, hopeful scion of a gentle race, practicing the sweet courtesies of social life ere his tongue has lost the lisp of infancy. "Thank you, little master; I'll be there anon."

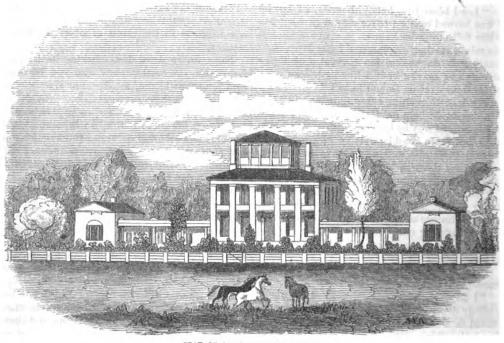
Now you may make your toilet without more circumlocution. After coffee and hot cakes, seasoned with broiled shad, ham and eggs, or any other delicacy of the season that may have been incidentally alluded to on the preceding evening, you are ready to begin the day. A visit to some of the neighboring fisheries is suggested. It promises nothing new, but the trip itself will be agreeable. The visit is considerately determined upon. Then shall we go by land or water? The buggy stands at the gate, and the boat is anchored off the beach. The roads are smooth, and the trotter paws the ground impatiently. The breeze is freshening over the Sound, and the yacht will carry us gallantly.

"Let them put up the trotter. Ned! get the boat ready."

A stout sailor-looking black draws up the craft and rigs the mast in a trice. "Push off, good-by!" and away we dart, like a white gull, into the middle of the Sound. Our vessel moves like a race-horse, tacking in and out, with a spanking breeze on her quarter. Sometimes leaving the fisheries on the northern shore almost out of sight, then bearing down upon them so near that you might hail the foreman to ask, "What luck?"



So we go down the Sound some eight or ten miles, far enough to have a good run back before the wind. But it would not be neighborly to return without calling in to pay our respects and to inquire after the success of our friends. So we run in to a landing, are warmly welcomed, of course, invited up to the office, where we take some refreshment, also, of course. [N.B. The water in flat countries is considered unwholesome for strangers, and is not highly esteemed by the natives themselves.] Then, in a cheerful, friendly way, we begin to compare our fishing experiences. How many shad and how many herring we've averaged; what they are doing at Benbury's; what hauls Cheshire has made, and how Wood is getting on. A week's visit is sufficient to make one feel himself a full partner in any of the fisheries, and the visitor always



SEAT OF JAMES C. JOHNSON, ESQ.



speaks of our beach and our hauls. Now it is time to go.

"But, gentlemen, you must positively stay to dinner. We can offer you no great temptation; only a fisherman's fare, the best we have, and a hearty welcome."

That might tempt a prince; but we've arranged to dine at home, and so we take leave, and are presently driving before the wind at the rate of two-forty, or thereabout—we can't be very exact, as we have no thermometer. After dinner we may drive to Edenton or not as we feel disposed. For my part I prefer lounging about the shore, taking a siesta, perhaps, under an arbor of wild vines.

Gorgeous in purple and gold the sun sinks beneath the distant horizon. The breeze has lulled, and the calm water reflects the violet-tinted sky like

a vast mirror. With a wild and pleasing melody the songs of the distant fishermen break the stillness of the evening, and the eye may now trace the whole circuit of the seine, dotted for a mile or more on the glassy surface of the Sound.

But mark that dead cedar, half clothed in a gauzy robe of vines; how entreatingly it seems to stretch its skeleton arms over something at its foot, like hopeless, half-frantic Niobe, shielding the last of her children. Here, indeed, is a little grass-grown space, respected by the plowman, and two old tombs almost hidden by the overhanging vines. Push these away, and there is still light enough to enable us to read the quaint inscriptions.

HERE LYES INTERRED Y° BODY OF
HENDERSON WALKER, ESQT., PRESIDENT OF
Y° COUNCIL AND COMMANDER IN CHEIF OF
NORTH CAROLINA, DURING WHOSE
ADMINISTRATION Y° PROVINCE INJOYED
THAT TRANQUILITY WHICH IS TO BE WISHED
IT MAY NEVER WANT. HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE
APRIL Y° 14TH, 1704. AGED 44 YEARS.

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THIS TOMB LIES THE BODY OF GEORGE LILLINGTON, SON OF MAJOR ALEXANDER LILLINGTON, WHO DEC⁴, IN Y⁰ 15 YEAR OF HIS AGR, ANNO 1706.

HERE LYES THE BODY OF
ANNE MOSELY,
WIFE OF EDWARD MOSELY, ESQ.,
SHE WAS DAUGHTER OF MAJOR
ALEXANDER LILLINGTON, ESQ., AND THE
WIDOW OF THE HQNble. HENDERSON WALKER,
ESQ., LATE PRESIDENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S
COUNCIL OF NOETH CAROLINA.
SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOVEMBER 18, ANNO DONY. 1732,
AGED 55 YEARS & 5 MONTHS.

The tombs are situated on a point of land, not far from the water, and sufficiently elevated above it to command an extensive prospect in every direction. Altogether, we have seldom seen a more romantic spot for a burial-place.

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GOVERNOR WALKER'S TOMB.

The unpretending tablets are still in good preservation, having been treated leniently by time, and bearing no marks from the hand of that wanton desecrator, man. Are our brethren of North Carolina more elevated in moral civilization than their neighbors, or have the voiceless prayers of the old cedar prevailed?

By a singular coincidence we happened here on the 14th of April, the anniversary of the Governor's death. A hundred and fifty-two years had elapsed since he had made his honored exit from the stage of life. Here was suggestion enough for thought, but a man's reflections while sitting on a tomb-stone will scarcely be appreciated by one lounging on a cut-velvet sofa, so we will discreetly pass them over. Nathless we tarried there until the chill moon marked our shadow upon the trunk of the blasted cedar, and the mocking-bird, whose nest was in the old grape-vine, began his evening song.

But in these listless wanderings we must not overlook our central point, the old historic town of Edenton. This place was established in the year 1716, and was originally called Queen Anne's Creek, which name was afterward changed to Edenton, in compliment to Charles Eden, the royal governor of the province, appointed in The early records of the courts are said to contain matter of great historic interest, but these are now at Raleigh, the capital of the State. Porte Crayon told us privately that he was glad of it, and also intimated that he infinitely preferred fresh shad to musty records. This, from a pretender to scholarship, is an audacious admission; but the good-natured public will, perhaps, excuse him.

We will, however, on our own responsibility, venture to quote two suggestive items from Wheeler's History:

"From an old custom-house book, now in possession of,



J. M. Jones, Esq., of Edenton, it appears that in July, 1768, the ship Amelia cleared hence, with an assorted cargo, among which were three bags of cotton."

"By some strange freak of circumstance, many years ago, there was found at Gibraltar a beautiful picture, done in a skillful style, enameled on glass, 'A Meeting of the Ladies of Edenton Destroying the Tea, when Taxed by the English Parliament.' This picture was procured by some of the officers of our navy, and was sent to Edenton, where I saw it, in 1830."

It is to be regretted that Porte Crayon did not get a sight of this painting, that the world might have heard more of it, and that the patriotism of the ladies of Edenton might have been blazoned beside that of the men of Boston, which has figured in so many bad wood-cuts.

The modern Edenton is a pleasant little place, of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, who seem to take the world very philosophically. It contains a number of neat, old-fashioned residences, and several of more recent construction, that would figure handsomely in the environs of New York.

The court-house green, sloping down to the water's edge, and shaded with fine old trees, is one of the chief attractions of the village. The ivy-mantled church, St. Paul's, was built about 1725, and is evidently the pet of the place. The handsomely improved cemetery around it gives ample evidence of the wealth and cultivated taste of the community.

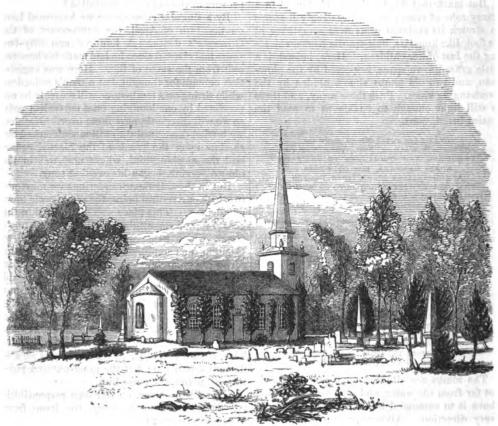
"To speak further," says Mr. Crayon, "of man of mark—had traveled; but, those matters which were especially pleasing to he don't know a net from a seine!

me-the quiet streets and deserted wharvesmight be deemed superfluous by those who think a town without commerce is dead and half dishonored. But to one thoroughly disgusted with the haste and hubbub of large cities, there is an air of blest repose, of good-humored languor hanging about these old towns that is positively enchanting." But, like the voyager on the stream of life, we are not permitted long to linger on the green spots where pleasant flowers bloom. We can but cull a boquet in passing, enjoy its evanescent bloom, retain a few dried and colorless impressions in the leaves of a book, and hasten on our way, happy if the interval is short between the fading twilight of regret and the fresh dawn of expec-

Porte Crayon had his knapsack packed and buckled down, but as the steamer which was to convey him to Plymouth was not expected until late in the afternoon, he determined to take a parting look at the fisheries, to shake honest Hoffler by the hand, and once more bid adieu to his kind and hospitable entertainers.

"Hoffler!" said Jimmy, the cooper, "easy in time: I've found it out. That's none of your Arabs; that's the author of Harper's Magazine!"

"Don't tell me, Jimmy; Boss said he was a man of mark—had traveled; but, my blessed, he don't know a net from a seine!"



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, EDENTON.





L-VANDERHEYDEN PALACE

ALBANY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I AM an Albany Knickerbocker—a Dutchman of purest Belgic blood—and I justly claim to be heard, as the last as well as the most loyal of the fading cocked-hat generation, who mourn over the barbarisms of despotic Fashion and the hot haste of society in these degenerate days, when steam and iron have usurped the power of honest breath and muscle, and the lightning has become the obedient chariot of thought.

Albany, the Beverwyck, the Willemstadt, the Fort Orange of Colonial times—the oldest city in the United States except St. Augustine—has a claim to the reverence not only of every true-hearted Dutchman who loves his pipe, his krout, and his freedom, but of the universal Yankee nation, which has no geographical limit this side of Saturn's rings.

Standing still, as a Dutchman ought, I have become a second Columbus, for I have discovered a New World indeed in the changes wrought around me during the last fifty years. I am a bachelor of eighty, erect as a liberty-pole, and I thank Heaven fervently that I have neither sons nor daughters to mortify me with the absurdities of this absurd hour in our social retrogression, as I call what zealots name progress. My hair is like the snow or the hoar-frost, and no longer needs the aromatic powder of the good old time. So far, good; but when I look at the dear old three-cornered hat upon the peg in my chamber, how I doubly loathe the glistening stove-pipe I am compelled to wear upon my head in winter and in summer, in deference to the god of the tailor and the milliner. And when I contemplate my velvet small-clothes, with the bright silver kneebuckles, or even the Wellington boots and graceful tassels of a later day, how I sigh for the restoration of the elegant breeches and the abolition of the dangling pantaloon!

Well do I remember the great innovation when cocked hats and long bodices were doomed. It was after the French Revolution had given free reign to extravagant fancies in politics, religion, and social life that the mighty overturn in the world of fashion commenced, and the costumes in which our fathers fought and our mothers suffered for freedom, were banished from our best society to give place to the mongrel modes of French fanatics and servile English imitators. The phenomenon appeared even in the staid Dutch city of Albany, where French politics could find no rest for the sole of its foot. I was then a gay young man, and had been accustomed to adore the ladies (as I do yet) in ample skirts, waists showing Hogarth's line of beauty, flowing sleeves, and faultless head-dresses, albeit their hair was sometimes thick with pomade or frizzled into a bush. As suddenly as the bursting of a balloon did the ladies' dresses seem to collapse from the longitudinal display of our own time to the economical dimensions of a white The bodice disapcovering for a bean-pole. peared, the cincture went up directly under the arms, and the immense Mademoiselle Parpluies became nobodies, and might sing,

"Shepherds, I have lost my waist,
Have you seen my body?
Sacrificed to modern taste,
I'm quite a hoddy-doddy.
Never shall I see it more,
Till common sense, returning,
My body to my legs restore,
Then I shall cease from mourning."

Nor were the fair creatures solitary sufferers. Cocked hats, powdered hair, elegant wigs, exquisite queues, and even the breeches of the gentlemen were proscribed, and at last were compelled to succumb toward the close of the century. The hat assumed all sorts of shapes, but the prevailing absurdity was a very small crown



and a very wide brim turned up at the sides. Iremember turning out of State Street into Market Street one morning in September, walking armin-arm with my old friend General Tenbroeck, then mayor of the city, when a young married couple belonging to one of our most aristocratic families, who had lately returned from their wedding tour in Europe, appeared just in front of Myndert Van Schaick's elegant three story mansion, displaying the new fashions to the fullest extent; indeed that couple were the pioneers of the innovation in Albany. The husband's hat was of orthodox dimensions. His coat, with narrow skirts, fitted closely, and so did his pantaloons, while his legs were encased in enormous Hessian boots. His cravat was full and high, and in his bosom was a magnificent linen frill. The lady had "lost her waist," and her dresssomething like a petticoat tied round her neck, with her arms put through the pocket-holes-was a rich lilac color. Upon her head was a small hat, not unlike her husband's in form, over which was piled in profusion a great bunch of wheatears, the wearing of straw having then become the rage abroad. Well did the epilogue satirize this fashion:

"What a fine harvest this gay season yields!
Some female heads appear like stubble-fields.
Who now of threatened famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes!
Our barns are now transferred to drawing-rooms;
While husbands who delight in active lives,
To fill their granaries may thrash their wives!"

I remember seeing a fine caricature by Gillray at about that time, representing John Bull

in the act of being dressed in the large-appearing but really tight-fitting French coat of the day, by a Paris tailor, who exclaims, "Aha! dere my friend, I fit you to de life!-dere is liberté!-no tight aristocratical sleeve to keep you from do vot you like !- aha !- begar ! dere be only vant von leetle national cockade to make look quite à la mode de Paris!" John stands in stiff Hessian boots, evidently very uneasy, and exclaims, "Liberty! quoth'a! why zounds, I can't move my arm at all, for all it looks so woundy big! Ah! damn your French à la mode, they give a man the same liberty as if he was in the stocks! Give me my old coat again, say I, if it is a little out at the elbows!" And so felt our bride and groom very soon, for the people stared, and the boys giggled, and the dogs barked at them as they passed by. Yet they had planted the infection in the goodly city of my birth; and from the hour of their advent the doom of the cocked hat, at least, was pronounced. Long and faithfully I defended the cherished ornaments of my young manhood, but my queue daily dwindled, my velvet breeches elongated and turned into broadcloth or nankeen, my chapeau rounded and loomed up, and after ten long years of fruitless opposition, and when all my compeers were vanquished by the tyrant, I yielded. Ever since I have followed loyally in the train of the conqueror. Vive la bagatelle!

Nor was it upon personal adornment alone that change, iconoclastic change, then commenced its work. There seemed to be a spirit of unrest abroad early in the present century, and a won-



II.—STATE STREET, LOOKING EAST.



derful impulse, for weal or woe, was given to commerce and social life in Albany, which has since swept away almost every vestige of its external appearance and domestic simplicity, so familiar to me in the days of my young manhood. Albany to-day, with its almost sixty thousand inhabitants, and its twenty millions of dollars worth of real and personal property, and Albany of fifty years ago, with its seven thousand people and its fifteen hundred houses, are as unlike as a rural village and a metropolitan city.

All my life I have been fond of the arts of design. Even now, when my eyes are becoming somewhat dim, and my fingers are less supple than they were a score of years ago, I delight in using the pencil in delineating objects of interest, thus impressing their images indelibly upon my own memory, and preserving them for the benefit of posterity. My full portfolios attest this taste and industry; and now, when the storms are abroad, or the hot sun smites, I amuse myself, hour after hour, in my snug little library, within a quiet mansion near the Capitol, in looking over these pictorial records, and recalling, by association, the scenes and incidents, the men and things, of other days. Come, take my arm, dear reader, and go with me to my study, and I will show you some sketches of streets and buildings in Albany as they appeared fifty years ago. This way, if you please. Be careful of your footsteps on these winding stairs. Sit down in this arm-chair with green velvet cushion. Here are slippers and a cricket, and on this quartette-table we will lay the portfolio. Like the exhibitor of a panorama, I will give an explanatory lecture as we proceed. Let us take the drawings up in numeral order.

No. II. (opposite) is a view of State Street in 1805. We are supposed to be standing near the head of the street, in front of St. Peter's Church, and on the site of old Fort Frederick, a strong quadrangular fortification, with a bastion at each corner, which stood upon a high hill there. The altitude of its heavy stone walls was equal to that of the roof of St. Peter's at the present day. It was built when Cornelius Schuyler was mayor of Albany, before the French and Indian war. Its northeastern bastion occupied the site of St. Peter's, a portion of which is seen on the extreme left of the picture. We are looking eastward, down the then rough and irregular, but now smooth and broad street, and see the old Dutch Church at the intersection of Broadway. Beyond the Hudson River are seen the hills of Greenbush, which form a portion of the Van Rensselaer manor.

St. Peter's, known in earlier times as "The English Church," stood in the middle of State Street, opposite Barrack (now Chapel) Street, as represented in the engraving No. II. It was tower was wanting when Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, visited Albany, in 1749. Peter, by the way, had a very poor opinion of



III. -ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

fleeced strangers unmercifully; and he has recorded his opinion that if a Jew, who can generally get along pretty well in the world, should settle among them, "he would be ruined." In my good old cocked-hat times they were different, but I will not vouch for them in these degenerate days. I remember the church, with a tower which my father told me was built in The next year, a fine bell-the same that now calls the worshipers to St. Peter'swas cast in England, and sent over and hung in The road, since my recollection. the tower. passed up the hill on the south side of the church and fort, and in the rear of the latter it passed over Pinkster Hill, on which the State Capitol now stands.

Pinkster Hill! What pleasant memories of my boyhood does that name bring up! That hill was famous as the gathering-place of all the colored people of the city and of the country for miles around, during the Pinkster festival in May. Then they received their freedom for a week. They erected booths, where gingerbread, cider, and apple-toddy were freely dispensed. On the hill they spent the days and evenings in sports, in dancing, and drinking, and love-making, to their heart's content. I remember those gatherings with delight, when old King Charley, a darkey of charcoal blackness, dressed in his gold-laced scarlet coat and yellow breeches, used to amuse all the people with his antics. I was a light boy, and on one occasion Charley took me on his shoulders and leaped a bar more than five feet in height. He was so generously "treated" because of his feat, that he became gloriously drunk an hour afterward, and I led him home just at sunset. When I look into the State Capitol now when the Legislature is in session, and think of Congress Hall filled with built of stone, and was erected in 1715. The lobbying politicians, I sigh for the innocence of Pinkster Hill in the good old days of the Woolly Heads.

A word more about St. Peter's, and we will the Albanians at that time. He says they resume the consideration of No. II. The house



seen on the right is that of Philip S. Van Rensselaer, a younger brother of the Patroon, who was mayor of Albany from 1799 to 1814. The same building is seen prominently in No. II., with two birds just above it. Under the chancel of the church, in a leaden coffin, are the remains of young Lord Howe, who was killed near Ticonderoga in 1758. His friend, Captain (afterward General) Philip Schuyler, conveyed his body to Albany and placed it in his family vault. Many years afterward, when it was removed to the church, the coffin was opened, and Lord Howe's hair, which was short at the time of his death, had grown to long and flowing locks, and was very beautiful. Now let us turn again to No. II.

The two houses next to Van Rensselaer's belonged to the brothers Webster, the early printers in Albany; and the frame building next to them was their office, and was familiarly known as "The Webster Corner." They were twin brothers. Charles commenced business in 1782, as a newspaper publisher, and in 1784 he established the Albany Gazette. It was afterward called the Advertiser, and lived until 1845, a period of almost sixty years. A complete file of it is preserved in the State Library. The brothers commenced the publication of a quarto, in 1788, which they called the Albany Journal. They also published books; and from that noted corner cart-loads of Noah Webster's spelling books were scattered over Northern and Western New York by those enterprising men.

Next below Webster's is seen the Livingston House and elm-tree, and the Lydius House, occupying opposite corners, and delineated in detail in No. V. A house with gable in front, just below the Lydius Corner, yet remains, and is occupied by the State Bank. Peirson, a tobacconist, and Doctor Dixtre, a druggist, occupied the next taller building. Almost in front, and at the steepest part of the street, is seen one of the old well-curbs of the city, used before the construction of the water-works which now supply the inhabitants with a pure beverage.



IV .- THE STEVENSON HOUSE,

They are all gone now, and will be entirely forgotten when another generation shall have taken our places. All the old travelers and tourists described the well water of Albany as peculiarly offensive to the taste, it being filled with insects which, on account of their size, might have looked down with contempt upon the infusoria.

The old Dutch Church seen near the foot of the street we will consider presently. The tall house seen over its angle on the left belonged to one of the Kanes, well-known merchants' who made a large fortune by dealings with the white people and the Indians of the Mohawk valley. A greater portion of their dwelling and store house in the valley may yet be seen near Canajoharie. An anecdote is related, in connection with the Kanes, which illustrates the proverbial shrewdness of the New Englanders. and the confiding nature of the old stock of Dutchmen in that region. A Yankee peddler was arrested for traveling on Sunday, contrary to law, and was taken before a Dutch justice. The peddler pleaded the urgency of his business. At first the Dutchman was inexorable, but at length, on the payment to him of a small sum of money as a bribe, he agreed to furnish the Yankee with a written permit to travel on. The justice requested the peddler to write the "pass." He wrote a draft on Messrs. J. and A. Kane, for fifty dollars, to be paid in goods, which the unsuspecting Dutchman signed. The draft was presented and duly honored, and the Yankee went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward the Dutchman was called upon to pay the amount of the draft. The whole thing was a mystery to the Belgic magistrate, and it was a long time before he could comprehend it. All at once light broke in, and the victim exclaimed vehemently, in bad English, "Eh, yah! I understands it now. Tish mine writin', and dat ish de tam Yankee pass!" He paid the money, and resigned his office, feeling that it was safer to deal in corn and butter with his honest neighbors than in law with Yankee travelers.

The house on the right of the church, in range with the most distant lamp-post, belonged to Dr. Marchion, and there the city post-office was kept. The perspective in the drawing in this street view, of this side, is so nearly on a straight line that the forms of the buildings in the lower part of State Street can not well be defined. In the portion of the street opposite the Livingston Elm were two noble but dissimilar buildings: one of them was erected by Harman Wendell in 1716; the other was built by John Stevenson, and completed in The former was in the ancient Dutch The owner was a rich fur-trader, and style. many a traffic with the Indians were made within its walls. The Stevenson House was then a wonder in architecture, it being in a style quite different from any thing in Albany. It was purely English throughout, and it was known as the "The rich man's house." Both of these buildings were demolished in 1841.

Coming up State Street, on the south side,





V .- NORTH PEARL AND STATE STREETS.

we find the spacious brick mansion of George Merchant, over which five birds are seen. Mr. Merchant was a fine scholar, and for some time occupied the "Vanderheyden Palace," on North Pearl Street, as an academy. There many boys, of Revolutionary times, learned their Greek and Latin under Mr. Merchant's instruction. Among them was my elder brother, who figured quite conspicuously in public affairs at the time when the Federal Constitution was under discussion throughout the country. He made a patriotic speech at the dinner in the great Federal Bower (erected on the spot where the State Capitol now stands), on a hot August day, in 1788, at the close of the great procession in honor of the ratification of the Constitution.

The peaks and chimneys beneath the single bird are those of the old Geological Hall, which stood back of Merchant's house, and occupied the site of the present Geological rooms. The building with a projecting ridge for hoisting, was a carpenter's shop; and the last one seen on the right of the picture, was the chair factory of Mr. M'Chesney, a Scotchman, who died a few years ago at an advanced age. He always had his timber sawed in front of his establishment.

No. V. exhibits the corners of North Pearl and State Streets, looking up Pearl. The most conspicuous objects are the ancient building known as the Lydius House (6), with its terraced gable, and the adjoining mansion (7) of William Pitt Beers. The corner house was built expressly for a parsonage, to accommodate

Albany in 1652, and became the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church. The materials for the building were all imported from Hollandbricks, tiles, iron, and wood-work. They came over with the church bell and pulpit in 1657. When I was quite a lad I visited the house with my mother, who was acquainted with the father of Balthazar Lydius, the last proprietor of the mansion. To my eyes it appeared like a palace, and I thought the pewter plates in a corner cupboard were solid silver, they glittered so. The partitions were made of mahogany, and the exposed beams were ornamented with carvings in high relief, representing the vine and fruit of the grape. To show the relief more perfectly, the beams were painted white. Balthazar was an eccentric old bachelor, and was the terror of all the boys. Strange stories, almost as dreadful as those which cluster around the name of Bluebeard, were told of his fierceness on some occasions; and the urchins, when they saw him in the streets, would give him the whole sidewalk, for he made them think of the ogre growling out his

> "Fee, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman."

He was a tall, thin Dutchman, with a bullet head, sprinkled with thin white hairs in his latter years. He was fond of his pipe and bottle, and gloried in celibacy until his life was in "the sere and yellow leaf." Then he gave a pint of gin for a squaw, and calling her his wife, he lived with her as such until his death, in 1815. His fine old mansion was demolished in 1832, the Reverend Gideon Schaets, who arrived in when it was believed to be the oldest brick building in the United States. The modern Apothecaries' Hall was erected upon its site.

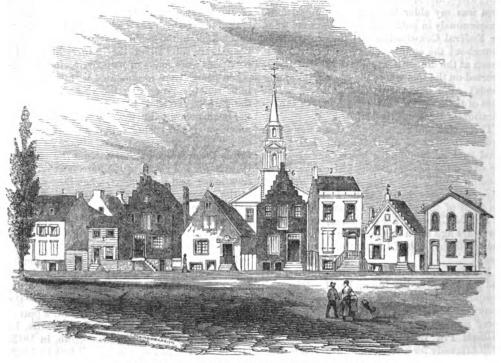
On the opposite side of the street is seen the frame building (1) known as Webster's Corner, already alluded to as their printing-office. The white house (2) next to it was the residence of Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The elm-tree (yet standing on the corner of Pearl and State 'reets) was planted by Mr. Livingston about one hundred years ago. It was then merely a twig; and it is said that Mr. Livingston severely rebuked a young sailor, one morning, who was about to cut it down for a switch or a cane. To the minds of us Albanians, in summer, that now noble tree forms a grateful monument to the memory of its planter.

Looking up Pearl Street, we see a large building (3) with two gables in front, which was known as the Vanderheyden Palace, a sketch of which is given at the head of this article. It was just below Maiden Lane, on the site now occupied by the Baptist Church. It was erected by Johannes Beekman, one of the old burghers of Albany, in 1725. The bricks and some of the other materials were imported from Holland, and it was one of the finest specimens of Dutch architecture in this country. The Beekman family occupied it until a short time previous to the Revolution, when the proprietor had been dead more than a dozen years, and his daughters were all married. Jacob Vanderheyden purchased it in 1778, but it continued to be used as an academy by Mr. Merchant and others until the great fire in 1797, after which Mr. Vanderheyden, whose dwelling had been consumed,

made this his residence. There he lived in the style of the old Dutch aristocracy, until his death in 1820. His family left it soon afterward, and from that time it was used by a variety of people for miscellaneous purposes until its demolition in 1833. This old mansion figures in Washington Irving's story of Dolph Heyliger, in "Bracebridge Hall," as the residence of Heer Antony Vanderheyden. iron vane, in the form of a horse at full speed, now occupies the peak of the southern gable of Sunnyside, the delightful residence of Mr. Irving on the Hudson River. That gable is almost a fac-simile of the one of Vanderheyden Palace, over which the vane turned for more than a century.

A little beyond the Palace is seen the homestead of the Pruyn family, a stately Dutch house (4), with terraced gable fronting the street. Dr. Samuel Woodruff, an old and eminent physician, owned the next (5) more modern residence, on the corner of Maiden Lane and Pearl Street. Adorned with yellow paint, it made a conspicuous and favorable appearance among the dingy Dutch houses of that quarter—the brick gables of an earlier date.

No. VI. presents a continuation of Pearl Street, from Maiden Lane northward. The Woodruff House (1) is first seen, and the smaller building (2) next to it was Dr. Woodruff's office. At that time dentistry, as a distinct profession, was not practiced in Albany. Physicians usually connected it with their own. I well remember when I went tremblingly up those steps, sat in the Doctor's leather-cushioned chair, and thought my neck was broken



VI .- NORTH PEARL STREET, FROM MAIDEN LANE, NORTHWARD.





VII.-NORTH PEARL STREET.

when the huge turnkey drew an aching molar from my jaw for the first time. Next to the Doctor's office was a stately Dutch building (3) erected by Mr. William Eights, of the city of New York. Being a Whig, Mr. Eights was compelled to leave the city when the British took possession of it, in the autumn of 1776. He erected this mansion soon afterward, and resided there for some time. The frame building adjoining was long occupied by "Bob Thompson," as he was familiarly called, who was quite celebrated as a pastry-cook. He used to serve parties at the houses of the Albany gentry, half a century ago. The next house, with terraced gable (6), was the dwelling of Widow Sturtevant, in the immediate rear of which is seen the present church edifice, over the congregation of which the Rev. Dr. Sprague is pastor. This is much more modern than the other buildings, and is introduced, in outline, to show to the eyes of the present generation their relative po-

The tall yellow building (7) next to Widow Sturtevant's was then occupied by Dr. C. C. Yates; and its quite fanciful companion of the same color was the residence of Brewer, the renowned sexton and bell-ringer of the old Dutch Church, of whom I shall speak presently. The next building (9) was painted a lead color. It was the famous Uranian Hall, then the great school of Albany. It was erected by the Society of Mechanics, whose children were educated there. The school was supported partly by the funds of the Society, and for a long time it was the site of these two last-named buildings (8 and | Sachem gave it in the Iroquois language, while

9) the edifice of the Albany Female Academy now stands. That institution was founded in 1814, under the title of the Union School. The Academy was incorporated in 1821, and its first president was the late Chancellor Kent. The present building was erected in 1834.

No. VII. is a continuation of No. VI., showing a portion of North Pearl Street. This section will appear familiar to some of my Albany friends who were boys fifty years ago, for they will recognize in 15 the little district schoolhouse and its surroundings, where they went to get whipped, and to be seated upon a hard high bench six or seven hours each day. The first house in this sketch (10) was the dwelling of Mr. William M'Clellan, an eminent Scotch physician. In the next (11) broad and spacious house dwelt the very distinguished John B. Romeyn, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church. Doctor Romeyn was quite remarkable for his obesity. An anecdote connected with him is related, which exhibits the often lurking humor of the grave and taciturn Indian. One very hot day in July, during the administration of Governor Jay, the Doctor was present just at the conclusion of a council with Mohawk and Oneida Indians, at Schenectada. The Indians have a custom of adopting white people of eminence into their tribes, and giving them significant names, and the honorary title of chief. At the Doctor's urgent solicitation he was adopted by the Oneidas. The day was excessively sultry, and he sat there perspiring at every pore. When the ceremony was ended, he inquired what was the best institution of the kind in the city. On his new name. With great gravity the old

not a muscle of the face of his dusky companions was moved. The Doctor wished an interpretation, and the Sachem, with equal gravity, replied, "The Great Thaw." The Indians sat unmoved, while the whole white portion of the audience roared with laughter.

Next to Dr. Romeyn's stood a house of more ancient pattern (12), in which resided Nicholas Bleecker, one of the wealthiest merchants of the city. Peter Elmendorf, an eminent lawyer, dwelt in the adjoining house (13); and between that and the little school-house (15) was the play-ground for the boys. Looking over that inclosure, and among the trees, is seen the top of the old family mansion or homestead of the Bleeckers, at the corner of Chapel and Steuben streets. There Harmanus Bleecker, our Minister at the Hague a few years ago, resided at the time of his death. I believe the property has since passed out of the possession of the family. I remember seeing there, during the latter years of the late Mr. Bleecker, a fine portrait, cabinet size, of John Randolph of Roanoke, painted by Ward of Philadelphia. Bleecker and Randolph were warm friends while they were in Congress together in 1811; and, as a token of that friendship, they exchanged portraits with each other.

The last house (16) was the residence of John Andrews, a well-known police-constable, who was the terror of evil-doers in the good old Dutch city fifty years ago. He might always be seen at the polls on election days, with a stout leather cap, similar to those worn by firemen, and an ugly-looking hickory cudgel with two huge knobs on the larger end.

No. VIII. is a continuation of the west side Rev. John Bassett, an associate with Dr. Wes-

of Pearl Street, from Fox (now Canal) Street to Patroon Street. These buildings possess very little special interest, except the church with its two steeples. They have all long since passed away. They were of wood, all painted red, and gave a very dull appearance to the street. On the left is seen (1) a portion of the Vandeberg mansion. Adjoining it was the shop (2) of John Bantum, a white-and-blacksmith. The smaller building next, was occupied by a little crabbed Irish schoolmaster named Crabbe, who made it a religious duty to whip the whole school at least once a week, so as to be certain that no sinner had been deprived of the necessary chastisement. He generally commenced the duties of the day by imbibing a mug of flip at Jemmy Fleet's, a countryman of his, who kept a few groceries and a great deal of liquor in an adjoining building. Back of these (4) is seen the tool-house of the church; and upon the distant eminence beyond, then known as Arbor Hill, is seen the country seat (5) of General Tenbroeck, of the Revolution, who was mayor of Albany from 1796 to 1799. Arbor Hill is now occupied by Thomas W. Olcott, President of the Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank of Albany. Next to the last of the small buildings in the direction of the church was then occupied by Saughler, a celebrated chocolate manufacturer; and in the last (7) the sexton of the church resided.

The most prominent as well as the most elegant of all the buildings seen in No. VIII. is the edifice of the North Dutch Reformed Church, with two steeples. It was erected in 1798, and



VIII .- NORTH PEARL STREET.





terloo in the old State Street Church, became its first pastor. He was succeeded in 1804 by the learned and eloquent John Melancthon Bradford. The heart of many an old Albanian will glow with delight at the mention of his name. He was a man of noble port, tall, commanding, and handsome. His mind was far in advance of his generation, and his eloquence kept all the emotions in constant play. And oh! how many of my old companions will also sigh at the mention of his name, when they think of that brilliant sun, setting amid the storm-clouds of domestic woe. I can not bear to think of it. And there in after years, how Hooper Cummings, another sun, blazed out occasionally in that pulpit, and, like the noble Bradford, went down among the clouds, a warning to the self-confident, who pray not hourly for the shield of God's grace against the Tempter.

Fox Creek formerly flowed across the street (now under it) where the fence is seen, adjoining 7; and so between the trees. Opposite the church is seen a small building, with a door and window, which was then occupied by Bocking, a very celebrated cake-baker. The light from his oven at night was reflected by a window in one of the steeples of the church, and for a long time, the origin of the illumination being unknown, the story was current that the church was haunted. The superstitious were afraid to pass it in the night, and some would not go to the bakery after dark. The two little figures in this picture represent a fashionable couple in

head hat, his narrow-skirted coat, and huge white-topped boots, then just beginning to be worn by the ton.

Here we will leave Pearl Street, where not a house of all that we have seen now remains; and we will go down to Broadway (formerly Market Street), where as great changes have since taken place. Our first view in No. IX. is that portion of Old Market Street, east side, from State Street to Maiden Lane. The public market, which gave the name to the street, is seen in its centre; and at the extreme right is the old Dutch Church in the middle of State Street. Beginning on the left, we have a view of the residence (1) of Paul Hochstrasser, a wealthy German merchant in Albany fifty years ago. The next (2), on the corner of Maiden Lane, was the house and store of General Peter Gansevoort, one of the most active of the Revolutionary officers in the Northern Department. The larger house (3) adjoining it was occupied below by Hill, a glover and leather-breeches maker. In the upper part, Fairman, the eminent engraver, started business; and there Murray, a Scotch peddler, first met him, and afterward became his business partner. The more stately brick mansion (4) was the residence of the Rev. Mr. Bassett while pastor of the North Dutch Church; and next to that, and partly concealed by the market (5), was the store of Barent and John B. Bleecker, eminent merchants at that time. The terraced gable of Ford's carpet-store is seen next beyond Albany in 1805. The lady has not yet "found it; and then, looming above all, is the grand her waist," and the gentleman has his round- mansion of David Fonda (7), a merchant who kept dry-goods, groceries, and liquors for sale, next door to General Tenbroeck, some twenty years earlier. At this time he was a retired merchant, and owned one of the nine fine private carriages then in Albany. That mansion is now the City Hotel.

Passing the market, we see an auctioneer's store; and rising above it (9) is seen a large brick building, the store and dwelling of the brothers Kane (John and Archibald) already mentioned. Back of these is seen the roof of the building now the Exchange. Archibald Kane had his hand very badly shattered by the discharge of a gun at Canajoharie, where it was amputated by Dr. Jonathan Eights. I remember seeing him frequently in his store after the accident with his arm in a "sling" made of stuff resembling mohair. Next to Kane's we see Dr. Marchion's apothecary store, where, as we have already noticed, the city post-office was kept; and more prominent than all others is the old Dutch Church edifice (11), which we will consider presently.

The Market-house was built in 1791, at an expense of £222 sterling. It was removed several years ago, when the street was named Broadway. That market was a great gathering-place for the inhabitants of the neighborhood, at the period in question, on warm afternoons, when the butchers had departed. They would take their chairs there, and smoke and gossip for hours. With many the privilege of leisure to enable them to enjoy such a luxury was highly

could afford to sit in the market, and would not call the Patroon uncle." How many political schemes have been concocted and discussed under the broad roof of that old market-house! How many plans which controlled the destinies of the Empire State may have been matured in these daily social councils!

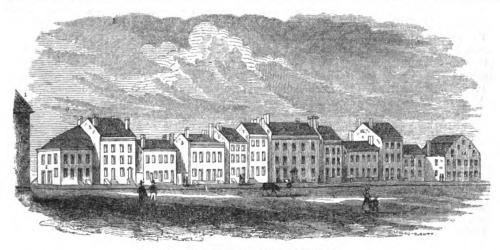
We will now, in No. X., stand in Court Street, south of State Street, and look northward up Market Street. Here we have a near view of the old Dutch Church, and a distant one of the Market; and some of the houses we shall describe in Nos. XI. and XII. On the extreme left (1) is the stove and iron store of John Stafford; and next to it (2) is the store of Stafford and Spencer, coppersmiths. The adjoining building was the store of John J. P. Douw, a hardware merchant; and the one on the corner (4), with gable in front, is now known as Douw's Building. It was occupied fifty years ago by James and Walter Clarke, hardware merchants. On the left is the "English hat store," kept by an Englishman named Daniels. That was the great emporium of the modern abominations. There I purchased, on a Christmas-eve, my first stiff round hat, and then I hung up my cocked hat . forever.

The smaller building near, painted yellow, was the store of Richard Deane and Son, Scotch merchants; and the large peaked gable (9) was the store of the rather eccentric Henry Lansing, who kept teas and dry-goods. I remember him well half a century ago-an old, thin, tall prized; and it became a saying expressive of independence, "If I had a thousand pounds I markable queue. He would seldom allow his



-COURT AND MARKET STREETS.





XI .- MARKET STREET, NOW BROADWAY.

customers to enter his store. He would take to the door whatever was asked for, and sell it there. It was a strange whim, and had its origin in his doubts of the honesty of most people. Adjoining his brick store was a frame building erected over a brook, and occupied by Thomas R. Gould, a hardware merchant, with whom my esteemed townsman, the earnest advocate of Temperance, Edward C. Delavan, was a clerk for a while. But the most interesting object in this picture is the old Dutch Church. We are looking at its south front, in which was its entrance. This edifice, built of stone, was erected in 1715, over a smaller one built in 1656, at the intersection of Yonkers and Handelaer's streets, now State Street and Broadway. The old church within was occupied until the walls and roof of the new one were completed, and so there was an interruption in the stated public worship for only three Sabbaths. The pulpit and bell were sent over from Holland; and in the window near the northeast corner of the edifice were the arms of the Van Rensselaer family, wrought in stained glass. The portion of the window containing the arms is now in possession of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, the proprietor of the old manor house at the northern termination of Broadway. The history of this church during a century and a half is exceedingly interesting, but I have not time to give it. I may only give a general description of the edifice itself. It was a curious one inside. There was a low gallery; and the huge stove employed in heating the building was placed upon a platform so high that the sexton went upon it from the gallery to kindle fires. Perhaps in those days heat descended, instead of ascending, as in these degenerate times. The pulpit was octagonal in form, made of oak, and in front was a bracket on which the minister placed his hourglass when he commenced preaching. The pulpit with the bracket may yet be seen in the North Dutch Church. The bell-rope hung down in the centre of the church, and to that cord hung many a tale of trouble for Mynheer Brower, the

Every night at eight o'clock he went to the church, pursuant to his duty, to ring the "suppawn bell." This was the signal for all to eat their "suppawn" or hasty-pudding, and prepare for bed. It was equivalent to the English curfew bell. On these occasions the wicked boys would teaze the old bell-ringer. They would stealthily slip into the church while he was there. unlock the side door, hide in some dark corner, and when the old man was fairly seated at home, and had his pipe lighted, they would ring the bell furiously. Down he would go; the boys would slip out at the side door before his arrival, and the old man after some time would return thoughtfully, musing upon the probability of invisible hands pulling at his bell-rope. He thought, perhaps, those

—"People—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone;
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling,
On the human heart, a stone;
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls!"

The dead were buried under the old church; and only four or five years ago some of the coffins were exhumed by workmen when excavating for water-pipes. That venerable building was demolished in 1805-6, and the stones were used in the construction of the new one, with two steeples, in North Pearl Street.

in heating the building was placed upon a platform so high that the sexton went upon it from the gallery to kindle fires. Perhaps in those days heat descended, instead of ascending, as in these degenerate times. The pulpit was octagonal in form, made of oak, and in front was a bracket on which the minister placed his hourglass when he commenced preaching. The pulpit with the bracket may yet be seen in the North Dutch Church. The bell-rope hung down in the centre of the church, and to that cord hung many a tale of trouble for Mynheer Brower, the bell-ringer, who lived in North Pearl Street.

Nos. XI. and XII. present the appearance of Market Street (now Broadway) in 1805, and will give the people of Albany to-day an opportunity for perceiving the great changes that have been wrought within fifty years. It has been almost total. First, on the extreme left (1), we have a corner of the old Dutch Church; then (2) a low, yellow building, known as Robinson's corner, where the loftier edifice of the Albany Museum now stands. Next (3) was the fine brick dwelling-house and store of my kinsmen, Myndert and John Van Schaick, then eminent merchants, and the former since a long resident.



of New York city. In the two-story white frame building (4) Davis Waters sold groceries; and in the adjacent brick building (5) lived David Newland, a Scotch settler. Elbert Willet lived in the next brick building; and in the taller one adjoining it was the Albany Bank, incorporated in 1792. This was the first banking institution in Albany. Its nearest neighbor was the spacious brick dwelling-house of John Maley, one of the merchant princes of Albany. It has survived the battles of change, and is now known as the Mansion House Hotel. Abraham Ten Eyck's bookstore was next to Maley's, and the smaller house, with a huge chimney, belonged to Douw B. Slingerland, a merchant. neighbor (11) was Barent G. Staats, also a merchant.

In the small building on the corner of Maiden Lane, and next to the last one in the sketch, lived Teunis Van Vechten, a wealthy burgher, whose son Teunis (then a student at law), I well remember, was secretary of a meeting of young men who were preparing for the bar, convened on account of the death of Alexander Hamilton, in July, 1804. Nowhere did the death of Hamilton make a more profound impression than in Albany, and nowhere was the hatred toward Burr, his destroyer, more intense.

The last house (13) seen in the sketch we are considering was built of brick imported from Holland, and at the period under consideration it was occupied as a toy-shop and dwelling by Mrs. Douglas, on the right, and on the left, by John and Abraham Brinkerhoff as a hardware store. We will now pass to the consideration of the last extended street view.

No. XII. The first complete building seen on the left of the sketch was of wood, painted red, and there, fifty years ago, Peter Annelly sold looking-glasses. I can not now recall the names of the occupants of the next two (15 and 16), one of which was painted red, the other blue. The tall building (17) next to the blue store was the residence of Barent Bleecker, another of the merchant princes of Albany. It was painted yellow, and appeared very gay by

the side of its neighbor (18), a dull-red house, built, in the antique Dutch style, of Holland brick, and then occupied by Major John H. Wendell, a Revolutionary officer. Adjoining it was the office of Stephen Lush, an eminent lawyer, whose daughter was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Bradford, already mentioned. Looming above all was the grand house (19) of my excellent friend Dr. Samuel Stringer, who was one of the most eminent men of the day, and who adhered to the cocked hat as long as there was a shred left by the destructive hand of fashion. I remember seeing the foundation of his house laid about the year 1804, I think. Then, for the first time, white marble was used in Albany as sills and caps for windows, and attracted great attention. The house was demolished in 1856 to make way for stores. Next to it was Dr. Stringer's office, separated by an alley from the large brick house (20) of Andrew Brower. Dudley Walsh occupied the old Dutch house, of Holland brick, next to Brower's; and on the corner of Steuben Street is seen the old brick house of Sanders Lansing, a celebrated cake-baker of that day. He particularly excelled in making "Dead Cakes," as they were called, for funerals. These were thick discs, about four inches in diameter, and similar in ingredients to our New-Year cake. They were distributed among the attendants at funerals after their return from the grave, when a glass of spiced wine was also handed to each. The "Dead Cakes" were often kept for years-sometimes through two generations—as mementoes of the departed, like the wreaths of immortelle in France. Very recently I saw one of these cakes at the house of an old friend in Westerloo Street, which bore the monogram of Sanders Lansing. It appeared like an old acquaintance, for they were common in my youth and young manhood.

16), one of which was painted red, the other blue. The tall building (17) next to the blue store was the residence of Barent Bleecker, another of the merchant princes of Albany. It was painted yellow, and appeared very gay by

Opposite the cake-baker's is seen the fine old brick residence of Chancellor Lansing, who was mayor of Albany from 1786 to 1790. With this we close our examination of views in Markwas painted yellow, and appeared very gay by



XII. -MARKET STREET, NOW BROADWAY.



as now, one of the principal business streets of ed in 1805. On the left is seen a part of the Van the city.

Rensselaer manor-house inclosure. On the op-



XIII.-WIDOW VISSCHER'S.

Here are two smaller views. The first is the fine old dwelling-house upon the side-hill, on the northeast corner of Pearl and Columbia streets, then the residence of the buxom Widow Visscher. It was specially distinguished as the lodging-place for the Indians when they came to Albany for the purpose of trading their furs, too often for rum and worthless ornaments. There many stirring scenes transpired, when the Indians held their powwows, and became uproarious under the influence of strong drink. At such times the widow would use her broomstick freely. It was a potent sceptre in her hands in restoring order, for the most stalwart Indian who had once felt its power looked upon it with awe. That house has survived the general sweep of so-called improvement. It is now owned by Eben Pemberton, and is occupied as a grocery and provision store.

The second small sketch is a view of the northern entrance to the city of Albany, as it appear-



XIV.-NORTHEEN ENTRANCE TO ALBANY.

ed in 1805. On the left is seen a part of the Van Rensselaer manor-house inclosure. On the opposite side is seen an old store-house, which was used by the Patroon as an office wherein the business of his vast estate was transacted. That old building has been demolished, and a pretty modern one erected upon its site, where the agent of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, the son and successor of the last Patroon, now lives. The old trees remain, standing in all their wonted vigor and beauty.

And here we will close the portfolio. I have enjoyed these reminiscences of the Past most heartily, and I trust you have not spent the hour unpleasantly nor unprofitably. A little while and I shall be like those old buildings—prone among the buried things of the Past; and yet a little while, and you, too, will be a forgotten item on the day-book of the living. But it is better to laugh than to weep, and so I will close my sermon here at the end of the text. Here is a glass of fine old Rhenish, imported by my friend Barent Bleecker. We may never meet again on the earth; so with the sparkling goblets in our hands, I will say, God bless you! Adieu!

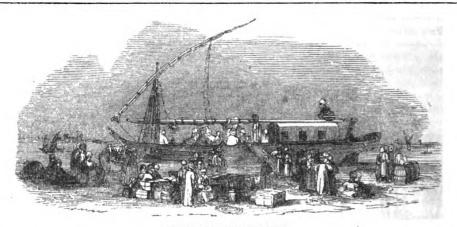
FROM THEBES TO THE PYRAMIDS.

WE had been at Luxor for a week or ten days, and again we were without company. All the boats which had been with us had gone on up the river, and no others had arrived; so that we were lying alone, with the exception of a freight-boat which had met with some accident, and discharged her cargo on the shore while she was repairing.

The day had been one of hard labor, but I can not now say what that labor was. I only remember that Jacques lay at full length on the divan on the one side of the boat, and Amy on the other end of the same, while May and myself occupied the other side; for the divans were thirteen feet in length, so that there was just room for four of us. Derry, the monkey that Abdul Rahman had given us at Derr, whence his name, was sitting on his cage with one eye shut, dreaming of new mischief; and I was smoking my chibouk in perfect kief; while in the cloud of smoke I saw those visions of beloved forms that follow the wanderer forever: and I was hearing in my ears those musical voices that he hears over mountains and plains, over sands and seas, those voices that earth is not broad enough to prevent his hearing, heaven not so far away from the poorest sinner of us all but that they reach him from its radiant homes.

It was ten o'clock—had there been a clock there to mark it—and all was profoundly silent on river and plain, except the melancholy, but sharp quick bark of the jackals, seeking their food between Karnak and Luxor. The appearance of that cabin is vividly before me now. Entering it from the deck, there was a divan on each side and a round table in the centre, while opposite to the front door was the curtained doorway that led to the sleeping-rooms. On each side of this last doorway was a mirror, and a





FREIGHT-BOAT ON THE NILE.

shelf containing a drawer. Over the divans were the windows, five on each side, and at the right and left of the front door were glass-covered shelves containing the table silver and furni-Over the windows and on the various shelves were placed our arms and ammunition -four fowling-pieces, three revolvers, and one repeater, ready to be seized and used in an instant, were there any occasion for it. The divans were covered with soft cushions, the windows curtained with crimson, and similar curtains hung over the front and rear doorways, so that in the evening our room had the appearance of perfect comfort and retirement. A more delightful arrangement could not be made; and when within such a room you place four persons so closely attached to each other as we four were, and as familiar with the antiquities we were searching out as Jacques and myself had endeavored to make ourselves, you can not doubt that we had reason to be satisfied with traveling on the Nile, and a fair prospect of enjoying our life so long as the voyage should continue.

But there was a sad interlude to this perfect luxury, which for a while forbade our enjoyment of it. Other travelers were not so comfortable as we, and close at hand was one who was even then fast passing, in pain and agony, into the silent land beyond the deep river.

Ferrajj's black countenance was visible as he put his head in by the door curtain—

"Mustapha Aga has sent down to say that the English gentleman in his house is very sick, and he wishes you would come up and see him."

Mustapha is a nobleman—not by any writ or grant, for Aga is the lowest title known to Oriental society, meaning about as much as Esquire does in our country—but he deserves rank among the highest, and his position as English and American consular agent at Luxor enables him to take it—but he is a nobleman of the heart, and a good fellow in every sense of the phrase.

I have before mentioned the visit at our tent of the young English Artist who was passing the winter at Luxor. He was a man of about thirty years of age, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing him one of the finest looking men that I have ever seen. His face was one of

high intellectual appearance, and his eye black and keen, and quick as starlight. He wore a dark beard and mustache curling over a well-shaped mouth, while his thin hair was brushed back from a high broad white forehead. He was ill when last in the tent, and he had talked somewhat despondingly of his condition; but none of us imagined that he was very ill, nor do I think he did so himself. The next day I saw him sketching near the great temple of Luxor, or rather he was giving some final touches to a water-color drawing of that temple, within the ruins of which Mustapha's house was situated.

Mustapha has the grandest front to his house of any man, private or public, in the world. It is not much of a house; something of a pile of mud, but is clean and whitewashed within, consisting of five or six rooms, all on one floor, around an open court in which he has some few trees and shrubs. But he has selected for the location of his house the interior of the grand court of the temple, and the doorway is between two of the large columns, while the huge architrave towers above it. The contrast is somewhat severe on a near approach, but from a little distance in front you may see, any fine morning or evening, Mustapha quietly smoking his chibouk on his front steps, surrounded usually by a half dozen of his neighbors and friends, and the profound silence, the magnificent columns, the curling smoke, and the strange Oriental dresses make a picture that an artist would love to sketch, but which once painted a person unused to such scenes would pronounce a fanciful mixture, not like any reality in the world.

Mustapha is a Mussulman, but although he drinks no wine himself he is amply supplied with abundance, and he can give you a bottle of veritable Johannisberg, or sparkling St. Peray, that will go to your heart in old Egypt, nor is it impossible that he may furnish you with mountain dew that will make you able to see Pharaohs without number on the plain of Luxor that slopes down from his grand portico to the water's edge. For every traveler who touches at Luxor experiences his kindness, and he is invaluable in his capacity of American and



English agent. Some time since he was removed from office by the English consul, and his rivals and enemies sent him down to Cairo in chains to answer sundry charges, which he did successfully. Our excellent consul Mr. De Leon (whom may Government long preserve in Egypt for travelers' sakes) placed him in the same position as American agent, and the English consul then restored him. The only repayment that can be made for his attention must be some small present, since he receives no salary from our government, and of course no money from travelers. Many a dozen of capital wine finds its way into the cool temple of Luxor, and Mustapha, having no use for it himself, opens it for every guest, and of course never succeeds in diminishing his stock or its variety.

Tonge had arrived at Luxor some weeks previously, bringing with him, as is the custom with travelers in the East, his bedstead, bedding, and ordinary camp furniture. Mustapha gave him a room in his house large and comfortable in all respects, at least as much so as could be expected in a rough, mud-brick structure, for it was clean and whitewashed, and had one window ten feet from the floor with glass in it, and here, surrounded by his painting materials, the artist was accustomed to live, and here he was to die. It was a dismal-looking room at best in the night time, and when Jacques and I entered, it was almost impossible to see across it, so dense was the smoke of tobacco from the chibouks of his Arab attendants, of whom three sat on the floor puffing most resolutely, and with the utmost stolidity waiting God's will in the case of their master.

He was in so much agony that I do not believe he had once thought of their presence. Certainly he had not appreciated the closeness of the air and density of the smoke. First of all, therefore, we cleared them out and threw open the room to the air of the night, that soft, rich air of Egypt, that glorious air of Thebes the ancient, laden with memories as with the odor of flowers, and which now stole in across the forehead of the dying artist.

He was dying. It was vain to look for help on earth, and he too, as millions before him on that plain, was going into the presence of older times than those when the temple wherein he lay was built-into the presence of the Ancient of Days himself. The wanderer was nearer home than he had supposed, and it was a sudden but a forcible thought which his position brought to our minds, that after all we might not be so far away from home as but an hour before we had been dreaming.

It was a strange place for a Christian to die. I had read of such scenes. I had written of them when I wrote imaginations, but I never thought I should see the life-light grow dim in the eye of a fellow-Christian in a distant land, among the columns of an ancient temple, on the very spot where thousands of thousands had worshiped the gods of Egypt in the long gone years and the hopes of maturer years, all love, all Vol. XIV.-No. 82.-G @

of Egyptian glory. The dread past and the awful future seemed standing before me there.

It was but little that we could do for him. He did not think he was dying. He was a man of peculiar sensitiveness, and I have often smiled sadly as I remembered his interrupting himself in a fit of severe pain, by suddenly apologizing to us for the impossibility of giving us a better reception. So little did he think his case desperate that he lit a cigar and insisted on smoking it, hoping to obtain some relief to the pain from its sedative effect.

The night wore on slowly. It was already midnight when we were called, and toward morning we left him for a little while and returned to the boat. The ladies were sleeping, and I threw myself on one couch while Jacques took the other, and we slept profoundly.

But a messenger called us long before the sun was up, and springing to our feet we hastened to the house. The cold sky of a winter night at home is not more clear than was that sky above the ruins of old Thebes, and the stars looked through it with perfect beauty. Passing rapidly through the corridor of noble columns, and up the steps of Mustapha's house, we entered the room where the sick man lay.

Already there was a terrible change, and it had been very swift. But a few moments previously he had said to Mustapha, "I am free from pain," and then said, "I am dying," and that was the last sound he uttered on earth. As I entered he lay on his back, his face calm. white, placid, and a smile of content, as if the satisfaction of relief from pain, was on his features. He was breathing calmly, but did not know us, and I sat down at his head while Jacques stood at his side, and we waited in silence the coming of the great change that comes alike in Egypt or in England, or our home, that no man can escape, flee he never so far to distant lands.

And the great sun came up once more on the land of the Pharaohs, and as his first rays fell across the valley and touched the lips of Memnon on his ancient throne, our friend heard a voice, but it was not the fabled voice of Memnon, a voice out of the deep that overhangs the land of Memnon and Old England alike, and he departed in obedience to the call.

No convulsion marked the mighty change which had come over him, the Eternal receiving the child of time. A sigh, one long deep respiration, the smile that had flitted over his countenance rested on it in perfect quiet, and he was dead. I leaned over him and laid my hand on his forehead. It was warm but pulseless. I pressed it on his heart, but it had done with the heavy labor of beating the swift hours of existence. I took his hand in mine, but the skillful fingers that had grasped the pencil but yesterday returned no answering grasp, and so I knew that all was over, and he was in the dread assembly of the departed.

So all was over. The promises of childhood



wandering travel, all restlessness, every thing that was earthly of him was ended here, in this ancient temple, and we alone beheld the end, and were left to record it.

If the studio of a dead artist be a mournful place after he is gone, what think you was the aspect of that room as we rose from his bed-side and looked in one another's faces and then around us? His easel stood where he had left it two days previous, and upon it a finished painting of the ruin in which he died. His pencils lay where his fingers had dropped them, never to be resumed; his clothes where he had thrown them in his hasty undressing. His Arab servants sat at the door with knees lifted to their chins, and Ali was weeping bitterly near the feet of his dead master.

I looked back at the now changing face of the artist, and bowed my head in silent, solemn assent to the power that had overcome that mighty thing that we call man.

Then I crossed his arms over his breast in token of the hope that alone remains when dust is dust; and walking slowly out into the soft sunshine, lay down under the great columns and looked toward the western hills and the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs.

There was a gloom in the sunshine of the next morning that I can not well describe. It was the same sunshine, and it shone as quietly and warmly on the valley of the Nile as ever before, but for all that it seemed to me sombre and mournful.

We had marked out this day for a visit to Karnak, our first visit there. It was, perhaps, more a subject of my thoughts and desires than any other ruin in Egypt. From boyhood I had been accustomed to think and dream of these ruins as the chief and most wonderful in Egypt or the world. I had read of them a thousand times; had passed hours in gazing on pictures of them; had written descriptions of them to read over to myself, and had compared every wonder that I saw or heard of with them.

One of my most distinct recollections of college life was that which recalled Professor Dod, long since dead, as he sat before us reading his eloquent lectures on architecture, and the enthusiasm with which he described the stately grandeur of Karnak, and contrasted it with the puny works of Greeks and Romans. Aside, therefore, from desires for study, my great hope in visiting Egypt was to see these stupendous remains, and, in going up the river, Jacques and myself had agreed that we did not wish to make a hurried visit to them, but would reserve them for a first calm, quiet, long day's view.

May and Amy went off early on donkeys with Jacques and the Arab attendants. I remained to finish a letter, and then walked up to Mustapha's house, and entered the room in which poor Tonge was lving.

Mustapha had agreed to take charge of the arrangements for the burial. Indeed, he volunteered every service imaginable, and behaved

ambition, all labor, anxiety, strife and care, all as if his brother lay dead in his house instead of a roving traveler, unknown to him a few days previously.

The room was little changed. We had closed and sealed his trunks and packages, and every thing looked as if he was ready to leave on a journey, and was but lying on the bed a little while to rest himself, and would start up and be away when the time should come. Alas for him, the desert stretched far away to the east and to the west, and the strong river flowed swiftly downward to the sea; but he would not cross the desert, nor set sail on the river. He was already gone on the long journey beyond the desert, beyond the dim light of the desert sun, beyond the sea to the land where there is no sea.

I stood alone within the ruins of the great Temple of Luxor by the body of the young artist, and-nay, I will not conceal it, know it who will—there were tears wept for him that morning, though his mother was far away, and he was buried in the sand long months before her ears rang to the terrible story of his death.

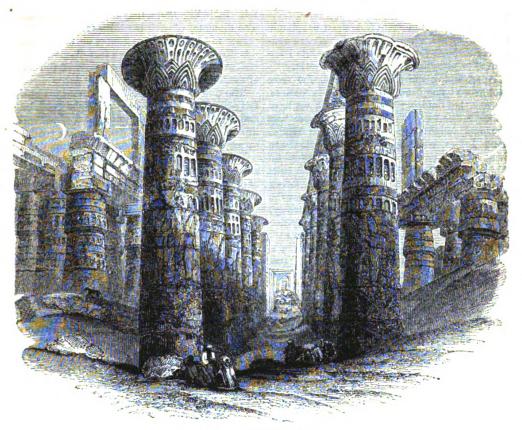
I covered up his face and left him there, stepping quietly out in the shadow of the great columns of the temple, and thence walked swiftly through the streets of the village toward Karnak.

Outside the village, to the eastward of the great avenue of sphinxes that once extended from Luxor to Karnak, is a mound elevated a little above the plain, and so far raised that the overflow of the Nile can never reach it. I am not able to say what that mound covers. Whether it be the ruin of a temple, or of an ancient house, or of some other structure of olden time, must be left to conjecture. It is a desolate spot. No grass grows on it; but the dust of the desert and the plain are mingled with broken pottery and stone. No rain falls on it, nor water of the Nile reaches it. It stands up a little above the surrounding land, so as to be visible from Karnak and Luxor alike. Upon this mound there is a grave. The Arabs said it was the grave of an Englishman. Perhaps-probablyit was. Here we had directed them to dig a grave for our friend; and before I went to Karnak I walked around by this spot to see that the work was properly executed.

Two fellaheen, naked, gaunt, and bony, sat on the mound by their completed work, and demanded bucksheesh for it when I approached. It was an Arab grave, five feet long and three deep; no more. They were astonished at mv dissatisfaction; and when I gave them a stalk of dours seven feet long, and told them to dig it as long and as deep as that, their astonishment was unbounded. But they went to work with their pick and their fingers, and I left them diligently engaged, and walked on over the desolate plain, covered with halfeh grass, along which formerly extended the most magnificent avenue of sculptured stone that the world has ever seen.

I found the ladies and Jacques seated in the great hall of the temple, and I sat down by





GRAND HALL OF KARNAK.

taem, content to sit there till the moon should come. I did not think I could ever be willing to go from that spot.

Karnak is a greater wonder than the pyramids. The heaping of stone together in such a mass was indeed a kingly idea of Cheops; but here was the same royal thought, the same masses of rock, hewn into graceful forms and shapes, that indicated taste and design, and grouped in a temple, or in temples, that surpassed the pyramids in extent. I have no doubt there is more stone in the ruins of Karnak than in the Pyramid of Cheops. The size of many of the stones is greater than of any in the pyramids, and the work of elevating them to the tops of lofty columns, and arranging them in the form of the architraves of this temple, was certainly much more difficult and laborious than any of the labor in erecting the tombs of Cheops and Cephrenes.

The reader can with difficulty obtain an idea of the extent of these temples, which, connecting one with another, form the ruins that we call Karnak; nor have I at this moment the data by which to give him the exact extent. Enough, however, to say that the immediately connected ruins extend for a space of three fourths of a mile, by half a mile on which lie heaps of stone, fallen columns, obelisks, and towers; while here and there portions of the ancient buildings stand high up in their original

grandeur and perfection, defying the power of Time. The buildings which we may call the chief temple are about 1200 feet in length, by 330 in breadth.

It was not storm nor decay that overthrew the temples of Egypt. Time had no more power over them than he had over the stars above them. The last mark of the chisel of the sculptor left on the stone remains as it was left, and the pencil-lines drawn to direct his future work are uneffaced, and literally as fresh as the moment after they were drawn.

This is a fact which every person who has examined Koom Ombos can verify, where, on the portico of the temple, exposed to every wind that blows over the lofty hill on whose summit the temple stands, remain the outline-sketches, in red and brown, made by the sculptor to direct his chisel, and the last touches of the chisel among them, as if he had but yesterday laid down his mallet and would to-morrow resume it. And this among fallen columns and the scattered ruins of the temple.

What, then, worked the ruin? It was not earthquake; for those parts that earthquakes could never have shaken are scattered over the plain. What shattered the colossal statue of Osymandyas and broke his granite throne?

The answer is with God. Conjecture vainly seeks to account for the ruin. Probably the conquering armies of invading nations wasted



their energies in the attempt to efface the memory of the conquered, but in vain.

Departing for a moment from my usual plan in these articles, I will ask the reader to accompany me through the principal temple while I endeavor to give him some idea of its extent.

Approaching the great front from the river (not as we came from Luxor, which is south of Karnak, but entering from the west), we have before us the two propylon towers, whose vast size and height surpass all others in Egypt. Long before reaching the gateway between them, we are passing through an avenue of sphinxes, or crio-sphinxes, as Wilkinson calls them, but in fact rams of colossal size, facing the worshiper on each side as he approaches the temple. Passing through the pylon or gateway, we enter a court two hundred and seventy-five by three hundred and thirty feet, with a corridor on each side of it, and the remains of a double row of columns through the centre, one only of which is standing. On the opposite side of this court stand two other lofty and grand propylon towers, passing through which, we enter the great Hall of Columns. This hall is three hundred and twenty-nine feet in breadth by a hundred and seventy in length. When complete it consisted of a central aisle, which was higher than the naves or the remainder of the room, being supported by two rows of columns, six in each row; one hundred and twenty-two other columns supported the rest of this vast hall, of which I counted one hundred and two now standing, and the others lay prostrate. The twelve central columns are standing.

These central columns are each sixty-six feet

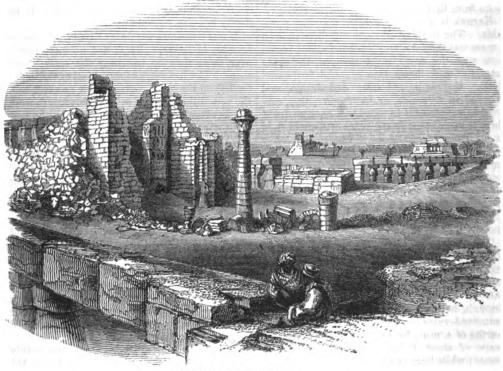
in height, without counting the base and capital. Including these, they are ninety feet high. The diameter of each is twelve feet. I beg the reader to mark out these figures on the ground, describing a circle of twelve feet diameter, and endeavor thereby to get some idea of the size of these columns.

The other hundred and two columns are each forty-one feet nine inches in height (pedestal and capital not included), and nine feet one inch in diameter. No other spot on earth realizes so perfectly the idea of a forest of columns.

Without pausing now to express our wonder and awe in this vast hall, we pass out of it between two lofty towers, as before, into another court, now a heap of stone, in which stands an obelisk of granite, its mate lying broken to pieces near it. Again we pass between two towers, not so large as the others, and now lying in ruins, and enter another court, in which stands the great obelisk, ninety-two feet high and eight feet square at its base, while its companion lies in broken masses by its side.

Already I am aware that I shall lose my reader for a companion if I attempt to lead him any farther through these vast buildings, and yet we have not approached the sanctuary in which the gods sat of old to receive homage and sacrifice.

Other towers, another court, another court, a granite gateway, and another broad area lead to the holy place, and beyond it the buildings stretch to the eastward even farther than to the west, whence we have come. All these vast courts and areas, obelisks, towers, and halls are or were surrounded with columns, sphinxes, and statues, and every column and stone is covered



GRAND COURT AT KARNAK



with carving and brilliantly painted. Not only was the temple colossal in its proportions, but it was gorgeous beyond all description in its furniture and adornments.

Of its age I hesitate to speak, since it is a subject on which Egyptiologists have differed widely; but there can be no doubt that the more ancient parts, those eastward of the sanctuary, were built prior to the arrival of Jacob and his family in Egypt, while the grand hall was erected at a later time. Some portions of this vast temple, doubtless, stood in the days of Abraham, and it is not impossible that the traditions of the Arabs may be correct, and that Noah himself may have stood within its walls. Certainly it was but a brief time after the deluge that the foundations were laid. Of the monarchs who erected the different parts it is not difficult to speak, since their names are blazoned on every stone laid by their orders. But of the period in the world's history when these monarchs lived and reigned it is more difficult, indeed next to impossible to affirm. But one of them is distinctly located by contemporaneous history. This is Shishak, whose captive "King of Judah" still follows sadly in the train that the god offers to this monarch on the southern wall of the first grand court. This is a point of intense interest, to my mind the most profoundly interesting spot in Egypt. It is the grand starting point in Egyptian chronology, and one of the most distinguished Egyptiologists that the world has yet known remarked to me, not long since, that his chronology was so doubtful that he regarded this one date as the only perfectly fixed date in Egyptian history.

The day wore on while we sat in the great hall, now silent, now talking in low voices, always overawed by the presence in which we sat. The hour approached for our sad duty at Luxor, and we returned as the sun was going down.

We found that Mustapha had completed his arrangements strictly in accordance with good taste. He had provided a coffin-a rough affair indeed-but he had concealed the roughness by tacking over it the blue cotton cloth of the country, the only cloth to be procured in the village; and, with a feeling that astonished me in a Mohammedan (for Mustapha is a follower of Islam), he had trimmed the coffin on the edges with white tape, and nailed two strips on the lid so as to form the sign whereby we are accustomed to signify our faith in the Saviour.

Once more I looked on his face. Mine were the last eyes that should look on those features until the far-off morning, and I alone of all on earth was to preserve the memory of that marble countenance, so that if in my future wanderings there should by chance be any one-mother or brother, sister or better loved than all, who should demand of me how he looked when the light was forever shut away from his white brow, I could answer. At that moment there went a swift thought homeward. I thought if I were he; if that pale forehead were mine; if that dark

closed eyelid were this one, and that hushed lip this lip, what sad lament would there be in my far home, what grief to my old father, what heart-breaking agony to my beloved mother. when some one should come in on them in their home among the trees and tell them "He is dead!" And I looked wistfully-how wistfully! -into that face and asked yet again and again, "Is that all?"

Strange inconsistency, I thought, that yesterday I thought nothing of that man, and now death has been here and his dust demands reverence as never living dust demands it, even though it be the crowned brow of an emperor. Yesterday I might have forgotten him-now he. is an immortal, and I shall remember him for-

He was a man of like passions with myself. He lived, labored, sinned, and suffered as do I. But this is not he. There is no sin here. This is a pure, sinless body. What was his faith I do not know, nor whether he believed in God or Saviour; but this much I know, that he is gone, and this that lies before me is the image in which God made man, and death has sanctified it by his holy touch, and somewhere, on this sorrowful earth, there are those who would give years of life to stand where I stand now and look once, but one instant, on those calm features and that holy clay. And is this all?

Yes, that was all! A brief day—a brilliant morning and a sudden darkness. That was all! He had lived his life through swiftly and passed to the presence of the mighty dead. A voice out of the deep-I knew not whether it was the voice of one loved on earth and gone onward long ago, or but the deep voice that all men hear-a voice had called him, and he had heard it and was gone.

The old Coptic bishop stood a little way off as I covered up his face, and caught my gaze as I lifted my dim eyes from that last sad look. He was a venerable looking man, large and commanding in appearance, the representative of perhaps as pure a line of apostolical succession as the world can furnish. But he was not a worthy successor of Mark. He came, not for respect to the dead, but for bucksheesh from the living; and I think his Christian sympathies were not strongly excited toward the American branch of the Church by the manner in which we treated his demand. Four American gentlemen arrived at this moment, and we proceeded to carry him out for burial. It was a simple procession. Six Arabs lifted the coffin, and seven Christians followed them. The unsatisfied Coptic functionary fell in behind us, and a straggling crowd of two or three hundred Arabs came on, respectfully and in silence. We passed through the village streets and out by the market-place, and down the hollow, and up to the ready grave. It was not very much like home, O gentle reader of these lines, who prayest every night that God will let you die and be buried with the beloved of old times. It was not like that quiet churchmustache and heavy beard were mine; if that 'yard in the up-country-that holy spot where,



with feeble footsteps and quick floods of tears, we laid the darling head of her we loved in all her young glad beauty down below the myrtle and the violets. As I walked that sad distance, I bethought me of all that. The coffin on the table under the pulpit; the old clergyman leaning over it, and weeping bitterly for her he too loved beyond words to tell; the broken words of faith and hope that fell from his lips at length, and the deep sob that would not be restrained from her—the gentle friend of the dead girl—who sat in the choir and strove once more to sing, but could not, though the song was one of triumph; the lifting of the coffin and the heavy tread as they carried it down the aisle, and out to the corner under the elm-tree, and the soft sunshine falling through the branches into the grave as if to hallow it for her whose life had been one long sunshine on our lives, gone out indeed in black and sudden night; the reverential pause, the deep and solemn silence as the dust was let down slowly to its kindred, and the low wail of agony that God heard on his great white throne and answered with the words of everlasting life -all these were before me now.

The sun was on the horizon's edge as we approached the grave and for a moment set down our burden on the surface of the ground. Karnak in majestic glory was before us. Luxor looked down on the scene, while, far off across the ruin and the plain, Memnon of the stony eyes gazed on the group as he had gazed in thousands of years on burial-scenes from the pageant that followed Amunoph himself to this.

The natives crowded around. Children, naked and filthy, crawled on hands and feet between the legs of the older spectators and surrounded the edge of the grave, gazing curiously into its depths, while one naked young Arab, bolder than the rest, forced his head between my ankles and lay flat on the ground, content with the view that he thus obtained of this mysterious rite.

We read a few passages from the burial service, lifted our hats reverently from our heads, and then laid him in the grave; and with our own hands and feet, for shovels are unknown in Egypt, we threw in the earth, and so buried him in the dust of that old land where God will find him when he calls the Pharaohs and their followers to meet him in the awakening.*

When we were at Esne, Suleiman Pasha, the governor of the section from Assouan to Luxor, had proposed to us to amuse ourselves during one day of our stay at Luxor by an exhibition of the performances of horses. In fact, to get up what the natives call a Jerced play, in which the Arabs should display their horsemanship for our

especial edification. He accordingly wrote letters to the Nazir, Islamin Bey, whose dominion is inferior to his, and whose usual residence is at Luxor, as also to old Houssein Kasheef, the local governor at Luxor, directing them, on our demand, to summon all the Arabs in their dominions who were possessed of horses worth showing in such a performance.

We had little desire to see the performance, but Abd-el-Atti was anxious to have it done, and we allowed him, in our names, to present the letters, and fix a day for the Jereed. The day came, and seventeen horses and horsemen appeared. This was a failure. We wanted seventy at the least. Nor was it pleasant, for we had given up a day to it, and other travelers had done the same, on our suggestion.

Abd-el-Atti was in a rage. The Nazir was at Goos, some thirty miles distant, but the letter had been sent to him, and he had paid no attention to it. He was, in fact, the only surly specimen of a Turk that we met with in Egypt, and he will not be apt to forget us, for reasons that will appear. Houssein Kasheef was absent at Esne, and in no way to blame for the failure, but the Nazir had the entire responsibility of it on his shoulders.

Abd-el-Atti proceeded, in the fashion of the East, to take the testimony in the case, and I observed him for three days sitting all day long. or always when I was at home, near the tent with a crowd around him, taking the evidence that the Nazir had refused to obey the letter, and had neglected to honor the firman of His Highness, the Viceroy, of which I had the honor to be the bearer. All this produced a sensation in the neighborhood, and on the arrival of Houssein Kasheef he sent for Sheik Abdallah, the sheik of Karnak, and between them they arranged the affair, and sent down to us to beg us to fix another day. Accordingly we named another day, and on the morning thereof we saw a very different looking place when we returned from an early canter to Karnak. The broad space which lies between the temple and the river's edge, and which contains some ten acres, more or less, of dry dusty soil, was covered with Arab horsemen in gay dresses, and the scene was altogether one of the most lively and inspiriting that could well be imagined. Houssein Kasheef and Sheik Abdallah had done their utmost, and every village and camp within twenty miles had turned out its finest horsemen and best horses.

The Jerced play has been an ancient amusement in Eastern countries, having some resemblance to the Tournament of the Middle Ages. The horsemen who formerly rode with tilting lances, and sometimes fought with them even to the death, adopted a less dangerous weapon, and were accustomed in these tournays to use the long, slender, and graceful branch or leaf-stem of the date palm-tree. But this was not a harmless toy thrown from the hands of a strong and skillful man; so that the government, finding that private malice not unfrequently took advantage of the



It may be interesting to the reader of these sketches to know, that nearly a year subsequent to the occurrence of these events it was my melancholy pleasure to meet in England the friends of the unfortunate Mr. Tonge, whose fate I have described, and to communicate to them the particulars of his death and burial. A rude brick monument, which we caused to be erected over his grave, will preserve its locality till this generation and all who knew and loved him are themselves epitaphed.

public games to inflict terrible wounds, forbade the Jereed as it was called, and the riders were left to use such light and harmless weapons as they could procure, if they desired to continue their sport. An excellent substitute was found in the long and light stalks of the Indian corn, which grow to a very great height in Egypt, and which furnish a lance, or the imitation of a lance, ten feet in length. Each horseman carries half a dozen, as the Arab horsemen were at one time accustomed to carry lances or darts.

Over a hundred horses were gathered on the plain of Luxor. How they rode, how one would dash out from the ranks, and fly like the wind across the plain, throw his steed on his haunches, while he shook his lance in the air, then leap forward with a shout, and return to the ranks with his burnoose streaming in the wind; how a dozen, with flying garments and wild cries, would follow, and a dozen more give chase, and advance, retreat, fly and pursue, mimic the battle-scene, the attack, the fierce thrust, the parry, the steady backward retreat when hard pressed, leap by leap, the gallant horse and rider facing steadily the three-fold force of the enemy; how they divided their ranks, and placing half on each side of the plain, under old leaders, advanced at a fierce gallop, and met in the centre before us, with hundreds of lances flying through the dusty air, and shouts as if the conquered of the Battle of the Pyramids were all there; how they wheeled and advanced, retreated and plunged forward, until the fray became a confused mass and the dust covered them, and then out of the cloud

"Fast, fast, with wild heels spurning The dark gray charger fied,"

and Sheik Hassan, of Goornou, lay rolling on the plain; how when the fray became thickest, and the shouts most furious, and we heard some sounds which seemed to indicate that there was a growing seriousness in the fun that might result unpleasantly, and Houssein Kasheef rushed down the slope on foot and vanished in the melée; how at this instant there came a storm of wind, a whirling blast from its desert home, tempted, doubtless, by the combat on the plain, and gathering up the dust, now beaten to powder by the horses' hoofs, swept over all in the grandeur of a sand-storm, and drove horsemen, and horses, and howajjis ingloriously from the field; all this, alas, there was no troubadour to sing, and posterity must remain ignorant of.

Such horsemen the world knows not as the Arabs. The half has not been told of their horses or their skill. The peculiarity of the Arab horse is this, that he never trots, and is always at full speed from the third leap. He starts like a cannon-ball, and stops almost as instantly as the ball striking a fortress. A touch of the rein brings him on his haunches. The Arab never uses his rein, but commands by word of mouth. A familiar performance among them is riding around a spear, holding one end in the hand while the other remains at a fixed point on the ground.

As the jereed play led to a subsequent matter, which, as I have before intimated, proved to be a serious affair for the Nazir, I may as well speak of it here. On the last evening that we were at Luxor, Houssein Kasheef and Sheik Abdallah, of Karnak, attended by several other natives of more or less importance, made their appearance at the boat, and begged a formal interview. Their object was to obtain pardon and forgetfulness on our part for the original failure in the performance, which we most readily accorded, so far as they were concerned, in consideration of the subsequent success of their endeavors, and in their presence we destroyed the voluminous testimony that Abd-el-Atti had taken.

The same evening Mustapha Aga informed us that the Nazir had arrived, and as Mustapha is a great peace-maker, he begged us to consent to receive him and forget his neglect. To this we were not so ready to consent. He had been the means of disappointing us and our friends, and one party especially had yielded to our invitation to remain a day longer at Luxor for the purpose of seeing the play, and had been obliged to waste the day, as we had, about the boats, in vain expectation.

But Mustapha begged hard, and we consented, whereupon he went up to the village to bring his friend down.

Mustapha returned in half an hour, and told us the Nazir was quite sick and couldn't come.

I told Abd-el-Atti, privately, to ascertain if it was true, and at length I learned the fact that the surly dog had told Mustapha briefly, in reply to his invitation, that we, our illustrious selves—two American pashas, of brilliant rank, and worthy unbounded honors and admiration, to say nothing of our wives—might go to the devil. Those were his words, in as plain terms



DANCING GHAWAZER



as the Arabic can be translated into English. I asked Mustapha if it were true, and he most reluctantly admitted it. That was the last of Islamin Bey, the Nazir. A week later he was displaced by a better man, who I trust will pay travelers more attention.

In the evening after the jereed performance, several of the Ghawazee came down to the boat hoping to induce us to engage their services for an exhibition, which we had hitherto refused to do, and still continued to refuse

The Ghawazee have been celebrated by Egyptian travelers in numberless chapters, and there is scarcely a book on Egypt which does not contain a deal of poetry on their beauty and gracefulness. Most writers follow a tradition founded on a decree of Mohammed Ali, and locate the Ghawazee at Esne; but this, like their beauty and their grace, is very much in the imagination of the traveler; for, though banished to Esne when they became too plenty in Cairo, they were allowed to consider Esne as reaching from Cairo to the first cataract, and they are to be found every where between the two places, and chiefly at Luxor. Some of them retain traces of the traditional beauty of their race, but by far the most of them are miserable drabs, and hopelessly degraded.

The two girls who came down to the boat were fair specimens of the class, and one of them held a species of banjo or guitar in her lap, on which she beat a sort of tune, while the other danced slowly, and with some degree of skill, to the measure. Their taste in dress was far above the ordinary run of women in Egypt, for the natives of the lower classes, as I have already stated, wear but a single cotton shirt or me-perhaps forever.



PLAYING GHAWAZER

long chemise, while these girls were loaded with the usual full dress of the lady of the harem.

But receiving neither bucksheesh nor prospect of engagement for a dance on deck, or in the room of the old house where they had performed the evening previous for an English nobleman and lady, they retired in disgust, and, I am sorry to say, left us with very similar impressions regarding them. They were like a hundred others that I saw in Egypt, and out of Cairo I think none better are to be seen.

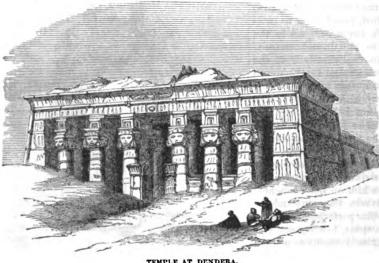
It is impossible for me, in these sketches, to dwell any longer than I have on ancient Thebes. There are many subjects of interest to be noted here, but I must leave these for the volumes that I propose to publish, and refer the reader to those for more complete descriptions.

We slipped away from Luxor at midnight of a moonlight night. The sky was clear, as always in Egypt, and the round moon looked down on ruin and river with even unusual splendor. I sat on deck and watched the disappearance of the great temple of Luxor as we went down the swift current, then caught sight of the lofty propylon of the great temple at Karnak, and then I left Thebes and her mighty dead behind

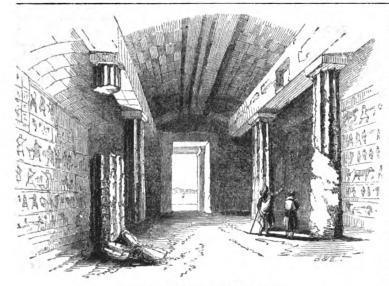
> The next day we reached Gheneh.

Abd-el-Kader Bey had exacted a promise that I would stop and see him on my return, and I was very willing to do so, to thank him for the kindness I had experienced in all of Upper Egypt, owing to his letters to the various governors.

I found him as before, in his cool and dark reception-room, and he gave me a most cordial welcome. He insisted on my bringing the whole party up to see his troops, of



TEMPLE AT DENDEBA.



INTERIOR OF A TOMB AT BENI HASSAN.

whom he was very proud, and who deserved it. We sat under the shadow of the palace as the sun went westward and reviewed the regiment. They had a peculiarity that is worth noticing as characteristic of Eastern soldiers. They uttered an ejaculation at each order, so that their voices and movements kept perfect time. It was a sort of Indian "hugh"—a hoarse, heavy breathing.

Next day we went over the river to the temple of Dendera, distinguished as being the most perfectly preserved of all the Egyptian temples. It is of a late period, however, and on that account less interesting than many others. The columns of the grand portico are peculiar, in having capitals consisting of human heads with four faces. Perhaps I should rather say that each capital has four faces of a goddess.

But I can not pause to describe this spot, for the space already occupied warns me that I must hasten to the end of this article, and of my sketches of Old Egypt.

At Maabdeh, opposite Manfaloot, I paused to visit the crocodile pits, in which readers of works on Egypt will remember that Mr. Leigh lost three of his guides, who perished from the foul air. I penetrated these pits, much farther than any modern person has succeeded in going, and made one of the most interesting examinations that I accomplished in Egypt. I found, at a distance of several hundred feet underground, most of the way crawling on my face, hundreds of thousands of mummied crocodiles, in vast chambers, heaped to the ceilings, and among them many of the dead Egyptians. I brought out, and to America, many of the smaller mummies, and I shall elsewhere describe the perils of this interesting exploration.

Swiftly, from day to day, we dropped down the lordly river, leaving behind us ancient glories is not a repretant to part from seemed as sorrowful as does the idea that we are growing old. It was much the same sort of feeling as if we, who had now for some time been in and of the Old World, were

suddenly grown very ancient, and had parted from the familiar scenes of former years.

It has been said that it never rains in Egypt. This is not strictly true. It was a pleasant afternoon when we approached Beni Hassan. but a dark cloud lay in the West, and the air was cold. A head wind kept the boat back, and we took the small boat, with sundry shawls, cloaks, luncheon and its accompaniments, and pulled down the river to the nearest point from which we could reach these celebrated tombs. We

thus gained an hour or two on the large boat, and had time before dark to examine the most interesting paintings.

The broad plain was to be crossed, here nearly or quite a mile wide, and the land being newly plowed, made the walking excessively fatiguing. But the hillside was more so, and to add to our trouble, a sharp pelting shower of rain came up as we were climbing the sandy slope, and we laughed at each other for being caught out in a storm without an umbrella in Egypt.

It lasted but a few minutes, and then the sun shone gloriously into the open tombs, which, being on the east side of the river, open to the west.

Beni Hassan was for a long time regarded with great interest, because of a painting on the wall of one of the chief tombs, which was supposed to represent the arrival in Egypt of the brethren of Joseph. There are several points tending remarkably to show that this is so, but others which perhaps forbid the idea. The tomb is of the time of Osirtasen, whom Wilkinson supposes to be contemporary with Joseph. The picture represents the presentation of strangers to a person-not royal. The strangers are two men bringing a goat and a gazelle as presents. then four men leading a donkey, on which are baskets containing two children, a boy and four women following, another donkey loaded, and two men bringing up the rear. The number thirty-seven is placed above them, to indicate that these are but the representatives of that number. The name of the person into whose presence they are led is not Joseph, nor Zaphnath Paaneah, but Nehoth or Nefhotph; and names of his father and mother are also given.

It is, however, by no means certain that this is not a representation of that memorable scene. It may be that in this tomb the bones of Joseph awaited the exodus, or those of one of his mighty brothers lay till barbarian hands broke their repose.





MEN SWINGING WOMEN BY THE ARMS.

But the tombs of Beni Hassan are interesting on other accounts than these. We find among them almost as many representations of scenes in the private lives of ancient Egyptians as at Thebes. The tombs of greatest interest open in a row, side by side, on a terrace some hundred feet above the level of the plain on the hillside. One of these contains admirable colored pictures of nearly all the animals, birds, beasts, and fish known to ancient Egypt.

Another is particularly interesting as containing representations of games and gymnastics, many of which are very familiar to moderns. It even appears here that bull-fights were not unknown in those ancient days.

We left Beni Hassan at dusk in the evening in another rain shower. We ran down the river rapidly, and in the morning were at Minieh, where I saw Latif Pasha again. He was laid up here with an attack of Bedouins. Rheumatism they called it; but the secret truth was that he had

watching his departure for Osioot to attack him on the river. He was waiting a steamboat to tow his dahabieh up the river. I passed a pleasant morning with him, and left at noon for Sakkara.

We made a tremendous run from Minieh to Sakkara, reaching there at sunset of the second the French explorer, discovered the great tomb

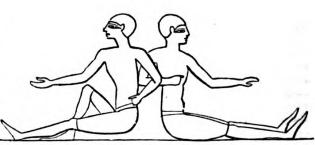
day, and on the following morning commenced our examination of the Pyramids, and the great tombs in their neighborhood. In the rapid sketch I am now making of my last few weeks in Egypt, it is impossible that I should devote any space here to the often-described pyramids of Ghizeh or Sakkara.

The reader understands, of course, that all the pyramids are situated on the west of the Nile, five to seven miles from the river bank, on the summit of the rocky hill, which is the eastern boundary of the desert and the western line of cultivation. Sak-

kara occupies part of the site of ancient Memphis, and is about eight miles south of Ghizeh. The pyramids of Ghizeh are three; then there are none till we reach Sakkara, and then they are scattered, larger and smaller, for some miles up the river. I have not at present by me the number of them, but there are something more than fifteen, large and small.

Sakkara is more interesting for its tombs than



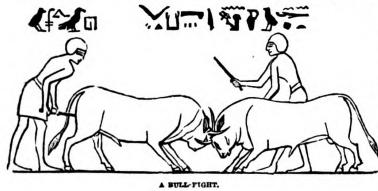


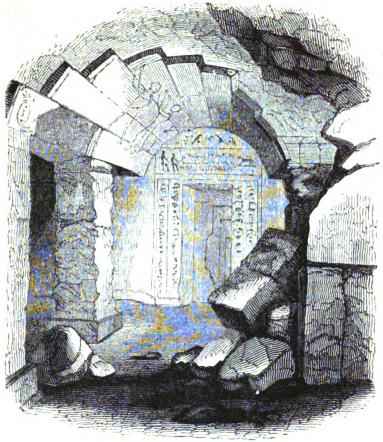
RISING FROM THE GROUND.

hung sundry Bedouins, and hosts of them were | for its pyramids. Of these one is arched with stone-I give a view of it-and is curious as showing the existence of an arch as early as the time of Psammitichus II., whose cartouche is visible on the roof to the left, and who reigned about B.C. 600. Not far from this Mr. Mariot,

> of Apis, with a sketch of my visit to which I must close these articles.

We had been told that this tomb was in possession of a tribe of the worst Arabs in the neighborhood of the Pyramids, and that was saying much, for they are by far the hardest wretches hereabout that are to be found in Arabia or





ARCHED TOMB AT SAKKARA.

Egypt. Knowing that this tomb was regarded | were dismounting close by me. We were four, as specially interesting, more so than almost any thing near Cairo, they had taken possession of it, and demanded two dollars from every visitor as a fee for entering. Travelers usually go to this place soon after their arrival in Egypt, and before familiarity with the natives has bred that contempt which it soon does. We met a party of twenty odd gentlemen, of various nations, who had gone out together, and were on their return from the tomb. They had met with this exaction, and after much parley had submitted to a compromise at about a dollar a head.

I laughed at them, and they were thereat indignant; but I was by this time tolerably familiar with the debased Arabs of the Egyptian frontier, who are neither noble as the desert Bedouins nor fearful of insulting travelers, as are the Fellaheen of the Nile valley.

When we reached the entrance to the tomb, in a hollow of the desert sand hills west of the Pyramids, we found it walled up with stone, although it was not thirty minutes since these gentlemen had come out. Some fifty Arabs stood near, and a loud shout for bucksheesh was the immediate demand. I paid no attention to them, but advanced directly to the entrance and commenced throwing down the stone wall. To loud shouts of "Stop, stop!" from fifty throats where he commanded it, with orders to obey I paid no attention, and meanwhile the ladies my instructions to the letter.

Jacques and myself, Abd-el-Atti and Mohammed Hassan, in this crowd of screaming devils -human they did not appear. I was continuing my work with my back to the noisy crowd, while Jacques and Abd-el-Atti were keeping them off, when the Sheik suddenly sprang at me and seized me by the shoulder over-rudely. He had not time to say one "Allah!" before my fingers were twisted in the neck-band of his shirt, my knuckles buried in his wind-pipe, and an ugly-looking volcanic pistol at the side of his head.

I backed him ten paces, and his retainers fell back behind him. Then I shook him off like a dog, and talked a little to him. The substance of my remarks was a warning against touching with unholy hands the shoulder of one who could throw him over the Nile into the Red Sea. Physical strength, of which I had sufficient for my purposes, intimidates these effeminate fellows, and the muzzle of a pistol is a dry hint that they are quick to take. I drew a line on the sand, twenty feet from the mouth of the cave, and told them that any man who came over that line should be shot dead on the spot; and giving Mohammed Hassan my fowlingpiece, I seated him at one end of the line,

This done, we entered the cave. In its vast halls we found, what the successful Frenchman had found before, twenty-three great sarcophagi of polished basalt, in each of which had been a bull, such as Americans may see in Dr. Abbott's museum in New York. The dead Apis was buried here in solemn state in those days when the Egyptians made him their God. The gloom of the long halls, the splendid coffins standing each in its arched niche, robbed indeed of all their distinctive marks-for Mr. Mariot has carefully concealed all his hieroglyphical discoveries in this tomb—the silence and awful solemnity of the place made it one of the most profoundly interesting that I had visited in Egypt.

When we came out, after an hour in the vast halls of this great tomb, we found Mohammed Hassan seated in the spot where I had left him, and the front row of Arabs on their haunches in the sand on the safe side of the line, while a hundred more stood, growling and furious, but cowards all, behind. We mounted and rode away, leaving them to fleece the next traveler who may be foolish enough to submit to their imposition.

The next day May and myself sat together on the lofty summit of the Pyramid of Cheops, and gazed for the last time up the magnificent

Seated on this same summit of Cheops, and looking back at the dim and shadowy land behind us, I may be pardoned for pausing a moment to discourse to my readers before I close this series of articles. A better seat from which to address them I know not.

As this Magazine article will have a vastly wider circulation than I can hope for the volumes I shall publish, I desire to say a few things that may be useful to Americans who are planning foreign travel, and especially those who expect to visit Egypt. It is marvelous that more of the thousands who visit Europe do not go on to Alexandria and the Nile-still more marvelous that of the crowds of pilgrims to Rome there should be found so few to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

It is probable that there are not in America at present fifty ladies who have seen Jerusalem. and I believe that not more than ten or twelve American ladies have reached Damascus. I am not disposed to encourage the pilgrimage of ladies to Holy Land, although we found tent life full of novelty, and were abundantly gratified with two months of hard travel over sacred mountains and plains, during which May-a slight and delicate American lady-gained strength daily, and performed prodigies of travel, being at times in the saddle from nine in the morning till ten in the evening without suffering ill effects. But the most fragile and delicate lady, if she can ride a horse, need not shrink from visiting Jerusalem, since a steamer will convey her to Jaffa, whence two days easy riding will bring her to the Holy City.

But for lovers of all that is luxurious in trav-

the beautiful, the picturesque, and the strange, Egyptian travel is the perfection of life. For invalids it surpasses any country in the world, and the voyage on the Nile is perfect dolce far niente. I do most seriously recommend a winter in Egypt to invalids, especially to such as have pulmonary affections. The climate is even, calm, and delicious. In the shade it is not hot, and the evenings and nights are profoundly still. clear, and beautiful. Day and night the atmosphere is the same. There are no changes from heat to cold, or the reverse. There is no labor in visiting ruins. All of Egypt is on the Nile. Your boat is a home that becomes, like your own in America, inexpressibly dear to you, and it floats along from temple to palace, from Pyramid to tomb, from old glory to old glory. The day, the week, the voyage, is one long dream of delight, and the memory of it an inheritance of pleasure. Medical attendance in Cairo, of the highest order, is always to be obtained, and advice for the voyage, should the invalid be in condition to need it.

As for the comfort of the voyage, I have only to repeat that there is no hotel in Europe, from Morley's or the Hôtel du Louvre down to the vile inn at Capua, in which the traveler will live so well in all respects as on his Nile boat. The larder is always full of game, and the shore abounds in chickens, eggs, turkeys, and mutton.

The insects, of which so much has been said in Oriental travel, are but a small annoyance. For every one that I found in Egypt there are ten in Rome. Italy is in this respect much worse than Egypt. Fleas abound, but a Cairene invention of flea-powder is a perfect safeguard against them. Lice are sometimes found by the traveler on his person, after being carried on the shoulders of a native. We had no mosquitoes above Cairo. No vermin need be found on the boat if the traveler take proper care of its cleanliness before hiring it.

As to preparations for a journey to Egypt, it may be said very simply that, with the exception of books, the traveler need make none whatever in this country or Europe. Books are an essential to the pleasure of the voyage. Wilkinson's works, and Murray's edition of Wilkinson (Murray's Guide-Book for Egypt), Lane's Modern Egyptians, and any books of travel by way of hand-book will be sufficient for the crdinary pleasure traveler. Others will increase this stock, and general reading books are not out of the way on a Nile boat.

A first-rate heavy fowling-piece will be necessary to a gentleman's comfort. If he has it not, he will regret it sixty times an hour all day long. He can not buy this in Egypt. Cairo is stocked with German single-barreled fowlingpieces, more dangerous to the man behind than the game before them. Wines must be purchased in Malta if the traveler would be well supplied, and he will find Woodhouse's Marsala wine best for Nile use. Claret is not desirable, nor brandy, except enough for medicinal el, of all that is glorious in memory, of the grand, purposes. The Nile water is delicious in taste.



but dangerous if too freely used. Ice is unknown, but the *ghooleh* cools it sufficiently.

Take with you, therefore, to Egypt, guns, ammunition, and wines—nothing else. Buy nothing at Alexandria, and do not be hoaxed into taking a dragoman or a boat till you reach Cairo. English, French, and Italian are all alike spoken in Alexandria and Cairo, and no interpreter is necessary to an American who can speak English.

At Cairo, go, if possible, to Williams's Indian Hotel, which is small, but home-like, and the only hotel where ladies will find female attendance. The other hotels are large barns, cold, cheerless, dirty, and crowded with Arabs and native servants. Select a dragoman with the utmost caution, and let him be an Egyptian, if you can find one suitable, and wish to learn any thing of the people you see. If you can persuade Abd-el-Atti out of his comfortable home in Cairo, he will prove the best dragoman in Egypt; but he has a furious temper, as have they all, and though he served me faithfully for eight months, in all Eastern countries, and we never had a difficulty of over ten minutes' duration, yet I am aware that every traveler is not likely to be as successful in keeping cool when other people get angry as I am, and if you have a row with him don't say I did not warn you. He is, however, the most accomplished dragoman in the East, and I recommend him unhesitatingly to any one who will take the risk of treating him as a gentleman should treat an educated and respectable servant. Thus much by way of advice to all such as will take it and go to Egypt.

Would that I could sit on Cheops again today and see the sun go down beyond the wastes of sand. Some day I hope to return to the Nile, and that before many years have passed; but if I do not, the memory of the sunshine of Egypt will be sunshine forever.

Ten days in Cairo were devoted to preparations for the journey through the Holy Land. Jacques and Amy left us and returned to Italy. May and myself, with Whitely, who had made a swift trip and overtaken us at Cairo, devoted ourselves to the purchase of tents and the general outfit for a Syrian campaign. We rambled about Cairo as an old and familiar place, for the return to it was much like going home after our long months in the upper country. I smoked many noonday chibouks on the shop front of Suleiman Effendi, in the bazar within the chains, and drank much strong coffee with Sheik Ichabil at the doorway of the mosque El Azhar. I looked up all my old friends among the followers of Islam, passed some pleasant dreamy hours in their calm companionship, and then folded my bournouse about me in one of those lovely nights that no other land knows, and set sail, under a glorious moon, from Alexandria for Jaffa.

How we knelt at the sepulchre, and wept in Gethsemane; how we laved our eyes in Siloam and our weary limbs in the Jordan; how we Vol. XIV.—No. 82.—H H

went to Hebron and to Bethlehem, and sat down to rest near Shechem, for Jacob's well was there; how we slept blessed sleep on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and, while sailing on its calm surface, were seized by a great storm of wind that came down on the lake and cast us away on the distant shores of the Gadarenes; how we climbed the dewy sides of Hermon, rested in perfumed chambers in Damascus, were nearly overwhelmed in tempestuous weather among the mountains of Lebanon, all these, and many other incidents of our adventures, are they not written in the Book of the Travels of Braheem Effendi?

THE ANGRY WAVE.

THERE is a German legend of a beautiful L countess who lived on the shores of the North Sea, and went down daily to bathe in its cool waters, clad not only in her beauty, which was wondrous, but in her jewels, which were only less beautiful than she. In her ears were diamonds brighter than the waves sparkling in the sun; on her arms emeralds green as the sea-weed which she trod under her fairy foot: while on her peerless neck hung a triple row of pearls, depending even to her perfect breast. The young countess loved her beauty, and liked well to adorn herself with her jewels, the gift of her absent lord, the noble Harold, now fighting the holy battle of the Cross in Palestine; and as she walked in her long white robe to the sea-shore, surrounded by her maidens, she would hold up her slender arms to the sunbeam, charmed to see the light play in the many-colored gems which encircled their graceful beauty.

Many a bright morning had the grim old North Sea welcomed his lovely visitor with a smile—many a morning had he sent his rebellious mermen and monsters far into the recesses of his caves as she approached. He had spread a carpet of velvet sea-weed for her feet, and made the waves playful and tender that carcseed her gentle limbs. He had sent beautoous rainbows to play around her reflection as she gazed at her mimic self in the smooth hollow of the rock, where the water lay like a mirror, and the peasants all knew that the sea loved the lady, and kept his rough temper all the day sereme after she had paid him a visit.

But one day the sea, like many a lover, grew inconstant, and a rough wave, mountain high, and filled with angry monsters, impertinent seanymphs, and rough mermen, rose over the poor little countess, and carried her and her jewels far away into the darkness and terror of the great deep. Her maidens, who were watching from the shore, ran to her rescue, but she was gone, and they fled hither and thither calling aloud for help.

Their cries attracted a fisherman who was plying his net near at hand, and he ventured out to find the lady. Presently he discovered something white on a distant rock, and rowing up to it, discovered it to be the pale body of the beauteous lady. He took her up carefully, and



carried her back to her own domain. Calling her distracted maidens together, he left her in their charge, telling them that life was not extinct, while he, not waiting for any reward, rowed rapidly away.

The distracted sewing-women wrapped her in their shawls, rubbed her fair limbs, and finally restored consciousness. Then, when she began to breathe freely, did they for the first time discover that her jewels were gone! that the long white robe which she wore was all that the angry and treacherous sea had left her.

When she became strong enough to speak to them, she told them that the wave was filled with chattering sea-nymphs, who attacked her, pulling the diamonds from her ears, the bracelets from her arms, the rings from her fingers. She told them how an ugly merman had seized the pearl necklace and torn it forcibly from her—and, sure enough, there was a bloody wound on the white bosom, where the monster's talons had mistaken the fairness of nature for the gleam of the gems.

When they reached the castle, Father Ambrose, the confessor of the lady, met them, and heard the story. Father Ambrose was a venerable but a sardonic old gentleman; and he had heard so many very good stories of supernatural agencies disproved, in the course of his long and adventurous life, that he was wickedly disposed to believe that the mysterious fisherman had stolen the lady's jewels, and he privately sent out two or three boats to search for this missing mariner; but they returned and found him not-no, nor even heard of him more. Meantime, the poor countess bewailed her losses loudly; but mostly did she weep that her golden ring with which Harold had wedded her, and on whose dear face he had engraved the mystic cross with the point of his dagger, was gone with all the rest. And she often said if she could but get that one golden circlet back she would not regret the diamonds or the pearls, but wear only that ring forever-

So, what was the chagrin of the unbelieving Father Ambrose when, on the seventh day, a fish was served at the countess's board, and in his mouth was her golden ring! There was the cross, rudely cut with the dagger point; and the countess put the ring on her finger, and became a wiser and a better woman.

And she was as good as her promise. For when noble Harold returned, and offered her the jewels which he had magnificently stolen from the Saracenic ladies, she gave them all to Father Ambrose, and told him to sell them and give the money to the poor; and Father Ambrose took them, but what became of them after that this legend saith not.

Reader, you who have observed life with so philosophical an eye, have you never met a parallel case, in your vast experience, to that of the beauteous countess? Have you never known an instance where a wave of destiny came and deluged a woman, and took from her

many things which she prized, but which she could do without? and left her only that which was most valuable—the love which beautified, or the duty which ennobled her existence?

Look with me in this mirror, which holds the image of a handsome, graceful girl of twenty. See how beautiful is her hair, how fresh and faultless her complexion. Mark her slender waist, and her round white arm. Is there a fault in this creature? Yes; patent and apparent as her beauty is her consciousness Like the countess in the legend, she likes to see her jewels sparkling in the sun. It is not enough that she is young, lovely, and capable of being loved. She remarks every grace, notices each shade of color, luxuriates in the long, dark, rich hair, and loves her beauty for its own sweet sake.

See how much talent gleams in her face! She is not only beautiful, she is clever. Bright and sparkling as her eyes are the words which flow over her lips. Gay, brilliant, and well-educated, in the highest sense, Rosalie Lifford was the centre of the circle where she moved, the queen regnant of her day.

Like most American girls of that day and of this, and, I fear, of all future time, Rosalic Lifford had had rather too much of her own sweet will. Her proud, indulgent father, gratified at her beauty, yielded the last semblance of authority when her mind, brilliant and triumphant, became sufficiently opened and cultivated to attract his notice and admiration. Her mother, a beautiful and very high-spirited woman, did not yield so easily. To her, still young, and not far removed from the temptations which surrounded her daughter, her faults and her dangers seemed greater than they were. She committed the grand fault of believing in her daughter too little, in treating her too much as a child; and no course can be so detrimental to a proud, imperious spirit as this. Constantly annoyed, constantly aroused, Rosalie fled from what she considered persecution at home to homage and admiration abroad; or to the fondness and admiration of her father. who understood her, perhaps exaggerated her good points, and to whom her faults could not be so apparent as to a watchful and sometimes suspicious mother.

The key to Rosalie's character was a romantic generosity. However great her faults, that never left her. She was capable of any sacrifice; life, health, and ease she would have laid down on the altar of this generosity. Sickness did not appall her. Danger, if met in defending those she loved, was dear to her; and of meanness, jealousy, and suspicion she was incapable. But she was vain of her beauty, her talent. She was undisciplined; she was not patient; she had a thousand faults; and thus it came that, with all her beauty and attraction, she was beloved by many, but hated by many more.



"Come with me, Grant, and I will show you | languid from fatigue. three beautiful women."

Thus said Edgar Lane to his friend one day, as they approached Mr. Lifford's house.

"Three! There are not three beautiful women in the world!"

"Perhaps not; but I will show you one who is beautiful, one who is attractive, and a third who is both."

"Then," said Philip Grant, who was a man of grave and somewhat harsh temper, "I repudiate each and all but the attractive one. Your beauty will attempt to sigh me out of my selfpossession; while your paragon will stand at the door and bid me surrender, like a Major-General in full uniform—I shall enact Cornwallis to her Washington. I hate such women! While your attractive one will quietly sit down, wait to be spoken to, and, not accustomed to think herself invincible, will let herself alone and be simply a woman, a thing I admire!"

"And adroitly fan the somewhat fevered vanity of Mr. Grant," said Lane, laughing.

These two men loved each other much, and were as dissimilar as are most friends. Edgar Lane was one of those graceful, handsome, and gifted mortals whom Nature creates in some of her "after-dinner moods," when, in a splendid humor, the dame allows us to see what she can do if she pleases. He wanted nothing; neither the sense and firmness which is the base of the goodly edifice, nor the beauty and accomplishment which is the acanthus leaf of the graceful capital. Men liked and respected him even as much as women loved him, and his success was so honorably won that it was yielded him almost without a murmur.

Far otherwise was Philip Grant. He might be said to possess almost no attraction personally, except a good manly figure and face, and an intellectual head. He had a deep voicethat excellent thing in man-but a disagreeably harsh way of using it. Early misfortune, the necessity of working his own way up, an unjust father, no feminine relatives to give him the home education so necessary to strong, willful men. Philip Grant had fought the battle of life almost single-handed, and had come out victorious, but with some goodly scars. He was now successful, a good lawyer, an eloquent speaker. He was something of a celebrity. For written on every act of his life, and on every feature of his face, was that magic word "power."

The three ladies who greeted these young men were, Miss Lifford, Miss Athenais Russell, Miss Mary Auchester. Miss Russell was plain, but pleasing; something neat and attractive in dress, figure, and attitude, redeemed her want of beauty. Miss Mary Auchester was a beautiful blonde, commanding in figure, and so handsome as to be a very decided comparison to Miss Lifford in point of beauty; but the style was so different that it was often said that the two never looked as well as when together.

Fortunately for the impression to be produced on Mr. Grant, Rosalie was somewhat silent and said Rosalie; "for she is by no means a person

The three friends had been at a very late ball the night before, and were laughing among themselves at their own good-for-nothing-ness, when the cards were brought up of the two gentlemen.

"Brush up your powers, Athenais, and open your eyes Mary," said Rosalie. "Here come Edgar Lane and Philip Grant, the two most admirable captives in society."

Mary Auchester and Athenais Russell were not New Yorkers, therefore they might be forgiven for not knowing this fact.

There had long been an intimate friendship between Edgar Lane and Rosalie. People said it would be a match, but the parties concerned knew it would not be. It was the sort of attraction which naturally exists between two of a kind. They were both the most prominent young people of their set. They danced beautifully together, and had a great mutual liking, but they were too much alike to be in love. Therefore the stream of their friendship ran smoothly along, each making the other something of a confidant, each feeling the other's success as something of a personal triumph.

It so happened, however, as it may well happen in the whirl of New York society, that Philip Grant had never seen Rosalie. He was not a society man, and Edgar Lane had many points besides his society talent which made him attractive; so, although he had heard of her and she of him for a long time, they met this morning for the first time.

Mr. Lane seated himself by Miss Auchester, whose fine eyes opened themselves widely enough to take him in. She talked well enough for a very beautiful woman, and although sometimes a little silly, had veins of acuteness penetrating the general barrenness of the soil. They were soon lost in a general comparison between the rival merits of New York and Philadelphia -that question which will never be settled.

Mr. Grant was equally divided between Miss Lifford and Miss Russell. Rosalie, somewhat less animated than usual, was simpler and more quiet than her wont; and only politely sustained the conversation. Miss Russell listened in a very flattering way, with her thin lips constantly distended into a smile, which showed her best feature, a fine set of teeth, agreeing generally with every thing that was said, and sometimes saying an adroit thing herself.

Mr. Grant, listened to thus attentively, was feeling very well, and comfortable exceedingly, and consequently talked in his best style, forgetting the Cornwallis which he anticipated acting to a female Washington. He was playing Major-General himself to his own great satisfaction, when Miss Russell happened to ask for some information about a singular marriage which had just taken place in New York; a young lady of the first fashion having married a young man very far beneath her in social position.

"A very brave thing to do," said Mr. Grant. "But a very foolish one in this instance,"



calculated to endure the 'world's dread laugh,' brought up by persons to whom the world is all in all, being herself the spoiled child of fortune. She has simply followed a foolish impulse, instead of following out a principle, and made herself and all her family unhappy."

"I am very glad to find one woman left in the world who dares be impulsive," said Mr. Grant, his lip curling with scorn.

"There are too many left, Mr. Grant. Madame de Staël says, 'Men should learn to brave public opinion, women to submit to it,'" said Rosalie.

"A very unphilosophical and untenable proposition. If public opinion is wrong, women should brave it as well as men; if right, men should respect it as well as women."

"Public opinion is generally right, in all those matters which concern women. In all moral and intellectual matters men can reason dispassionately and well; it is only on selfish and worldly questions that a specious and unworthy public opinion arises, and it is that public opinion which men can and should brave," said Rosalie.

"I like women who dare to do unpopular things," said Athenais, looking sympathetically and appealingly at Grant.

"I do not," said Rosalie, thoroughly aroused; "I think there is almost always a desire for notoriety, and a selfish disregard of the feelings of others, in an unpopular thing."

The contest waxed warm between Mr. Grant and Rosalie; Miss Russell constantly, though ingenuously, agreed with Grant, and lashed Rosalic on to new and more vigorous arguments, Edgar Lane, finding Mary Auchester more and more insipid, had become a listener, and Mary herself had relapsed into quietude.

Edgar Lane had never liked Miss Russell's influence over Rosalie; he had seen her letters, and had heard much of her, and during this interview he imagined he saw a very wily spirit at work. He saw with regret that Rosalie's cheeks were getting flushed, that though she talked well and eloquently, that she was showing the imperious side of her character more than the more generous side, and he began to divert the tide a little.

"I am very much amused," said he, "to see how far you have all drifted from your own soundings in the heat of argument. Here is Grant, a man who adores public opinion, who holds to it as his sheet-anchor, abusing it bravely. You, my dear Miss Rosalie, who do not care a penny for Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, are talking like a woman whose idol is Mrs. Grundy; and you, Miss Russell, whom I dare to say never did an unpopular thing in your life, and would not, could not be outré, are commending an eccentric course, like a regular 'woman's rights.' Now let us talk about the theatre, and see if we can all get as far from what we really think, as you have done about Miss Fanning's marriage."

Peace reigned after this until the gentlemen took their leave.

In spite of the contest, Mr. Grant was more charmed with Rosalie than he chose to acknowledge. Her air of languor and repose had disarmed him when he entered, her beauty had surprised and fascinated him, and her wit and talent piqued him; he felt a little annoyed, but wanted to see her again, and get the better of the next argument.

During the ensuing few months these young people met constantly. The two fair strangers, Miss Russell and Miss Auchester, as visitors of the gay and fashionable Rosalie Lifford, were objects of much attention. Miss Russell, always well dressed, always smiling, was pronounced "very interesting, very agreeable, and was Rosalie's shadow."

"How very good a girl Miss Russell must be to be willing to be always near such a beauty as Rosalie!" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Grey one evening.

"Or how very foolish a girl!" said the less charitable Mrs. Grey to Mrs. Brown.

"She seems to take, too," said Mrs. Brown.
"I think she looks deep," said Mrs. Grey.
"Perhaps she prefers the crumbs that fall from Rosalie's abundant hands to the dry crust she would have to eat by herself in a corner."

"How much Grant follows those two girls!" said Mrs. Brown; "and have you noticed he always begins the evening with Rosalie, and finishes it with Miss Russell?"

"Do see Miss Auchester devouring Edgar Lane with her great eyes! Isn't she a beauty? There are four girls dying for Edgar Lane. Fanny Ogden has grown ten degrees thinner since Miss Auchester arrived. Why don't he marry one of them, and save the others from a lingering torture?"

And Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Grey directed their amiable tongues and eyes at some other party.

It was true, Philip Grant determined every day to hate Miss Lifford, and ended by talking to her every evening. Like the enamored man who "prayed every hour that he might forget his lady love," he succeeded only in thinking of her all the time. They quarreled, they perpetually wounded each other, they came together constantly. Miss Russell, always calm, always smiling, was near to soothe the fretted Philip and talk him into composure. If his eyes wandered off toward the handsome Rosalie with her troop of satellites, the skillful and amiable Athenais bore his pre-occupation without noticing it, and, finally—to use Mrs. Grey's simile—came in for a crumb of attention herself.

Mary Auchester's feeble brain had become so entirely filled with the image of the all-conquering Edgar, that she had no eyes or cars for any one else. He admired her beauty, and could no more help being fascinating, poor fellow! than the south wind can help stealing over a bank of violets, taking and giving odor; so he found himself perpetually with a conquest on hand. Poor Mary! she was a dreadful bore sometimes! but she had been particularly given in charge to



Edgar by Rosalie Lifford, and she proved so | ful wheels! Edgar, she has no heart! She is much of a charge that he had no opportunity to see how matters were going on between the other three, until one evening he was summoned by Mrs. Lifford to find Rosalie for her, as she was anxious to go home.

Miss Auchester appeared dutifully to attend Mrs. Lifford, Miss Russell also approached with a somewhat ostentatious air of being quite ready, and leaning on Mr. Grant's arm. As the party stood waiting in one of a long suite of rooms Edgar Lane approached, saying Rosalie would be here presently. They all turned to look for her. She soon appeared, leisurely sauntering with her hand in the arm of an attendant gentleman, and talking to one or two more. She was looking superbly, and was evidently in one of her gayest and most defiant moods.

"Edgar," said Mrs. Lifford, looking almost angrily at the dilatory beauty; "did you tell Rosalie I was very tired waiting for her?"

"No, madam, I merely said you were ready for her."

"Let me go and hurry her," said Athenais Russell, full of amiable consideration.

So she walked toward Rosalie with Mr. Grant, and whispered something in Rosalie's ear which he did not hear.

Rosalie's color immediately rose, and leaving the arm of her attendant, she said, angrily, "Tell mamma I will meet her in the dressing-room;" and, darting through a side door, was soon out of sight.

"Miss Lifford does not seem a very amiable daughter," said Mr. Grant.

"But that is her only fault, believe me!" said Athenais, beseechingly looking in his face.

Mr. Grant looked very much as if he thought it a great one, and hardly answered the soft "Good-night!" of the amiable Miss Russell.

Edgar Lane had seen and heard all this. He linked his arm in that of his friend, and they walked together from the gayly decorated ball-

"Edgar," said Philip, gloomily, "it is a mysterious arrangement that sirens are yet permitted to trouble the peace of good men.'

"Yes, my good St. Augustine, they come up even in our most devout and austere moments, to ruffle our tranquillity."

"And even when we know them to be sirens, and singing but for our destruction, still we must follow on, or own ourselves cowards by lashing our too-yielding bodies to the mast."

"Brave Ulysses, there is one little siren that I wish you would never listen to more, and that is Miss Athenais Russell."

Philip groaned. "The good little sensible Would that I had never seen or heard Russell! the voice of the siren Rosalie! Edgar! I perceived her faults, and I detested them, from the first day I saw her, but I have weakly allowed myself to watch her magnificent beauty, to hear her glowing words, until I, like all these other fools, am ready to kneel down under her car of Juggernaut and let her crush me with her scorn-

possessed of every devil that can live in the breast of proud, defiant woman! She lives but to conquer and break hearts; she is treacherous and truthless, and undutiful!"

"Philip Grant," said Edgar, very slowly, "if you ever use such terms again, or say any thing disparagingly of my friend Rosalie, we cease to be friends. As it is, I would call you to account for this, did I not know that you are the dupe of another woman, false and treacherous as her friend is generous and noble. Know Rosalie! I know her well; she is a high-spirited, untamed creature, passionately fond of admiration, and undisciplined to an uncommon degree. Suspicion maddens her, and she has a querulous, suspicious mother. The world flatters and follows her, ber mother makes home disagreeable to her: from these two things have all her faults arisen. No, Philip! yonder star, which shines on us so unwinkingly, is not more sure of its place in the heavens, than is Rosalie Lifford of the hearts of those who know her well. Her truth is spotless, her mind incapable of a mean thought, her heart of an ungenerous impulse. Her temper is faulty, I acknowledge, but a nobler creature does not exist! Let me prophesy that, if Rosalie ever has a trial (and she is mortal and sure to meet with affliction), she will come from the furnace like gold seven times refined!"

Philip listened in silence, but the trail of the serpent was over him; Athenais had told him that Edgar had long been in love with Rosalie, and that Rosalie had him in complete control.

Now Philip Grant did not believe this, from his own observation. He had seen from the first that Edgar's devotion to his friend was far too open and quiet in its demonstration to be love; but he was excited and beyond himself with passion and disappointment, and he no longer reasoned, he simply felt.

So he shut his confidence in his own breast, and, shaking Edgar's hand, he begged him to forgive what he had said and to forget it; and retired to the unrest of his own heart, there to feed the serpents of suspicion and distrust.

Poor Mary Auchester was rapidly losing all semblance of reason in her frenzied admiration of Edgar. "Oh! Rosalie," said she, "when they were alone, "are those Parma violets for me or you? did he send them?"

"He, Mary, dear! Papa brought them home for us all!"

"Oh!" groaned Mary. "Has Mr. Lane sent home my fan which he would take?"

"Here it is, dear, beautifully mended. Tiffany's man brought it this morning."

'And he only wanted to get it mended! I thought he wanted to keep it? You may depend, Rosalie, if he saw me lying dead at his feet he wouldn't stoop to pick me up!"

"My dear Mary, he would doubtless fall dead by your side, and we should have a modern Paul and Virginia!"

"Now don't joke, Rosalie; I am too wretch-



ed for that," said poor Mary, crying as if her | nobility, struggled with disease, and was overheart would break.

Mary Auchester had been Rosalie's school friend, and she still loved her from old association. She was a most innocent person, and devotedly fond of her friends, and not always silly; so Rosalie felt grieved to the heart at her infatuation, and determined to speak to Edgar, whose heart, she felt sure, was not given to her beautiful, but rather weak-minded friend.

In a most generous and delicate manner she begged of Edgar to tell her if he loved Miss Auchester; and on his assuring her he did not, she told him he must absent himself from her, and not give the public reason to think he meant to address her; it might keep others away; and, she continued, "you know we are weak creatures, Edgar, and we may think you mean more than you do."

Edgar understood the generous caution, and fully appreciated the speaker's motives.

What was his horror to hear in society shortly after that he had been in love with Miss Auchester, and that Rosalie Lifford had warned him not to address her; in short, that she had broken off a match nearly arranged !

The gentleman could only deny it; but his denial passed but for a matter of course, and was not credited, and poor Mary Auchester's pale cheeks and languid eyes were deemed a sufficient confirmation.

The friends separated; the gay winter was over; and Miss Russell went her way with a strong belief in her scheming head that Mr. Grant would follow her.

The summer brought with it the trial which Edgar Lane had foreseen for Rosalie. A horrible pestilence broke out over the doomed city, and spared neither "the just nor the unjust." Rich and poor, fashionable and obscure, alike bowed before its invisible sceptre.

Mr. Lifford was attacked, and after a most shocking and painful illness, was consigned to his last resting-place.

It was with a contracted brow and pale lips that Edgar Lane again met Philip Grant.

"I have come from the house of mourning," said he.

"Miss Lifford is quite overcome, I hear," said

"Miss Lifford is an angel," said Edgar. "She has never faltered. Even the nurses left her poor father hours before he died, but Dr. Frank tells me she hung over him to the last, and closed his eyes. Mrs. Lifford has since been attacked, and Rosalie, pale but strong, has taken her place by her bedside. She could see me but a moment; asked that I would follow her poor father to the grave, and left me."

The next victim was Edgar Lane himself. At the clubs it was whispered that Edgar Lane had been attacked. A few devoted and fearless friends went to his house. Then to hear of sufferings, such as seldom come, of revolting disfigurement, loss of reason, and, finally, of the last dread scene, when life, deprived of all its boon, was granted her.

come.

Philip Grant stood by his side from first to last. O poor mortality! what a sight was that, which he alone saw, when the coffin lid closed over what had been the most noble and beautiful of Nature's works!

He left the plague-ridden city after his melancholy task was done, and came not back for

He could compare himself only with the "Last Man" of Mrs. Shelley's powerful story, as he walked through the accustomed streets. The houses were there, but the occupants were gone. Mr. Lifford's house was closed, and he dared not ask for Rosalie. He turned shudderingly away, as his eye recognized the street through which he had followed poor Edgar's funeral the day before he left town. The crowded town was to him a wilderness. Out of it had gone life, and love, and beauty, and but the shell remained.

We grieve, we weep, we despair, but we live. The strong man was but passing through one of the terrible convulsions which shake the whole being to its foundations, but which pass away The sun comes from behind the cloud, perhaps but to shine upon a grave, but the flowers spring again from the earth, and the soothing breezes come. And over the ruin of the edifice our hearts say:

"We are born, we laugh, we weep! We love, we droop, we die! Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep? Why do we live or die? Who knows that secret deep? Alas! not I.

It was not long after Philip's return that he met an old friend of his own and of Edgar Lane. From him he learned much that had passed during his long absence, and, with a strong effort, he asked for Miss Lifford.

"Have you not heard-

Philip put out his hand beseechingly.

"Not dead, but fearfully disfigured."

Philip put his hands over his face. He had never known till that moment how much she was to him.

His friend, a man of most delicate and rare generosity, wrote something on a card and left him.

It was Rosalie's address.

On the sea-shore, not many miles from New York, stood a quiet house belonging to one of her relatives, and there had Rosalie hidden her broken heart and enfeebled body. Her father and mother had died, and she had suffered the cruel disease which had taken them away. Like the wave in the legend, it had borne away every thing but life. Where was the glorious beauty, the proud figure, the stately step? Gone, gone! The powers of thought were dimmed, memory staggered under the blow. Her eyes were injured so much that she might never again be able to greet the light of the sun, and with these terrible deprivations, life, at best a questionable



But as the months rolled on a new light awoke in Rosalie's soul. She grew stronger and more calm. A great thought took possession of her. It was this: "I live, therefore I live for a great purpose; let me live cheerfully and nobly to the end."

And in this frame of mind, a letter from Philip Grant found her. It simply said,

"May I come and see you? We shall understand each other better."

He came. She had written him of her altered appearance, to save him the shock, as she thought, but he was not prepared. When he saw her bent, enfeebled, and suffering; when he heard her tremulous voice, so different in its weakness from the full tones of her better days; he could not bear it, but sank speechless into his chair.

"No, do not pity me so much," said Rosalie, "you see me perfectly resigned. I have lost every thing; home, parents, beauty, even health; but I assure you I am sustained, and willing to live."

Philip knelt at her side.

"Now do I know, dearest lady, that what I most loved on earth was not, as I had feared, your splendid loveliness, or your brilliant mind, but a something far better. Do not send me away. I, too, bring a chastened and contrite heart to lay at your feet. Oh! believe me, life has some roses for us yet; and if its brilliancy and lustre is gone, the pure, tranquil light of a happy love, God's best gift, is reserved for us."

It was long before Rosalie could receive the truth of this new revelation. It was a sudden revulsion from cold duty to warm revivifying love. Mingled with her many contending emotions was the feeling of mortification that she could bring only her disfigured and shattered self as a reward to this earnest and generous affection. She felt how proudly and happily would she have given him the beauty and glory of her youth, how much more befitting such a man as he was the Rosalie of the past—she told him often that she could not accept such generosity.

"If I were strong, gay, brilliant, beautiful as I once was, I should be a bride worthy of you, my noble Philip; but broken as I am, can I consent that you should bear the burden of an invalid wife, at best a poor disfigured creature, through your whole life? No. It is too much of a sacrifice."

Then Philip told her the legend of the Countess; and clasping her in his arms, told her how much he thanked the wave that had swept over her, bearing away, it was true, some of her sparkling jewels, but leaving her her true heart, her great and noble womanly nature, and taking away all that had impaired the lustre of his "perfect chrysolite."

Time restored Rosalie some of her jewels. She never again became beautiful, but her health came back, and her fine figure and noble carriage returned with it. To her husband she was beautiful enough, and a happiness which she had never known before followed the dread experience of her youth.

They had been married several years before they again saw Athenais. In spite of her powers of pleasing, Athenais was still unmarried, and looked thin and worn. They had long ago discussed her fully, and had learned how nearly she had separated them; but they knew how much more "blessed it is to give than to receive," and they each extended a hand.

The world, which she had served so faithfully, had not treated her with like devotion. Athenais might well have been moved by such generosity.

But in such natures as hers, generosity and nobleness are plants of slow growth.

"What a wreck!" she said, as she saw Rosalie.

At an evening entertainment at which she met them soon after, she took care to say, in Philip's hearing,

"What a downfall is that of Rosalie Lifford, after her expectations, to be married to Philip Grant!"

The happy man wears an impervious coat. No suit of chain armor is so strong and secure a covering as a happiness like that of Philip. Time was, when the sharpness of this tongue could wound him to madness. Now it fell powerless, and rebounded on itself.

He turned and looked at her. Before that clear and penetrating glance Athenais shrank. She saw the sight, to her the most disagreeable in the world, the light of triumphant happiness on his face. She knew that over this man her power was ended.

Philip thought of the legend, and though he imagined Athenais had few moral jewels to lose, would it not do her good to bathe in the North Sea? Might not some wave break over her, and carry away some things which she, too, would be benefited by losing?

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY THOMAS BABBINGTON MACAULAY.

AMUEL JOHNSON, one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century, was the son of Michael Johnson, who was, at the beginning of that century, a magistrate of Lichfield, and a bookseller of great note in the midland counties. Michael's abilities and attainments seem to have been considerable. He was so well acquainted with the contents of the volumes which he exposed to sale, that the country rectors of Staffordshire and Worcestershire thought him an oracle on points of learning. Between him and the clergy, indeed, there was a strong religious and political sympathy. He was a zealous churchman, and, though he qualified himself for municipal office by taking the oaths to the sovereigns in possession, was to the last a Jacobite in heart. At his house, a house which is still pointed out to every traveler who visits Lichfield, Samuel was born on the 18th of September, 1709. In the child the physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities which afterward distinguished the man were plainly discernible; great muscular



strength accompanied by much awkwardness and many infirmities; great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. He had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint, which it was beyond the power of medicine to remove. His parents were weak enough to believe that the royal touch was a specific for this malady. In his third year he was taken up to London, inspected by the court surgeon, prayed over by the court chaplains, and stroked and presented with a piece of gold by Queen Anne. One of his earliest recollections was that of a stately lady in a diamond stomacher and a long black hood. Her hand was applied in vain. boy's features, which were originally noble and not irregular, were distorted by his malady. His cheeks were deeply scarred. He lost for a time the sight of one eye, and he saw but very imperfectly with the other. But the force of his mind overcame every impediment. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity, that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar. From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home, and was left to his own devices. He learned much at this time, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. He ransacked his father's shelves, dipped into a multitude of books, read what was interesting, and passed over what was dull. An ordinary lad would have acquired little or no useful knowledge in such a way; but much that was dull to ordinary lads was interesting to Samuel. He read little Greek; for his proficiency in that language was not such that he could take much pleasure in the masters of Attic poetry and eloquence. But he had left school a good Latinist, and he soon acquired, in the large and miscellaneous library of which he now had the command, an extensive knowledge of Latin literature. That Augustan delicacy of taste, which is the boast of the great public schools of England, he never possessed. But he was early familiar with some classical writers, who were quite unknown to the best scholars in the sixth form at Eton. He was peculiarly attracted by the works of the great restorers of learning. Once, while searching for some apples, he found a huge folio volume of Petrarch's works. The name excited his curiosity, and he eagerly devoured hundreds of pages. Indeed, the diction and versification of his own Latin compositions show that he had paid at least as much attention to modern copies from the antique as to the original models.

While he was thus irregularly educating himself, his family was sinking into hopeless poverty. Old Michael Johnson was much better qualified to pore upon books, and to talk about them, than to trade in them. His business declined: his debts increased: it was with difficulty that the daily expenses of his household were defrayed. It was out of his power to support his son at either university; but a wealthy

promises which proved to be of very little value, Samuel was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford. When the young scholar presented himself to the rulers of that society, they were amazed not more by his ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity of extensive and curious information which he had picked up during many months of desultory, but not unprofitable study. On the first day of his residence he surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius; and one of the most learned among them declared, that he had never known a freshman of equal attainments.

At Oxford, Johnson resided during about three years. He was poor, even to raggedness: and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity, which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. He was driven from the quadrangle of Christ Church by the sneering looks which the members of that aristocratical society cast at the holes in his shoes. Some charitable person placed a new pair at his door; but he spurned them away in a fury. Distress made him, not servile, but reckless and ungovernable. opulent gentleman commoner, panting for oneand-twenty, could have treated the academical authorities with more gross disrespect. needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, a gate now adorned with his effigy, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy. In every mutiny against the discipline of the college he was the ringleader. Much was pardoned, however, to a youth so highly distinguished by abilities and acquirements. He had early made himself known by turning Pope's Messiah into Latin verse. The style and rhythm, indeed, were not exactly Virgilian; but the translation found many admirers, and was read with pleasure by Pope him-

The time drew near at which Johnson would, in the ordinary course of things, have become a Bachelor of Arts: but he was at the end of his resources. Those promises of support on which he had relied had not been kept. His family could do nothing for him. His debts to Oxford tradesmen were small indeed, yet larger than he could pay. In the autumn of 1731, he was under the necessity of quitting the university without a degree. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance; and of that pittance almost the whole was appropriated to the support of his widow. The property to which Samuel succeeded amounted to no more than twenty pounds.

His life, during the thirty years which followed, was one hard struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochonneighbor offered assistance; and, in reliance on driac. He said long after that he had been



mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds sufficient for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner-table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town-clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection; for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium: they reached him refracted, dulled, and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him.

With such infirmities of body and of mind. this celebrated man was left, at two-and-twenty, to fight his way through the world. He remained during about five years in the midland counties. At Lichfield, his birth-place and his early home, he had inherited some friends and acquired others. He was kindly noticed by Henry Hervey, a gay officer of noble family, who happened to be quartered there. Gilbert Walmesley, registrar of the ecclesiastical court of the diocese, a man of distinguished parts, learning, and knowledge of the world, did himself honor by patronizing the young adventurer, whose repulsive person, unpolished manners, and squalid garb, moved many of the petty aristocracy of the neighborhood to laughter or to disgust. At Lichfield, however, Johnson could find no way of earning a livelihood. He became usher of a grammar-school in Leicestershire: he resided as a humble companion in the house of a country gentleman; but a life of in London. In the preceding generation a

spirit. He repaired to Birmingham, and there earned a few guineas by literary drudgery. In that town he printed a translation, little noticed at the time, and long forgotten, of a Latin book about Abyssinia. He then put forth proposals for publishing by subscription the poems of Politian, with notes containing a history of modern Latin verse; but subscriptions did not come in; and the volume never appeared.

While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators, the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces which were not exactly those of the Queensberrys and Lepels. To Johnson, however, whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion, his Titty, as he called her, was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned can not be doubted; for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. The marriage, however, in spite of occasional wranglings, proved happier than might have been expected. The lover continued to be under the illusions of the weddingday till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. On her monument he placed an inscription, extolling the charms of her person and of her manners; and when, long after her decease, he had occasion to mention her, he exclaimed, with a tenderness half ludicrous, half pathetic, "Pretty creature!"

His marriage made it necessary for him to exert himself more strenuously than he had hitherto done. He took a house in the neighborhood of his native town, and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away; and only three pupils came to his academy. Indeed, his appearance was so strange, and his temper so violent, that his schoolroom must have resembled an ogre's den. Nor was the tawdry painted grandmother whom he called his Titty well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen. David Garrick, who was one of the pupils, used, many years later, to throw the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair.

At length Johnson, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, determined to seek his fortune in the capital as a literary adventurer. He set out with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of Irene in manuscript, and two or three letters of introduction from his friend Walmesley.

Never since literature became a calling in England had it been a less gainful calling than at the time when Johnson took up his residence dependence was insupportable to his haughty writer of eminent merit was sure to be munifi-



cently rewarded by the government. that he could expect was a pension or a sinecure place; and, if he showed any aptitude for politics, he might hope to be a member of parliament, a lord of the treasury, an embassador, a secretary of state. It would be easy, on the other hand, to name several writers of the nineteenth century of whom the least successful has received forty thousand pounds from the booksellers. But Johnson entered on his vocation in the most dreary part of the dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public. One man of letters, indeed, Pope, had acquired by his pen what was then considered as a handsome fortune, and lived on a footing of equality with nobles and ministers of state. But this was a solitary exception. Even an author whose reputation was established, and whose works were popular, such an author as Thomson, whose Seasons were in every library, such an author as Fielding, whose Pasquin had had a greater run than any drama since The Beggar's Opera, was sometimes glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe at a cookshop underground, where he could wipe his hands, after his greasy meal, on the back of a Newfoundland dog. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what humiliations and privations must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic though uncouth frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks." Nor was the advice bad, for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed, and as comfortably lodged, as a poet.

Some time appears to have elapsed before Johnson was able to form any literary connection from which he could expect more than bread for the day which was passing over him. He never forgot the generosity with which Hervey, who was now residing in London, relieved his wants during this time of trial. "Harry Hervey," said the old philosopher many years later, "was a vicious man; but he was very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." At Hervey's table Johnson sometimes enjoyed feasts which were made more agreeable by contrast. But in general he dined, and thought that he dined well, on sixpenny worth of meat and a penny worth of bread at an alehouse near Drury Lane.

The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and his deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sate down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. Even to the end of his life, and probably with as much intelligence, as any and even at the tables of the great, the sight of

The least | food affected him as it affects wild beasts and birds of prey. His taste in cookery, formed in subterranean ordinaries and Alamode beefshops. was far from delicate. Whenever he was so fortunate as to have near him a hare that had been kept too long, or a meat pie made with rancid butter, he gorged himself with such violence that his veins swelled, and the moisture broke out on his forehead. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer to him would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity. Unhappily the insolence which, while it was defensive was pardonable, and in some sense respectable, accompanied him into societies where he was treated with courtesy and kindness. He was repeatedly provoked into striking those who had taken liberties with him. All the sufferers, however, were wise enough to abstain from talking about their beatings, except Osborne, the most rapacious and brutal of booksellers, who proclaimed every where that he had been knocked down by the huge fellow whom he had hired to puff the Harleian Library.

About a year after Johnson had begun to reside in London, he was fortunate enough to obtain regular employment from Cave, an enterprising and intelligent bookseller, who was proprietor and editor of the Gentleman's Mayazine. That journal, just entering on the ninth year of its long existence, was the only periodical work in the kingdom which then had what would now be called a large circulation. It was, indeed, the chief source of parliamentary intelligence. It was not then safe, even during a recess, to publish an account of the proceedings of either House without some disguise. Cave, however, ventured to entertain his readers with what he called Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput. France was Blefuscu; London was Mildendo; pounds were sprugs; the Duke of Newcastle was the Nardac secretary of state; Lord Hardwicke was the Hurgo Hickrad; and William Pulteney was Wingul Pulnub. write the speeches was, during several years, the business of Johnson. He was generally furnished with notes, meagre indeed, and inaccurate, of what had been said; but sometimes he had to find arguments and eloquence both for the ministry and for the opposition. He was himself a Tory, not from rational convictionfor his serious opinion was that one form of government was just as good or as bad as anotherbut from mere passion, such as inflamed the Capulets against the Montagues, or the Blues of the Roman circus against the Greens. In his infancy he had heard so much talk about the villainies of the Whigs, and the dangers of the Church, that he had become a furious partisan when he could scarcely speak. Before he was three he had insisted on being taken to hear Sacheverel preach at Lichfield cathedral, and had listened to the sermon with as much respect, and probably with as much intelligence, as any



work which had been begun in the nursery had been completed by the university. Oxford, when Johnson resided there, was the most Jacobitical place in England; and Pembroke was one of the most Jacobitical colleges in Oxford. The prejudices which he brought up to London were scarcely less absurd than those of his own Tom Tempest. Charles II. and James II. were two of the best kings that ever reigned. Laud-a poor creature who never did, said, or wrote any thing indicating more than the ordinary capacity of an old woman-was a prodigy of parts and learning, over whose tomb Art and Genius still continued to weep. Hampden lleserved no more honorable name than that of "the zealot of rebellion." Even the shipmoney, condemned not less decidedly by Falkland and Clarendon than by the bitterest Roundheads, Johnson would not pronounce to have been an unconstitutional impost. Under a government the mildest that had ever been known in the world—under a government which allowed to the people an unprecedented liberty of speech and action—he fancied that he was a slave; he assailed the ministry with obloquy which refuted itself, and regretted the lost freedom and happiness of those golden days in which a writer who had taken but one-tenth part of the license allowed to him would have been pilloried, mangled with the shears, whipped at the cart's-tail, and flung into a noisome dungeon to die. He hated dissenters and stockjobbers, the excise and the army, septennial parliaments and continental connections. He long had an aversion to the Scotch—an aversion of which he could not remember the commencement, but which, he owned, had probably originated in his abhorrence of the conduct of the nation during the Great Rebellion. It is easy to guess in what manner debates on great party questions were likely to be reported by a man whose judgment was so much disordered by party spirit. A show of fairness was indeed necessary to the prosperity of the Magazine; but Johnson long afterward owned that, though he had saved appearances, he had taken care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it; and, in fact, every passage which has livedevery passage which bears the marks of his higher faculties—is put into the mouth of some member of the opposition.

A few weeks after Johnson had entered on these obscure labors, he published a work which at once placed him high among the writers of his age. It is probable that what he had suffered during his first year in London, had often reminded him of some parts of that noble poem in which Juvenal had described the misery and degradation of a needy man of letters, lodged among the pigeons' nests in the tottering garrets which overhung the streets of Rome. Pope's admirable imitations of Horace's Satires and Epistles had recently appeared, were in every hand, and were by many readers thought superior to the originals. What Pope had done for Juvenal.

The enterprise was bold, and yet judicious. For between Johnson and Juvenal there was much in common—much more, certainly, than between Pope and Horace.

Johnson's London appeared without his name in May, 1738. He received only ten guineas for this stately and vigorous poem; but the sale was rapid and the success complete. A second edition was required within a week. Those small critics who are always desirous to lower established reputations ran about proclaiming that the anonymous satirist was superior to Pope in Pope's own peculiar department of literature. It ought to be remembered, to the honor of Pope, that he joined heartily in the applause with which the appearance of a rival genius was welcomed. He made inquiries about the author of London. Such a man, he said, could not long be concealed. The name was soon discovered; and Pope, with great kindness, exerted himself to obtain an academical degree and the mastership of a grammar-school for the poor young poet. The attempt failed, and Johnson remained a bookseller's hack.

It does not appear that these two men-the most eminent writer of the generation which was going out, and the most eminent writer of the generation which was coming in-ever saw each other. They lived in very different circles-one surrounded by dukes and earls, the other by starving pamphleteers and index-makers. Among Johnson's associates at this time may be mentioned Boyse, who, when his shirts were pledged, scrawled Latin verses sitting up in bed with his arms through two holes in his blanket, who composed very respectable sacred poetry when he was sober, and who was at last run over by a hackney-coach when he was drunk; Hoole, surnamed the metaphysical tailor, who, instead of attending to his measures, used to trace geometrical diagrams on the board where he sate cross-legged; and the penitent impostor, George Psalmanazar, who, after poring all day, in a humble lodging, on the folios of Jewish rabbis and Christian fathers, indulged himself at night with literary and theological conversation at an alchouse in the city. But the most remarkable of the persons with whom at this time Johnson consorted, was Richard Savage, an earl's son, a shoemaker's apprentice, and had seen life in all its forms—who had feasted among blue ribbons in Saint James's Square, and had lain with fifty pounds' weight of irons on his legs in the condemned ward of Newgate. This man had, after many vicissitudes of fortune, sunk at last into abject and hopeless poverty. His pen had failed him. His patrons had been taken away by death, or estranged by the riotous profusion with which he squandered their bounty, and the ungrateful insolence with which he rejected their advice. He now lived by begging. He dined on venison and Champagne whenever he had been so fortunate as to borrow a guinea. If his questing had been unsuccessful, he appeased the rage of hunger with



rest under the piazza of Covent Garden in warm weather, and, in cold weather, as near as he could get to the furnace of a glass-house. Yet, in his misery, he was still an agreeable companion. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes about that gay and brilliant world from which he was now an outcast. He had observed the great men of both parties in hours of careless relaxation, had seen the leaders of opposition without the mask of patriotism, and had heard the prime minister roar with laughter and tell stories not over decent. During some months Savage lived in the closest familiarity with Johnson; and then the friends parted, not without tears. Johnson remained in London to drudge for Cave. Savage went to the west of England, lived there as he had lived every where, and, in 1748, died, penniless and heart-broken, in Bristol jail.

Soon after his death, while the public curiosity was strongly excited about his extraordinary character, and his not less extraordinary adventures, a life of him appeared widely different from the catchpenny lives of eminent men which were then a staple article of manufacture in Grub Street. The style was indeed deficient in ease and variety; and the writer was evidently too partial to the Latin element of our language. But the little work, with all its faults, was a masterpiece. No finer specimen of literary biography existed in any language, living or dead; and a discerning critic might have confidently predicted that the author was destined to be the founder of a new school of English eloquence.

The Life of Savage was anonymous; but it was well known in literary circles that Johnson was the writer. During the three years which followed, he produced no important work: but he was not, and indeed could not be, idle. The fame of his abilities and learning continued to grow. Warburton pronounced him a man of parts and genius; and the praise of Warburton was then no light thing. Such was Johnson's reputation that, in 1747, several eminent booksellers combined to employ him in the arduous work of preparing a Dictionary of the English Language, in two folio volumes. The sum which they agreed to pay him was only fifteen hundred guineas; and out of this sum he had to pay several poor men of letters who assisted him in the humbler parts of his task.

The Prospectus of the Dictionary he addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Chesterfield had long been celebrated for the politeness of his manners, the brilliancy of his wit, and the delicacy of his taste. He was acknowledged to be the finest speaker in the House of Lords. had recently governed Ireland, at a momentous conjuncture, with eminent firmness, wisdom, and humanity; and he had since become Secretary of State. He received Johnson's homage with the most winning affability, and requited it with a few guineas, bestowed doubtless in a very graceful manner, but was by no means desirous

mud, and his soups and wines thrown to right and left over the gowns of fine ladies and the waistcoats of fine gentlemen, by an absent, awkward scholar, who gave strange starts and uttered strange growls, who dressed like a scarecrow, and ate like a cormorant. During some time Johnson continued to call on his patron, but, after being repeatedly told by the porter that his lordship was not at home, took the hint, and ceased to present himself at the inhospitable door.

Johnson had flattered himself that he should have completed his Dictionary by the end of 1750, but it was not till 1755 that he at length gave his huge volumes to the world. During the seven years which he passed in the drudgery of penning definitions and marking quotations for transcription, he sought for relaxation in literary labor of a more agreeable kind. In 1749 he published the Vanity of Human Wishes, an excellent imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. It is in truth not easy to say whether the palm belongs to the ancient or to the modern poet. The couplets in which the fall of Wolsey is described, though lofty and sonorous, are feeble when compared with the wonderful lines which bring before us all Rome in tumult on the day of the fall of Sejanus, the laurels on the door-posts, the white bull stalking toward the Capitol, the statues rolling down from their pedestals, the flatterers of the disgraced minister running to see him dragged with a hook through the streets, and to have a kick at his carcass before it is hurled into the Tiber. It must be owned, too, that in the concluding passage the Christian moralist has not made the most of his advantages, and has fallen decidedly short of the sublimity of his pagan model. On the other hand, Juvenal's Hannibal must yield to Johnson's Charles; and Johnson's vigorous and pathetic enumeration of the miseries of a literary life must be allowed to be superior to Juvenal's lamentation over the fate of Demosthenes and Cicero.

For the copyright of the Vanity of Human Wishes Johnson received only fifteen guineas.

A few days after the publication of this poem, his tragedy, begun many years before, was brought on the stage. His pupil, David Garrick, had, in 1741, made his appearance on a humble stage in Goodman's Fields, had at once risen to the first place among actors, and was now, after several years of almost uninterrupted success, manager of Drury Lane Theatre. The relation between him and his old preceptor was of a very singular kind. They repelled each other strongly, and yet attracted each other strongly. Nature had made them of very different clay; and circumstances had fully brought out the natural peculiarities of both. Sudden prosperity had turned Garrick's head. Continued adversity had soured Johnson's temper. Johnson saw with more envy than became so great a man the villa, the plate, the china, the Brussels carpet, which the little mimic had got to see all his carpets blackened with the London | by repeating, with grimaces and gesticulations,



what wiser men had written; and the exquisitely sensitive vanity of Garrick was galled by the thought that, while all the rest of the world was applauding him, he could obtain from one morose cynic, whose opinion it was impossible to despise, scarcely any compliment not acidulated with scorn. Yet the two Lichfield men had so many early recollections in common, and sympathized with each other on so many points on which they sympathized with nobody else in the vast population of the capital, that, though the master was often provoked by the monkey-like impertinence of the pupil, and the pupil by the bearish rudeness of the master, they remained friends till they were parted by death. Garrick now brought Irene out, with alterations sufficient to displease the author, yet not sufficient to make the piece pleasing to the audience. The public, however, listened, with little emotion, but with much civility, to five acts of monotonous declamation. After nine representations the play was withdrawn. It is, indeed, altogether unsuited to the stage, and, even when perused in the closet, will be found hardly worthy of the author. He had not the slightest notion of what blank verse should be. change in the last syllable of every other line would make the versification of the Vanity of Human Wishes closely resemble the versification of Irene. The poet, however, cleared, by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright of his tragedy, about three hundred pounds, then a great sum in his estimation.

About a year after the representation of Irene, he began to publish a series of short essays on morals, manners, and literature. This species of composition had been brought into fashion by the success of the Tatler, and by the still more brilliant success of the Spectator. crowd of small writers had vainly attempted to rival Addison. The Lay Monastery, the Censor, the Freethinker, the Plain Dealer, the Champion, and other works of the same kind. had had their short day. None of them had obtained a permanent place in our literature; and they are now to be found only in the libraries of the curious. At length Johnson undertook the adventure in which so many aspirants had failed. In the thirty-sixth year after the appearance of the last number of the Spectator appeared the first number of the Rambler. From March 1750 to March 1752, this paper continued to come out every Tuesday and Saturday.

From the first the Rambler was enthusiastically admired by a few eminent men. Richardson, when only five numbers had appeared, pronounced it equal, if not superior, to the Spectator. Young and Hartley expressed their approbation not less warmly. Bubb Dodington, among whose many faults indifference to the claims of genius and learning can not be reckoned, solicited the acquaintance of the writer. In consequence probably of the good offices of Dodington, who was then the confidential adviser of Prince Frederic, two of his Royal Theatre, or the judgment of the Monthly Re-

sage to the printing-office, and ordered seven copies for Leicester house. But these overtures seem to have been very coldly received. Johnson had had enough of the patronage of the great to last him all his life, and was not disposed to haunt any other door as he had haunted the door of Chesterfield.

By the public the Rambler was at first very coldly received. Though the price of a number was only twopence, the sale did not amount to five hundred. The profits were therefore very small. But as soon as the flying leaves were collected and reprinted, they became popular. The author lived to see thirteen thousand copies spread over England alone. Separate editions were published for the Scotch and Irish markets. A large party pronounced the style perfect, so absolutely perfect that in some essays it would be impossible for the writer himself to alter a single word for the better. Another party, not less numerous, vehemently accused him of having corrupted the purity of the English tongue. The best critics admitted that his diction was too monotonous, too obviously artificial, and now and then turgid even to absurdity. But they did justice to the acuteness of his observations on morals and manners, to the constant precision and frequent brilliancy of his language, to the weighty and magnificent eloquence of many serious passages, and to the solemn yet pleasing humor of some of the lighter papers. On the question of precedence between Addison and Johnson, a question which, seventy years ago, was much disputed, posterity has pronounced a decision from which there is no appeal. Sir Roger, his chaplain and his butler, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb, the Vision of Mirza, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Everlasting Club, the Dunmow Flitch, the Loves of Hilpah and Shalum, the Visit to the Exchange, and the Visit to the Abbey, are known to every body. But many men and women, even of highly cultivated minds, are unacquainted with Squire Bluster and Mrs. Busy. Quisquilius and Venustulus, the Allegory of Wit and Learning, the Chronicle of the Revolutions of a Garret, and the sad fate of Aningait and Ajut.

The last Rambler was written in a sad and gloomy hour. Mrs. Johnson had been given over by the physicians. Three days later she died. She left her husband almost brokenhearted. Many people had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities, which she accepted with but little gratitude. But all his affection had been concentrated on her. He had neither brother nor sister, neither son nor daughter. To him she was beautiful as the Gunnings, and witty as Lady Mary. Her opinion of his writings was more important to him than the voice of the pit of Drury Lane Highness's gentlemen carried a gracious mes- view. The chief support which had sustained



him through the most arduous labor of his life | and thus he was absolutely at the mercy of Juwas the hope that she would enjoy the fame and | nius and Skinner. the profit which he anticipated from his Dictionary. She was gone; and, in that vast labyrinth of streets, peopled by eight hundred thousand human beings, he was alone. Yet it was necessary for him to set himself, as he expressed it, doggedly to work. After three more laborious years, the Dictionary was at length complete.

It had been generally supposed that this great work would be dedicated to the eloquent and accomplished nobleman to whom the Prospectus had been addressed. He well knew the value of such a compliment; and therefore, when the day of publication drew near, he exerted himself to soothe, by a show of zealous and at the same time of delicate and judicious kindness, the pride which he had so cruelly wounded. Since the Ramblers had ceased to appear, the town had been entertained by a journal called The World, to which many men of high rank and fashion contributed. In two successive numbers of the World, the Dictionary was, to use the modern phrase, puffed with wonderful The writings of Johnson were warmly praised. It was proposed that he should be invested with the authority of a Dictator, nay, of a Pope, over our language, and that his decisions about the meaning and the spelling of words should be received as final. His two folios, it was said, would of course be bought by every body who could afford to buy them. was soon known that these papers were written by Chesterfield. But the just resentment of Johnson was not to be so appeared. In a letter written with singular energy and dignity of thought and language, he repelled the tardy advances of his patron. The Dictionary came forth without a dedication. In the preface the author truly declared that he owed nothing to the great, and described the difficulties with which he had been left to struggle so forcibly and pathetically that the ablest and most malevolent of all the enemies of his fame, Horne Tooke, never could read that passage without

The public, on this occasion, did Johnson full justice, and something more than justice. The best lexicographer may well be content if his productions are received by the world with cold esteem. But Johnson's Dictionary was hailed with an enthusiasm such as no similar work has ever excited. It was indeed the first dictionary which could be read with pleasure. The definitions show so much acuteness of thought and command of language, and the passages quoted from poets, divines, and philosophers, are so skillfully selected that a leisure hour may always be very agreeably spent in turning over the pages. The faults of the book resolve themselves, for the most part, into one great fault. Johnson was a wretched etymologist. He knew little or nothing of any Teutonic language except English, which indeed, as he wrote it, was scarcely a Teutonic language;

The Dictionary, though it raised Johnson's fame, added nothing to his pecuniary means. The fifteen hundred guineas which the booksellers had agreed to pay him had been advanced and spent before the last sheets issued from the press. It is painful to relate that, twice in the course of the year which followed the publication of this great work, he was arrested and carried to spunging-houses, and that he was twice indebted for his liberty to his excellent friend Richardson. It was still necessary for the man who had been formally saluted by the highest authority as Dictator of the English language to supply his wants by constant toil. He abridged his Dictionary. He proposed to bring out an edition of Shakspeare by subscription; and many subscribers sent in their names, and laid down their money; but he soon found the task so little to his taste that he turned to more attractive employments. He contributed many papers to a new monthly journal, which was called the Literary Magazine. Few of these papers have much interest; but among them was the very best thing that he ever wrote, a masterpiece both of reasoning and of satirical pleasantry, the review of Jenyns's Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.

In the spring of 1758 Johnson put forth the first of a series of essays, entitled The Idler. During two years these essays continued to appear weekly. They were eagerly read, widely circulated, and, indeed, impudently pirated while they were still in the original form, and had a large sale when collected into volumes. The Idler may be described as a second part of the Rambler, somewhat livelier and somewhat weaker than the first part.

While Johnson was busied with his Idlers, his mother, who had accomplished her ninetieth year, died at Lichfield. It was long since he had seen her; but he had not failed to contfbute largely out of his small means, to her comfort. In order to defray the charges of her funeral, and to pay some debts which she had left, he wrote a little book in a single week, and sent off the sheets to the press without reading them over. A hundred pounds were paid him for the copyright; and the purchasers had great cause to be pleased with their bargain; for the book was Rasselas.

The success of Rasselas was great, though such ladies as Miss Lydia Languish must have been grievously disappointed when they found that the new volume from the circulating library was little more than a dissertation on the author's favorite theme, the Vanity of Human Wishes; that the Prince of Abyssinia was without a mistress, and the Princess without a lover; and that the story set the hero and the heroinc down exactly where it had taken them up. The style was the subject of much eager controversy. The Monthly Review and the Critical Review took different sides. Many readers pronounced the writer a pompous pedant, who would never



use a word of two syllables where it was possible to use a word of six, and who could not make a waiting woman relate her adventures without balancing every noun with another noun, and every epithet with another epithet. Another party, not less zealous, cited with delight numerous passages in which weighty meaning was expressed with accuracy and illustrated with splendor. And both the censure and the praise were merited.

About the plan of Rasselas little was said by the critics; and yet the faults of the plan might seem to invite severe criticism. Johnson has frequently blamed Shakspeare for neglecting the proprieties of time and place, and for ascribing to one age or nation the manners and opinions of another. Yet Shakspeare has not sinned in this way more grievously than Johnson. Rasselas and Imlac, Nekayah and Pekuah, are evidently meant to be Abyssinans of the eighteenth century; for the Europe which Imlac describes is the Europe of the eighteenth century; and the inmates of the Happy Valley talk familiarly of that law of gravitation which Newton discovered, and which was not fully received even at Cambridge till the eighteenth century. What a real company of Abyssians would have been may be learned from Bruce's Travels. Johnson, not content with turning filthy savages, ignorant of their letters, and gorged with raw steaks cut from living cows, into philosophers as eloquent and enlightened as himself or his friend Burke, and into ladies as highly accomplished as Mrs. Lennox or Mrs. Sheridan, transferred the whole domestic system of England to Egypt. Into a land of harems, a land of polygamy, a land where women are married without ever being seen, he introduced the flirtations and jealousies of our ball-rooms. In a land where there is boundless liberty of divorce, wedlock is described as the indissoluble compact. "A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home, and dream of each other. Such," says Rasselas, "is the common process of marriage." Such it may have been, and may still be, in London, but assuredly not at Cairo. A writer who was guilty of such improprieties had little right to blame the poet who made Hector quote Aristotle, and represented Julio Romano as flourishing in the days of the oracle of Delphi,

By such exertions as have been described, Johnson supported himself till the year 1762. In that year a great change in his circumstances took place. He had from a child been an enemy of the reigning dynasty. His Jacobite prejudices had been exhibited with little disguise both in his works and in his conversation. Even in his massy and elaborate Dictionary, he had, with a strange want of taste and judgment, inserted bitter and contumelious reflections on the Whig party. The excise, which was a favorite resource of Whig financiers, he had designated as a hateful tax. He had railed against that they had seriously thought of prosecuting him. He had with difficulty been prevented from holding up the Lord Privy Seal by name as an example of the meaning of the word "renegade." A pension he had defined as pay given to a state hireling to betray his country; a pensioner as a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey a master. It seemed unlikely that the author of these definitions would himself be pensioned. But that was a time of wonders. George the Third had ascended the throne; and had, in the course of a few months, disgusted many of the old friends, and conciliated many of the old enemies of his house. The city was becoming mutinous. Oxford was becoming loyal. Cavendishes and Bentincks were murmuring. Somersets and Wyndhams were hastening to kiss hands. The head of the treasury was now Lord Bute, who was a Tory, and could have no objection to Johnson's Toryism. Bute wished to be thought a patron of men of letters; and Johnson was one of the most eminent and one of the most needy men of letters in Europe. A pension of three hundred a year was graciously offered, and with very little hesitation accepted.

This event produced a change in Johnson's whole way of life. For the first time since his boyhood he no longer felt the daily goad urging him to the daily toil. He was at liberty, after thirty years of anxiety and drudgery, to indulge his constitutional indolence, to lie in bed till two in the afternoon, and to sit up talking till four in the morning, without fearing either the printer's devil or the sheriff's officer.

One laborious task indeed he had bound himself to perform. He had received large subscriptions for his promised edition of Shakspeare; he had lived on those subscriptions during some years; and he could not without disgrace omit to perform his part of the contract. His friends repeatedly exhorted him to make an effort; and he repeatedly resolved to do so. But, notwithstanding their exhortations and his resolutions, month followed month, year followed year, and nothing was done. He prayed fervently against his idleness; he determined, as often as he received the sacrament, that he would no longer doze away and trifle away his time; but the spell under which he lay resisted prayer and sacrament. His private notes at this time are made up of self-reproaches. "My indolence," he wrote on Easter eve in 1764, "has sunk into grosser sluggishness. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year." Easter 1765 came, and found him still in the "My time," he wrote, "has been same state. unprofitably spent, and seems as a dream that has left nothing behind. My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me." Happily for his honor, the charm which held him captive was at length broken by no gentle or friendly hand. He had been weak enough to pay serious attention to a story about a ghost which haunted a house in Cock Lane, the commissioners of excise in language so coarse and had actually gone himself, with some of his



friends, at one in the morning, to St. John's | ster, Marlow, Beaumont, or Fletcher. His de-Church, Clerkenwell, in the hope of receiving a communication from the perturbed spirit. But the spirit, though adjured with all solemnity, remained obstinately silent; and it soon appeared that a naughty girl of eleven had been amusing herself by making fools of so many philosophers. Churchill, who, confident in his powers, drunk with popularity, and burning with party spirit, was looking for some man of established fame and Tory politics to insult, celebrated the Cock Lane Ghost in three cantons, nicknamed Johnson Pomposo, asked where the book was which had been so long promised and so liberally paid for, and directly accused the great moralist of cheating. This terrible word proved effectual; and in October 1765 appeared, after a delay of nine years, the new edition of Shakspeare.

This publication saved Johnson's character for honesty, but added nothing to the fame of his abilities and learning. The preface, though it contains some good passages, is not in his best manner. The most valuable notes are those in which he had an opportunity of showing how attentively he had during many years observed human life and human nature. The best specihuman life and human nature. men is the note on the character of Polonius. Nothing so good is to be found even in Wilhelm Meister's admirable examination of Hamlet. But here praise must end. It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic. The reader may turn over play after play without finding one happy conjectural emendation, or one ingenious and satisfactory explanation of a passage which had baffled preceding commentators. Johnson had, in his Prospectus, told the world that he was peculiarly fitted for the task which he had undertaken, because he had, as a lexicographer, been under the necessity of taking a wider view of the English language than any of his prede-That his knowledge of our literature was extensive is indisputable. But, unfortunately, he had altogether neglected that very part of our literature with which it is especially desirable that an editor of Shakspeare should be conversant. It is dangerous to assert a negative. Yet little will be risked by the assertion, that in the two folio volumes of the English Dictionary there is not a single passage quoted from any dramatist of the Elizabethan age, except Shakspeare and Ben. Even from Ben the quotations are few. Johnson might easily, in a few months, have made himself well acquainted with every old play that was extant. But it never seems to have occurred to him that this was a necessary preparation for the work which he had undertaken. He would doubtless have admitted that it would be the height of absurdity in a man who was not familiar with the works of Æschylus and Euripides to publish an edition of Sophocles. Yet he ventured to publish an edition of Shakspeare, without having ever in his life, as far as can be discovered, read

tractors were noisy and scurrilous. Those who most loved and honored him had little to say in praise of the manner in which he had discharged the duty of a commentator. He had, however. acquitted himself of a debt which had long lain heavy on his conscience, and he sank back into the repose from which the sting of satire had roused him. He long continued to live upon the fame which he had already won. He was honored by the University of Oxford with a Doctor's degree, by the Royal Academy with a professorship, and by the King with an interview, in which his Majesty most graciously expressed a hope that so excellent a writer would not cease to write. In the interval, however, between 1765 and 1775 Johnson published only two or three political tracts, the longest of which he could have produced in forty-eight hours, if he had worked as he worked on the Life of Savage and on Rasselas.

But, though his pen was now idle, his tongue was active. The influence exercised by his conversation, directly upon those with whom he lived, and indirectly on the whole literary world, was altogether without a parallel. His colloquial talents were indeed of the highest order. He had strong sense, quick discernment, wit, humor, immense knowledge of literature and of life, and an infinite store of curious anecdotes. As respected style, he spoke far better than he wrote. Every sentence which dropped from his lips was as correct in structure as the most nicely balanced period of the Rambler. But in his talk there were no pompous triads, and little more than a fair proportion of words in osity and ation. All was simplicity, ease, and vigor. He uttered his short, weighty, and pointed sentences with a power of voice, and a justness and energy of emphasis, of which the effect was rather increased than diminished by the rollings of his huge form, and by the asthmatic gaspings and puffings in which the peals of his eloquence generally ended. Nor did the laziness which made him unwilling to sit down to his deak prevent him from giving instruction or entertainment orally. To discuss questions of taste, of learning, of casuistry, in language so exact and so forcible that it might have been printed without the alteration of a word, was to him no exertion, but a pleasure. He loved, as he said, to fold his legs and have his talk out. He was ready to bestow the overflowings of his full mind on any body who would start a subject, on a fellow-passenger in a stage coach, or on the person who sate at the same table with him in an eating-house. But his conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new a single scene of Massinger, Ford, Decker, Web- books were speedily known over all London,



and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist, of the age. Garrick brought to the meeting his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two highborn and high-bred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different characters and habits: Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life; and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit. To predominate over such a society was not easy. Yet even over such a society Johnson predominated. Burke might indeed have disputed the supremacy to which others were under the necessity of submitting. But Burke, though not generally a very patient listener, was content to take the second part when Johnson was present; and the club itself, consisting of so many eminent men, is to this day popularly designated as Johnson's club.

Among the members of this celebrated body was one to whom it has owed the greater part of its celebrity, yet who was regarded with little respect by his brethren, and had not without difficulty obtained a seat among them. This was James Boswell, a young Scotch lawyer, heir to an honorable name and a fair estate. That he was a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous, was obvious to all who were acquainted with him. That he could not reason, that he had no wit, no humor, no eloquence, is apparent from his writings. And yet his writings are read beyond the Mississippi, and under the Southern Cross, and are likely to be read as long as the English exists, either as a living or as a dead language. Nature had made him a slave and an idolater. His mind resembled those creepers which the botanists call parasites, and which can subsist only by clinging round the stems and imbibing the juices of stronger plants. He must have fastened himself on somebody. He might have fastened himself on Wilkes, and have become the fiercest patriot in the Bill of Rights Society. He might have fastened himself on Whitfield, and have become the loudest field preacher among the Calvinistic Methodists. In a happy hour he fastened himself on Johnson. The pair might seem ill matched. For Johnson had early been prejudiced against Boswell's country. To a man of Johnson's strong understanding and irri- apartment at the brewery in Southwark, and a table temper, the silly egotism and adulation of still more pleasant apartment at the villa of his Vol. XIV.—No. 82.—I :

stant buzz of a fly. Johnson hated to be questioned; and Boswell was eternally catechising him on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes propounded such questions as, "What would you do, Sir, if you were locked up in a tower with a baby?" Johnson was a water drinker and Boswell was a winebibber, and indeed little better than a habitual sot. It was impossible that there should be perfect harmony between two such companions. Indeed, the great man was sometimes provoked into fits of passion, in which he said things which the small man, during a few hours, seriously resented. Every quarrel, however, was soon made up. During twenty years the disciple continued to worship the master: the master continued to scold the disciple, to sneer at him, and to love him. The two friends ordinarily resided at a great distance from each other. Boswell practiced in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, and could pay only occasional visits to London. During those visits his chief business was to watch Johnson, to discover all Johnson's habits, to turn the conversation to subjects about which Johnson was likely to say something remarkable, and to fill quarto note-books with minutes of what Johnson had said. In this way were gathered the materials, out of which was afterward constructed the most interesting biographical work in the world.

Soon after the club began to exist, Johnson formed a connection less important indeed to his fame, but much more important to his happiness, than his connection with Boswell. Henry Thrale, one of the most opulent brewers in the kingdom, a man of sound and cultivated understanding, rigid principles, and liberal spirit, was married to one of those clever, kind-hearted, engaging, vain, pert, young women, who are perpetually doing or saying what is not exactly right, but who, do or say what they may, arealways agreeable. In 1765 the Thrales becameacquainted with Johnson, and the acquaintance ripened fast into friendship. They were astonished and delighted by the brilliancy of his conversation. They were flattered by finding that a man so widely celebrated preferred their house to any other in London. Even the peculiarities which seemed to unfit him for civilized society, his gesticulations, his rollings, his puffings, his mutterings, the strange way in which he put on his clothes, the ravenous eagerness. with which he devoured his dinner, his fits of melancholy, his fits of anger, his frequent rudeness, his occasional ferocity, increased the interest which his new associates took in him. For these things were the cruel marks left behind by a life which had been one long conflict with disease and with adversity. In a vulgar hack writer, such oddities would have excited only disgust. But in a man of genius, learning, and virtue, their effect was to add pity to admiration and esteem. Johnson soon had an Boswell must have been as teasing as the con-friends on Streatham Common. A large part



of every year he passed in those abodes, abodes which must have seemed magnificent and luxurious indeed, when compared with the dens in which he had generally been lodged. But his chief pleasures were derived from what the astronomer of his Abyssinian tale called "the endearing elegance of female friendship." Mrs. Thrale rallied him, soothed him, coaxed him, and, if she sometimes provoked him by her flippancy, made ample amends by listening to his reproofs with angelic sweetness of temper. When he was diseased in body and in mind, she was the most tender of nurses. No comfort that wealth could purchase, no contrivance that womanly ingenuity, set to work by womanly compassion, could devise was wanting to his sick room. He requited her kindness by an affection pure as the affection of a father, yet delicately tinged with a gallantry, which, though awkward, must have been more flattering than the attentions of a crowd of the fools who gloried in the names, now obsolete, of Buck and Maccaroni. It should seem that a full half of Johnson's life, during about sixteen years, was passed under the roof of the Thrales. He accompanied the family sometimes to Bath, and sometimes to Brighton, once to Wales and once to Paris. But he had at the same time a house in one of the narrow and gloomy courts on the north of Fleet Street. In the garrets was his library, a large and miscellaneous collection of books, falling to pieces and begrimed with dust. On a lower floor he sometimes, but very rarely, regaled a friend with a plain dinner, a veal pie, or a leg of lamb and spinage, and a rice pudding. Nor was the dwelling uninhabited during his long absences. It was the home of the most extraordinary assemblage of inmates that ever was brought together. At the head of the establishment Johnson had placed an old lady named Williams, whose chief recommendations were her blindness and her poverty. But, in spite of her murmurs and reproaches, he gave an asylum to another lady who was as poor as herself, Mrs. Desmoulins, whose family he had known many years before in Staffordshire. Room was found for the daughter of Mrs. Desmoulins, and for another destitute damsel, who was generally addressed as Miss Carmichael, but whom her generous host called Polly. An old quack doctor named Levett, who bled and dosed coalheavers and hackney coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper, completed this strange menagerie. All these poor creatures were at constant war with each other, and with Johnson's negro servant Frank. Sometimes, indeed, they transferred their hostilities from the servant to the master, complained that a better table was not kept for them, and railed or maundered till their benefactor was glad to make his escape to Streatham, or to the Mitre Tavern. And yet he, who was generally the haughtiest and most irritable of mankind, who was but too prompt to resent any thing which looked like a slight on the part of a purse-proud They published paragraphs in the newspapers,

bookseller, or of a noble and powerful patron, bore patiently from mendicants, who, but for his bounty, must have gone to the workhouse, insults more provoking than those for which he had knocked down Osborne and bidden defiance to Chesterfield. Year after year Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins, Polly and Levett, continued to torment him and to live upon him.

The course of life which has been described was interrupted in Johnson's sixty-fourth year by an important event. He had early read an account of the Hebrides, and had been much interested by learning that there was so near him a land peopled by a race which was still as rude and simple as in the Middle Ages. A wish to become intimately acquainted with a state of society so utterly unlike all that he had ever seen frequently crossed his mind. But it is not probable that his curiosity would have overcome his habitual sluggishness, and his love of the smoke, the mud, and the eries of London, had not Boswell importuned him to attempt the adventure, and offered to be his squire. At length, in August, 1773, Johnson crossed the Highland line, and plunged courageously into what was then considered, by most Englishmen, as a dreary and perilous wilderness. After wandering about two months through the Celtic region, sometimes in rude boats which did not protect him from the rain, and sometimes on small shaggy poneys which could hardly bear his weight, he returned to his old haunts with a mind full of new images and new theories. During the following year he employed himself in recording his adventures. About the beginning of 1775, his Journey to the Hebrides was published, and was, during some weeks, the chief subject of conversation in all circles in which any attention was paid to literature. The book is still read with pleasure. The narrative is entertaining; the speculations, whether sound or unsound, are always ingenious; and the style, though too stiff and pompous, is somewhat easier and more graceful than that of his early writings. His prejudice against the Scotch had at length become little more than matter of jest; and whatever remained of the old feeling had been effectually removed by the kind and respectful hospitality with which he had been received in every part of Scotland. It was, of course, not to be expected that an Oxonian Tory should praise the Presbyterian polity and ritual, or that an eye accustomed to the hedgerows and parks of England should not be struck by the bareness of Berwickshire and East Lothian. But even in censure Johnson's tone is not unfriendly. The most enlightened Scotchmen, with Lord Mansfield at their head, were well pleased. But some foolish and ignorant Scotchmen were moved to anger by a little unpalatable truth which was mingled with much culogy, and assailed him whom they chose to consider as the enemy of their country with libels much more dishonorable to their country than any thing that he had ever said or written.



articles in the magazines, sixpenny pamphlets, | in writing himself down. The disputes between five-shilling books. One scribbler abused Johnson for being blear-eyed; another for being a pensioner; a third informed the world that one of the Doctor's uncles had been convicted of felony in Scotland, and had found that there was in that country one tree capable of supporting the weight of an Englishman. Macpherson, whose Fingal had been proved in the Journey to be an impudent forgery, threatened to take vengeance with a cane. The only effect of this threat was that Johnson reiterated the charge of forgery in the most contemptuous terms, and walked about, during some time, with a cudgel, which, if the impostor had not been too wise to encounter it, would assuredly have descended upon him, to borrow the sublime language of his own epic poem, "like a hammer on the red son of the furnace."

Of other assailants Johnson took no notice whatever. He had early resolved never to be drawn into controversy; and he adhered to his resolution with a steadfastness which is the more extraordinary because he was, both intellectually and morally, of the stuff of which controversialists are made. In conversation he was a singularly eager, acute, and pertinacious disputant. When at a loss for good reasons, he had recourse to sophistry; and when heated by altercation, he made unsparing use of sarcasm and invective. But when he took his pen in his hand, his whole character seemed to be changed. A hundred bad writers misrepresented him and reviled him; but not one of the hundred could boast of having been thought by him worthy of a refutation, or even of a retort. The Kenricks, Campbells, MacNichols, and Hendersons did their best to annoy him, in the hope that he would give them importance by answering them. But the reader will in vain search his works for any allusion to Kenrick or Campbell, to MacNichol or Henderson. One Scotchman, bent on vindicating the fame of Scotch learning, defied him to the combat in a detestable Latin hexameter.

"Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum." But Johnson took no notice of the challenge. He had learned, both from his own observation and from literary history, in which he was deeply read, that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not by what is written about them, but by what is written in them; and that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die. He always maintained that fame was a shuttle-cock, which could be kept up only by being beaten back, as well as beaten forward, and which would soon fall if there were only one battledore. No saying was oftener in his mouth than that fine apothegm of Bentley, that no man was ever written down but by himself.

Unhappily, a few months after the appearance of the Journey to the Hebrides, Johnson did what none of his envious assailants could have done, and, to a certain extent, succeeded

England and her American colonies had reached a point at which no amicable adjustment was possible. Civil war was evidently impending; and the ministers seem to have thought that the eloquence of Johnson might, with advantage, be employed to inflame the nation against the opposition here, and against the rebels beyond the Atlantic. He had already written two or three tracts in defense of the foreign and domestic policy of the government; and those tracts, though hardly worthy of him, were much superior to the crowd of pamphlets which lay on the counters of Almon and Stockdale. But his Taxation No Tyranny was a pitiable failure. The very title was a silly phrase, which can have been recommended to his choice by nothing but a jingling alliteration which he ought to have despised. The arguments were such as boys use in debating societies. The pleasantry was as awkward as the gambols of a hippopotamus. Even Boswell was forced to own that, in this unfortunate piece, he could detect no trace of his master's powers. The general opinion was, that the strong faculties which had produced the Dictionary and the Rambler were beginning to feel the effect of time and of disease, and that the old man would best consult his credit by writing no more.

But this was a great mistake. Johnson had failed, not because his mind was less vigorous than when he wrote Rasselas in the evenings of a week, but because he had foolishly chosen, or suffered others to choose for him, a subject such as he would at no time have been competent to treat. He was in no sense a statesman. He never willingly read, or thought, or talked about affairs of state. He loved biography, literary history, the history of manners; but political history was positively distasteful to him. The question at issue between the colonies and the mother country was a question about which he had really nothing to say. He failed, therefore, as the greatest men must fail when they attempt to do that for which they are unfit; as Burke would have failed if Burke had tried to write comedies like those of Sheridan; as Revnolds would have failed if Reynolds had tried to paint landscapes like those of Wilson. Happily, Johnson soon had an opportunity of proving most signally that his failure was not to be asscribed to intellectual decay.

On Easter eve, 1777, some persons, deputed by a meeting which consisted of forty of the first booksellers in London, called upon him. Though he had some scruples about doing business at that season, he received his visitors with much civility. They came to inform him that a new edition of the English poets, from Cowley downward, was in contemplation, and to ask him to furnish short biographical prefaces. He readily undertook the task, a task for which he was pre-eminently qualified. His knowledge of the literary history of England since the Restoration was unrivaled. That knowledge he had derived partly from books, and partly from



sources which had long been closed; from old | Grub Street traditions; from the talk of forgotten poetasters and pamphleteers who had long been lying in parish vaults; from the recollections of such men as Gilbert Walmesley, who had conversed with the wits of Button; Cibber, who had mutilated the plays of two generations of dramatists; Orrery, who had been admitted to the society of Swift; and Savage, who had rendered services of no very honorable kind to Pope. The biographer, therefore, sate down to his task with a mind full of matter. He had at first intended to give only a paragraph to every minor poet, and only four or five pages to the greatest name. But the flood of anecdote and criticism overflowed the narrow channel. The work, which was originally meant to consist only of a few sheets, swelled into ten volumes small volumes, it is true, and not closely printed. The first four appeared in 1779, the remaining six in 1781.

The Lives of the Poets are, on the whole, the best of Johnson's works. The narratives are as entertaining as any novel. The remarks on life and on human nature are eminently shrewd and profound. The criticisms are often excellent, and, even when grossly and provokingly unjust, well deserve to be studied; for, however erroneous they may be, they are never silly. They are the judgments of a mind trammeled by prejudice and deficient in sensibility, but vigorous and acute. They therefore generally contain a portion of valuable truth which deserves to be separated from the alloy; and, at the very worst, they mean something, a praise to which much of what is called criticism in our time has no pretensions.

Savage's Life Johnson reprinted nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever, after reading that life, will turn to the other lives, will be struck by the difference of style. Since Johnson had been at ease in his circumstances, he had written little and had talked much. therefore, he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of elaborate composition was less perceptible than formerly; and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement may be discerned by a skillful critic in the Journey to the Hebrides, and in the Lives of the Poets is so obvious that it can not escape the notice of the most careless reader.

Among the Lives the best are perhaps those of Cowley, Dryden, and Pope. The very worst is, beyond all doubt, that of Gray.

There was, indeed, much just and much unjust eensure: but even those who were loudest in blame were attracted by the book in spite of themselves. Malone computed the gains of the publishers at five or six thousand pounds. But the writer was very poorly remunerated. Intending at first to write very short prefaces, he had stipulated for only two hundred guineas. The booksellers, when they saw how far his per-

formance had surpassed his promise, added only another hundred. Indeed, Johnson, though he did not despise, or affect to despise money, and though his strong sense and long experience ought to have qualified him to protect his own interests, seems to have been singularly unskillful and unlucky in his literary bargains. was generally reputed the first English writer of his time. Yet several writers of his time sold their copyrights for sums such as he never ventured to ask. To give a single instance, Robertson received four thousand five hundred pounds for the History of Charles V.; and it is no disrespect to the memory of Robertson to say that the History of Charles V. is both a less valuable and less amusing book than the Lives of the Poets.

Johnson was now in his seventy-second year. The infirmities of age were coming fast upon him. That inevitable event, of which he never thought without horror, was brought near to him; and his whole life was darkened by the shadow of death. He had often to pay the cruel price of longevity. Every year he lost what could never be replaced. The strange dependents to whom he had given shelter, and to whom, in spite of their faults, he was strongly attached by habit, dropped off one by one; and, in the silence of his home, he regretted even the noise of their scolding matches. The kind and generous Thrale was no more; and it would have been well if his wife had been laid beside him. But she survived to be the laughing-stock of those who had envied her, and to draw from the eyes of the old man who had loved her beyond any thing in the world, tears far more bitter than he would have shed over her grave. With some estimable, and many agreeable qualities, she was not made to be independent. The control of a mind more steadfast than her own was necessary to her respectability. While she was restrained by her husband, a man of sense and firmness, indulgent to her taste in trifles, but always the undisputed master of his house, her worst offenses had been impertinent jokes, white lies, and short fits of pettishness ending in sunny good-humor. But he was gone; and she was left an opulent widow of forty, with strong sensibility, volatile fancy, and slender judgment. She soon fell in love with a music-master from Brescia, in whom nobody but herself could discover any thing to admire. Her pride, and perhaps some better feelings, struggled hard against this degrading passion. But the struggle irritated her nerves, soured her temper, and at length endangered her health. Conscious that her choice was one which Johnson could not approve, she became desirous to escape from his inspection. Her manner toward him changed. She was sometimes cold and sometimes petulant. She did not conceal her joy when he left Streatham: she never pressed him to return: and, if he came unbidden, she received him in a manner which convinced him that he was no longer a



hints which she gave. He read, for the last time, a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library which had been formed by himself. In a solemn and tender prayer he commended the house and its inmates to the Divine protection. and, with emotions which choked his voice and convulsed his powerful frame, left forever that beloved home for the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street, where the few and evil days which still remained to him were to run out. Here, in June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he recovered, and which does not appear to have at all impaired his intellectual faculties. But other maladies came thick upon him. His asthma tormented him day and night. Dropsical symptoms made their appearance. While sinking under a complication of diseases, he heard that the woman whose friendship had been the chief happiness of sixteen years of his life had married an Italian fiddler; that all London was crying shame upon her; and that the newspapers and magazines were filled with allusions to the Ephesian matron and the two pictures in Hamlet. He vehemently said that he would try to forget her existence. He never uttered her name. Every memorial of her which met his eye he flung into the fire. She, meanwhile, fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastened across Mount Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man, with whose name hers is inseparably associated, had eeased to exist.

He had, in spite of much mental and much bodily affliction, clung vehemently to life. The feeling described in that fine but gloomy paper which closes the series of his Idlers seemed to grow stronger in him as his last hour drew near. He fancied that he should be able to draw his breath more easily in a southern climate, and would probably have set out for Rome and Naples but for his fear of the expense of the journey. That expense, indeed, he had the means of defraying; for he had laid up about two thousand pounds, the fruit of labors which had made the fortune of several publishers. But he was unwilling to break in upon this hoard, and he seems to have wished even to keep its existence a secret. Some of his friends hoped that the government might be induced to increase his pension to six hundred pounds a year, but this hope was disappointed, and he resolved to stand one English winter more. That winter was his last. His legs grew weaker; his breath grew shorter; the fatal water gathered fast, in spite of incisions which he, courageous against pain, but timid against death, urged his surgeons to make deeper and deeper. Though the tender care which had mitigated his sufferings during months of sickness at Streatham was withdrawn, he was not left desolate. The ablest physicians and surgeons attended him, and refused to accept fees from him. Burks parted from him with deep

emotion. Windham sate much in the sick room, arranged the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch at night by the bed. Frances Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand When at length the moment, dreaded through so many years, came close, the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. was laid, a week later, in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian-Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior, and Addison.

Since his death the popularity of his worksthe Lives of the Poets, and, perhaps, the Vanity of Human Wishes, excepted—has greatly diminished. His Dictionary has been altered by editors till it can scarcely be called his. An allusion to his Rambler or his Idler is not readily apprehended in literary circles. The fame even of Rasselas has grown somewhat dim. But though the celebrity of the writings may have declined, the celebrity of the writer, strange to say, is as great as ever. Boswell's book has done for him more than the best of his own books could do. The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works. But the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans, No human being who has been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us. And it is but just to say that our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the anfractuosities of his intellect and of his temper. serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man.

BORN AGAIN.

JASTINGS, the lithographist, could not have planned St. Peter's, nor stood up as Raphael's rival in the Sistine chapel; but he was himself, in his own little way. Shopmen esteemed his prints, and people of moderate means were well content to hang upon their walls any one of his unpretending works. No one ever felt ashamed for him that he had taken graver in his hand. His drawings never were renowned; but they were faultless after their own fashion, or at least nearly so. There was a certain sameness about them that made a room full of his publications undesirable. I would not care to have a garden full of violets, but a violet root is precious to my soul; and on the same principle I would like nothing better than



a modest portfolio of Hastings's executions and | those shilling bits of paper, bearing evidence of designs.

He was city born and bred, if he could be said to have had any breeding-which might well be disputed. He had been a boot-black, a porter's boy, a news-boy, a waiter in a hotel, a "plasterparish image boy," every thing and nothing through his youth, always prolific in designs, as his continued change of occupation proved. He used to calculate that, if all the people he had waited on and served in his time would only buy his prints, he should be a rich man soon. That was in his dreamy speculative moods, not in his hours of work. He was then too much absorbed in actual doing to indulge in such idleness as dreaming.

That he had odd habits of labor I need not say. He used to sketch with a coal upon the walls of houses, when he could do so with impunity; or on the pavement, with a bit of chalk or stone, or with a pin sometimes, when his idea was specially elaborate. He thus made copies of pictures from the newspapers; and it was his habit also to carry about with him, day after day, some face, form, or attitude, caught in the street, or from prints exhibited in shop windows, until what he desired to copy had transferred itself wholly to his mind, when he would seek an opportunity of making a sketch of it.

It is needless to go through all his experiences. It is the result, the result in little things as well as great, that we of this age are constantly demanding. Who cares for cause or process? Thus we have come by our prophets of millennium, from Widow Wakeman up to Doctor Cumming. Demand creates supply.

It is needless to relate how it happened, so it did happen, that into Cass Hastings's brain a thought entered; how it made its abode there and grew into freedom, repeating its own announcements, until he began to understand them, and then to starve himself, and pinch himself, not deliberately, but unavoidably, in carrying out his resolution.

It was now a good many years since he had gone from his master's shop to work on his own account. He had never found a patron from that day to this; never had he sought one. Full of expedients as his mind had always been, it was now at rest. He had anticipated for the present certainly nothing beyond a continuance of his labors, and he desired nothing more.

He was a short, heavy-built person, and had a stunted look, as if he might and would have grown into a large and handsome man had his condition not opposed itself to his nature. His features said something for the generosity and freedom of his spirit. They were large and well-defined, and said for him, clearly as features can, that he was his own master.

He was always the copyist of nature. Life in the city streets had many an illustration at his hands, which found a popularity among the people who could best appreciate the truthfulness of points which had before their eyes a daily ex-

the graphic working of his hand, might have been found. Beggars, and chimney-sweeps, newsboys, and dog-fights, street-musicians, found their artist in him. And he was satisfied when he saw the group of boys and women that would halt before the fourth-rate shop window where any one of these prints was set up for exhibition. Well might he have been. Had he but known what goes on among artists who stood half way between him and real greatness! He never thought to go beyond these things; to copy what his eyes saw, with faithfulness; to hear a favorable verdict from those whom he had taken for models, as he stood among them in the street, that satisfied him. His imagination was of course never called on for tribute in these works; it had nothing to do with them. He was only a copyist.

So he went on from year to year, making his small sums of money-for he was not the man ever by any chance to make a good bargain for himself-went on living in comfort, up four pair of stairs, in an attic chamber, congratulating himself, when his thoughts turned inward so far, on the great change in his circumstances since he was a lad; and so on. He did not know a great deal in his profession, but as much as could have been expected, perhaps, and he was industrious, contented, generous. Copies of his productions, from the first that had been issued, hung round his walls, in cheap frames, and he regarded them with the true spirit of paternal pride and fondness. But no selfishness was in that spirit, Winter and summer he was always at his work: and not a day passed that did not bring its visitors to that studio. Not the most distinguished critics indeed, nor the most fashionable idlers, nor the most stupid patrons; but they were such visitors and critics as came without pomp, and were received without ceremony. They were such as could not confer on him any great profit or distinction, but they enlivened the day's dullness, and were always sure of welcome. Their praise was precious to him. Children for the most part were they who watched the motions of his pencils, sometimes in silence, or wondering observation, or busy talk, and each mood of theirs pleased him equally.

With his neighbors in the house where he lodged he had not much to do. The tenants came and went as suited them, and he was not disturbed. "A man of his own march" was he, industriously intent on minding his own bus-

Such was the man, such his pursuits, character, and habit, up to the hour when the clock struck nine.

One Saturday morning he was in his usual place at work, when the pleasant sound of the summer shower, descending on the roof just over head, was lost suddenly in another sound, that of a voice singing in the room adjoining his. Between these rooms there was the lightest possible division of lath and plaster, and every step position. In many a garret, suspended by a pin, in one apartment was distinctly heard in the



other. Yesterday a newspaper reporter lodged there—not a very peaceable neighbor—and this sound of the singing voice was the first intimation Cass had received of the change in the tenants of the chamber. It startled him so much that he dropped his pencil and looked around him with a face full of wonder and questioning; but he made no other than this voiceless expression of surprise, and the voice went on singing.

The person was practicing, as was shown by her frequent repetitions of the same strain. There was no need of the fear Hastings felt at the end of the first song that she would not begin again, for she sang all the morning, and all that while he sat idle, listening. At noon he heard footsteps in the room, the singer walking about, preparing to go out, may be. Yes, it was that. Hastings heard her go out, fasten the door behind her, and pass with a rapid step down the stairway, humming. He sat there still idle when she had gone, until brought back to his senses and his work by the recollection of the task appointed to himself that day. He always fulfilled his own demands, no matter what the event might be; so all that afternoon beheld him working at his picture with a flying hand. He had nothing to say to the boy that came in and watched his work, but sat with firm-set lips, and untiring hand, laboring as countless thousands do, day after day, as if for life. When it was dark he lighted his lamp and set to work again, whistling now a lively strain, for the moment of rest was at hand, and the week of toil ending.

When his work was done he went strolling about the street, according to his custom, and a new thought was busy in his brain, active as though not a stranger and foreigner there.

Whence had it come? And how was it that he should find himself walking into a greenhouse, a public conservatory, that same evening? Looking about among the fragrant exotics, observing the various blossoms, and at length actually purchasing a small glass jar of blooming pink hyacinths, and another of white? How can I tell? He had never entered such a place before. His window-sill had never been the home of flower-pot before.

Perhaps it was the softness of the evening, or, it may have been the song of his neighbor that had something to do with the purchase; it must, obviously, have originated in some longing.

If Cass had attempted to do any work that night, when he sat down on his work-bench and took his graver in his hand, he would inevitably have produced chaos. But instead of working he remembered, with a satisfaction which every Sabbath-keeping worker understands, that it was Saturday night, and that he was at liberty to rest till Monday morning.

Sitting there with his elbows resting on his work-stand, with the hyacinths on the table before him, he would not have chosen that his visitors, the children of that region, should visit him just then.

I have said that Hastings never attempted works of imagination. Well, but what was he doing now? He perhaps knew not, but we can perceive. He was, by no mechanical or deliberate process, ascertaining the connection that existed between that woman's songs and the pink and white hyacinths, those perfect, fragrant flowers. To do so must he not create a heaven and earth dissimilar to that of which he had been heretofore a habitant? And if he could accomplish so much, was he not a genius, an inventor, a creator indeed?

Not that night did the shadows brooding over chaos roll away. Cass went to bed, he threw himself upon the pallet in the corner of his room, with the fragrance of the flowers in his chamber, and just beyond these the voice. What influences to surround a man; I mean, a man like him!

It was long after his first nap that Hastings heard the door of the next chamber close. Then—for he listened, breathing more softly there upon his bed—then steps going to and fro. Then—for he turned his eyes in that direction—then he saw a ray of light flash through a crack in the partition. Presently it disappeared again, and deep silence followed.

The next morning he lingered about his room, hoping to hear the voice again; but all was still beyond there—not a footstep, not a motion, much less a song. And at length, becoming aware of his foolishness in wasting the bright day, he went out to take his customary Sunday walk along the river side; and he might go to the Island. The sun invited him, the flowers urged him to accept the invitation. But before he went out his eyes looked down upon them, down deep into the heart of the flowers, as they had never looked on any other thing, and all unconsciously he descended those many flights of stairs, and stepped out on a new earth, a new man under a new heaven.

Many a mile he walked before he turned his face homeward. Out in the country he sat down to rest on the edge of a field where green wheat was waving in the warm breeze. not that a situation? . There were flocks of birds, and solitary singers passing now and then; their songs floated around them, and their joyous atmosphere of music included the listening man. For he heard the songs, and rejoiced with the singers, and therefore was included. He saw, moreover, the red cockle flowers where they had grown up among the wheat, and his honest heart was like the heart of happy childhood, content to sit peaceful in the sunshine, regardless of the heat, all undisturbed and tranquil.

Late in the afternoon he turned his steps homeward. Willingly he went, as if something waited for him in the west—something besides work, which could not be wrought till to-morrow. Was it the flowers in his window? Whatever the cause might be he left the waving field of grain, the bright river, and the birds, and the wild cockle flowers, with less regret than he



had ever done—as though knowing that he went | away to his window and the hyacinths.

He saw his neighbor as he went up to his room, it happened. He saw her coming down the street, from the direction opposite to him. She entered the passage-way a dozen steps in his advance, but he was sure, before she entered the common passage-way, that this was she. Going up the stairs behind her, every step she took he heard, and with every step he hastened, in the heat of his unprecedented curiosity, until gaining the uppermost landing, much in the manner of one in pursuit, he saw her turn full toward him, and survey him from head to foot in a manner that precluded any such observation of her on his part. And while she carelessly swung the key of her chamber on her finger, he made a hasty retreat within his own door, and sat down to recover himself from his confusion at his leisure.

But he had seen her face; and he remembered that when his chase up the stairs and its termination had passed from his mind. It was not a particularly striking countenance; not striking at least on account of its beauty: it had too worn a look, too haggard an expression, to convey any great pleasure to an observer's eye; but the whole bearing of the figure was fine, and you might have admired the eyes, had they not at first startled you so much by their wildness and sorrowfulness.

The face agreed well with the voice, thought Cass, and did not, to his view, conflict with those hyacinths upon the window-sill, nor with the field of wheat that waved under the sunny sky, with cockle flowers blooming in among the ripening grain. To his view it did not conflict with these!—a philosopher would have seen at a glance that there was an eternity between them.

When he went into his room in such haste and threw himself upon his bench he took up his pencil carelessly, feeling something like composure instantly in view of his security. His brain was teeming with confusion, yet there was some order running through it all, else how had he beat time, with his pencil, so perfectly to the gay air that was running through his mind, as it had been, all day? He had never heard that air but once before, and that was the last evening.

Now his imagination was at work. What was it he beheld? Under the steady beaming of the sun the waving grain had goldened; still higher rose the misty obscuration, rolling ever away, and making the horizon clearer. With a sickle in her hand stood a young reaper on the border of the field, waiting while an old man sharpened his scythe and made ready to go in. Clearer and clearer he beheld it. Whose was the fair young face shining in that summer light?

against the stone, then dropped it and turned man. The hyacinths were prairies of blossoms,

from much, but aware also that he went to then the voice in the next room broke out into a song-brief, gay; and when it ended she sang no more.

> Then Cass went to bed. But he was up by daybreak, and at work long before the sun rose, laboring as his fancy would have had him labor last night when he came in from the country. He was to represent the field of waving grain, the full grain in the ear, "the bearded grain," the birds, the cockle flowers, the old reaper, and the young girl with the sickle in her hand.

> All the week long he lingered carefully, patiently, anxiously, over the figure of that girl. His work was more difficult to do than he had apprehended in the heat of resolution. It was natural that he should work harder, and with less satisfaction, about this face and figure than he had ever done before; that he should experience more anxiety, that a desponding sense of his unfitness for the task he had set himself to do with such delight, should overwhelm him. But it was quite as natural that his resolution should lift him above the dependence, high above it as he had been cast down. Three times he erased his work; but four times he began it, and each time with a better success and a heartier satisfaction. With each progress that he made a multitude of similar themes engaged his thoughts; he should never be at a loss again when he sat down to labor.

> To depict his imaginings, then, he turned forever from copying the city streets and sights; old things had passed away and all to him was

> But even when he completed this new task, and was in a measure satisfied with the result of his adventurous flight-adventurous in respect of his powers as Leonardo's greatest in respect to his-Cass Hastings was not greatly successful; only very moderately so. And to this effect his employers did not hesitate to inform There were many that surpassed him who were not able to find better employers than he. The dealers contrasted his work with theirs. to his discomfiture it must be owned; and, like true friends, they advised him to keep to his graphic sketches. But what are counsel and warning to a man when he has determined? Who ever takes advice when it conflicts with his own convictions and his pleasure? Cass looked at the maiden face he had drawn, and felt in his heart there was no failure there; and he felt sustained by the rare purity, the innocence, and courage that smiled upon him from the beautiful, hopeful countenance he had depicted. His own success, as he beheld it, was his surety that he was in the right way.

He went to work again. It was on this new and fertile theme of the country that he lavished his time and labor. This was the absorbing subject to him now. He opened his heart to He rose from his bench after long musing any, to all its influences. His dream of it was and took up his pencil, stopped, and tried it to him better than the reality to many another



wildernesses of perfume; and the singing voice | wall, and some angry, disagreeable, proud rebrought with it every other tone, of wind, or bird, or water.

These were the sources of his inspiration—his neighbors and the hyacinths! Of course, he grew poorer day by day, clinging to his one idea. Greater men have done the same. Such was the fate of Haydon. And all his women had one face; so had all the women that sprang forth at the call of Andrea del Sarto's genius.

Meantime, what was going on next door? A busy life as well. Hastings had no need of an assurance to that effect; but he was curious to know farther, and he was more excusable than many others would have been in the act to which his curiosity led him one day, when he heard her rise up suddenly and run out of her room, leaving her door wide open after her. He might find excuse for himself, but it was actually nothing less or better than curiosity, and a hope that the occasion could gratify it, that led him from his room the moment after to the door of her The door stood wide open as she had left it. A glance revealed to him the entire contents of the room. It was a poorer place than his for habitation, smaller, had less light, and nothing to redeem its cheerlessness. The old table by the window covered with gay bits of vari-colored muslin, and the box of artificial flowers, told him his neighbor's trade; and on this he meditated when, after a momentary observation, he returned to his room, hurried by the sound he heard of her feet again on the stair.

With the information thus acquired, Cass sat down to his own labor more composedly. But now and then he lifted his head and looked around his room, and invariably his observation of this or that work of his hands, was cut short by the hyacinth upon the window. Many times he passed through this manner of observation before he understood himself; but at last he did understand, and a smile, in token of the fact, passed over his face, and then he went on with his work more industriously than before. But again he paused in it, and taking down one of his pictures, placed it by the jar of hyacinths, and then went on with his working. At this work he now continued without interruption until night came on, and he waited in the silence and darkness until she had gone out, as she did almost every evening, then he hastened with the pot of white hyacinths and one of his pictures, and left them beside her door.

He went to bed shortly after, for his mind was wandering from his work, and his hand was not steady; he must have a night of rest. He did not hear his neighbor when she returned; but in the morning when he looked out of his door, there stood his gifts, but nearer his own door than hers-not in the place that he had left them. So they had been rejected!

Disappointed and mortified, Cass took them up in his arms and carried flower and picture into his room. The hyacinth he placed again

flections, such as he had never indulged in before, disturbed his mind, his heart. But in listening for the sounds of the next chamber, these emotions and reflections passed away unobserved and were forgotten; and when, by-and-by, the tenant of the little cheerless chamber began to sing, he knew that she must be sitting by her window working at her artificials, and without stopping to consider any thing farther about it, he took down the rejected picture, took up the rejected pot of hyacinths, went to her door and knocked.

She came and opened it, as he anticipated, and for the first time stood full and fairly before him. That was not as young a face as he had fancied, and it would never be young again. This he perceived as he stood looking at her an instant before he spoke. His gaze did not please her, it seemed, for during its continuance, brief as it was, she smiled, nodded, and shut the door between them.

"But I want to speak to you," said Hastings, astonished into sudden speech by this unexpected treatment.

"Why didn't you speak, then? I've no time to waste," said the voice from within, speaking quickly, but with unquestionable good-humor. The tone of voice emboldened Hastings-reassured him.

"I'm coming then," said he, by way of warning, and he opened the door. "Here are some flowers, and a picture for you; to show my goodwill to you, being your neighbor," said he, with a bow, going in.

"I am glad of your good-will," she answered, with a prompt, clear voice. "But what do you think I can want of any more flowers? I never shall find time to take care of that. But thank you all the same. It's very pretty-too pretty to come here to die on my hands." She surveved it a moment, only a moment, and went on with work; so fast she worked, clipping and shaping the many-colored bits of muslin, silk, and satin, that her fingers seemed to fly.

"It only wants the window, and a drop of water in the morning," said Hastings, as if apologizing for the trouble he was bringing on her by his gift. "You have a garden of them. though," he added, as if preparing himself for another refusal to receive the present.

"Such as they are," she answered, indiffer-"What have you there in your hand? ently. a picture, did you say?"

"Something I'm afraid to show, now I've brought it," said Hastings, actually blushing before such scrutiny as he felt was in those eyes.

"Turn it this way, so that I can see," said she, making little of his embarrassment, speaking as one whose moments are precious, and who is impatient of delay.

At this Cass Hastings came nearer to herclose to her work-table, where he rested the frame, the picture facing her; and having now recovered himself sufficiently, while she was upon the window, the picture he hung upon the surveying his work he made such a study of her



face as he had never made of human countenance before.

There was much in it that pleased him; something that did not please him. He had fancied in all his recent work that it was her face he was portraying; he might have seen now, and he did see, how much after all he had been indebted to his imagination in making the design. But the effect of his work on the woman seemed extraordinary. For a long time she looked at the young gleaner without speaking; then she asked, with more mildness than she had before used,

- "I knew a child like that once; where did you see her?"
- "I never saw her," answered Hastings, confused. But she did not perceive the effect of her words on him.
- "That is strange," she continued; "where did you find the face then?"
- "I drew it with my hand from the stone," said he.
- "Oh, very well; did you mean me to keep it?"
 - "Yes."
- "Thank you; that will not make more work for me. May be I shall like to look at it sometimes. It will do me good to see it; to remember. You never saw a face like that, then?"
 - "Not quite."
- "Not quite," she repeated, hurriedly. "But then something like it, where?"
- "Nowhere; never, I really think," replied he, honestly. For less and less resemblance could he trace between her and the imagination he had cherished.
 - "Do you work at this trade?" she asked.
 - " Yes."
- "This must be worth something to you, then. Take it away. Yes. Do you hear? It must be worth something. We poor people have no right to be making such presents."
- "It is worth a song to me; if you will pay that," said Hastings, not embarrassed now, but self-possessed, and serious in his speech.
- "A song," repeated she, as if meditating on that proposition; and taking up her work again she was silent for a moment. Then she threw down the work and sang, but not as he had heard her sing before. This sad strain seemed to come from her heart, expressing what he had not heard expressed before; it was a low and plaintive melody; a song sad enough for Motherwell to have written.
- "There!" she exclaimed; "you see what your picture has done for me. You had better take it away, or I shall be ruined. It is not my business to sing such songs as that, but I shall forget how to sing any other. Take it away."
 - "Let me leave the flowers, then."
- "Well, leave them. Leave the picture too," she said, with an abruptness that told how suddenly her purpose changed. "Who knows? Do I disturb you in my room with my practice?" she asked, looking at Hastings with the look of | ing his eyes or pausing in his work.

- one who has grown suspicious of all the world, and who would yet fain trust.
- "I'd like to be disturbed that way from morning till night," said he.
- "Oh! you don't know much about it, then," replied she, not quite with scorn, and yet with no evident appreciation of his judgment.
 - "I would, though," he repeated.
- "I suppose you mean it," she answered, more gently, as if with less resolution she might have given way to tears.
- "Keep both, then," said he, leaving the picture-frame against the wall, and placing the hyacinths upon the window.
- "Very well," said she; "and thank you," she added, "you are very kind."

He wished he could be kind to her, he thought, when he went back to his room. For some reason he was both sad and pitiful on his return; yet she seemed a spirited, industrious young woman, and she had a trade by which to support herself as well as he.

One day not long after this, while Hastings was at work still embodying, and since that visit, it must be acknowledged, with constantly more success, that one idea of female beauty by which he was haunted, he heard her come from her room hastily and knock upon his door.

With a bound he stood before her, the door flung wide open for her entrance. Would she enter? what would she have? would she not come in? There she stood facing him with the jar of hyacinths in her hand. They were, or seemed to be, in a dying state-yellow, withered, sapless, and the beauty of the flowers had altogether passed away.

- "There," said she, "I knew what would happen, and it has."
- "You have forgotten to water it," said Hastings, almost reproachfully, taking it from her, and rubbing up the dry dust with his fingers.
- "I knew it would die, but you would leave it," she repeated.
- "My window has a better light," said he, moved by the sound of her voice. "It will do well here-never mind," and with his hearty, good-natured smile, he bestowed on the plant a look that might almost of itself have revived it.
- "Are all these your works?" said she, casting now a glance around the room, and he could see that the glance was not without admiration; and also he came very near to a perception of the fact that she was desirous of instantly dropping the subject of the hyacinth.
- "Yes," said he; "will you look at them? I am busy just now." This was the truth. Cass was very busy, and he was moreover anxious, for reasons of his own, to leave his guest alone to her observations.
- "But the faces are all alike," said she, as she went from one to another: she turned from all the pictures, and, standing in the centre of the room, looked wonderingly at Cass as she made this observation.
- "It is the same face," said he, without lift-



- "Is it a copy?" asked she.
- "No;" he hesitated. It was, and yet was not. It was herself, yet not herself. How could he explain to her that which as yet was barely apparent to his own eyes? Therefore, he answered, hesitating, "No."
- "You have lived in the country, then?" said
 - "No," he answered again.
- "But that sketch is from Nature. I have seen the like of it a thousand times."
- "A wheat-field is nothing so very rare," remarked he, adopting her own manner of speech.
- "It seems to me so rare that if I were to travel forever and ever, I should not come to one again."
- "I know of one not half a mile off," said Hastings, clinging to his pencil as he spoke as if it were for life; and he thrust his head down by a violent effort nearer to his work, because it was his impulse to look upon her while she was speaking thus, and because his heart bade him for pity's sake not look.

She did not seem to hear him, but asked in different tone, "How do you get on in your work? Is it easy?"

- "Jogging on from morning till night," he replied.
 - "Nobody to hinder you?"
 - " Why, no."
- "Nothing to do but finish your work and take the pay?"
- "When I can get it," said he, with a laugh. "That's the most there is to do, as you say," he added, more gravely.
- "You don't have any difficulties? with yourself, I mean. Ain't troubled wanting to do better than you ever can do?"
- "May be," said he, laying down his graver; speaking in an uncertain way, as also he looked at her. "I'm getting nearer to it-to what I want-every time. I shall have it by-and-by."

His face was so bright, so hopeful, so honest, as he looked at the young woman, that she could but smile, though it was with but a doleful sort of smile indeed.

- "You never find yourself lamenting the day that you learned to hold the tools; cursing the day you first took them in hand?" Oh! what bitterness and desperation in the woman's voice.
- "No. no." answered Hastings; speaking as if he would like to stop his ears or run away. "I never thought of doing the like of that. I'm satisfied just as soon as I get the face."
- "You'll never get it-yes you will," said she, vehemently, contradicting herself; and then-"I want to tell you something."
- "Sit down," said Hastings, starting from his work bench, "sit down;" he pointed to the seat made vacant thus. "What do you want to tell me?" and then, abashed by his own speech, he said more gently, "I am sure I shall be glad to hear any thing you want to say. We ought to be good, trusty friends, being such near neighbors. Can I help you any way?"

It helped me some-more than you think. isn't thrown away and gone to the winds. want to talk."

"Talk to me," said Cass, very kindly.

There was not so much as the shadow of a smile on either of their faces, but a deep seriousness and anxiety on both, when the girl continued thus:

"What if you had been a wonderful genius when you were a child, and every body had thought you were, and called you so-and you had been exhibited till you had worn out your voice, or whatever it was you had that made you a wonder-and you had grown up in that way, looking for what you had lost to come back, when it never could come back because it was worn out, until every one stopped looking for it, and never expected it any more—and then you had gone on growing old in misfortunes, sinking and sinking, the older you grew, when you could feel it most, having more and more to feel-understanding all you wanted to do, feeling you could do it if you only had-had something which was gone never to come back-taking the lowest parts always, when you knew only one thing hindered from taking a high-and seeing younger ones, babes when you were drawing full houses night after night, such ones coming on and taking the parts you meant to fill -and then you getting lower and lower, and every body thinking so, a kind of hanger-on, some one to fill up—how would you like that?"

While she spoke, Hastings stood looking at the woman. Rapid and strange were the changes that occurred in the expression of that honest face of his-the wonder and doubt that came and disappeared, and then the pity that shone through and softened every feature, and seemed to soften the whole aspect of the room, till even the face of the excited woman seemed almost subdued in the mild light.

"It is a hard case to think of," said he, with a generous sympathy in his voice, which the woman felt at once.

- "It's mine," said she.
- "Oh no, I hope not," he was quick to ex-
- "It is," repeated she. "It's what I've been going through year after year; and now I am thinking I'll not look any longer for a miracle to happen."
- "But you've got the sweetest voice I ever heard," said Cass Hastings, quickly, and in sober earnest.
- "Is it?" she asked, looking at him incredulously. Then a sudden confidence seemed to rise from her heart toward him, and her eyes, steadfastly fixed on him, were full of gratefulness. But the confidence and gratitude gave way again to a deep sadness.
- "There's no one else would say so," she said; "you wouldn't say it if you knew better. I don't mean any thing by that. Only perhaps you don't understand music as well as some. I can talk about it to you," she continued with a "No; no more than you have. You have sigh; "but the most of people, those I know,



don't feel much in such a case. Either they've never had such hopes as I've had, and can't understand what it is to lose them, or else they are pushing on in their own way, and have no time to think of what don't concern themselves. See how foolish I am. I did not forget your hyacinth. There's nobody would watch it as I have. But I said, if it lives the week out without water, I shall triumph yet. But if it fades, then I will quit singing and make more artificials, and get through the world as soon as I can. There's nobody to feel it now but me."

"Yes, there is; I'd feel it!" exclaimed Cass. quite in desperation, in such desperate earnestness the poor young woman talked. "Every body would feel it that ever heard you sing."

"You're very kind to say so, but you are mistaken. I have tried it all, and I know."

"The week isn't up yet either since you had the hyacinth; who knows-" said Hastings, bent upon comforting her. What he intended he did not utter very clearly; he had, in fact, not the most clear perception himself of what he would speak. He only wanted to console her for the past, and find some hope for her in the future. And it was no easy work to

"I know it," said she. "To-day I could not bear to see it dying so, and that is the reason I brought it back. You say my voice is sweet. Every body said so once. I can remember the time. I thank you very much for saying it. I am glad it sounds sweet to you. But I only sing in choruses now."

"Oh, on the stage!" said Cass, as if the fact had never occurred to him before.

"Why, yes," she answered, looking at him surprised, and almost smiling at his dullness.

"And that's where you are of nights, when you go out?" he continued, apparently relieved, greatly relieved by the intelligence.

"Yes, at the theatre."

"That's what you have the fine dress for I saw hanging on your wall?"

"Why, yes," she answered again, not impatiently, not angrily, but apparently glad to tell him, since he did not know, and had evidently thought about it. Then she added, more gravely, "But a long time ago it was different; I was a child, and I lived in the country."

"You did!" exclaimed Cass, looking at her with a grand smile, in which, indeed, he seemed to stand transfigured. "I always thought **80.**"

"You thought so in the picture," she said, looking at him half inquiringly. Then her eyes lifted, they went wandering around the wall, gazing at the poor little evidences of the work of Hastings's hands. For one moment she answered wholly, entirely, to that imagining he entirely and forever.

She was not altogether such a woman as we might have chosen for Cass Hastings. She had not his guilelessness of heart, his singleness of purpose, his simplicity of character. But she understood the world better than he did, and had many thoughts and fancies worthy of an artist's contemplation. She had figured on the stage so long that she had a good understanding of "effects," and could manage drapery which he never-of himself-never could have learned to do. The sympathy of a good heart could alone make another woman of her, and the reader has seen how grateful she could be for such honest tribute as Cass Hastings ren-

Of course the young woman married him and he her; but not on that day, nor for many that succeeded.

Night after night, month after month, she went on, vacillating between hope and despondency, but constantly encouraged by Hastings's assurances of the sweetness of her voice-assurances which were never uttered for encouragement such as it proved to be, yet still honestly uttered-appearing in her old character, a chorus singer still. But the night never came to her, as it did to Jenny Lind, when she felt her voice returning. There was nothing to return. The voice was gone forever. Still she persisted in her hope and her endeavor until a violent cold disabled her from filling her subordinate part, and then she retired to her garretchamber, as she believed, to die.

But the good Samaritan was near-the "neighbor' at hand. For six weeks Cass Hastings stood on the watch; ever within call, seeing that her fire never went out, that she never suffered for want of food, or medicine, or light. One by one he transferred his pictures to her wall; then he brought the hyacinths, and he worked -never in his life had he so worked before; for, in procuring comforts for this disabled neighbor of his, he soon came to the end of her slender resources; and he could never see a womanand that woman of all women-want for any thing. He had her to support as well as himself.

That imperative necessity of suspending all labor was, to the poor singer, a blessed necessity. During her weeks of sickness, the harrowed spirit which had been so sharpened by struggle, rivalry, defeat, renewed its youth again. The spirit of childhood returned to her once more; and in those days the pencil of Hastings for the first time became the pencil of an artist, and whatever his work may have been to others, thenceforth it was marvelous in his own eyes.

All that had been given her through life to sweeten her cup of bitterness the singer remembered on her bed. The old applause, so dear had endeavored to portray; the look was in her to her, for whose renewal she had been content eyes, the expression on all her features, which it to labor and to wait," she could fondly recall. he had tried to convey in his pictures through But more precious still was the assurance of the young maiden's face. He looked at her Hastings that her voice, to him, was the sweetastonished, and he loved her from that moment est ever heard. The heart-burning, the anguish, the despair, the impatience for recovery,



that she might return to her labors, were with her many a dreary day, and Hastings believed that she would die in that despair. And it was a desperate work with him when he attempted to encourage and console her. But in her recovery it was of other things she thought; she was no longer desperate; she remembered—remembered better joys than old successes. She smiled on Hastings when he came to her as though he had delivered her from death—as though he had made life dear to her; and the weariness of those listless days of her recovery, when he forbade her attempting work of any kind, was beguiled by the knowledge that he was near and always within call.

Still, it was her purpose to go upon the stage again, to resume her humble place; and no doubt she would have done so had not that place been supplied by a stronger voice than hers, so that really there was nowhere room for her except in Hastings's heart.

Thus it came to pass that these persons found an appreciating audience and crown. The face of Cass Hastings's wife very likely looks down upon you from your wall; they have both their public, finally, which probably alone neither would have found.

I remark that people usually discover what they most vigilantly seek for in this world, whether it be a flaw in a neighbor's character, or an estate but little lower than that of the angels. We have all Aladdin's lamp, and the good that it will do us depends upon our rubbing.

MY VALENTINE.

CREAM-LAID, gilt-edged, and superfine, And spiced with scent of sandal-wood, A billet, faintly amber-hued, Came, franked by good Saint Valentine.

It said—in sweetest woman's hand—
"I love you, haughty Harry Gray!
Yes! you have wiled my heart away
Who was the proudest in the land.

You will not—and I can not—speak;
And so perchance you ne'er will know
The name of her who loves you so—
He finds not, who disdains to seek.

But yet, are you—the master mind— So badly read in woman's eyes As not to know, through all disguise, Whose shadow flits across the blind?

Can you not see the stranger guest
That peeps behind the window shade;
Who—trembling lest he be betrayed—
By some rash motion, stands confessed?

Are there no tokens for the seer?

No sudden flushing of the cheek

That quicker says, than lips can speak,
'He whom I love is standing near?'

No fluttering of the hand whose clasp Leans, trembling, on your stalwart arm, As if it longed for some alarm That it may cling with firmer grasp? Ah! Harry Gray! your blue eyes shine
As clear as Heaven—and yet they see
No tokens of the love in me
That makes me bow to Valentine!"

And this was all. There was no name;
No guessing from internal signs—
Save in the finish of the lines
All women's writing is the same.

Who can it be? Not Mary Jones?
She's clever, but—as Gibus swore—
"Twould take a Papist to adore
So great a heap of blessed bones.

'Tis not the vocal Harriett Faye?—
She's cut me since the night I said,
I wished she was like Memnon's head
Which only sang one song a day.

And Sappho Sherley's in such haste
To cull a bay-wreath off her twig
("Tis cheaper than a first-class wig),
I know she's got no verse to waste.

Who can it be? My brain I racked,
And read the letter twenty times,
Until at last the very rhymes,
Like mill-wheels, dully clicked and clacked.

And then I thought of that sweet night When, by the beach at Babylon, I walked the sand for hours with one Whose presence filled me with delight.

What joy it was with her to be!

To watch her graceful, girlish fears,
When waves, like ancient buccaneers,
Came sailing grandly in from sea!

O Alice Lowe! If then I had
The courage which I scarce have yet,
Not all in vain might we have met,
Nor when we parted been so sad!

Yet now conviction seemed to grow

More clear, as I the letter scanned,
That something in the dainty hand
Breathed of that self-same Alice Lowe.

I took my hat, my Jouvin gloves, Gave one last furbish to my head; "So now or never," boldly said, "To test how far the maiden loves."

She was at home; the drawing-room
In which she sat admitted day
By one huge window, whose deep bay
Embowered with plants made sweet the gloom.

At first we talked of trivial things;
Of music, novels, and the arts,
'Till after some deceptive starts,
My heart at last outspread its wings.

And sudden, to her wonder, soared
To highest flights of eloquence,
So high, indeed, that common sense,
I fear me much, was quite ignored.

"No eye can mark the flow'rets grow,"
I said—"the dews invisibly
Arise to Heaven, so thus in me
Love grew in secret, Alice Lowe!



I love you better than my soul!" –I'd nearly said "my left mustache;" "Yet ne'er did hopes, however rash, E'er compass such ecstatic whole! This letter does not tell by half-" She started as I showed the note, And something bubbled in her throat, That seemed so deuced like a laugh! "This letter all to me revealed, Your love is matched by mine-" she tore The billet from me-looked it o'er, And into long, loud laughter pealed. The marrow blushed within my bones, I felt my whiskers turning red, As she through broken laughter said, "This letter's writ by Mary Jones!" By Mary Jones! A human trap, Without the man-trap's perfect teeth! A hoop, with nothing underneath-Who ever heard of such mishap? At first I thought I'd run away, And next I swore I'd cut my throat, Or leap from some late ferry-boat-And then I thought I'd better stay. So stay I did, and braved it out, And laughed with Alice at myself— The dear, delicious, wicked elf!-And then, somehow, it came about We talked no more of Valentine, And sudden silence on us fell. And then—the how I can not tell— I found her little hand in mine. And then her low words, like the scent Escaping from some opening rose, Stole from her mouth, and at the close,

CARAVAN JOURNEYS THROUGH CEN-TRAL ASIA.

One long kiss sealed our sweet content.

IN the month of March, 1845, a caravan of some seven hundred persons, mostly Persian pilgrims, with a few merchants and some officers of high rank attendant upon the aunt of the Shah, issued from the holy city of Bagdad, and took the road leading toward the Persian capital. One of the mules of the caravan bore a tall, handsome man, with a long black beard, and a pair of very sharp eyes; he was dressed in a light Arab dress, bore the name of Yussuf, and was understood to be a Greek merchant from Mosul. He was, in fact, a French officer, General Ferrier, who, having served the Shah for some years and lost his post in consequence of his antagonism to the Russians, was now commencing a journey to Lahore, in order to seek service under Runjeet Singh.

The usual mode of traveling through Persia -for foreigners—is by posting. The traveler may have his own horses, or hire horses or mules, or obtain them from the villagers by requisition; but to proceed by any of these modes involves the necessity of a passport, and usually a courier, detailed on special duty by the Persian authori-

cattle by requisition for their journeys, and they must have a special permission from the Shah. General Ferrier, being an outlaw in Persia, could not of course obtain a passport; he had no choice but to journey like the natives, with a caravan. and in disguise. This is a very unpleasant style of traveling. It is slow, the average rate being less than 25 miles per day on a fair road; the muleteers, at whose mercy the traveler soon finds himself, are lazy, thievish, noisy, and dirty; robbers must be constantly expected, and unless the advantage of numbers and position be obviously on the side of the caravan, the muleteers will run, leaving the travelers and merchandise to protect themselves. Christians are peculiarly inconvenienced in caravans. Though the Mussulman pilgrims anoint themselves with rancid butter till their presence is almost suffocating, they will run half a mile rather than let a Christian be to windward of them for fear the air, tainted by his infidel breath, should be blown upon their persons. Five times a day the caravan stops for prayer; at which times, if the Christian remains conscientiously aloof, he is sure to be insulted, scowled upon, and sometimes maltreated.

General Ferrier experienced the ill-will of his Mussulman companions at the very outset of the journey; but he had no choice but to submit. The only person who treated him with civility was a fat, rosy-cheeked Mollah, the straitest of the strict among the Mussulmans, but a cheerful, jolly fellow in private with Yussuf. "Though I am a Mussulman, and the Mussulmans look upon you as an impure dog," said this Persian Rabelais to the disguised Frenchman, "I have a great esteem for you, and to prove it, I will mess with you." The meaning of this was, that he would be happy to taste the Christian's wine and brandy, and even to gulp a sausage or two. "Where is the sin," said the pious man, "if one eats a sausage on a journey where the privations are so great?" The Mollah was monstrously valiant in his talk; he constantly boasted that no dog of a robber dare face the edge of his sabre, and entreated his friend to place himself under his protection, and fear nothing. When a band of Bilber highwaymen attacked the caravan, however, General Ferrier found his pious friend in the litter of one of the women between two bales of cloth, and speechless from terror. Bobadil, we see, is a cosmopolite.

The caravan, on its route to Teheran, passed the town of Karund, which, though nominally subject to Persia, is practically independent, and almost always in a state of semi-insurrection or warfare against the Shah. The affair of 1842, which at the time made the name of Karund familiar to the world, illustrates the character of the people and of the Persian government.

The Karundians had refused to pay the usual tribute. A Persian officer, Hadji Khan, marched against the place, and occupied it with 300 Gonlams (who speak the Turkish tongue) and 500 Persians. He began immediately to levy the ties. None but foreign embassadors can exact tribute with every circumstance of brutality.



His officers followed the example; the Karund- | cook for an impure son of the devil. ians saw themselves robbed on every side. At last Hadji sent a soldier for a beautiful Karundian girl, whom he had happened to see; her father implored the soldier to leave her, he refused, and the indignant father struck him dead on the place. Hadji instantly had the old man brought before him, and with his own hand gave him twenty wounds with his dagger; promising, with an oath, to finish him and his countrymen too in the morning. But the news had spread. The Karundians met at midnight in the public square, and with the suddenness of fury, fell upon the Goulams and massacred them all. Hadji Khan, besieged in the fort, fought till it was fired, then rushed out, and fell riddled by balls.

The Prime Minister of Persia was sent to Karund to inquire into the circumstances. made a report, which is part of the public Persian archives, in which not a word is said about Hadji Khan's brutality, and the attack is imputed solely to the innate treachery of the Karundians. The sequel caps the story. On receiving the report, and by the advice of its author, the Shah decided, as the Karundians had proved themselves lawless and disorderly, that they should in future be released from tribute!

At Bagdad, General Ferrier had engaged an Armenian servant, whose only good quality was bodily strength, and whose moral character was a compound of all the vices that mark the bad Asiatic. After the caravan had been some ten or twelve days on the march, the Frenchman was attacked by diarrhea. In less than an hour he was unable to stand. At first he ascribed it to some imprudence in eating. But the peculiar symptoms he experienced soon showed him that he had been poisoned. His servant Ivan, who had plundered him from day to day ever since their departure, now wanted to make a wholesale grab, and had given him, in his food, some of that subtle vegetable poison of which the ladies of the harems are said to make such extensive use. Happily, the dose had not been large enough. It only half killed the general. He had just strength to bestride his mule as far as Hamadan, where he lay quiet for a fortnight to recruit. It is amusing to find that he "at last made up his mind to discharge Ivan," who robbed his master of twenty dollars, and boasted of having nearly rid the world of a dog of an

Teheran, the Persian capital, was no place for an outlaw who had been Adjutant-General of the Persian army. General Ferrier was obliged to take it on his route eastward, but he staid there no longer than he could help, departing with a large caravan of pilgrims for Meshed, and omitting in his haste to provide himself with a servant. He expected that he would be able to secure the services of one of the poorer pilgrims for a compensation. But he was mistaken. The very first day he was told by men in rags and half starving, that

Next day he was attacked by fever. The sun was high and hot. Not one of the pilgrims would admit him to their tent, or let him lie in its shade. He lay, covered with perspiration and flies, groaning for water. At last, a very poor pilgrim consented to fetch him a jugful from a stream near by, for a silver piece. The water brought, the other pilgrims exclaimed at so sinful an act, and insisted that the infidel should profess the faith of Islam before he drank. Ferrier, choking with thirst, snatched at the jug, but spilt it-which, of course, was regarded as a judgment from Heaven. He would have died, he thinks, but for a peasant who passed that way and agreed for high wages to serve him, on condition that they were not to eat together.

The intolerance of the Persians seems to throw that of the Turks into the shade. At Semnoon, a town of some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, General Ferrier entered a cook-shop, and sat down to eat. No one, it seems, detected his infidelity, and several good Mussulmans sat beside him, and drank from the same cup. But, in the midst of his meal, one of the caravan pilgrims, passing the shop door, saw him, and denounced him. Instantly the Mussulmans sprang to their feet, the master of the house joined them, and all began to abuse him in the roundest terms. "Spit upon his beard!" "Strike him with your shoe!" "Throw him to the dogs!" were some of the polite hints thrown out by the infuriated believers. Ferrier, knowing well how to deal with Persians, flourished his stick unpleasantly near the heads of the most noisy of his assailants, and shouting that he was a Georgian, bade them beware the vengeance of the Russian minister. The word was a talisman. Guests instantly vanished, and the cook roared after them, "What do you want, rascals? Do you mean to ruin my business, vipers? Go to the devil! Sir, I am your very humble servant; this shop is yours, and every thing in it; do with it as you will."

The pilgrims' road to Meshed lay through the country infested by the Toorkomans, the freebooters of Central Asia. This singular people. not numbering over 75,000 families, which are scattered over a line stretching from the Caspian to the Mourghab, full four hundred and fifty miles, have been for centuries the scourge of the road from Teheran to Meshed. They are perhaps the only surviving members of the primitive Turks. A sheep-skin cap, coarse linen trowsers and shirt, and a loose woolen dress; a handful of maize or corn, millet, and a cup of milk; these are all the Toorkoman's wants. His tools in trade—his gun, sword and horse he inherits. If he steals money on his forays, he buries it in the earth, and might as well have left it with its owner for any benefit he derives from it. The little garden round his tent is cultivated by his wife and children; he does no work but train his horse and forage.

When a tribe of Toorkomans decide upon a money would not tempt them to carry water or foray, the chief holds a council, and usually fixes



a day for the departure one month in advance; this month is spent in training the cattle. Six pounds of hay, and three pounds of barley, or half the usual feed of corn, are all they have in the twenty-four hours; for half an hour each day they are put on their speed; they are allowed but very little water. This training reduces them in flesh and prepares them for their severe journey. On the day fixed, each Toorkoman starts with two horses—a charger, and a beast of burden which carries his master to the Persian line. At the line the inferior animals are sent home and the charger's forage is changed. No hay or straw is given him; but 44 pounds of barley flour, 2 pounds of maize flour, and 2 pounds of raw sheep's tail fat, are chopped up together, and given in balls. After four days of this regime, the horse is fit for duty, and his master mounts him. Scouts have brought the chief information respecting the caravan or the village to be attacked; the descent is made at night. Measures are usually so well taken that the struggle is brief, and soon over. Merchandise, cattle, money, men, women, and children are all carried off by the ruthless captors, who usually, in the case of a village, conclude the razzia by firing the place. The word is then given to fly, and it is then that the Toorkoman horse is put on his mettle. A hundred, or a hundred and twenty miles without a halt are frequently accomplished when pursuit is apprehended. The captives are mounted on the stolen cattle. When they break down, the prisoners are made fast with a string to the bow of the Toorkoman saddle; if they flag, a thrust from the Toorkoman spear arouses them: if they give way altogether, they are invariably killed on the place. A Toorkoman has no idea of pity. He views a Persian in the light of a commodity; if he can save him, he is worth so much, if he can not carry him off, it is so much lost, and he must be killed at once, for fear he should give the alarm. One-third, it seems, is a large average of the total number taken to be conveyed safely to market, and the price is low. A full-grown man is not worth more than sixty dollars of our money; but a boy of ten or twelve will sell for ninety.

For the benefit of lovers of horse-flesh, it may be added, that the Toorkoman horse is said to have been crossed at some remote period with the Arabian. In appearance they do not resemble each other. The Arabian is a model of symmetry. The Toorkoman horse is longlegged, long-necked, and narrow-chested; his head, too, is long and thin; although he resembles some of our racers. But in pace he equals the Arabian. Abdel Kader said that he had known Arab horses to travel 64 miles a day, for three months, without a single day's rest. General Ferrier has known Toorkoman horses to perform a journey of 450 miles in nine days; and the natives assert that their best animals can travel a hundred miles a day, for a week.

Meshed, the terminus of the caravan journey,

The famous Caliph Ha-Imaum Reza repose. roun Alraschid, of Arabian Nights' memory, is also said to have been buried there; but his glory is eclipsed by the greater effulgence of the Imaum. Persians from all parts of the kingdom make a pilgrimage to Meshed to pray on his tomb; like Bagdad in the west, it is a good place to be buried in, for when the last day comes, the Imaum Reza is certain to take his neighbors with him to Heaven for old acquaintance' sake—so say the pious men of Khorassan and the vicinity. Once upon a time, in the days of Oriental splendor, Meshed counted its inhabitants by the hundred thousand. It now contains from eighty to ninety thousand, onefourth of whom are pilgrim sojourners; the wall is falling into decay, the wet ditch is a joke; there is little left of the old greatness of Meshed but the mosque which covers the Imaum

General Ferrier had many acquaintances there, and freely conversed with them on the subject of his journey eastward. One and all advised him not to proceed. The English had just been driven out of Cabul; the worst feeling with regard to foreigners pervaded Affghanistan; the Emir of Bokhara was at the very time murdering the luckless British officers, Stoddart and Conolly, who had unwisely adventured themselves into his power. Persians and Feringhees alike endeavored to dissuade the Frenchman from trusting himself in the hands of the savages west of the Mourghab or south of Meshed. They assured him that nothing could prevent his throat being cut. Full of confidence in his star, General Ferrier derided their apprehensions and made arrangements for his departure. From the Governor of Meshed, an old acquaintance, he obtained a letter to the Governor of Toorbut—a town midway to Herat—recommending "Ferrier Sahib, the companion of honor, the possessor of courage, and the cream of Christians," to his protection; and thus armed, he chartered two camels, and set out with a caravan for Herat.

The journey to that famous city was performed without incident. Yar Mohammed was sovereign of Herat at the time; and though he would not be persuaded that Ferrier was any thing but an Englishman, and kept him in a sort of civil confinement for ten days, he treated him well on the whole, and gave him good advice when he left, cautioning him against disclosing the secret of his nationality before he reached Cabul.

General Ferrier had not left the city of Herat before he found reason to congratulate himself on the treatment he had received at the hands of Yar Mohammed. In passing through a bazar in the outskirts, he saw a wretched man with bloody head and person, hanging by a hook passed through his chin. A murder had been committed, and the murderer had escaped. Yar Mohammed had had some twenty persons arrested on suspicion and put to the torture. This is the Holy City, where the remains of the failing to elicit any evidence, he had them all



Under the agony of this torture some of the prisoners let fall hints which directed suspicion against a well-known individual. Without hesitation Yar Mohammed had him arrested, and sentenced him to be ripped up, then hung by the chin till he died. This was the unhappy creature whose last moments Ferrier had the misfortune to witness.

Through the kindness of the Governor of Toorbut, the traveler had obtained two couriers. Hazarahs, to accompany him on his journey; men who knew not only the road, but the people far and wide, and who promised to be faithful and true. With them he set out in a northeasterly direction, and traversed the dominions of the savage Emir of Bokhara without accident. His guides would not allow him to visit the city of Balkh—the mother of cities—which was a flourishing metropolis in the time of Alexander, and which the eternal wars between its neighbors of Bokhara and Khulm have not been able to destroy. The party prudently encamped at a distance from the walls, and pursued their journey toward Khulm before daybreak. There they learned an alarming piece of news. In some skirmish, Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mohammed, of Cabul, had seen a lovely female slave who belonged to Mir Wali, sovereign of Khulm; and had carried her off. The young beauty, being either attached to Mir Wali or resentful toward her captor, made her escape and returned to Khulm. Akbar demanded her restitution, which being indignantly refused, he persuaded his father, Dost Mohammed, to declare war against Mir Wali. The war was raging furiously, and it was out of the question to pursue the journey by the route proposed. This was a cruel blow to the Frenchman, whose means were sinking very low; but the mishap was irremediable, and with a very heavy heart—after penetrating as far as Korram, not much more than one hundred miles from Cabul—General Ferrier turned about and journeved westward to Sirpool.

Hitherto, he had met with nothing but discomfort, vexation, hardship, insult, and disappointment; a wonderful change now took place in his fortunes. The Ruler of Sirpool, a halfbreed between the Tartar and Persian, by name Mahmood, happened to be a hearty, good fellow. who welcomed Ferrier with true Tartar hospitality. Moreover, having heard that the English were in the habit of paying subventions to native monarchs for the benefit of their alliance. and being unable to realize that a man could be a Feringhee (European) without being an Englishman, Mahmood persuaded himself that Ferrier would negotiate a treaty for him with the government at Calcutta, and treated him like a prince. When Ferrier told him he wanted to go to Cabul, Mohammed pointed out the road by Candahar as the safest; gave him letters of introduction to the Khans and Chiefs on the way, provided him with cattle, and assured him that he should "be wafted to Candahar as if in his bed—the journey should seem like a delight- fourths of the food. He had brought a stone of Vol. XIV.—No. 82.—K k

ful dream." Nor was this altogether Oriental hyperbole. At Div Hissar, three days' journey from Sirpool, General Ferrier had no sooner set foot on the ground than a pretty female slave bade him to a feast given by the chief of the place, Timour Beg; he obeyed, and sat down to a perfectly Homeric repast; after which the ladies of the household accompanied him to his chamber, washed his feet and shampooed him from head to foot, exerting themselves with such ardor to discharge what they understand to be rites of hospitality, that the gallant Frenchman was obliged to beg for grace on the ground that he required repose.

He met with a check a few days afterward by a sort of feudal dependent of Yar Mohammed, who insisted on his returning to Herat to obtain a formal written permission to travel from the redoubtable Yar; but it appeared that even this might prove an advantage, for the sovereign of Herat went out of his way to oblige him. He gave him letters to Dost Mohammed at Cabul, and to his own son-in-law the Khan of Candahar, requesting them to "make every effort to observe the sacred laws of hospitality toward the sublime lord of the kingdom of France, General Ferrier," and desiring them to put the traveler in the way of reaching Lahore.

This was the culminating point in General Ferrier's fortunes; the remainder of his story is of a very different hue.

Yar Mohammed had supplied him with three attendants, a guide, a groom, and a cook. All three were unmitigated villains, and from the first preyed upon their unfortunate master like very vultures. Two days after their departure, these fellows made known to the Affghans that the General was a Feringhee. The whole tribe forthwith invaded his tent and proceeded to an examination of his person and his luggage. score sat round him while he ate; he was obliged to hold his plate on a level with his nose or the fellows would have had their dirty fists and noscs in it. The fighting men brandished their weapons in his face, boasting of the number of Englishmen they had killed. His servants rather sided with them. When the visitors had dispersed, these three scoundrels coolly informed Ferrier that they could travel no further unless he paid for their forage. He had not the means of doing so, and told them as much; whereupon. they made ready to leave him. Rather than fail in his undertaking, he compromised with. them. Next day, the groom demanded, under the same threat, the Affghan robe which Ferrier wore. The latter, outraged beyond measure, called his guide, who had been directed to serve him as escort, and bade him dismiss the groom. The guide retorted by demanding Ferrier's boots for himself and his turban for the cook. Again the Frenchman compromised in order to proceed with the journey. Thus encouraged, the bandits stopped at nothing. At night they slept soundly, leaving Ferrier to guard the baggage. They made him cook for them, and ate three-



rice; when he went out to shoot, they devoured it, and told him a long story about its having been eaten by some Affghans, when the rascals' beards were full of grains which had dropped from their mouths in the haste of their meal. One very hot day, their water bag was torn by accident: Ferrier was only able to save a small basin full, of which he took the greatest care, lest one of them should receive a sun stroke; on the road, in alighting, his horse knocked him down with a kick. While he lay, writhing in agony, the guide drank the water. When Ferrier recovered sufficiently to speak, he asked for some water. "Water," cried the guide, sneeringly, "is the drink of Mussulmans; infidels like you drink wine. I had only enough to wet my mustache: so let me hear no more about it.' With a sigh, the poor Frenchman submitted.

In the plain of Bukwa, midway between Herat and Candahar, the impertinence of the Affghans and the perils of the road from robbers became almost intolerable. The sufferings of the early African travelers were light compared to Ferrier's. When he encamped, the Affghans would invade his tent in swarms, all in a state of indescribable filth. They would hang round him when he ate, drank, slept, and dressed; snatching the food out of his hands and almost out of his mouth, feeling his face, hands, and person, and keeping up a steady fire of questions which he could not have answered truly with safety. His three servants rather enjoyed the scene. Then the robbers-of whom the most dangerous are the Beloochees from the bank of the Helmund-did their best to scare the traveler. One fellow assured him that were it not for fear of Yar Mohammed he would soon know what "those saddle-bags" contained. Another, whose sense of hospitality was fine, said, on opening his tent to Ferrier, "You are my guest, may Allah shed his blessings on you! But if I had met you half a parasang from this place, those pistols, that gun, and that sword would have soon hung in my divan!" One party of bandits did actually attack the travelers, but being firmly met, retreated after a few shots. The Beloochees have a most unpleasant mode of proceeding on their forays. Unlike the Toorkomans, they forage in parties of two or three. When they find a traveler asleep, one of them creeps to his feet, and with a sudden movement draws a very sharp knife across the soles so as to divide the tendons and disable the victim; the others seize his saddle-bags, or wallet, and make off at full speed.

On his arrival at Mahmoodabad, the General found that the Sirdar or commandant of the fortress of Girishkt, the son of Kohendil, Khan of Candahar, was stopping there; and lost no time in sending him Yar Mohammed's letter. The result rather astonished him. He was dragged into a cave, in which he found the Sirdar, surrounded by the chiefs of the Cabul insurrection, men whose hands were yet red with British blood. He was received in solemn silence, and after a pause, the Sirdar sternly

let him know that the letter from Yar Mohammed appeared to him to be a forgery; but that were it genuine, he should treat it as the letter of a deadly foe to his house. "All these visits of you Feringhees to our country," said he, "are very extraordinary, and we mean to put a stop to them. Where are your notes?" threat of the bastinado compelled Ferrier to surrender his note-book which the Sirdar examined with care. The audience over, the Sirdar took Ferrier aside, and avowed to him that the harshness of his tone was assumed in order to satisfy the fanaticism of his people; that he really felt great friendship for his visitor, who, he was certain, was an Englishman; and that if Ferrier would become his advocate with the court at Calcutta, and assist him either in dethroning or in securing the succession of his father at Candahar, nothing would be too great to expect as his reward

What measure of sincerity there may have been in this speech of the Sirdar, General Ferrier cannot say, nor can we. It is quite likely that the treacherous Affghan only sought to betray Ferrier into an admission that he was an Englishman. For a more despicable wretch than the Sirdar Mohammed Sedik does not live in Asia. He sent Ferrier to live in a hovel not fit for a decent horse; he fed him worse than his dogs; he would not allow him to go out; he surrounded him with guards who heaped upon him outrages such as they would not have dared to offer to the lowest pariahs. One day the Sirdar called upon him, and carried off his pistols; the next, he came and stole his telescope, his compass, his thermometer; on another occasion he helped himself to what loose money he had about him. Sometimes he would send Ferrier a dish from his table; but for thirty-six hours afterward he would leave him without food. Three or four ounces of coarse bread was a fair average of his daily rations. One day, being absolutely crazed by hunger, he gave a rupee which he had concealed to a sympathetic-looking Affghan to buy him some melons, an ass-load of which stood at the door. He soon returned with an armful, but the guards ate them all, and threw the rinds derisively at the prisoner. When he complained of thirst, they threw jugs of dirty water over him; and amused themselves by giving him to understand by signs that he was going to have his throat cut.

After sixteen days he was removed to the prison at Girishk, and placed under charge of a lieutenant of the Sirdar. This fellow no sooner heard of his arrival than he went to see him, and after gazing at him for some time, exclaimed: "If I were not afraid of the Sirdar, I would have your throat cut in five minutes." Forgetting prudence, in the rage of the moment, Ferrier sprang upon his throat, threw him, and kicked him out of the room. He returned instantly with six soldiers, who beat Ferrier till he was half dead, then left him twenty-four hours without food in order to subdue his proud spirit. At Girishk he endured sufferings not



less than those he had undergone at Mahmoodabad, but felt as though all his troubles were ended when he was ordered to depart for Candahar.

At the present time, it is believed that Candahar is in the possession of Dost Mohammed, the sovereign of Cabul. In 1845, when General Ferrier was there, it was a sort of feudal dependency of Cabul, with an independent sovereign, Kohendil Khan, brother of Dost. town itself, which had once contained a population of 60,000, had shrunk to half that number, chiefly in consequence of the war by which the English were expelled.

General Ferrier was delighted to perceive a marked change in his treatment. He was lodged in a superb house, well fed, well attended, and well guarded; the only drawbacks to his happiness were, that he was still a prisoner, that he had dirty water to drink, and that in the courtyard under his window lay the corpse of the last owner of the house, whom Sedik had murdered in order to obtain possession of his residence. These trifles apart, the Frenchman prospered better than he had done for some time. After a short delay he was admitted to an audience of the Sirdar Kohendil Khan: a mild-faced man, he describes him, with a wicked eye however, and implacable in his hatred of the English. As to himself, the Sirdar informed him that he had written to Dost Mohammed for his advice how to dispose of him; meanwhile he might consider himself safe.

The most curious part of their conversation related to the principles of government. Kohendil could not comprehend how the European monarchs contrived to reign peacefully. "For my part," said he, "I have confiscated, bastinadoed, tortured, and cut heads off, but I have never been able to bring my savage Affghans to submit to my decrees. There is not a Sirdar in my principality, not excepting my own brothers, sons, and nephews, who would not seize with joy an opportunity of wresting the sovereign power from my grasp. Why is it otherwise in Europe?"

"It is," said the Frenchman, who may be pardoned for a little patriotic hyperbole, "because with us governments act for the benefit of the people.'

"But," replied the Khan, "what is the use of power if it does not enable one to get rich? What is a king who can not when he pleases bastinado one of his subjects and cut off his head? Your plan must be anarchy; I think despotism the best form of government for doing good."

One seldom finds the despotic principle so neatly laid down. European despots are not so candid.

While Kohendil was waiting for the answer from Dost Mohammed, the cholera broke out with fearful vehemence at Candahar. Five and six hundred persons died in a day, out of thirty thousand. A panic overwhelmed the people. ering the secret of the calamity, or devising a remedy. At last, a very pious ulema announced, in a solemn voice, that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him on the previous night and informed him that, "so long as Candahar was sullied by the presence of an infidel, the enemy of God and man, there would be no cessation of the plague." This happy idea was received with applause. Eight leading Mollahs instantly waited upon Kohendil Khan with a request for Ferrier's head. The Sirdar locked them up. On this the populace burst into revolt. They hoisted a Koran on a pole as a standard, and with one voice swore by this venerated symbol, not to eat, drink, or bathe, till they had cut the infidel in pieces, and seen the pieces eaten by dogs.

The Frenchman's agony at this turn in affairs may be conceived. He prepared to die. resolved to show that a Frenchman could perish as bravely as the Englishmen, Conolly and Stoddart, had died the year before. His guards who had uniformly insulted him in consequence of his religion, he took for granted would join the insurgents.

Greatly to his amazement, at the first word from Kohendil Khan, they barricaded the house and received the mob with a volley which sent them flying. Hastening to their prisoner, they asked him if he was a soldier, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, they begged him to assume the command. With a pleasure that can be well realized, Ferrier disposed his forces to repel the attack; when the mob besieged the place the little garrison received them warmly. For two days and nights the attack continued, the advantage being greatly on the side of the besieged: but on the third day the mob obtained a footing on the roof of a house which commanded Ferrier's prison, and began to fire effectively. In a few minutes seven guards were killed and more than fifteen wounded; they could not have held out half an hour, when suddenly they heard sharp file-firing at the other end of the town. Kohendil Khan, having only a handful of troops with him when the émeute began, had remained inactive; but he had sent into the country for a squadron of cavalry. The moment these arrived he attacked the rioters in the rear, discomfited them easily and restored peace to the city.

Dost Mohammed's opinion was that the Feringhee should be sent back whence he came, namely, to Herat. Kohendil rather wished to send him the other way-to British India; but his principal officers insisting on carrying out the views of the Cabul chief, Ferrier was released and dispatched on his way.

On his arrival at Girishk, he fell again into the hands of the villain Mohammed Sedik, who shut him up in his old prison, notwithstanding the Sirdar's order that he must not be delayed on his route. No doubt Sedik had heard from his father on the subject of his robberies; for on The Doctors and the Mollahs had been three the first day of Ferrier's confinement, he visited days in prayer and consultation without discov- him in presence of a number of dignitaries, bade



him set a price on the articles Sedik had taken, and paid him over that price in shawls and precious stones in presence of the witnesses. But, a short while after, when the witnesses had retired, this princely thief returned and carried away the shawls and precious stones, observing, with inimitable humor: "Do not regret these trifles, which are quite useless to a traveler. God is merciful, and you will, no doubt, arrive safely at your journey's end."

But this was not all. Next day Mohammed Sedik actually asked Ferrier to sign a receipt for the shawls and precious stones, and a certificate of his entire satisfaction with the Sirdar. The Frenchman, infuriated beyond measure, bluntly refused. The Sirdar led him into the courtyard and tied him bareheaded to a post under the burning sun; then bade the soldiers insult him; they reviled him; they threw dirt at him; they outraged him as most brutally they could. At the end of five hours, the Frenchman being firm, the Sirdar bade heated irons and boiling oil be brought. This, however, was only a menace. But he deprived Ferrier of sleep and of food, and tormented him so cruelly, that after two or three days' endurance, the unfortunate Frenchman could resist no longer, and he signed receipt and certificate.

One would almost be inclined to suspect our French friend of romancing when he describes these adventures of his, but that he appears in public with the highest indorsation from the best Indian authorities. There can be no doubt that the Affghans are an extraordinarily ignorant and savage race. Excuses may be made for their expulsion of the English from their soil. Vastly superior as the British government was to theirs, the Feringhees had clearly no right to despoil them as they were doing; and the disastrous war in Affghanistan was but the natural recoil of a long series of arbitrary and unjust measures on the part of the British government in India. But, apart from patriotic considerations, the Affghans have constantly shown themselves to be mere savages. Not many years since, an English doctor paid a visit to a Beloochee chief on the Helmund. The chief, believing, as nearly all the people of Central Asia do, that the English have found the philosopher's stone, solicited his visitor to make some gold for him. The doctor protested his inability. But the chief, satisfied that gold was to be had out of the Englishman, killed him as he slept, cut his body into fifteen pieces and hung it up before his house. "You will see," said he to his friends, "that this dog of an infidel will at last be transformed into good ducats." No transformation taking place, he boiled the pieces. Finding no gold in the pot, he then bethought himself that the doctor, to spite him, might have transferred the transmuting power to his clothes. So he' cut these into shreds, mixed them with mortar, and plastered his house with them; assuring every body, and believing himself, that in course of time the front of his house would be covered with a plate of solid gold.

Our traveler, General Ferrier, arrived safely, after many adventures, at Herat, where Yar Mohammed received him more kindly than ever. From thence he gravitated, by a process of which we are uninformed, to the French settlement at Pondicherry, where he now fills a government appointment.

His travels, of which we have given a sketch, are the latest by a European between Herat and Candahar; should the war now impending, in relation to the succession of Yar Mohammed, be prosecuted with vigor, his descriptions will possess general interest.

THE ISLE OF THE PURITANS. NEVER visit the shore country between ▲ Boston and Salem without hearing something of the spectral island which haunts that neighborhood of Massachusetts Bay. It is said to be inhabited by the shades of ancient Puritans; and questionless the report comes to us vested with every right of grave credibility; for what other ghostly race would dare to invade waters consecrated by the pilgrim keel of the May flower? Manifold are the adventures, the sights, the sounds, which are told of in connection with this demesne of mystery. Through the gloom of night, through the gray sea-mists of autumn, the fishermen and coasters have heard solemn bells slowly vibrating as if from belfries that rocked on the long swell of the billows. In hours of tempest, majestic hymns come out of the foaming distances, mingling with the symphonies of the wind, and rising victoriously above the sublime wailing despair of ocean. Spectral sails, too, are seen occasionally, now gliding silently up fog-covered rivers; now shooting out from behind a hazy headland; then vanishing as they reach some ripply tract of sunshine; and again reappearing, suspended in the air above the vague extreme horizon. What can be the errand of these ghostly pinnaces, unless to sustain or receive the spirits of pure ones who are about to pass away from earth?

Various are the opinions of the coast folk concerning the inhabitants of the island. Some imagine that as Salem is near by, they must be the spectres of those who, one hundred and sixty years ago, were executed for witchcraft; others believe that they are the persecutors of those same unfortunates, condemned to remain forever in view of the scenes of their own wicked folly. But, in general, it is held that here abide, for some good end, the loftiest and holiest souls of ancient Puritanism.

The stories relating to these visionary people are sufficiently diverse; most of them, naturally, of a weird, supernatural character; others quaint, and even whimsically ludicrous. The earthly hero of one of this latter class was a Judge of the Supreme Court in the county of Essex. This gentleman is described as positive, loud, and overbearing in his manners, like most lawyers; but much respected, notwithstanding, for his energy, generosity, and public spirit. One day, about fifteen years ago, he



was returning home by stage from a court which | the stomachs of your fellow-creatures? had been holden in Salem. Having discovered some particularly fine potatoes in the Salem market, he had bought four quarts of them for seed, and was carrying them along in a paper parcel. The stage halted for dinner in a small coast town, moderately full of loafers; and the Judge consulted the safety of his esculents by taking them into the tavern and depositing them on a chair in the parlor. By the fire sat another traveler, a wild-looking man, with a long beard, dressed in clothes which seemed to have been made for somebody else. The only part of his accoutrements which fitted him was a pair of stupendous boots, mouldy with antiquity, expanding like funnels outside of his gray worsted stockings.

"What have you got in your parcel?" asked this remarkable individual in a loud, domineering tone.

"Potatoes," meekly replied the Judge, taken by surprise at finding himself thus sternly catechised.

"They are a scandalous vegetable," said the stranger. "Every worthy man despises them and hates them."

"You are mistaken, Sir," said the Judge, firmly; for he was very fond of potatoes, and, moreover, had now regained his self-possession. "They are one of the most excellent roots in the world."

"You don't know what you are talking about," returned the stranger, fiercely. "I do. I know all about it. They came over with tobacco, and are twice as villainous. They are windy, too, and blow people up with false doctrines savoring of the devil. I never knew a man who loved potatoes but he was an Irish Papist or a rascally Episcopalian."

Now the Judge was himself a most vehement Episcopalian, and had maintained many a flerce argument for the honor of the Church with the willful Congregationalists of Essex County. He therefore replied in great wrath: "A rascally Episcopalian, Sir! I consider it a glory to be an Episcopalian. I have been an Episcopalian myself ever since I was born; and I mean to be one till I die, Sir."

"You won't be one long, then;" roared the other. "You'll die before the day is out."

"I don't believe a word you say, Sir," thundered the unterrified Judge. "It's my opinion you are a dangerous vagrant, and ought to be committed to jail."

"Committed to jail!" repeated the stranger with an awful laugh. "I defy you. I have been in your devilish jails, and have escaped as often."

"I thought so," said the Judge, with a sneer, loftily surveying the other's extraordinary garments. "But once come in my way, and I'll have you where you won't escape so easily."

"No you won't!" shouted the stranger. "You can't do it, you old potato-planting rascal! What are you carrying potatoes about the country for, to debauch the minds and spoil the head of the coffin, his hat off, his face bent

go your potatoes, you old scoundrel!"

With one kick of his mighty boot he scattered the potatoes out of their paper asylum, and then proceeded to trample them furiously all about the parlor and entries. After that he brushed off the scuffling Judge, as if he were an insect: and, stamping out of doors, marched away with great strides in the direction of the sea-shore.

"Stop, you vagabond! What's your name?" called the Judge hoarsely from the doorway.

"Goff," replied the other, turning his long beard over his shoulder.

"Goff?" repeated the Judge, unable to remember any family in Essex County thus entitled. "Where do you live, you vagabond?"

"In the Isle of the Puritans," responded the stranger.

"You lie! There's no such island," shouted the Judge; but his interlocutor was gone, having vanished, no one saw whither.

Various were the surmises of the by-standers on the character of this singular personage. "For my part," said the shuffling, red-nosed landlord, "I think he's a kinder mad fellar, got out of some bedlam or another."

Such, doubtless, might have become the common opinion, and the story would have been humorous enough, had not the stage overset a mile after leaving the inn, dislocating the Judge's neck and killing him instantly.

A circumstance more gravely supernatural than this occurred subsequently in the City of Salem. There is a belief current that certain families of old Puritanic fame receive visits on the occasion of any extraordinary household event from the denizens of the ghostly island. Five years ago the name of Dixwell perished from Salem, by the death of an elderly physician, said to be of the blood which beat in the veins of the old regicide. Doctor Dixwell lived in one of the most ancient houses of the town; a house notorious for the murderous trials which took place in it during the witchcraft horror; vocal, it is said, with nightly moans and sobbings that have lingered for a hundred and sixty years about its passages, and windows, and gables. Besides the aged owner, the only occupants of the dwelling were his daughter, her husband a clergyman named Mather, and two servants.

On the afternoon preceding the burial morning, Doctor Dixwell lay in his coffin in the front parlor. The doors of the house had been open all day to friends who wished to take their last look at the dead. All such, however, had retired, for twilight had come with its duties and its melancholy; and Mrs. Mather stood alone, gazing at the coffin as it seemed to sail farther and far away into eternal shadows. Presently some one passed in at the half-open door, and advanced noiselessly to the dead. There had been so many such entrances during the day, that she did not at first turn her eyes toward the visitor. When she did so, he had paused at



low, and his arms apparently folded under a cloak which draped him to the ankles. She started, for she almost thought that it was her father risen to life again, so marked was the family resemblance in feature. Yet there was something very different in expression; something sublimed, and repellant of familiarity, yet singularly gentle; a supernatural expression, she thought, although she may have been deceived by an effect of twilight.

Her second idea was that he must be some distant and forgotten relative of the family, who had heard of her father's decease, and had come to be present at the funeral. So strong was this impression, that she stepped forward with the intention of addressing him and off-ring him the hospitalities of the house. He did not look up, however, and an awe came over her, so that she glided by him and hastened through the entries to call her husband. He came, but the visitor had disappeared without the sound of a door or footstep.

Several hours afterward, near midnight, she sat alone by a fire in the dining-room. Doors were open, and lights were burning in various rooms, so that she commanded a view of a considerable portion of the first floor. Presently she was started from a reverie by one of those weird sighs which haunted the old mansion; and, looking aslant through the long front passage, she saw in the library the funeral visitor of the twilight. He sat enveloped in his cloak, his head bare as before, his face buried in his hands, and his arms resting on a writing-table which had been much used by her father. started up, trembling, but moved toward him, for a command seemed to be laid upon her. As she advanced, he rose and retreated, floating toward a picture representing some combat between Puritans and Cavaliers, which he seemed to enter, fighting one moment with victorious fury on the sombre canvas, then vanishing amidst a charge of horsemen who were rushing toward the painted distance. Mrs. Mather paused, more in astonishment and doubt than in terror; for she began to question her own sanity. Looking at the table, she noticed a volume on it called "The Lives of the Regicides," lying open at the portrait of Colonel John Dixwell. Here was the same face, the very features that she had seen, first bent solemnly over the coffin of her father and now mingling in the representation of that by-gone battle. She called up her husband, and asked him how the book came there. He said that he recollected distinctly having taken it down during the afternoon, but he was equally positive that he had almost immediately restored it to its place on the shelves.

"Does that portrait look like my father?" she asked.

"I don't see that it does," he replied.

"Nor I, neither," she said; "and yet there must be some resemblance."

In extreme agitation, Mrs. Mather next morning attended the funeral. But notwithstanding her feverish expectation, every thing passed in

a natural manner, until the service was over and the earth had found its resting-place on the coffin. At that moment, turning to leave the grave, she saw directly before her the same mysterious figure—the visitor of the death-chamber and library—its back toward her, and its outline on the point of being lost among the dispersing spectators. She reeled with a dizzy feeling at the sight, and her husband had to lift her into his carriage. When she looked around once more, none were visible but living men.

Another tableau from this haunted shore is more picturesque, by its strange union of a supernatural background and shadow with the most commonplace figures and sordid interests of earthly life. On the headland now occupied by the merry hotels of Nahant once lived a family named Umberfield—a family long ago ingrafted obscurely into New England existence-attainted of witchcraft as far back as the boyhood of Cotton Mather, harried and smitten years before that by the tomahawk of King Philip. Not very long since it consisted of the father and mother, a son named Luke, the son's wife, and two twin daughters, of about eighteen, called Martha and Mary. Father Umberfield, a well-to-do farmer, was, at sixty-five, already broken down by the rheumatism. In consequence of this, Luke Umberfield, then about thirty-five, came back to the homestead, and was installed as chief manager. Mrs. Luke soon showed herself to be a veteran campaigner. She was five years older than her husband, and governed him as if she had three times that advantage; she snubbed the old lady, wheedled the old gentleman, and put down the daughters. One article of furniture after another found its way from the rest of the house into Mrs. Luke's two front chambers. Mother Umberfield sometimes remonstrated with her husband on these one-sided dispensations of the family valuables.

"Well," the old man would respond, with a pitiful, helpless look; "you know Luke's wife must have it so."

Luke's wife had it this way and that way until the elder Mrs. Umberfield died, as it were, in disgust. Then the rule of the daughter-in-law became surer, and her yoke weightier than ever. Her tyranny was the more harassing because she seemed to be gifted with a kind of sly, uneasy, tireless omnipresence. She was capable of doing all the work, listening at all the keyholes, lying at ambush in all the passages, and guessing or prying out all the secrets in the house. More than one complaint which the old man or his daughters had made to each other, as they thought, in the strictest privacy, was brought out and flung in their faces at table, as mildly as if it were a dose of vitriol. There was something witch-like about the woman; as if she peered and listened through the walls by a supernatural power; as if Goody Umberfield had got out of her grave, under the gallows, and reentered the family. Then her meanness of soul was, to say the least, quite as uncommon. She was up to shearing a pumpkin, as an agricultural



neighbor phrased it; and took thorough care that not even her husband should dress too handsomely, or slyly overfeed himself. She was as serious, also, as Mrs. Nesbit; as full of improving remarks as Sancho Panza of proverbs; punctual at church, and perfectly exemplary in the pious pucker of her thin lips. Between these two mill-stones of stinginess and sanctimoniousness, old Mr. Umberfield was very soon ground up, and ready to be bolted into the other world. Mrs. Luke would not permit him to depart, however, until he had made his will. He completed it once, to the satisfaction of his passably good-natured son; but Mrs. Luke, outrageously discontented, held fast to him until he should alter it. Never was a more hateful week passed in a New England farm-house than the one which followed the fabrication of that unacceptable testament. Father Umberfield at last summoned the remains of his life about him, and, again calling in a lawyer, dictated a new will on Mrs. Luke's own terms. She had a private reading of it, handed it over to her husband, and told him that he had better not let his father trouble himself about it again. Umberfield senior gave himself very little more trouble about any thing in this life, for he died before long, in a small back-chamber, to which he had been removed from the "parlor bedroom," his daughter-in-law observing, severely, in answer to some remonstrance of the girls, that the room was just as near heaven as any other in the house. Very near heaven it appeared that night; for a thunder-storm shook the old farm-house, and fiery faces seemed peering in at the clattering windows.

Admirable, indeed, was the pious countenance which Mrs. Luke stitched up to wear at the funeral. In equal composure and solemnity she folded her hands and rolled her eyes during the reading of the will. The document contained some erasures and interlineations which puzzled the lawyer; but he made out that the homestead and entire property had gone to Luke Umberfield, excepting only one chamber, and a right of way through the house, which had been accorded to the daughters. This unequal distribution seemed particularly strange, when coupled with the old man's dving declaration to a kindly neighbor that he had "done well by the girls."

Now came upon the sisters a wearing monotony of miserly and pettish persecution. Just imagine the plagues of two helpless, unwarlike young women, bound to the presence of a tireless, watchful, dissatisfied, vindictive, stingy, bilious, hypocritical sorceress like Mrs. Luke. Mary, a healthy, rosy, sprightly creature, could bear such torment more easily than most, and was, besides, engaged to be married. But Martha was an invalid, made sensitive by a nervous disease, and confined a great deal to the chamber which was her sole property. Soon another affliction fell, weightier than all that had fallen hitherto. Mary, her darling sister, her kind sister, her companion and nurse at every leisure in winter; yet they allowed her no candles but

moment, was stricken by a fever, and died in that same chamber.

What wonder that the sick girl now began to lose sight of earth, and to commune with existences invisible and inaudible to the sordid beings around her! By the dead body on its pallet, by the side of the coffin, at the head of the grave, she saw the inhabitants of the island. The forms came, like a revelation, suddenly and with power, but lightening the air and not darkening it. Nor did they move her to bitterness and malediction. "These are people," she said to herself, "who have suffered similar and worse sorrows. These people have faces full of sweetness and gladness, notwithstanding that they were once persecuted. I will try to make my face like theirs; and some day my heart shall be like theirs also."

Strange to say, her health improved now. Besides helping about the house, she got work in braiding hats, saving all the money so earned to repurchase a locket of her father's and mother's hair, which had been sold by her brother to pay Mary's funeral expenses. Every day, also, sunset found her at the church-yard, decking those dear graves, especially Mary's, with fresh flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Umberfield were tolerably satisfied, except with her prolonged evening absences; for, in fine weather, she seldom came home from the grave-yard before nine in the evening. Once, when her brother locked her out, she walked away without demanding admission, and he thought he saw her go down to the beach, get into a boat, and sail far out over the moonlit bay. The next morning she reappeared quietly at breakfast, making no complaint, offering no explanation, and listening in silence to his upbraiding.

"Let her sail as much as she's a mind to." snarled Mrs. Umberfield, looking as if the devil had whispered to her that the boat might upset and the ocean was deep.

Henceforward Martha made her expeditions in the afternoon, to avoid the reproach of being out at unseemly hours. She went always, however, were it storm or shine; nor was she certainly to be found by seeking her in the graveyard, for some had caught glimpses of her through heavy rain, sailing far out from land: others had beheld her walking by the sea-side at twilight in company with women strangely appareled.

Meantime matters were constantly growing worse for her at the house. Her brother's son came home from school, and she was called on to give up her room to him. Vainly did she rebel, declaring that it was her own, and all her own.

"Well," said Mrs. Umberfield, "it is yours, and you may keep it. But you just look out for board somewhere else. Not a bit more do you eat in this house."

Starved into submission. Martha retreated out of her chamber, and was turned into a pen fitted up expressly for her in a damp basement. It was gloomy at all times, and miserably cold



such as she bought herself, and they purposely cut her wood too long for the stove, in order to keep the door always open and diminish the draft. All these things, be it observed, arose, not from downright cruelty, but from Mrs. Luke's almost fiendish instinct of economy. All this, too, wore deeply on the young woman's frame, but rarely harassed her spirit very harshly, withdrawn, as she often was, into a mystic communion, over which her sordid relatives had no power. Still her health failed slowly, until she again became invalided. The neighborhood almost forgot her, and children were surprised to see such a form steal into the evening prayermeetings, which were held at Luke Umberfield's. The new minister was startled by her mild, unearthly look. He perpetually intended to ask about her-to speak to her; but she always disappointed him by retiring the instant the service was over, vanishing noiselessly, unobserved, as if she were already one of the inhabitants of the island.

Whispers at last began to creep about the village that this strange sick Martha Umberfield was shamefully neglected and abused by her brother's family; and the story caused all the more excitement because this brother had lately been chosen deacon, and so was expected to be a more than ordinarily good Christian. While the minister and other deacons were still consulting on the matter, additional news came that Martha had disappeared. Now rose the agitation to a vague anger, beating about the guilty man's ears like the clamor of a breaker over some strong swimmer in his agony. People ran hither and thither; some through the deacon's house, filling it with wild, harsh inquiries, and visiting with scowls of wrath and contempt the miserable basement; others rushing along the neighboring shore, searching the reeds and mud, or peering into the windy mist which writhed and eddied over the foaming waters. It was an autumn sunset, black and troubled, on the heels of which, sweeping from east to west, came a mighty threatening of tempest. In the agitation of nature and humanity people were ready to see any thing, hear any thing, imagine any thing. One man caught sight of Martha far out in the bay, waving her hand frantically over a combing wave. Another heard a shrick wailing at intervals from the wandering waste of tossing, foaming white-caps. Boys halted, and questioned whether they had better dig at every spot of freshly-turned earth in the fields and garden. Then a shivering unsteady form would be visible a moment on the edge of some dissant sea-side hillock, and vanish at the approach of hasty pursuers.

"What does this mean? Mrs. Umberfield, for Heaven's sake try to explain this!" exclaimed the minister, repeatedly.

"The Lord knows. Oh, the Lord knows I'm innocent!" mumbled the deacon, now miserably cowed and agitated. "I'll go and look for her. I'll go out into the bay for her, though it's sure death."

"Don't you do no such thing, Mr. Umberfield," put in his wife, sharply. "It's the creetur's own doing. It's none of our fault. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you people, to attack a poor man because his sister's gone and lost herself. Who knows what company she's in all this time!"

In spite of her dissuasions, and even as if anxious to escape the sound of her jarring voice, which perhaps intoned upon him now like an accusing conscience, Umberfield rushed down to the beach and unmoored a sail-boat from its little cove. His son aided him, without a question; and a stout old Nahant fisherman leaped recklessly after them into the frail shallop. They ran up the small mainsail, and spun out into the bay with a reeling, tremulous swiftness.

"What are you heading for?" screamed the fisherman through the hoarse wind.

"Don't you hear her?" shouted Deacon Umberfield, pointing frantically out among the columns of rain which rushed toward them from seaward with the speed of desert sand-whirls. Leaping, writhing, reeling, plunging, rebounding, covered to its topmast with spray, cleaving like a warrior through the crested foreheads of its billowy enemies, the sail-boat flew on, seeking the densest strength and gloomicst centre of the tempest. Every moment the fisherman looked for its final lurch to leeward, while the younger Umberfield kneeled ghastly among the ballast, and the elder, with bended head, steered his mad course toward the outer ocean.

"Round with her!" shrieked the fisherman, suddenly; and even in that moment while he spoke, broad spectral sails bellied above them; in the next they went down with a feeble crash among the yeast of breakers.

Hours afterward, toward morning, the people who still kept watch in the Deacon's house were astonished by the entrance of the fisherman, drenched, white, and almost speechless.

"Where are the Umberfields?" gasped every one.

"Gone down," said he. "Run down by such a craft as you never saw.

"What craft? What was it? What did it look like?"

"Like the Flying Dutchman, boys. I saw Martha on the bows just as she struck us. You may believe that, for the Umberfields are gone, though the booty floated ashore. Bear me a hand, boys!"

And the old fellow fainted dead away with exhaustion, and perhaps terror at his ghostly recollections.

That is the whole of the story; vague and unsatisfactory, certainly, but elastic, I think, beyond its apparent boundaries; at all events, clinging around the mystic isle for its centre as a cloud hangs and sways about a mountain.

As from the general impression to be drawn from these tales concerning the island, I think it would be a mistake to suppose a real territory, unchangeable in locality, and inhabited by creatures discoverable to all men. This, on



the contrary, seems to be the true ideal of the thou shalt see and hear more than the livisland. Its being is shadowy, and its position transitory. It is not always visible from the main land, nor is it ever visible to many eyes. It often rises in distinct greenness a few miles from the headland of Nahant; yet out of the thousands who yearly crowd that fashionable resort, few have ever seen it, or could see it. Only the spirit that has been purified, only the spirit that has been heated white hot in the furnace of affliction, and then quenched in heavenly resignation, can perceive the serene outline of its verdure starting from the steely light of ocean. Men with other spirits than this, and women cased in the enamel of the world, have ridden daily, in vain curiosity, up and down the opposite beaches without gaining one glimpse of its glorified existence. Not in the flash of noontide, either, nor in the golden calms of summer afternoons, is it chiefly visible. Those see it best who see it through the frail mists of sunrise, or in the lulls of driving showers that sweep with long slanting wings from the outer ocean to the shore.

A few have beheld it, and there has been one at least in our later days who is believed to have visited it. When Summerfield was on earth, he went thither, easily, without effort, directed perhaps by his heavenly desire, and the tractive sympathy of faith. While on one of his circuits near Nahant, he used to sail often alone in a little boat to calm his nerves, which were sometimes excited almost to delirium by the ardency of his labors. The sail was drawing noiselessly, and he sat holding the tiller, when his eye fell surprised on the island. It seemed to have risen before him from the ocean, so sudden was its appearance: one of the Happy Islands which rose on the vision of Tasso from the dark sea of his imprisonment: pastures of emerald sweeping from the water's edge up to mountains which wore long pinions of cloudy whiteness: human dwellings everlastingly withdrawn from crime and sorrow: belfries which rang no other chimes than hymns of Paradise. On the shore to receive him stood men whose faces were glorious with supreme peace, and had been unstained by tears for centuries. It must have been a wonderful spectacle to see this young man, with no fear in his blue eyes, and with fervent longing in his fair countenance, preparing to meet those his brethren who had come and gone so long before him. He must have known by his delicate spiritual instinct that this landing was but a symbol of his near passage across the river into the Holy City. "These," he must have said to himself, "these are the martyrs and saints of Puritanism; these are they who chose to die in banishment rather than wrong the truth; these are they who went up visibly to heaven in chariots of fire."

As the boat touched the shore with soundless prow, one of those who stood there took Summerfield by the hand, and drew him to the soft turf. "Of the earth," he said; "but henceforth thou art not quite earthly. Of life; but ing many years of earthly sorrow, and more than

ing."

"Now the boundaries of worldly things vanish," replied Summerfield. "I, who was a Methodist, am a Methodist no more; as ye, who were Puritans, are Puritans no more. Yet even this is not the supreme change."

"No," said the other; "even this is not the supreme change; for that must not be seen till the flesh has fallen from the spirit. This island is a symbol, showing what earth might be were men worthy. This is not heaven. Oh, far different is heaven! But we have left it willingly; yes, with gladness unutterable, for seraphic is our mission."

"What was your name?" asked Summerfield.

"I was Henry Vane," said the other; "he of whom men said that he went to his death like a king. Well might I die like a king, for the King of Kings had died before me, and even then walked beside me. This King of Kings has walked beside many who have gone to stakes and scaffolds. When Charles, who was our enemy for a brief time, had parted from his children, He came to him, and left him no more forever. That was strange to us, incredible even; and we received it not until we also had parted from earth. It is through thick darkness indeed that the saints grope toward the eternal splendor; through darkness so thick that they mistake each other often for the bitterest and most everlasting enemies."

"That is the land of my labors," said Summerfield, pointing to the low, green, American shore, as it lay opposite them.

"And that was the land of my refuge," replied one of the Puritans. "My name was Edward Whalley, and I wrote it in all good conscience under the death-warrant of Charles. I remember well the red hills of New Haven, and the cave where I found shelter with my comrade. Pursuers sometimes came over the little plain, and skirted the base of the cliff; but we saw them always return in slow disappointment to the sea-side. We watched the white sails beneath which they came and went; and those sails led our thoughts away to the dear old England which had driven us forth into the desert; led them away to the white wings which ascend and descend between this earth and the gates of pearly whiteness."

They turned and went upward over turfy slopes, until they entered what seemed a town or village. Summerfield says nothing more of it in his letters than that the houses were of ancient architecture, gabled, and with latticed windows. Many persons swept out to welcome them; people in antique vesture, yet with faces of everlasting youth; men whose brows wore halos, not of actual light, but of glorified expression; women of beautiful saintliness, and children like the cherubs of Raphael.

"See that tabernacle," said one. "It is the image of that in which my father labored dur-



earthly gladness. Sometimes soldiers filled its walls with blasphemy, beating and trampling underfoot the helpless worshipers. At other times it was closed for years, its windows broken, a mark for wicked laughter, but a silent, terrible witness, also, against the tyranny which oppressed us. I remember one summer morning, when the cloudless sky preached peace and love to humanity, but a band of troopers watched with obscene jests and curses about our dwelling. Heavy feet burst in our doors, and a man with the flushed face of drunken brutality demanded my father. My mother made no answer, and sat bending over the family Bible until her bruised head fell senselessly between its holy leaves, not ever to be lifted again until a white crown should adorn it. Then, while I was borne away by an elder sister, I heard shouts of sawage fury from an upper chamber, mingled with a voice which said, 'Lord, receive my spirit!' When my sister and I returned, trembling and weeping, at night, surrounded by other trembling and weeping ones, there were gray hairs on the hearth-stone, gray hairs on the door-posts, gray hairs clotted with gore between the leaves of the Bible, marks of bloody fingers on the chairs and bed-curtains. And on the steps of the sanctuary, whereby he had so often gone up into the supreme presence, lay my earthly father, now ascended once and forever. Yet during all this our heavenly Father had not forgotten, nor forgot us thereafter."

"Some of us," said another, "found quick refuge beyond the Sea of Death; others fled away through storms, over the sea which lies before us. I stood on the deck of the Mayflower when it anchored off the coast of our New England, then icy and boisterous with winter. The snow drove in our faces as we landed, and we wandered through it wearily, seeing vague savage forms flit through the forests, and hearing funeral hymns in the pine branches, but responding with other hymns of godly cheerfulness. That was a terrible fast that we held there through months of cold, sickness, and watching. When the spring came, its flowers opened above the graves of near half our company; and I, still living, bore, like many others, the seeds of a death which blossomed early.

"Let us go onward," said a venerable man, with serene, triumphant eyes, addressing Summerfield. They walked forward, the mortal and the immortal together; but what the young minister saw or heard further, he never told any one. He alludes repeatedly in his letters to mysterious, inconceivable revelations beyond the powers of language, and sights that it was not lawful for the tongue to describe. But this was all that he apparently dared say of his strange voyage; he allowed it to appear, even to his most intimate friends, like a delirium or a dream; and in silent patience he waited until an early death bore him away to witness that dream's eternal realization.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

AM sure you must have passed twenty times by the establishment of Doctor Auvray without suspecting that miracles are performed there. It is a modest building, almost hidden from the street; even the yellow-lettered inscription, Maison de Santé, ordinarily displayed above the entrance of such establishments, is not to be seen here. It is situated toward the southwestern extremity of the Avenue Montaigne, between the Gothic palace of Prince Soltykoff and Triat's gymnasium. An iron gate, painted in imitation of bronze, opens on a little garden stocked with lilacs and roses. The porter's lodge is at the right; the pavilion to the left is occupied by the Doctor's office and the apartments of his family, which is composed of a wife and daughter. The main building is at the rear of the garden, and fronts to the southeast, all its windows looking on to a small parc well planted with horse-chestnuts and lindens. It is there that the Doctor takes care of and often heals persons afflicted with insanity. I would not introduce you to the house if there were danger of meeting all sorts of insanity there; but do not hesitate, you will not be pained by the spectacle of hopeless imbecility or of raving madness, or even of any complete wreck of mind. M. Auvray has made a specialty of monomania. He is an excellent man, full of knowledge and of intelligence, half physician, half philosopher, a disciple of Esquirol and of Laromiguière. If you should ever chance to meet him with his bald head, his smooth-shaved chin, his black clothes, and his fatherly look, you would not know whether to set him down for a physician, a professor, or a priest. When he opens his thick lips you fancy he is going to say, "My child," to you.

The vocation of M. Auvray was decided while he was an assistant at the Salpétrière. He studiously applied himself there to the observation of monemania, that curious disease of the mental faculty which is rarely explicable by a physical cause, which corresponds with no visible lesion of the nervous system, and which is healed, if at all, by moral treatment. He was aided in his observations by a young nurse of the division Pinel, who was rather pretty and very well bred. He fell in love with her, and, as soon as he had passed doctor, married her. It was starting in life modestly. However, he had a little property which he spent in founding the establishment we are speaking of. With a little charletanism he might have made a fortune by it; he preferred to cover his annual expenses by it. He is not fond of noise, and, when he has effected a wonderful cure, does not go to the house-tops to proclaim it. His reputation has grown up of itself, quietly as it were, without his knowledge. To give you a proof of it. His treatise on La Monomanie Raisonnante, published by Baillière in 1842, is now in its sixth edition, though the author never sent a copy of it to the newspapers.



it ought not to be pushed to excess. Mademoiselle Auvray has not more than twenty thousand francs for her dowry, and she will be twentytwo on the 30th of April.

About two weeks ago (I think it was Thursday, December 15), a coupé de louage stopped before the iron gate of M. Auvray. The gate opened at the coachman's "Porte, s'il vous plait!" the carriage drove on to the pavilion, when two men alighted and hurried into the Doctor's office. The domestic offered them chairs, and begged them to wait till her master had finished his morning round among the patients. It was ten o'clock.

One of the two visitors was a man of fifty, tall, black hair, sanguine complexion; large projecting ears, thick clumsy hands, enormous thumbs; a coarsely organized man-not made of the finer clay. This was M. Morlot.

His nephew, François Thomas, is a young man of twenty-three. The description of his person is difficult, for it has no salient points. He is neither tall nor short, handsome nor ugly; he has not the proportions of Hercules nor the contour of a dandy. He is non-eccentric, modest from head to foot. The color of his hair and of his coat was a sort of neutral brown; the turn of his features and mind what the passports would call "medium." When he entered the office he seemed much agitated; he walked to and fro with a sort of violence in his movements, never standing still, looking at twenty things at once, all of which he would have taken hold of with his hands if they had not been bound.

- "Try to be quiet now," said his uncle; "what I am doing is for your good. You will be happy here, and the Doctor is going to cure you."
- "I am not ill. What have you tied my hands for?"
- "Because you would have thrown me out of the window if I had not. You have lost your reason, my poor François; M. Auvray will restore it."

"Uncle, I reason as well as you do, and I do not understand what you mean. I have a sound mind, a calm judgment, and an excellent memory. Shall I recite some verses to you, or translate a Latin sentence? There is a Tacitus in the bookcase. If you want other kinds of proof, I will solve you a problem in arithmetic or geometry. You shake your head? Well, then, let me tell you what we have done this morning. You came at eight o'clock-not to wake me, for I was not asleep, but to force me out of bed. I dressed myself without the help of Germain; you urged me to go with you to Doctor Auvray's, and I refused; you insisted, I became angry, and you bound my hands with the assistance of Germain. I will dismiss him this evening. I owe him thirteen days' wages, that is thirteen francs, for I hired him at thirty francs a month. You will owe him something, for it for a while in a low tone, then he yawned, then

Modesty is surely a good thing in itself, but | present. There, does that hold together? is that rational? And you still think you can make me pass for an insane man? Ah! my dear uncle, treat me better than this! remember that my mother was your sister! What would my poor mother say if she could see me here! I am not angry with you, the matter can be arranged without quarrel. You have a daughter, Mademoiselle Claire Morlot."

> "Hah! I have caught you now. You see yourself that you have lost your wits. I have a daughter-I? Why, I am a bachelor-very, even !"

- "You have a daughter," repeated François, mechanically.
- "My poor nephew! Come now, just pay attention. Have you a cousin?'
- "A cousin? No, I have no cousin. Oh, you will not catch me tripping. I have no cousin, male or female."
 - "I am your uncle, am I not?"
- "Yes, you are my uncle; although you have not behaved like one this morning.
- "If I had a daughter, she would be your cousin: but you have no cousin, then I have not a daughter."
- "You are quite right. I had the pleasure of seeing her this summer at Ems with her mother. I love her; I have reason to think that I am not indifferent to her, and I have the honor of asking you for her hand."
 - "Whose hand?"
- "The hand of mademoiselle, your daughter."
- "Really," said Uncle Morlot to himself, "M. Auvray must be skillful, indeed, if he cures him. I shall pay six thousand francs for the yearly board out of my nephew's income. Six out of thirty leaves twenty-four. I shall be rich. Poor François!"

He sat down and opened the first book that came under his hand.

"Take that chair," he said to François; "I am going to read to you. Try to listen: that will quiet you."

He began:

"Monomania is the persistence of one idea, the exclusive dominion of one passion. Its seat is in the emotional part of our nature; it is there where we must seek it and cure it. Its causes are love, fear, vanity, ambition, remorse. It reveals itself by the same symptoms as the passion; sometimes by joy, gayety, boldness, and noise; sometimes by timidity, sadness, and silence.

While the reading was going on, François seemed to grow calm and fall into a doze. The room was warm.

"Bravo!" said M. Morlot to himself. "Here is a wonder performed by medicine already: it puts a man to sleep who is neither hungry nor drowsy."

François was not asleep, but he imitated the appearances of it to perfection. He gradually sank his head, and regulated his respiration with mathematical monotony. The uncle was completely deceived. He continued his reading is through you that he loses his New Year's he stopped, then he let the book slip out of his



hands, then closed his eyes, then fell away into | the army, it was not to be thought of-not that a bona fide slumber, to the great satisfaction of his nephew, who was maliciously watching him from under his eyelashes.

François now began by moving his chair. M. Morlot remained quiet as a post. François walked a little, making his boots creak on the polished floor: M. Morlot fell to snoring. The lunatic then went to the Doctor's desk, where he found a knife, the handle of which he managed to push fast into a corner, and then rubbing the cord against the blade, soon severed it.

On recovering the use of his hands he was tempted to utter a cry of joy; but restraining himself, he softly approached his uncle. In two minutes M. Morlot was effectively manacled; but with such delicacy was the operation performed that his slumbers were not disturbed.

After admiring his work, François picked up the book that had fallen on the floor. It was the last edition of the Monomanie Raisonnante. He took a seat in a corner of the room, and fell to reading like a sage while awaiting the arrival of the Doctor.

It is proper that you should know something of the previous life of François and his uncle. François was the only son of a toy-merchant of the Passage Saumar, named Thomas. The toy-trade is a good business: there is a hundred per cent. profit on almost all the articles.

After the death of his father, François enjoyed a clean income-doubtless so called because it saves one from dirty actions-of thirty thousand francs a year.

His tastes, as I have already intimated, I believe, were very simple. He preferred whatever was not striking, and naturally chose his gloves, waistcoats, and paletots within that range of quiet colors which lies between maroon and black. Even in his tenderest infancy he had no recollection of having dreamed of military uniforms, and those honorary ribbons, for which most of us are so ambitious, never disturbed his slumbers. He did not wear a quizzing-glass, because, he said, his eyesight was good; nor a pin in his cravat, because his cravat kept its place very well without one; but the real cause was that he was afraid of attracting observation. His varnished leather boots dazzled him. He would have been sorely troubled if the accident of birth had imposed upon him a remarkable name. If, to complete it, he had been christened Améric or Fernand, he would never in the world have signed in full. Happily, his names were as unpretentious as if he had chosen them himself.

His timidity prevented him from entering into any profession. After having passed the threshold of the baccalaureate, he stopped at the great door which opens on active life, where he remained contemplating the seven or eight roads that lay before him. The bar seemed to him too noisy, medicine too bustling, a professorship too imposing, commerce too complicated, an administrative career too confining. As for

he was afraid of the enemy, but he trembled at the idea of a uniform. He kept, then, to his first trade, not because it was the easiest, but because it was the quietest: he lived on his in-

As he had not earned his own money, he readily lent it. In reward of so rare a virtue, Heaven sent him many friends. He loved them all sincerely, and cheerfully yielded to their wishes. When he met one of them on the Boulevard, he always suffered himself to be taken by the arm, turned about, and followed the route that was proposed. Do not understand that he was stupid, or weak, or ill-informed. He knew three or four living languages, with as much of Latin and Greek, and other branches of knowledge, as are studied at school; he had certain notions about commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and literature, and could pass a sound judgment upon a book if nobody was by to hear him.

But his weakness appeared in all its strength in his relations with the better sex. He needed to be always in love with some of their number, and if on waking he had not some object of love for his thoughts to turn to, he rose disspirited, and was seen to put on his stockings wrong side out. If he went to a concert or to the theatre, the first thing was to look over the house in search of a face to please him; if he found one, he fell in love with it, and the concert was charming, the play admirable; if he was unsuccessful in his search, then every one sang out of tune, and the actors murdered their parts. His heart had such an abhorrence of vacuum, that in presence of a moderate beauty he went to extravagant expense of imagination to perfect her charms. As you might guess without my saying it, this universal tenderness was absolutely innocent. He was in love with all the women without avowing it to them, for he had never dared to speak to a single one. He was the purest, the most harmless of debauchees; a Don Juan, if you choose, but before Donna Julia.

When he was in love, he was always editing to himself bold declarations which he could never get his lips to publish. And so he would compose his whole courtship; reveal the inmost sentiments of his breast; carry on long conversations for which he furnished both questions and answers; devise speeches so touching, so ardent, they might have softened rocks and melted ice. But no woman gratefully recognized these mute aspirations. "Faint heart never won fair lady." There is a great difference between wishing and willing.....

However, last August, four months before tying his uncle's hands, he dared to love openly. At Ems he met, this summer, a young lady almost as shy as himself, whose sensitive timidity gave him courage. She was a Parisian, frail, delicate, and pale as fruit ripened in the shade. You could see the blood flow through the blue veins under her transparent skin.



there as companion for her mother, whom a chronic malady (I think it was some affection of the throat) led to use the waters of Ems. Mother and daughter seemed to have lived little in the world, to judge from the wondering looks they cast upon the noisy crowd of guests at the Springs. François was presented to them one day, without ceremony, by a friend who was on his way to Italy. He saw them constantly for a month, and was, so to speak, their only society. For sensitive temperaments a crowd is a great solitude, and the more noise the world makes around them, the more they incline to withdraw into a corner to whisper with each other. The young Parisian and her mother entered into full possession of François' heart at the outset, and were not displeased with their quarters. Like the first navigator who set foot in America, they explored with delight this virgin and mysterious country, and every day discovered new treasures there. They never inquired whether he were rich or poor. It was enough for them to know that he was good, and no treasure they could have found would have been more precious for them than that of this heart of gold.

On his side, François was delighted with his metamorphosis. You have heard or read how the spring breaks out in the gardens of Russia. Yesterday every thing was covered with snow; to-day comes a sunbeam that puts winter to flight. At noon the trees are in blow; at night they are thick with leaves; on the morrow, almost, they bear fruits. So did François's love bloom and fructify. His coldness of exterior and his awkwardness were carried away like ice-cakes by a flood. The embarrassed, shamefaced boy became a man in the course of a few weeks. I do not know which one of the party first uttered the word marriage. But what does that matter? It is always understood when two pure natures talk of love.

François was of age and his own master, but the object of his affections could not dispose of her hand without first asking and obtaining the consent of her father. And here the timidity of the unfortunate youth regained the upper hand. It was in vain that Claire said to him: "Write frankly; my father has already been informed of the nature of our relations; you will receive his consent by return mail." wrote and rewrote his letter a hundred times. but sould not muster resolution to send it. And yet the task was an easy one, which the most commonplace mind would have accomplished successfully. He knew the name, position, fortune, and even the disposition of his future father-in-law. He had been let into all the secrets of the family; he was almost become a member of it. He had only to write in two words what he was, and what he had; there could be no doubt about the answer. He hesitated, however, so long, that at the end of a month Claire and her mother could not repress some rising doubts. Still, they might have patiently waited

prudence. If Claire was in love, and if her lover was not ready to declare his intentions officially, the only course to pursue was to put her, as soon as possible, in a place of safety at Paris. Then, perhaps, M. François Thomas would make up his mind to come and ask her hand in marriage; he would know where to find her.

One morning when François called for the ladies to take them to walk, the hotel-keeper informed him that they had left for Paris. Their apartment was already occupied by an English family. So rude a blow falling suddenly on so weak a head disturbed his reason. He left the hotel in a state verging on frenzy, and went looking for Claire in all the places where he used to walk with her. On coming back to his room he had a violent headache, which he treated in the most violent manner. He was bled, he took scalding hot baths, he wrapped his feet in great sinapisms. He would avenge his moral sufferings on his body. When he thought himself cured he set out for France, determined to demand the hand of Claire immediately on arriving at Paris; he would not stop even to change his coat. On reaching the city, he hurried out of the rail-car, leaving his baggage to take care of itself, jumped into a fiacre, and cried out to the coachman,

- "To her house, at a gallop!"
- "And where is that, Sir?"
- "She is at her father's, Monsieur ----, Rue Ah! I can't think now."

He had forgotten both name and address. "I must go to my room," he said to himself; "I shall recover Claire's name when this agitation is over." He handed his card to the coachman, and was driven home.

His concierge, a childless old man, named Emmanuel, came out to meet him. François made a profound bow, and addressed him as follows: "Sir, you have a daughter, Mademoiselle Claire Emmanuel. I wished to ask her hand of you by letter, but I thought it would be more proper to make this request in person."

It was evident that his brain was turned, and his uncle Morlot, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, was sent for with all speed.

This Uncle Morlot was the honestest man in the Rue de Charonne, which is one of the longest streets in Paris. He manufactured antique furniture with ordinary skill and extraordinary conscientiousness. He never sold stained peartree wood for ebony, nor a chest-of-drawers of his own make for a relic of the Middle Ages. He possessed the art of imitating venerable cracks and worm-holes in new wood as well as any of his brethren of the trade; but with him it was a principle and a law to do wrong to no one. From a spirit of moderation that seems almost absurd in trades that serve the calls of luxury only, he limited his net profits to five per cent. He had consequently gained more esteem than money in the exercise of his trade. He never made out a bill that he did not add up a fortnight longer, had it not been for paternal; the items three times over, such was his fear



of committing an error to his own advantage.

After being in business thirty years, he was hardly better off in worldly goods than when he completed his term of apprenticeship. He had earned his living like the humblest of his workmen, and he used to ask himself, with a little jealousy of his brother-in-law, how the latter had gone to work to amass his wealth? If M. Thomas assumed toward him a certain air of superiority, such as accords with the vanity of a parvenu, he in return took an air of yet higher superiority, such as accords with the pride of a man who is above using certain means of success. He gloried in his very mediocrity of fortune. "At least," he would say, "it is honestly earned, and is all my own."

Man is a strange animal. I do not claim the observation as original. This worthy M. Morlot, whose scrupulous honesty was the jest of the whole faubourg, felt at the bottom of his heart a something like an agreeable titillating sensation when he was told of the malady of his nephew. He heard a soft, insinuating little voice that whispered: "If François is insane, you will be his guardian." Probity immediately replied: "We shall be none the richer for that." 'What!" returned the voice; "the board and lodging of a lunatic does not cost thirty thousand francs a year. And besides, we shall be put to a deal of trouble; shall be obliged to neglect our own affairs; we deserve some compensation for all that, and there we wrong no one." "But," resumed Disinterestedness, "one should give his services gratis to one's own family." "Really!" grumbled the voice. "Then, why has our family never done any thing for us? We have seen hard times; notes coming due, and bills not paid; but neither nephew François, nor his father before him, ever thought of lending a helping hand." "Poh!" cried Good Nature, "all this will come to nothing; it is a false alarm. Frank will be well, we hope, before the week is over." "But, perhaps," continued the obstinate little voice, "the disease will kill the patient, and we shall receive the inheritance without doing any one wrong. We have worked hard these thirty years, and here we are. Who knows but an accident at last may make our fortune?"

The good man stopped his ears, but they were so large, so ample, they flared out so grandly like great sea-shells, that the subtle, persevering little voice still found entrance in spite of him. He left the establishment in the Rue de Charonne in charge of the foreman, and took up his winter quarters in the handsome apartments of his nephew. He slept in a good bed, and found himself the better for it. He sat at an excellent table, and was suddenly cured of the cramps in his stomach with which he had been troubled for a number of years. He soon accustomed himself to the services of Germain, his nephew's valet. Gradually he reconciled himself with the condition of François; he accepted the notion that perhaps he would never be cured.

Occasionally, indeed, as if to pay a debt to conscience, he would repeat to himself, "In any case, I am not harming any one."

By the end of three months he grew tired of having a crazy man in the house; for he had come to consider himself at home there. François's senseless talk, and his mania of demanding Claire in marriage of every one he met, became quite insupportable. He resolved to clear the house of him, and send him for treatment to Dr. Auvray. "After all," thought he, "my nephew will be better cared for, and I shall be more at my ease. Science tells us that change of scene is beneficial to the insane. I must do my duty."

With such thoughts passing through his mind he had fallen asleep, when François conceived the idea of binding his hands.

III.

The Doctor entered, making his excuses. François rose, laid aside his book, and explained the affair with extreme volubility, as he walked up and down the room.

"Sir," said he, "I have brought here my maternal uncle to commit to your care. You see he is a man between forty-five and fifty, hardened by manual labor and the trials of a laborious life. He was born of healthy parents, in a family where there has never before been a case of mental alienation. So you will not have an hereditary insanity to struggle with. His malady is, perhaps, one of the most curious monomanias that your wide experience has ever observed. He passes, with an incredible rapidity, from the extreme of cheerfulness to the extreme of sadness; it is a strange mixture of monomania, properly so called, and of melancholy."

- "He has not, then, entirely lost his mind?"
- "No, Sir; he is mad only on one point, and belongs properly to your specialty."
 - "What is the character of his malady?"
- "Alas! Sir, it is the character of our times—cupidity! The poor man is truly a type of his age. After having labored from childhood up, he finds himself without fortune. My father, beginning when he did, left me a handsome estate. My dear uncle began by being envious; then he thought that, being my only relative, he would become my heir in case of my death, and my guardian in case of insanity; and as a feeble mind easily believes what it desires, the unhappy man persuaded himself that I had lost my senses. He said so to every one—he will tell you so. In the carriage, on our way here, though his hands were tied, he thought it was he who was bringing me to you."
 - "When was he first taken?"
- "About three months ago. He came into my porter's lodge and said to him, with a wild air, 'M. Emmanuel, you have a daughter—leave her in the lodge and come help me bind my nephew.'"
- "Does he at all comprehend his condition?

 Does he know that he is in an unsound state?"
 - "No, Sir; and I think that is a good sign.



I should also tell you that his physical functions are somewhat deranged, that he has lost his appetite, and is subject to wakefulness."

"So much the better! An insane person who sleeps and eats regularly is nearly incurable. Permit me to waken him."

M. Auvray gently shook the shoulder of the sleeper, who started to his feet. His first movement was to rub his eyes. When he found that his hands were bound he guessed what had

passed during his sleep, and broke out into loud laughter, exclaiming,

"This is a good joke!"

- "You see," said François, in a whisper, to the Doctor; "in five minutes he will be furious."
- "I will manage him," replied the Doctor; and smiling on the patient as if he had been a child that he wished to amuse, he said,
- "My friend, you awake betimes; have you had pleasant dreams?"
- "I! I have not dreamed at all. I was laughing to see myself tied—tied up like a fagot of kindling-wood. One would say that I was the madman."

"You see!" said François.

- "Have the kindness to relieve me, Doctor; I can explain better when I am at my ease."
- "I will unbind you, my friend; but then you must promise to be quiet?"
- "Really, now, Doctor, do you take me for a crazy man?"
- "Not at all; but you are not well. We will nurse you and cure you. There, your hands are free, but do not do any mischief."

"What the devil do you mean? I brought you my nephew—"

"Yes, yes," said the Doctor, "we will talk about that presently. I found you asleep; do you often sleep in the daytime?"

"Never! It is that stupid book-"

Aha! thought the author, the case is a grave one.

- "And so you think your nephew is insane?"
 "To be sure he is, Sir; and the proof of it
- is that I had to the his hands with this cord."
- "But it is you who had your hands tied. Don't you remember that I released you this very minute?"
- "That was I! Twas he! Ah, let me explain the whole matter."
- "Softly, my friend, you are getting excited, you are very red; I don't want to fatigue you. Only answer my questions. You say your nephew is diseased?"
 - "Insane, crazy, mad."
 - "And you are content to see him mad?"
 - "What, I?"
- "Answer me frankly. You don't want he should get well, do you?"

"Why not?"

"So that his fortune may remain in your hands. You want to be rich, do you not? You are tired with working for a whole lifetime without making a fortune, are you not? And you think your time has come at last, eh?"

- M. Morlot made no answer. His eyes were fixed on the floor. He asked himself whether he were dreaming an ugly dream; and he was confused with this binding of hands, and this questioning, and this inquisitor, who seemed to read in his conscience as in an open book.
- "Does he hear voices?" asked the Doctor of the nephew. The poor uncle felt his hair rise on end. He recalled that obstinate voice that whispered in his ear, and answered mechanically.
 - "Sometimes."
 - "Ah! it is a case of hallucination."
- "No, no, I am not mad. For Heaven's sake let me go out: I shall lose my senses here. Ask any of my friends, they will tell you that I am of sound mind. Feel my pulse; you will see that I have no fever."
- "My poor uncle!" said François. "He does not know that insanity is a delirium without fever."
- "If, Sir," added the Doctor, "we could give our patients a fever, we could heal the whole of them."
- M. Morlot threw himself in a sort of desperation on the sofa.
- "M. Auvray," said François, always keeping up his rapid march across the room, "I am profoundly pained with the misfortune of my uncle, but it is a great consolation for me to commit him to the care of a person like yourself. I have read your admirable work La Monomanie Raisonnante; nothing equal to it has been written since the admirable Traité des Maladies Mentales of the great Esquirol. Some days ago I breakfasted with the internes at the Salpêtrière. One of them is an old college friend, M. Ravin. You may know him."

"I have heard of him as a young physician of extraordinary promise."

"They all told me that if my uncle could be cured, it would be by you, Sir. I know your kindness for your patients, and will not offend you by a special recommendation to your attention of my uncle. As for the price of his board, I leave that entirely with you;" and here François quietly drew a bank-note for a thousand francs from his pocket-book and laid it on the mantle-piece. "I shall have the honor of calling here in the course of next week. At what hour is it permitted to visit the patients?"

"From twelve to two o'clock. For myself, I am always at home. Good-day, Sir."

- "Stop him!" cried the uncle; "don't you let him go! It is he that is crazy! I'll tell you all about his insanity."
- "Pray be quiet, my dear uncle," said François, retiring; "I leave you in the hands of M. Auvray; he will take the best care of you."

M. Morlot started to run after his nephew, but was stopped by the Doctor.

"The deuce is in it," exclaimed the poor uncle; "was there ever such luck! He won't say the first bit of nonsense! If he would only once begin, you would see that it is not I who am the madman."



handle. Suddenly he turned as if he had forgotten something, and coming straight up to the Doctor, said: "Sir, the malady of my uncle is not the sole cause of my visit.'

"Aha!" murmured M. Morlot, who saw a ray of hope in the speech.

The young man continued.

"You have a daughter."

Here the poor uncle could no longer contain himself; "You hear what he says: you have a daughter?"

The Doctor replying to François: "Yes, Sir; but please tell me how-"

- "You have a daughter, Mlle. Claire Auvray."
- "There! there! I told you so," exclaimed the uncle.
 - "Yes, Sir," said the Doctor.
- "She was at Ems three months ago with her mother."
 - "Bravo! bravo!" shouted M. Morlot.
 - "Yes, Sir," replied M. Auvray.
- M. Morlot ran up to the Doctor and said, "You are not the Doctor; you are one of the patients of the house."
- "My friend," replied the Doctor, "if you are not quiet, we shall have to give you a douche."
- M. Morlot retired in alarm. His nephew continued.
- "Sir, I love mademoiselle, your daughter. I have some reason to hope that the sentiment is reciprocated, and if her sentiments have not changed since the month of September last, I have the honor of asking her hand from

The Doctor replied, "It is, then, M. François Thomas to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

- "The same, Sir; I should have given you my name at the outset."
- "Permit me to remark, Sir, that you have been somewhat dilatory in your movements."

At this moment the attention of the Doctor was attracted by M. Morlot, who was rubbing his hands with a sort of fury. "What is the matter, my friend?" he asked with his mild, fatherly voice.

- "Oh, nothing, nothing! I was rubbing my hands.'
 - "And what are you rubbing your hands for?"
 - "There is something sticks to them."
 - "Show me; I do not see any thing."
- "You do not see! Why, there, there, between the fingers; I see it plain enough!"
 - "What do you see?"
- "My nephew's fortune. Take it off, Doctor. I am an honest man; I wish ill to no one."

While the Doctor was listening attentively to the wild talk of M. Morlot, a strange revolution was going on in the person of François. He grew pale, he trembled, his teeth chattered. M. Auvray turned toward him to ask what was the matter.

François already had his hand on the door- for me. Happiness falls on me like the snow. It will be a hard winter for lovers. Doctor, what I have in my head."

> M. Morlot ran up to him, crying out: "That's enough! don't go on in that way! I do not want you should be mad any longer. They would say that it is I who have robbed you of vour reason. I am an honest man. Doctor, look at my hands; feel in my pockets; send to my house in the Rue de Charonne, Faubourg St. Antoine; open all the drawers; you will see that I have nothing belonging to other people."

> The Doctor was becoming embarrassed between his two patients, when a door opened, and Claire came to tell her father that breakfast was on the table.

> François started toward her with a convulsive movement. But his physical forces seemed to fail the purposes of his will. He fell back heavily into an arm-chair, and could hardly stammer out, "Claire, it is I; I love you. Will you-"

> He passed his hand over his forehead. His pale face flushed hot and red. His temples beat violently, he felt a strange compression in the head. Claire, almost beside herself with contending emotions, took his hands in hers; his skin was dry, and the pulse beat so violently as to alarm the poor girl. It was not thus that she had hoped to meet him. In a few minutes the symptoms of a violent bilious fever showed themselves. "What a pity," said Doctor Auvray, "that this fever had not attacked his uncle; it would have cured him!"

> He rang; a servant came and Madame Auvray entered, whom François hardly recognized, so much was he overcome by the fever. It was necessary to put him to bed without delay. Claire offered her chamber. It was a pretty little room, with a bed with white curtains, and a few simple ornaments; on the mantle-piece was an onyx vase, the only present that Claire had accepted from her lover.

> While they were giving the first cares to François, his uncle in a high state of excitement bustled about in the room, embracing his nephew, seizing Madame Auvray by the hand, and crying out at the top of his voice, "Save him, save him, quick! I do not want he should die; I shall make objections to his death; I am his guardian; I have the right to protest; I am his uncle, his guardian! If you don't cure him, they will say it is I that have killed him. But I take you to witness that I do not ask for his inheritance. I give all his estate to the poor. A glass of water, if you please, to wash my hands!"

> They transferred him to the Infirmary. There he became so violent that it was necessary to put on the strait waistcost.

Madame Auvray and her daughter devoted themselves to the care of François. You may tell me if you will, that these two women saw in him, the one a son-in-law, the other a husband, but I believe that if he had been a stranger, he "Nothing," he replied: "she is coming, I would have been nursed with equal care. St. hear her, it is the delight..., but it is too much Vincent de Paul only invented a uniform; there



are sisters of charity in all ranks and all ages of women.

Seated night and day in the sick room, mother and daughter gave their spare moments to whispered conversation on their recollections and their hopes. They could not explain either the long silence of François, nor his sudden return, nor the occasion that had led him to the Avenue Montaigne. If he loved Claire, why had he waited three months? Did he need the malady of his uncle to introduce himself to M. Auvray? If he had forgotten his love, however, why not take his uncle to some other physician? There are enough of them at Paris. Perhaps he thought himself healed of his passion until it was revived by the sight of Claire—but no; for he had asked her hand in marriage before seeing her.

To all their questions François in his delirium gave answer. Claire, hanging over his lips, gathered up his least words; she commented upon them with her mother and with the Doctor, who soon began to see the true state of the case. For a man practiced in unraveling the most confused ideas, and reading in the minds of insane persons as in a blotted book, the ravings of a feverish brain are an intelligible language. He comprehended how his patient had lost in part his reason, and how he had been the innocent cause of the insanity of his uncle.

Then began for Mademoiselle Auvray a new series of fears. François had been insane. Would the crisis that she had unconsciously provoked heal the patient? The Doctor declared that the fever had the privilege of judging, that is, of terminating insanity: there are, however, no rules without exception; above all, in medicine. And supposing him fully recovered, were not relapses Would M. Auvray consent to to be feared? give his daughter to one of his patients? "For myself," said Claire, smiling sadly, "I am not afraid: I would take the risk. It is I who have caused all his misfortunes—ought I not to console him? After all, the sum of his madness consisted in asking for my hand—he will have nothing to ask for the day when I shall be his wife—then we shall have nothing to fear. The poor boy was sick only from an excess of love: cure him of that, dear father, but not entirely. Let him remain mad enough to love me as I love him!"

"We shall see," replied M. Auvray. "Wait till the fever is over. If he is ashamed or vexed at having been ill; if I see him sad or melancholy after his recovery, I will not answer for him. If, on the contrary, he recollects his malady without shame or regret, if he speaks of it calmly, if he feels no repugnance at the sight of those who attended upon him during his illness, then I have no fear of relapses."

"And why, dear father, should he be ashamed of having loved to excess? It is a noble and generous frenzy that never enters into little souls. And why should he feel repugnance at the sight of those who nursed him during his illness? It is mother and I who have nursed him."

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After six days of delirium, an abundant perspiration carried off the fever, and the patient entered on his convalescence. When he discovered himself in a strange chamber, between Madame and Mademoiselle Auvray, his first idea was that he was at the hotel of the Quatre Saisons in the main street of Ems. His weakness, his emaciation, and the presence of the Doctor corrected the first impression: he recollected himself, but vaguely. The Doctor came to his assistance. He administered to him the truth, but with prudence, as he would have measured out corporeal nourishment to an enfeebled body. François commenced by listening to his own story as to a romance in which he played no part: he was another man, an entirely new man, and he came out from his fever as from a tomb. Gradually the gaps in his memory filled up. His brain was full of empty cases, which one by one seemed to receive their appropriate contents. Soon he became master of his mind, and entered into possession of the past. This cure was a work of science, and, more than that, of patience. Here was the admirable quality of M. Auvray's paternal cares. The excellent man had the very genius of greatness. The twenty-fifth of December, François, sitting up in bed, propped by a chicken broth and the half of an egg, related clearly, distinctly, without wandering, and without embarrassment, with no other emotion than that of a tranquil joy, his story for the past three months. Claire and Madame Auvray wept as they listened. The Doctor pretended to be taking notes, but something else than ink fell upon the paper.

When the story was finished, the convalescent added, by way of conclusion: "To-day, December 25, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I said to my excellent Doctor, my honored father, M. Auvray, whose street and number I shall never again forget, 'Sir, you have a daughter, Mademoiselle Claire Auvray. I met her this summer at Ems with her mother: I love her—she has given me proof that she loves me; and, if you are not afraid that I should again become insane, I have the honor of asking her hand from you."

The Doctor nodded slightly, but Claire put her arms round the sick man's neck, and kissed him on the forehead.

The same day M. Morlot, growing more calm, and freed from his strait waistcoat, rose at eight o'clock in the morning. On getting out of bed, he took his slippers, turned them inside out, examined them carefully, and then passed them over to the attendant, begging him to see if they did not contain thirty thousand francs of yearly income. It was only after receiving an assurance in the negative that he would consent to put them on. He combed himself during a full half hour, constantly repeating that he did not wish it should be said that his nephew's fortune had passed upon his head. He then shook every article of clothing out of the window, having first carefully searched all the pockets before he would put it on.



Being finally dressed, he asked for a piece of chalk, with which he wrote in capital letters on the walls of his room: Thou shalt not cover thy neighbor's goods.

Then he began to rub his hands with incredible vivacity, to convince himself that the property of François had not stuck to them. He then carefully scratched his fingers, counting them from the first to the tenth, for fear he should forget one of them. When M. Auvray made him his daily visit, he thought he was before a magistrate, and immediately requested to be searched. The Doctor informed him that François was cured. The poor man asked if the money had been found? "If my nephew is going to leave the house, he will want his money. Where is it? I have not got it, unless it is in my bed!" And forthwith he turned his bed upside down before any one could stop him. The Doctor shook him by the hand as he went out. This hand he rubbed with scrupulous care. When they brought him his breakfast, he began by examining the napkin, the glass, the knife, the plate, constantly repeating that he did not want to eat up his nephew's estate. When he finished his meal he washed his hands with care. "The fork was silver," he said; "I do not want any of that sticking to my hands."

M. Auvray, however, does not despair of curing him with time. Such maladies are most apt to yield to the efforts of science in the summer and autumnal months.

PATRICK'S DAY IN AMERICA.

THE March wind shook the withered grass
Along the lonesome prairie,
As Dermod drank his cheerful glass
And talked with Irish Mary.

- "Six years ago," he said, "we fied
 Across the western ocean;
 My purse was light—my heart was lead;
 Naught left but thy devotion.
- 4'We fied because we saw our land One scene of devastation, When Famine's cold and bony hand Descended on the nation.
- "The crimson flames enwrapt our home, The signals of eviction; The landlord stood and scoffed like some Incarnate malediction.
- "The thick smoke vailed that poor abode, Beloved by us, though humble; And weeping in the wintry road, We heard our roof-tree tumble.
- "And then we fled—but as the ship From our dear island bore us, There was a tremor in each lip, And women wailed in chorus.
- "We fled, nor staid till the Great West In its wide arms received us, And on its tender giant breast We half forgot what grieved us.

- "The land we tread on is our own;
 Our own the roof that covers;
 And though our heads have older grown,
 We've ceased not to be lovers.
- "For on the soil that freemen till
 More grows than what is planted,
 And Love and Truth and Virtue fill
 The land with flowers enchanted.
- "So here on Patrick's natal day I drink my second mother; Yet let no man presumptuous say That I forget the other!"
- So while the March wind bent the grass
 Upon the lonesome prairie,
 Did Dermod drink his cheerful glass
 And talk with Irish Mary.

LITTLE DORRIT. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LI.—NO JUST CAUSE OR IMPEDI-MENT WHY THESE TWO PERSONS SHOULD NOT BE JOINED TOGETHER.

R. DORRIT, on being informed by his elder M. DUKKII, on being income and daughter that she had accepted matrimonial overtures from Mr. Sparkler, to whom she had plighted her troth, received the communication at once with great dignity and with a large display of parental pride; his dignity dilating with the widened prospect of advantageous ground from which to make acquaintances, and his parental pride being developed by Miss Fanny's ready sympathy with that great object of his existence. He gave her to understand that her noble ambition found harmonious echoes in his heart, and bestowed his blessing on her, as a child brimful of duty and good principle, selfdevoted to the aggrandizement of the family name.

To Mr. Sparkler, when Miss Fanny permitted him to appear, Mr. Dorrit said he would not disguise that the alliance Mr. Sparkler did him the honor to propose was highly congenial to his feelings; both as being in unison with the spontaneous affections of his daughter Fanny, and as opening a family connection of a gratifying nature with Mr. Merdle, the master-spirit of the age. Mrs. Merdle also, as a leading lady rich in distinction, elegance, grace, and beauty, he mentioned in very laudatory terms. He felt it his duty to remark (he was sure a gentleman of Mr. Sparkler's fine sense would interpret him with all delicacy), that he could not consider this proposal definitively determined on, until he should have had the privilege of holding some correspondence with Mr. Merdle; and of ascertaining it to be so far accordant with the views of that eminent gentleman, as that his (Mr. Dorrit's) daughter would be received on that footing which her station in life and her dowry and expectations warranted him in requiring that she should maintain in what he trusted he might be allowed, without the appearance of being mercenary, to call the Eye of the Great World. While saying this, which his



character as a gentleman of some little station, and his character as a father, equally demanded of him, he would not be so diplomatic as to conceal that the proposal remained in hopeful abeyance, and under conditional acceptance, and that he thanked Mr. Sparkler for the compliment rendered to himself and to his family. He concluded with some further and more general observations on the—ha—character of an independent gentleman, and the—hum—character of a possibly too partial and admiring parent. To sum the whole up shortly, he received Mr. Sparkler's offer very much as he would have received three or four half-crowns from him in the days that were gone.

Mr. Sparkler, finding himself stunned by the words thus heaped upon his inoffensive head, made a brief though pertinent rejoinder; the same being neither more nor less than that he had long perceived Miss Fanny to have no nonsense about her, and that he had no doubt of its being all right with his Governor. At that point, the object of his affections shut him up like a box with a spring lid, and sent him away.

Proceeding shortly afterward to pay his respects to the Bosom, Mr. Dorrit was received by it with great consideration. Mrs. Merdle had heard of this affair from Edmund. She had been surprised at first, because she had not thought Edmund a marrying man. Society had not thought Edmund a marrying man. Still, of course she had seen, as a woman (we women did instinctively see these things, Mr. Dorrit!), that Edmund had been immensely captivated by Miss Dorrit, and she had openly said that Mr. Dorrit had much to answer for in bringing so charming a girl abroad to turn the heads of his countrymen.

"Have I the honor to conclude, Madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "that the direction which Mr. Sparkler's affections have taken, is—ha—approved of by you?"

"I assure you, Mr. Dorrit," returned the lady, "that, personally, I am charmed."

That was very gratifying to Mr. Dorrit. "Personally," repeated Mrs. Merdle, "charmed."

This casual repetition of the word personally, moved Mr. Dorrit to express his hope that Mr. Merdle's approval, too, would not be wanting.

"I can not," said Mrs. Merdle, "take upon myself to answer positively for Mr. Merdle; gentlemen, especially gentlemen who are what Society calls capitalists, having their own ideas of these matters. But I should think—merely giving an opinion, Mr. Dorrit—I should think Mr. Merdle would be, upon the whole—" here she held a review of herself before adding, at her leisure, "quite charmed."

At the mention of gentlemen whom Society called capitalists, Mr. Dorrit had coughed, as if some internal demur were breaking out of him. Mrs. Merdle had observed it, and went on to take up the cue.

"Though, indeed, Mr. Dorrit, it is scarcely necessary for me to make that remark, except in the mere openness of saying what is uppermost to one whom I so highly regard, and with whom I hope I may have the pleasure of being brought into still more agreeable relations. For, one can not but see the great probability of your considering such things from Mr. Merdle's own point of view, except indeed that circumstances have made it Mr. Merdle's accidental fortune. or misfortune, to be engaged in business transactions, and that they, however vast, may a little cramp his horizon. I am a very child as to having any notion of business," said Mrs. Merdle; "but, I am afraid, Mr. Dorrit, it may have that tendency."

This skillful see-saw of Mr. Dorrit and Mr. Merdle, so that each of them sent the other up, and each of them sent the other down, and neither had the advantage, acted as a sedative on Mr. Dorrit's cough. He remarked, with his utmost politeness, that he must beg to protest against its being supposed, even by Mrs. Merdle, the accomplished and graceful (to which compliment she bent herself), that such enterprises as Mr. Merdle's, apart as they were from the puny undertakings of the rest of men, had any lower tendency than to enlarge and expand the genius in which they were conceived. "You are generosity itself," said Mrs. Merdle in return, smiling her best smile; "let us hope so. But I confess I am almost superstitious in my ideas about business."

Mr. Dorrit threw in another compliment here, to the effect that business, like the time which was precious in it, was made for slaves; and that it was not for Mrs. Merdle, who ruled all hearts at her supreme pleasure, to have any thing to do with it. Mrs. Merdle laughed, and conveyed to Mr. Dorrit an idea that the Bosom flushed—which was one of her best effects.

"I say so much," she then explained, "merely because Mr. Merdle has always taken the greatest interest in Edmund, and has always expressed the strongest desire to advance his prospects. Edmund's public position I think you know. His private position rests wholly with Mr. Merdle. In my foolish incapacity for business, I assure you I know no more."

Mr. Dorrit again expressed, in his own way, the sentiment that business was below the ken of enslavers and enchantresses. He then mentioned his intention, as a gentleman and a parent, of writing to Mr. Merdle. Mrs. Merdle concurred with all her heart—or with all her art, which was exactly the same thing—and herself dispatched a preparatory letter by the next post, to the eighth wonder of the world.

In his epistolary communication, as in his dialogues and discourses on the great question to which it related, Mr. Dorrit surrounded the subject with flourishes, as writing-masters embellish copy-books and ciphering-books: where the titles of the elementary rules of arithmetic diverge into swans, eagles, griffins, and other cal-



igraphic recreations, and where the capital letters go out of their minds and bodies into ecstasies of pen and ink. Nevertheless, he did render the purport of his letter sufficiently clear, to enable Mr. Merdle to make a decent pretense of having learned it from that source. Mr. Merdle replied to it, accordingly. Mr. Dorrit replied to Mr. Merdle; Mr. Merdle replied to Mr. Dorrit; and it was soon announced that the corresponding powers had come to a satisfactory understanding.

Now, and not before, Miss Fanny burst upon the scene, completely arrayed for her new part. Now, and not before, she wholly absorbed Mr. Sparkler in her light, and shone for both and twenty more. No longer feeling that want of a defined place and character which had caused her so much trouble, this fair ship began to steer steadily on a shaped course, and to swim with a weight and balance that developed her sailing qualities.

"The preliminaries being so satisfactorily arranged, I think I will now, my dear," said Mr. Dorrit, "announce-ha-formally, to Mrs. Gen-

"Papa," returned Fanny, taking him up short, upon that name, "I don't see what Mrs. General has got to do with it."

"My dear," said Mr. Dorrit, "it will be an act of courtesy to-hum-a lady, well bred and refined-"

"Oh! I am sick of Mrs. General's good breeding and refinement, papa," said Fanny. "Iam tired of Mrs. General.'

"Tired," repeated Mr. Dorrit, in reproachful astonishment, "of-ha-Mrs. General!"

"Quite disgusted with her, papa," said Fanny. "I really don't see what she has to do with my marriage. Let her keep to her own matrimonial projects-if she has any."

"Fanny," returned Mr. Dorrit, with a grave and weighty slowness upon him, contrasting strongly with his daughter's levity: "I beg the favor of your explaining-ha-what it is you mean."

"I mean, papa," said Fanny, "that if Mrs. General should happen to have any matrimonial projects of her own, I dare say they are quite enough to occupy her spare time. And that if she has not, so much the better; but still I don't wish to have the honor of making announcements to her.'

"Permit me to ask you, Fanny," said Mr. Dorrit, "why not?"

"Because she can find my engagement out for herself, papa," retorted Fanny. "She is watchful enough, I dure say. I think I have seen her so. Let her find it out for herself. If she should not find it out for herself, she will know it when I am married. And I hope you will not consider me wanting in affection for you, papa, if I say it strikes me that will be quite time enough for Mrs. General."

I am displeased, by this-hum-this capricious room with their customary coolness.

and unintelligible display of animosity toward ha-Mrs. General.'

"Do not, if you please, papa," urged Fanny, "call it animosity, because I assure you I do not consider Mrs. General worth my animos-

At this, Mr. Dorrit rose from his chair with a fixed look of severe reproof, and remained standing in his dignity before his daughter. His daughter, turning the bracelet on her arm, and now looking at him, and now looking from him, said, "Very well, papa. I am truly sorry if you don't like it; but I can't help it. I am not a child, and I am not Amy, and I must speak."

"Fanny," gasped Mr. Dorrit, after a majestic silence, "if I request you to remain here, while I formally announce to Mrs. General, as an exemplary lady who is-hum-a trusted member of this family, the-ha-the change that is contemplated among us; if I-ha-not only request it, but-hum-insist upon it-"

"Oh, papa," Fanny broke in with pointed significance, "if you make so much of it as that, I have in duty nothing to do but comply. I hope I may have my thoughts upon the subject, however, for I really can not help it under the circumstances." So Fanny sat down with a meekness which, in the junction of extremes, became defiance; and her father, either not deigning to answer, or not knowing what to answer, summoned Mr. Tinkler into his presence. "Mrs. General."

Mr. Tinkler, unused to receive such short orders in connection with the fair varnisher, paused. Mr. Dorrit, seeing the whole Marshalsea and all its Testimonials in the pause, instantly flew at him with, "How dare you, Sir?" What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," pleaded Mr. Tinkler, "I was wishful to know-'

"You wished to know nothing, Sir," cried Mr. Dorrit, highly flushed. "Don't tell me you did. Ha. You didn't. You are guilty of mockery, Sir."

"I assure you, Sir-" Mr. Tinkler began.

"Don't assure me!" said Mr. Dorrit. "I will not be assured by a domestic. You are guilty of mockery. You shall leave me-hum —the whole establishment shall leave me. What are you waiting for?"

"Only for my orders, Sir."

"It's false," said Mr. Dorrit; "you have your orders. Ha-hum. My compliments to Mrs. General, and I beg the favor of her coming to me, if quite convenient, for a few minutes. Those are your orders."

In his execution of this mission, Mr. Tinkler perhaps expressed that Mr. Dorrit was in a raging fume. However that was, Mrs. General's skirts were very speedily heard outside coming along-one might almost have said bouncing along-with unusual expedition. Albeit, they "Fanny," returned Mr. Dorrit, "I am amazed, settled down at the door and swept into the



"Mrs. General," said Mr. Dorrit, "take a chair."

Mrs. General, with a graceful curve of acknowledgment, descended into the chair which Mr. Dorrit offered.

"Madam," pursued that gentleman, "as you have had the kindness to undertake the—hum—formation of my daughters, and as I am persuaded that nothing nearly affecting them can—ha—be indifferent to you—"

"Wholly impossible," said Mrs. General, in the calmest of ways.

"—I therefore wish to announce to you, madam, that my daughter now present—"

Mrs. General made a slight inclination of her head to Fanny, who made a very low inclination of her head to Mrs. General, and came loftily upright again.

"—That my daughter Fanny is—ha—contracted to be married to Mr. Sparkler, with whom you are acquainted. Hence, madam, you will be relieved of half your difficult charge—ha—difficult charge." Mr. Dorrit repeated it with his angry eye on Fanny. "But not, I hope, to the—hum—diminution of any other portion, direct or indirect, of the footing you have at present the kindness to occupy in my family."

"Mr. Dorrit," returned Mrs. General, with her gloved hands resting on one another in exemplary repose, "is ever considerate, and ever but too appreciative of my friendly services."

(Miss Fanny coughed, as much as to say, "You are right.")

"Miss Dorrit has no doubt exercised the soundest discretion of which the circumstances admitted, and I trust will allow me to offer her my sincere congratulations. When free from the trammels of passion," Mrs. General closed her eyes at the word, as if she could not utter it, and see any body; "when occurring with the approbation of near relatives, and when cementing the proud structure of a family edifice, these are usually auspicious events. I trust Miss Dorrit will allow me to offer her my best congratulations."

Here Mrs. General stopped, and added, internally, for the setting of her face, "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism."

"Mr. Dorrit," she superadded, aloud, "is ever most obliging; and for the attention, and I will add distinction, of having this confidence imparted to me by himself and Miss Dorrit at this early time, I beg to offer the tribute of my thanks. My thanks, and my congratulations, are equally the meed of Mr. Dorrit and of Miss Dorrit."

"To me," observed Miss Fanny, "they are excessively gratifying—inexpressibly so. The relief of finding that you have no objection to make, Mrs. General, quite takes a load off my mind, I am sure. I hardly know what I should have done," said Fanny, "if you had interposed any objection, Mrs. General."

Mrs. General changed her gloves, as to the right glove being uppermost and the left undermost, with a Prunes and Prism smile.

"To preserve your approbation, Mrs. General," said Fanny, returning the smile with one in which there was no trace of those ingredients, "will of course be the highest object of my married life; to lose it, would of course be perfect wretchedness. I am sure your great kindness will not object, and I hope papa will not object, to my correcting a small mistake you have made, however. The best of us are so liable to mistakes, that even you, Mrs. General, have fallen into a little error. The attention and distinction you have so impressively mentioned, Mrs. General, as attaching to this confidence, are, I have no doubt, of the most complimentary and gratifying description; but they don't at all proceed from me. The merit of having consulted you on the subject would have been so great in me, that I feel I must not lay claim to it when it really is not mine. It is wholly papa's. I am deeply obliged to you for your encouragement and patronage, but it was papa who asked for it. I have to thank you, Mrs. General, for relieving my breast of a great weight by so handsomely giving your consent to my engagement, but you have really nothing to thank me for. I hope you will always approve of my proceedings after I have left home, and that my sister also may long remain the favored object of your condescension, Mrs. General."

With this address, which was delivered in her politest manner, Fanny left the room with an elegant and cheerful air, to tear up stairs with a flushed face as soon as she was out of hearing, pounce in upon her sister, call her a little Dormouse, shake her for the better opening of her eyes, tell her what had passed below, and ask her what she thought about Pa now?

Toward Mrs. Merdle, the young lady comported herself with great independence and selfpossession; but not as yet with any more decided opening of hostilities. Occasionally they had a slight skirmish, as when Fanny considered herself patted on the back by that lady, or as when Mrs. Merdle looked particularly young and well; but Mrs. Merdle always soon terminated those passages of arms by sinking among her cushions with the gracefulest indifference, and finding her attention otherwise engaged. Society (for that mysterious creature sat upon the Seven Hills too) found Miss Fanny vastly improved by her engagement. She was much more accessible, much more free and engaging, much less exacting; insomuch that she now entertained a host of followers and admirers, to the bitter indignation of ladies with daughters to marry, who were to be regarded as having revolted from Society on the Miss Dorrit grievance, and erected a rebellious standard. Enjoying the flutter she caused, Miss Dorrit not only haughtily moved through it in her own proper person, but haughtily, even ostentatiously, led Mr. Sparkler through it too: seeming to say to them all, "If I think proper to march among you in triumphal procession, attended by this weak captive in bonds rather than a



stronger one, that is my business. Enough that I choose to do it!" Mr. Sparkler, for his part, questioned nothing; but went wherever he was taken, did whatever he was told, felt that for his bride-elect to be distinguished was for him to be distinguished on the easiest terms, and was truly grateful for being so openly acknowledged.

The winter passing on toward the spring while this condition of affairs prevailed, it became necessary for Mr. Sparkler to repair to England, and take his appointed part in the expression and direction of its genius, learning, commerce, spirit, and sense. The land of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Watt, the land of a host of past and present abstract philosophers, natural philosophers, and subduers of Nature and Art in their myriad forms, called to Mr. Sparkler to come and take care of it, lest it should perish. Mr. Sparkler, unable to resist the agonized cry from the depths of his country's soul, declared that he must go.

It followed that the question was rendered pressing when, where, and how, Mr. Sparkler should be married to the foremost girl in all this world with no nonsense about her. Its solution, after some little mystery and secrecy, Miss Fanny herself announced to her sister.

"Now, my child," said she, seeking her out one day, "I am going to tell you something. It is only this moment broached; and naturally I hurry to you the moment it is broached."

"Your marriage, Fanny?"

"My precious child," said Fanny, "don't anticipate me. Let me impart my confidence to you, you flurried little thing, in my own way. As to your guess, if I answered it literally, I should answer no. For really it is not my marriage that is in question, half as much as it is Edmund's."

Little Dorrit looked, and perhaps not altogether without cause, somewhat at a loss to understand this fine distinction.

"I am in no difficulty," exclaimed Fanny, "and in no hurry. I am not wanted at any public office, or to give any vote any where else. But Edmund is. And Edmund is deeply dejected at the idea of going away by himself, and, indeed, I don't like that he should be trusted by himself. For, if it's possible—and it generally is—to do a foolish thing, he is sure to do it."

As she concluded this impartial summary of the reliance that might be safely placed upon her future husband, she took off, with an air of business, the bonnet she wore, and dangled it by its strings upon the ground.

"It is far more Edmund's question, therefore, than mine. However, we need say no more about that. That is self-evident on the face of it. Well, my dearest Amy! The point arising, is he to go by himself, or is he not to go by himself, this other point arises, are we to be married here and shortly, or are we to be married at home months hence?"

"I see I am going to lose you, Fanny."

"What a little thing you are," cried Fanny, half tolerant and half impatient, "for anticipating one! Pray, my darling, hear me out. That woman," she spoke of Mrs. Merdle, of course, "remains here until after Easter; so, in the case of my being married here and going to London with Edmund, I should have the start of her. That is something. Further, Amv. That woman being out of the way, I don't know that I greatly object to Mr. Merdle's proposal to Pa that Edmund and I should take up our abode in that house-you know-where you once went with a dancer, my dear-until our own house can be chosen and fitted up. Further still, Amy. Papa having always intended to go to town himself, in the spring-you see, if Edmund and I were married here, we might go off to Florence, where Papa might join us, and we might all three travel home together. Mr. Merdle has entreated Pa to stay with him in that same mansion I have mentioned, and I suppose he will. But he is master of his own actions; and upon that point (which is not at all material), I can't speak positively."

The difference between papa's being master of his own actions and Mr. Sparkler's being nothing of the sort, was forcibly expressed by Fanny in her manner of stating the case. Not that her sister noticed it; for she was divided between regret at the coming separation, and a lingering wish that she had been included in the plans for visiting England.

"And these are the arrangements, Fanny dear?"

"Arrangements!" repeated Fanny. "Now, really, child, you are a little trying. You know I particularly guarded myself against laying my words open to any such construction. What I said was, that certain questions present themselves; and these are the questions."

Little Dorrit's thoughtful eyes met hers, tenderly and quietly.

"Now, my own sweet girl," said Fanny, weighing her bonnet by the strings with considerable impatience, "it's no use staring. A little owl could stare. I look to you for advice, Amy. What do you advise me to do?"

"Do you think," asked Little Dorrit, persuasively, after a short hesitation, "do you think, Fanny, that if you were to put it off for a few months, it might be, considering all things, best?"

"No, little Tortoise," retorted Fanny, with exceeding sharpness. "I don't think any thing of the kind."

Here, she threw her bonnet from her altogether, and flounced into a chair. But, becoming affectionate almost immediately, she flounced out of it again, and kneeled down on the floor to take her sister, chair and all, in her arms.

"Don't suppose I am hasty or unkind, darling, because I really am not. But you are such a little oddity! You make one bite your head off, when one wants to be soothing beyond every thing. Didn't I tell you, you dearest baby, that



Edmund can't be trusted by himself? And | don't you know that he can't?"

"Yes, yes, Fanny. You said so, I know."

"And you know it, I know," retorted Fanny. "Well, my precious child! If he is not to be trusted by himself, it follows, I suppose, that I should go with him?"

"It-seems so, love," said Little Dorrit.

"Therefore, having heard the arrangements that are feasible to carry out that object, am I to understand, dearest Amy, that on the whole you advise me to make them?"

"It—seems so, love," said Little Dorrit again. "Very well!" cried Fanny, with an air of resignation, "then I suppose it must be done! I came to you, my sweet, the moment I saw the doubt, and the necessity of deciding. I have now decided. So let it be!"

After yielding herself up, in this pattern manner, to sisterly advice and the force of circumstances, Fanny became quite benignant: as one who had laid her own inclinations at the feet of her dearest friend, and felt a glow of conscience in having made the sacrifice. "After all, my Amy," she said to her sister, "you are the best of small creatures, and full of good sense; and I don't know what I shall ever do without you!"

With which words she folded her in a closer embrace, and a really fond one.

"Not that I contemplate doing without you, Amy, by any means, for I hope we shall ever be next to inseparable. And now, my pet, I am going to give you a word of advice. When you are left alone here with Mrs. General--'

"I am to be left alone here, with Mrs. General?" said Little Dorrit, quietly.

"Why, of course, my precious, till papa comes back! Unless you call Edward company, which he certainly is not, even when he is here, and still more certainly is not when he is away at Naples or in Sicily. I was going to say-but you are such a beloved little Marplot for putting one out—when you are left alone here with Mrs. General, Amy, don't you let her slide into any sort of artful understanding with you that she is looking after Pa, or that Pa is looking after her. She will, if she can. I know her sly manner of feeling her way with those gloves of hers. But don't you comprehend her on any account. And if Pa should tell you when he comes back, that he has it in contemplation to make Mrs. General your mamma (which is not the less likely because I am going away), my advice to you is, that you say at once, 'Papa, I beg to object most strongly. Fanny cautioned me about this, and she objected, and I object.' I don't mean to say that any objection from you, Amy, is likely to be of the smallest effect, or that I think you likely to make it with any degree of firmness. But there is a principle involved—a filial principle-and I implore you not to submit to be mother-in-lawed by Mrs. General, without asserting it in making every one about you as uncomfortable as possible. I don't expect you to stand | in the whole of his Consularity. by it—indeed, I know you won't, Pa being con-

cerned—but I wish to rouse you to a sense of duty. As to any help from me, or as to any opposition that I can offer to such a match, you shall not be left in the lurch, my love. Whatever weight I may derive from my position as a married girl not wholly devoid of attractionsused, as that position always shall be, to oppose that woman-I will bring to bear, you may depend upon it, on the head and false hair (for I am confident it's not all real, ugly as it is, and unlikely as it appears that any one in their senses would go to the expense of buying it) of Mrs. General!"

Little Dorrit received this counsel without venturing to oppose it, but without giving Fanny any reason to believe that she intended to act upon it. Having now, as it were, formally wound up her single life and arranged her worldly affairs, Fanny proceeded, with characteristic ardor, to prepare for the serious change in her condition.

The preparation consisted in the dispatch of her maid to Paris under the protection of the Courier, for the purchase of that outfit for a bride on which it would be extremely low, in the present narrative, to bestow an English name, but to which (on a vulgar principle it observes of adhering to the language in which it professes to have been written) it declines to give a French one. The rich and beautiful wardrobe purchased by these agents, in the course of a few weeks made its way through the intervening country, bristling with custom-houses, garrisoned by an immense army of shabby mendicants in uniform, who incessantly repeated the Beggar's Petition over it, as if every individual warrior among them was the ancient Belisarius: and of whom there were so many Legions, that unless the Courier had expended just one bushel and a half of silver money in relieving their distresses, they would have worn the wardrobe out before it got to Rome, by turning it over and Through all such dangers, however, it was triumphantly brought, inch by inch, and arrived at its journey's end in fine condition.

There it was exhibited to select companies of female viewers, in whose gentle bosoms it awakened implacable feelings. Concurrently, active preparations were made for the day on which some of its treasures were to be publicly displayed. Cards of breakfast-invitation were sent out to half the English in the city of Romulus; the other half made arrangements to be under arms, as criticising volunteers, at various outer points of the solemnity. The most high and illustrious English Signor Edgardo Dorrit came post through the deep mud and ruts (from forming a surface under the improving Neapolitan nobility) to grace the occasion. The best hotel, and all its culinary myrmidons, were set to work to prepare the feast. The drafts of Mr. Dorrit almost constituted a run on the Torlonia Bank. The British Consul hadn't had such a marriage

The day came, and the She-Wolf in the Cap-



itol might have snarled with envy to see how the Island Savages contrived these things nowadays. The murderous-headed statues of the wicked Emperors of the Soldiery, whom sculptors had not been able to flatter out of their villainous hideousness, might have come off their pedestals to run away with the Bride. The choked old fountain, where erst the Gladiators washed, might have leaped into life again to honor the ceremony. . The Temple of Vesta might have sprung up anew from its ruins, expressly to lend its countenance to the occasion. Might have done, but did not. Like sentient things—even like the lords and ladies of creation sometimes - might have done much, but did nothing. The celebration went off with admirable pomp: monks in black robes, white robes, and russet robes stopped to look after the carriages; wandering peasants, in fleeces of sheep, begged and piped under the house-windows; the English volunteers defiled; the day wore on to the hour of vespers: the festival wore away; the thousand churches rang their bells without any reference to it; and Saint Peter denied that he had any thing to do with it.

But, by that time the Bride was near the end of the first day's journey toward Florence. It was the peculiarity of these nuptials that they were all Bride. Nobody noticed the Bridegroom. Nobody noticed the first Bridesmaid. Few could have seen Little Dorrit (who held that post) for the glare, even supposing many to have sought her. So, the Bride had mounted into her handsome chariot, incidentally accompanied by the Bridegroom; and after rolling for a few minutes smoothly over a fair pavement, had begun to jolt through a Slough of Despond, and through a long, long avenue of wrack and ruin. Other nuptial carriages are said to have gone the same road, before and since.

If Little Dorrit found herself left a little lonely and a little low that night, nothing would have done so much against her feeling of depression as the being able to sit at work by her futher as in the old time, and help him to his supper and his rest. But that was not to be thought of now, when they sat in the stateequipage with Mrs. General on the coach-box. And as to supper! If Mr. Dorrit had wanted supper, there was an Italian cook and there was a Swiss confectioner, who must have put on caps as high as the Pope's Mitre, and have performed the mysteries of Alchemists in a coppersaucepaned laboratory below, before he could have got it.

He was sententious and didactic that night. If he had been simply loving, he would have done Little Dorrit more good; but she accepted him as he was—when had she not accepted him as he was!-and made the most and best of him. Mrs. General at length retired. Her retirement for the night was always her frostiest ceremony; as if she felt it necessary that the human imagination should be chilled into stone | two opinions as to the-hum-affectionate char-

to prevent its following her. When she had gone through her rigid preliminaries, amounting to a sort of genteel platoon-exercise, she withdrew. Little Dorrit then put her arm round her father's neck to bid him good-night.

"Amy, my dear," said Mr. Dorrit, taking her by the hand, "this is the close of a day, that has-ha-greatly impressed and gratified me."

"A little tired you, dear, too?"

"No," said Mr. Dorrit, "no: I am not sensible of fatigue when it arises from an occasion sohum-replete with gratification of the purest kind."

Little Dorrit was glad to find him in such heart, and smiled from her own heart.

"My dear," he continued. "This is an occasion-ha-teeming with a good example. With a good example, my favorite and attached child -hum—to you."

Little Dorrit, fluttered by his words, did not know what to say, though he stopped as if he expected her to say something.

"Amy," he resumed; "your dear sister, our Fanny, has contracted—ha hum—a marriage eminently calculated to extend the basis of our -ha-connection, and to-hum-consolidate our social relations. My love, I trust that the time is not far distant when some—ha—eligible partner may be found for you."

"Oh no! Let me stay with you. I beg and pray that I may stay with you! I want nothing but to stay and take care of you!"

She said it like one in sudden alarm.

"Nay, Amy, Amy," said Mr. Dorrit. "This is weak and foolish, weak and foolish. You have a-ha-responsibility imposed upon you by your position. It is to develop that position, and be-hum-worthy of that position. As to taking care of me, I can-ha-take care of myself. Or," he added, after a moment, "if I should need to be taken care of, I-hum-can, with the-ha-blessing of Providence, be taken care of. I—ha hum—I can not, my dear child, think of engrossing, and-ha-as it were, sacrificing you.'

Oh what a time of day at which to begin that profession of self-denial; at which to make it, with an air of taking credit for it; at which to believe it, if such a thing could be!

"Don't speak, Amy. I positively say I can not do it. I-ha-must not do it. My-hum -conscience would not allow it. I therefore, my love, take the opportunity afforded by this gratifying and impressive occasion of-ha-solemnly remarking, that it is now a cherished wish and purpose of mine to see you-haeligibly (I repeat, eligibly) married."

"Oh no, dear! Pray!"

"Amy," said Mr. Dorrit, "I am well persuaded that if the topic were referred to any person of superior social knowledge, of superior delicacy and sense-let us say, for instance, to -ha-Mrs. General-that there would not be



know your loving and dutiful nature from—hum -from experience, I am quite satisfied that it is necessary to say no more. I have-hum-no husband to propose at present, my dear; I have not even one in view. I merely wish that we should-ha-understand each other. Hum. Good-night, my dear and sole remaining daughter. Good-night. God bless you!"

If the thought ever entered Little Dorrit's head that night that he could give her up lightly now, in his prosperity, and when he had it in his mind to replace her with a second wife, she drove it away. Faithful to him still, as in the worst times through which she had borne him single-handed, she drove the thought away; and entertained no harder reflection in her tearful unrest than that he now saw every thing through their wealth, and through the care he always had upon him that they should continue rich, and grow richer.

They sat in their equipage of state, with Mrs. General on the box, for three weeks longer, and then he started for Florence to join Fanny. Little Dorrit would have been glad to bear him company so far, only for the sake of her own love, and then to have turned back alone, thinking of dear England. But though the Courier had gone on with the Bride, the Valet was next in the line; and the succession would not have come to her, as long as any one could be got for money.

Mrs. General took life easily—as easily, that is, as she could take any thing-when the Roman establishment remained in their sole occupation; and Little Dorrit would often ride out in a hired carriage that was left them, and alight alone and wander among the ruins of old Rome. The ruins of the vast old Amphitheatre, of the old Temples, of the old commemorative Arches, of the old trodden highways, of the old tombs, besides being what they were, to her, were ruins of the old Marshalsea-ruins of her own old life—ruins of the faces and forms that of old peopled it—ruins of its loves, hopes, cares, and joys. Two ruined spheres of action and suffering were before the solitary girl often sitting on some broken fragment; and in the lonely places, under the blue sky, she saw them both together.

Up, then, would come Mrs. General: taking all the color out of every thing, as Nature and Art had taken it out of herself; writing Prunes and Prism, in Mr. Eustace's text, wherever she could lay a hand; looking every where for Mr. Eustace and company, and seeing nothing else; scratching up the driest little bones of antiquity, and bolting them whole without any human visitings—like a Ghoul in gloves.

CHAPTER LII.—GETTING ON.

THE newly-married pair, on their arrival in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, London, were received by the Chief Butler. That great man was not interested in them, but on the "There he goes!"

acter and propriety of my sentiments. But, as I | whole endured them. People must continue to be married and given in marriage, or Chief Butlers would not be wanted. As nations are made to be taxed, so families are made to be butlered. The Chief Butler, no doubt, reflected that the course of nature required the wealthy population to be kept up, on his account.

He therefore condescended to look at the carriage from the hall-door without frowning at it, and said, in a very handsome way, to one of his men, "Thomas, help with the luggage." He even escorted the Bride up stairs into Mr. Merdle's presence; but, this must be considered as an act of homage to the sex (of which he was an admirer, being notoriously captivated by the charms of a certain Duchess), and not as a committal of himself with the family.

Mr. Merdle was slinking about the hearth-rug, waiting to welcome Mrs. Sparkler. His hand seemed to retreat up his sleeve as he advanced to do so, and he gave her such a superfluity of coat-cuff that it was like being received by the popular conception of Guy Fawkes. When he put his lips to hers, besides, he took himself into custody by the wrists, and backed himself among the ottomans and chairs and tables, as if he were his own Police officer, saying to himself "Now, none of that! Come! I've got you, you know, and you go quietly along with me!"

Mrs. Sparkler, installed in the rooms of state -the innermost sanctuary of down, silk, chintz, and fine linen-felt that so far her triumph was good, and her way made, step by step. On the day before her marriage, she had bestowed on Mrs. Merdle's maid, with an air of gracious indifference, in Mrs. Merdle's presence, a trifling little keepsake (bracelet, bonnet, and two dresses, all new), about four times as valuable as the present formerly made by Mrs. Merdle to her. She was now established in Mrs. Merdle's own rooms, to which some extra touches had been given to render them more worthy of her occupation. In her mind's eye, as she lounged there, surrounded by every luxurious accessory that wealth could obtain or invention devise, she saw the fair bosom that beat in unison with the exultation of her thoughts, competing with the Bosom that had been famous so long, outshining it, and deposing it. Happy? Fanny must have been happy. No more wishing one's self dead

The Courier had not approved of Mr. Dorrit's staying in the house of a friend, and had preferred to take him to a hotel in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. Mr. Merdle ordered his carriage to be ready early in the morning, that he might wait upon Mr. Dorrit immediately after breakfast.

Bright the carriage looked, sleek the horses looked, gleaming the harness looked, luscious and lasting the liveries looked. A rich, responsible turn-out. An equipage for a Merdle. Early people looked after it as it rattled along the streets, and said, with awe in their breath,



him. Then, forth from its magnificent case came the jewel; not lustrous in itself, but quite the contrary.

Commotion in the office of the hotel. Merdle! The landlord, though a gentleman of a haughty spirit who had just driven a pair of thorough-bred horses into town, turned out to show him up stairs. The clerks and servants cut him off by back-passages, and were found accidentally hovering in door-ways and angles, that they might look upon him. Merdle! O ye sun, moon, and stars, the great man! The rich man, who had in a manner revised the New Testament, and already entered into the kingdom of Heaven. The man who could have any one he chose to dine with him, and who had made the money! As he went up the stairs, people were already posted on the lower stairs, that his shadow might fall upon them when he came down. So were the sick brought out and laid in the track of the Apostle-who had not got into the good society, and had not made the

Mr. Dorrit, dressing-gowned and newspapered, was at his breakfast. The Courier, with agitation in his voice, announced "Miss' Mairdale!" Mr. Dorrit's overwrought heart bounded as he leaped up.

"Mr. Merdle, this is-ha-indeed an honor. Permit me to express the—hum—sense, the high sense, I entertain of this—ha hum—highly gratifying act of attention. I am well aware, Sir, of the many demands upon your time, and its-ha-enormous value." Mr. Dorrit could not say enormous roundly enough for his own satisfaction. "That you should—ha—at this early hour, bestow any of your priceless time upon me, is-ha-a compliment that I acknowledge with the greatest esteem." Mr. Dorrit positively trembled in addressing the great man.

Mr. Merdle uttered, in his subdued, inward, hesitating voice, a few sounds that were to no purpose whatever, and finally said, "I am glad to see you, Sir."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Dorrit. "Truly kind." By this time the visitor was seated, and was passing his great hand over his exhausted forehead. "You are well, I hope, Mr. Merdle?"

- "I am as well as I-yes, I am as well as I usually am," said Mr. Merdle.
 - "Your occupations must be immense."
- "Tolerably so. But—Oh dear no, there's not much the matter with me," said Mr. Merdle, looking round the room.
 - "A little dyspeptic?" Mr. Dorrit hinted.
- "Very likely. But I-Oh, I am well enough," said Mr. Merdle.

There were black traces on his lips where they met, as if a little train of gunpowder had been fired there; and he looked like a man who, if his natural temperament had been quicker, would have been very feverish that morning. This, and his heavy way of passing his hand | topic, for he was not perfectly clear how so ex-

There he went, until Brook Street stopped over his forehead, had prompted Mr. Dorrit's solicitous inquiries.

> "Mrs. Merdle," Mr. Dorrit insinuatingly pursued, "I left, as you will be prepared to hear, the-ha-observed of all observers, the-humadmired of all admirers, the leading fascination and charm of Society in Rome. She was looking wonderfully well when I quitted it."

> "Mrs. Merdle," said Mr. Merdle, "is generally considered a very attractive woman. And she is, no doubt. I am sensible of her being so."

> "Who can be otherwise?" responded Mr. Dorrit.

> Mr. Merdle turned his tongue in his closed mouth-it seemed rather a stiff and unmanageable tongue — moistened his lips, passed his hand over his forehead again, and looked all round the room again, principally under the

> "But," he said, looking Mr. Dorrit in the face for the first time, and immediately afterward dropping his eyes to the buttons of Mr. Dorrit's waistcoat; "if we speak of attractions, your daughter ought to be the subject of our conversation. She is extremely beautiful. Both in face and figure she is quite uncommon. When the young people arrived last night, I was really surprised to see such charms."

> Mr. Dorrit's gratification was such that he said—ha—he could not refrain from telling Mr. Merdle verbally, as he had already done by letter, what honor and happiness he felt in this union of their families. And he offered his hand. Mr. Merdle looked at the hand for a little while, took it on his for a moment as if his were a yellow salver or fish-slice, and then returned it to Mr. Dorrit.

> "I thought I would drive round the first thing," said Mr. Merdle, "to offer my services, in case I can do any thing for you; and to say that I hope you will at least do me the honor of dining with me to-day, and every day when you are not better engaged, during your stay in town."

Mr. Dorrit was enraptured by these attentions. "Do you stay long, Sir?"

"I have not at present the intention," said Mr. Dorrit, "of-ha-exceeding a fortnight."

"That's a very short stay, after so long a

journey," returned Mr. Merdle.

"Hum. Yes," said Mr. Dorrit. "But the truth is-ha-my dear Mr. Merdle, that I find a foreign life so well suited to my health and taste, that I-hum-have but two objects in my present visit to London. First, the-ha-the distinguished happiness and - ha - privilege which I now enjoy and appreciate; secondly, the arrangement-hum-the laying out, that is to say, in the best way of—ha hum—my monev."

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Merdle, after turning his tongue again, "if I can be of any use to you in that respect, you may command me."

Mr. Dorrit's speech had had more hesitation in it than usual, as he approached the ticklish



alted a potentate might take it. He had doubts whether reference to any individual capital, or fortune, might not seem a wretchedly retail affair to so wholesale a dealer. Greatly relieved by Mr. Merdle's affable offer of assistance, he caught at it directly, and heaped acknowledgments upon him.

"I scarcely-ha-dared," said Mr. Dorrit, "I assure you, to hope for so-hum-vast an advantage as your direct advice and assistance. Though of course I should, under any circumstances, like the—ha hum—rest of the civilized world, have followed in Mr. Merdle's train."

"You know we may almost say we are related, Sir," said Mr. Merdle, curiously interested in the pattern of the carpet, " and, therefore, you may consider me at your service."

"Ha. Very handsome, indeed!" cried Mr. Dorrit. "Ha. Most handsome!"

"It would not," said Mr. Merdle, "be at the present moment easy for what I may call a mere outsider to come into any of the good thingsof course I speak of my own good things-'

"Of course, of course!" cried Mr. Dorrit, in a tone implying that there were no other good

"-Unless at a high price. At what we are accustomed to term a very long figure."

Mr. Dorrit laughed in the buoyancy of his spirit. Ha, ha, ha! Long figure. Good. Ha. Very expressive, to be sure!

"However," said Mr. Merdle, "I do generally retain in my own hands the power of exercising some preference—people in general would be pleased to call it favor—as a sort of compliment for my care and trouble."

"And public spirit and genius," Mr. Dorrit suggested.

Mr. Merdle, with a dry, swallowing action, seemed to dispose of those qualities like a bolus; then added, "As a sort of return for it. I will see, if you please, how I can exert this limited power (for people are jealous, and it is limited) to your advantage."

"You are very good," replied Mr. Dorrit. "You are very good."

"Of course," said Mr. Merdle, "there must be the strictest integrity and uprightness in these transactions; there must be the purest faith between man and man; there must be unimpeached and unimpeachable confidence, or business could not be carried on."

Mr. Dorrit hailed these generous sentiments with fervor.

"Therefore," said Mr. Merdle, "I can only give you a preference to a certain extent."

"I perceive. To a defined extent," observed Mr. Dorrit.

"Defined extent. And perfectly above board. As to my advice, however," said Mr. Merdle, "that is another matter. That, such as it is-"

Oh! Such as it was! (Mr. Dorrit could not bear the faintest appearance of its being depreciated, even by Mr. Merdle himself.)

spotless honor between myself and my fellowman to prevent my parting with, if I choose. And that," said Mr. Merdle, now deeply intent upon a dust-cart that was passing the windows, "shall be at your command whenever you think proper."

New acknowledgments from Mr. Dorrit. New passages of Mr. Merdle's hand over his forehead. Calm and silence. Contemplation of Mr. Dorrit's waistcoat-buttons, by Mr. Merdle.

"My time being rather precious," said Mr. Merdle, suddenly getting up, as if he had been waiting in the interval for his legs, and they had just come, "I must be moving toward the City. Can I take you any where, Sir? I shall be happy to set you down, or send you on. My carriage is at your disposal."

Mr. Dorrit bethought himself that he had business at his banker's. His banker's was in the City. That was fortunate; Mr. Merdle would take him into the City. But surely he might not detain Mr. Merdle while he assumed his coat? Yes, he might, and must; Mr. Merdle insisted on it. So Mr. Dorrit, retiring into the next room, put himself under the hands of his valet, and in five minutes came back, glorious.

Then, said Mr. Merdle, "Allow me, Sir. Take my arm!" Then, leaning on Mr. Merdle's arm, did Mr. Dorrit descend the staircase, seeing the worshipers on the steps, and feeling that the light of Mr. Merdle shone by reflection in himself. Then, the carriage, and the ride into the City; and the people who looked at them; and the hats that flew off gray heads; and the general bowing and crouching before this wonderful mortal, the like of which prostration of spirit was not to be seen—no, by high Heaven, no! It may be worth thinking of by Fawners of all denominations-in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's Cathedral put together, on any Sunday in the year. It was a rapturous dream to Mr. Dorrit, to find himself set aloft in this public car of triumph, making a magnificent progress to that befitting destination, the golden Street of the Lombards.

There, Mr. Merdle insisted on alighting and going his way a-foot, and leaving his poor equipage at Mr. Dorrit's disposition. So the dream increased in rapture when Mr. Dorrit came out of the bank alone, and people looked at him in default of Mr. Merdle, and when, with the ears of his mind, he heard the frequent exclamation as he rolled glibly along, "A wonderful man to be Mr. Merdle's friend!"

At dinner that day, although the occasion was not foreseen and provided for, a brilliant company of such as are not made of the dust of the earth, but of some superior article for the present unknown, shed their lustrous benediction upon Mr. Dorrit's daughter's marriage. And Mr. Dorrit's daughter that day began, in earnest, her competition with that woman not present; and began it so well, that Mr. Dorrit could all but have taken his affidavit, if required, that "-That, there is nothing in the bonds of Mrs. Sparkler had all her life been lying at full



length in the lap of luxury, and had never heard Chief Butler by Substitute. of such a rough word in the English tongue as Marshalsea.

Next day, and the day after, and every day, all graced by more dinner company, cards descended on Mr. Dorrit like theatrical snow. As the friend and relative by marriage of the illustrious Merdle, Bar, Bishop, Treasury, Chorus, Everybody, wanted to make or improve Mr. Dorrit's acquaintance. In Mr. Merdle's heaps of offices in the City, when Mr. Dorrit appeared at any of them on his business taking him Eastward (which it frequently did, for it throve amazingly), the name of Dorrit was always a passport to the great presence of Merdle. So the dream increased in rapture every hour, as Mr. Dorrit felt increasingly sensible that this connection had brought him forward indeed.

Only one thing sat otherwise than auriferously, and at the same time lightly, on Mr. Dorrit's mind. It was the Chief Butler. That stupendous character looked at him, in the course of his official looking at the dinners, in a manner that Mr. Dorrit considered questionable. He looked at him, as he passed through the hall and up the staircase, going to dinner, with a glazed fixedness that Mr. Dorrit did not like. Seated at table in the act of drinking, Mr. Dorrit still saw him through his wine-glass, regarding him with a cold and ghostly eye. It misgave him that the Chief Butler must have known a Collegian, and must have seen him in the College-perhaps had been presented to him. He looked as closely at the Chief Butler as such a man could be looked at, and yet he did not recall that he had ever seen him elsewhere. Ultimately he was inclined to think that there was for, let him think what he would, the Chief Butler had him in his supercilious eye, even when that eye was on the plate and other table-garniture; and he never let him out of it. To hint to him that this confinement in his eye was disagreeable, or to ask him what he meant, was an such an intrusion which I know must appear exact too daring to venture upon; his severity tremely bold in a lady and alone too but I thought with his employers and their visitors being terrific, and he never permitting himself to be approached with the slightest liberty.

CHAPTER LIII.-MISSING.

THE term of Mr. Dorrit's visit was within two days of being out, and he was about to dress for another inspection by the Chief Butler (whose victims were always dressed expressly for him), when one of the servants of the hotel presented himself bearing a card. Mr. Dorrit, taking it, read:

"Mrs. Finching."

The servant waited in speechless deference.

motive in bringing me this ridiculous name. I am wholly unacquainted with it. Finching, Sir?"

"Ha! What do you mean by Finching?"

The man, man, seemed to mean Flinching as much as any thing else, for he backed away from Mr. Dorrit's severe regard, as he replied, "A

"I know no such lady, Sir," said Mr. Dorrit. "Take this card away. I know no Finching, of either sex."

"Ask your pardon, Sir. The lady said she was aware she might be unknown by name. But she begged me to say, Sir, that she had formerly the honor of being acquainted with Miss Dorrit. The lady said, Sir, the youngest Miss Dorrit."

Mr. Dorrit knitted his brows, and rejoined, after a moment or two, "Inform Mrs. Finching, Sir," emphasizing the name as if the innocent man were solely responsible for it, "that she can come up."

He had reflected, in his momentary pause, that unless she were admitted she might leave some message, or might say something below, having a disgraceful reference to that former state of existence. Hence the concession, and hence the appearance of Flora, piloted in by the man,

"I have not the pleasure," said Mr. Dorrit, standing, with the card in his hand, and with an air which imported that it would scarcely have been a first-class pleasure if he had had it, "of knowing either this name, or yourself, madam. Place a chair, Sir."

The responsible man, with a start, obeyed, and went out on tiptoe. Flora, putting aside her vail with a bashful tremor upon her, proceeded to introduce herself. At the same time a singuno reverence in the man, no sentiment in the lar combination of perfumes was diffused through great creature. But, he was not relieved by that; the room, as if some brandy had been put by mistake in a lavender-water bottle, or as if some lavender-water had been put by mistake in a brandy bottle.

"I beg Mr. Dorrit to offer a thousand apologies and indeed they would be far too few for it best upon the whole however difficult and even apparently improper though Mr. F.'s Aunt would have willingly accompanied me and as a character of great force and spirit would probably have struck one possessed of such a knowledge of life as no doubt with so many changes must have been acquired, for Mr. F. himself said frequently that although well educated in the neighborhood of Blackheath at as high as eighty guineas which is a good deal for parents and the plate kept back too on going away but that is more a meanness than its value that he had learned more in his first year as a commercial traveler with a large commission on the sale of "Man, man," said Mr. Dorrit, turning upon an article that nobody would hear of much less him with grievous indignation, "explain your buy which preceded the wine trade a long time than in the whole six years in that academy conducted by a college Bachelor, though why a said Mr. Dorrit, perhaps avenging himself on the Bachelor more clever than a married man I do



not see and never did but pray excuse me that Mr. Clennam solus—for to put that individual is not the point."

Mr. Dorrit stood rooted to the carpet, a statue of mystification.

"I must openly admit that I have no pretensions," said Flora, "but having known the dear little thing which under altered circumstances appears a liberty but is not so intended and Goodness knows there was no favor in half a crown a day to such a needle as herself but quite the other way and as to any thing lowering in it far from it the laborer is worthy of his hire and I am sure I only wish he got it oftener and more animal food and less rheumatism in the back and legs poor soul."

"Madam," said Mr. Dorrit, recovering his breath by a great effort, as the relict of the late Mr. Finching stopped to take hers; "madam." said Mr. Dorrit, very red in the face, "if I understand you to refer to-ha-to any thing in the antecedents of-hum-a daughter of mine, involving-ha hum-daily compensation, madam, I beg to observe that the-ha-fact, assuming it—ha—to be fact, never was within my knowledge. Hum. I should not have permitted it. Ha. Never! Never!"

"Unnecessary to pursue the subject," returned Flora, " and would not have mentioned it on any account except as supposing it a favorable and only letter of introduction but as to being fact no doubt whatever and you may set your mind at rest for the very dress I have on now can prove it and sweetly made though there is no denying that it would tell better on a better figure for my own is much too fat though how to bring it down I know not, pray excuse me I am roving off again."

Mr. Dorrit backed to his chair in a stony way, and seated himself, as Flora gave him a softening look and played with her parasol.

"The dear little thing," said Flora, "having gone off perfectly limp and white and cold in my own house or at least papa's for though not a freehold still a long lease at a peppercorn on the morning when Arthur-foolish habit of our youthful days and Mr. Clennam far more adapted to existing circumstances particularly addressing a stranger and that stranger a gentleman in an elevated station—communicated the glad tidings imparted by a person of the name of Pancks emboldens me.'

At the mention of these two names, Mr. Dorrit frowned, stared, frowned again, hesitated with his fingers at his lips, as he had hesitated long ago, and said, "Do me the favor to-hastate your pleasure, madam."

" Mr. Dorrit," said Flora, "you are very kind in giving me permission and highly natural it seems to me that you should be kind for though more stately I perceive a likeness filled out of course but a likeness still, the object of my intruding is my own without the slightest consultation with any human being and most decidedly not with Arthur—pray excuse me Doyce somewhere and why doesn't he come forward and Clennam I don't know what I am saying and say he's there and clear all parties up?"

linked by a golden chain to a purple time when all was ethereal out of any anxiety would be worth to me the ransom of a monarch not that I have the least idea how much that would come to but using it as the total of all I have in the world and more."

Mr. Dorrit, without greatly regarding the earnestness of these latter words, repeated, 'State your pleasure, madam."

"It's not likely I well know," said Flora, "but it's possible and being possible when I had the gratification of reading in the papers that you had arrived from Italy and were going back I made up my mind to try it for you might come across him or hear something of him and if so what a blessing and relief to all!"

"Allow me to ask, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, with his ideas in wild confusion, "to whom-ha -то wном," he repeated it with a raised voice in mere desperation, "you at present allude."

"To the foreigner from Italy who disappeared in the City as no doubt you have read in the papers equally with myself," said Flora, "not referring to private sources by the name of Pancks from which one gathers what dreadfully ill-natured things some people are wicked enough to whisper most likely judging others by themselves and what the uneasiness and indignation of Arthur-quite unable to overcome it Doyce and Clennam—can not fail to be."

It happened, fortunately for the elucidation of any intelligible result, that Mr. Dorrit had heard or read nothing about the matter. This caused Mrs. Finching, with many apologies for being in great practical difficulties as to finding the way to her pocket among the stripes of her dress, at length to produce a police handbill, setting forth that a foreign gentleman, of the name of Rigaud, last from Venice, had unaccountably disappeared on such a night in such a part of the city of London; that he was known to have entered such a house at such an hour; that he was stated by the inmates of that house to have left it about so many minutes before midnight; and that he had never been beheld since. This, with exact particulars of time and locality, and with a good detailed description of the foreign gentleman who had so mysteriously vanished, Mr. Dorrit read at large.

"Rigaud!" said Mr. Dorrit. "Venice! And this description! I know this gentleman. He has been in my house. He is intimately acquainted with a gentleman of good family (but in indifferent circumstances) of whom I am a -hum-patron."

"Then my humble and pressing entreaty is the more," said Flora, "that in traveling back you will have the kindness to look for this foreign gentleman along all the roads and up and down all the turnings and to make inquiries for him at all the hotels and orange trees and vincyards and volcanoes and places for he must be



"Pray, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, referring to the handbill again, "who is Clennam and Co.? Ha. I see the name mentioned here in connection with the occupation of the house which Monsieur Rigaud was seen to enter: who is Clennam and Co.? Is it the individual of whom I had formerly—hum—some—ha—slight transitory knowledge, and to whom I believe you have referred? Is it—ha—that person?"

"It's a very different person indeed," replied Flora, "with no limbs and wheels instead and the grimmest of women though his mother."

"Clennam and Co. a—hum—a mother!" exclaimed Mr. Dorrit.

"And an old man besides," said Flora.

Mr. Dorrit looked as if he must immediately be driven out of his mind by this account. Neither was it rendered more favorable to sanity by Flora's dashing into a rapid analysis of Mr. Flintwinch's cravat, and describing him, without the lightest boundary line of separation between his identity and Mrs. Clennam's, as a rusty screw in gaiters. Which compound of man and woman, no limbs, wheels, rusty screw, grimness, and gaiters, so completely stupefied Mr. Dorrit, that he was a spectacle to be pitied.

"But I would not detain you one moment longer," said Flora, upon whom his condition wrought its effect, though she was quite unconscious of having produced it, "if you would have the goodness to give me your promise as a gentleman that both in going back to Italy and in Italy too you would look for this Mr. Rigaud high and low and if you found or heard of him make him come forward for the clearing of all parties."

By that time Mr. Dorrit had so far recovered from his bewilderment as to be able to say, in a tolerably connected manner, that he should consider that his duty. Flora was delighted with her success, and rose to take her leave.

"With a million thanks," said she, "and my address upon my card in case of any thing to be communicated personally, I will not send my love to the dear little thing for it might not be acceptable and indeed there is no dear little thing left in the transformation so why do it but both myself and Mr. F.'s Aunt ever wish her well and lay no claim to any favor on our side you may be sure of that but quite the other way for what she undertook to do she did and that is more than a great many of us do, not to say any thing of her doing it as well as it could be done and I myself am one of them for I have said ever since I began to recover the blow of Mr. F.'s death that I would learn the Organ of which I am extremely fond but of which I am ashamed to say I do not yet know a note, goodevening!"

When Mr. Dorrit, who attended her to the room-door, had had a little time to collect his senses, he found that the interview had summoned back discarded reminiscences which jarred with the Merdle dinner-table. He wrote and sent off a brief note excusing himself for

that day, and ordered dinner presently in his own rooms at the hotel. He had another reason for this. His time in London was very nearly out, and was anticipated by engagements; his plans were made for returning; and he thought it behooved his importance to pursue some direct inquiry into the Rigaud disappearance, and be in a condition to carry back to Mr. Henry Gowan the result of his own personal investigation. He therefore resolved that he would take advantage of that evening's freedom to go down to Clennam and Co.'s, easily to be found by the direction set forth in the handbill, and see the place, and ask a question or two there, himself.

Having dined as plainly as the establishment and the Courier would let him, and having taken a short sleep by the fire for his better recovery from Mrs. Finching, he set out in a hackney cabriolet alone. The deep bell of St. Paul's was striking nine as he passed under the shadow of Temple Bar, headless and forlorn in these degenerate days.

As he approached his destination through the by-streets and waterside-ways, that part of London seemed to him an uglier spot at such an hour than he had ever supposed it to be. Many long years had passed since he had seen it; he had never known much of it; and it wore a mysterious and dismal aspect in his eyes. So powerfully was his imagination impressed by it, that when his driver stopped, after having asked the way more than once, and said to the best of his belief this was the gateway they wanted, Mr. Dorrit stood hesitating, with the coach-door in his hand, half afraid of the dark look of the place.

Truly it looked as gloomy that night as even it had ever looked. Two of the handbills were posted on the entrance wall, one on either side, and as the lamp flickered in the night air, shadows passed over them, not unlike the shadows of fingers following the lines. A watch was evidently kept upon the place. As Mr. Dorrit paused, a man passed in from over the way, and another man passed out from some dark corner within; and both looked at him in passing, and both remained standing about.

As there was only one house in the inclosure, there was no room for uncertainty, so he went up the steps of that house and knocked. There was a dim light in two windows on the first floor. The door gave back a dreary, vacant sound, as though the house were empty; but it was not, for a light was visible, and a step was audible, almost directly. They both came to the door, and a chain grated, and a woman with her apron thrown over her face and head stood in the aperture.

"Who is it?" said the woman.

Mr. Dorrit, much amazed by this appearance, replied that he was from Italy, and that he wished to ask a question relative to the missing person, whom he knew.

"Hi!" cried the woman, raising a cracked voice. "Jeremiah!"



Upon this, a dry old man appeared, whom Mr. Dorrit thought he identified by his gaiters, as the rusty screw. The woman was under apprehensions of the dry old man, for she whisked her apron away as he approached, and disclosed a pale, affrighted face. "Open the door, you fool," said the old man, "and let the gentleman in."

Mr. Dorrit, not without a glance over his shoulder toward his driver and the cabriolet, walked into the dim hall. "Now, Sir," said Mr. Flintwinch, "you can ask any thing here you think proper; there are no secrets here, Sir."

Before a reply could be made, a strong, stern voice, though a woman's, called from above, "Who is it?"

"Who is it?" returned Jeremiah. "More inquiries. A gentleman from Italy."

"Bring him up here!"

Mr. Flintwinch muttered, as if he deemed that unnecessary; but, turning to Mr. Dorrit, said, "Mrs. Clennam. She will do as she likes. I'll show you the way." He then preceded Mr. Dorrit up the blackened staircase; that gentleman, not unnaturally looking behind him on the road, saw the woman following, with her apron thrown over her head again in her former ghastly manner.

Mrs. Clennam had her books open on her little table. "Oh!" said she, abruptly, as she eyed her visitor with a steady look. "You are from Italy, Sir, are you. Well?"

Mr. Dorrit was at a loss for any more distinct rejoinder at the moment than "Ha—well?"

"Where is this missing man? Have you come to give us information where he is? I hope you have?"

"So far from it, I—hum—have come to seek information."

"Unfortunately for us, there is none to be got here. Flintwinch, show the gentleman the handbill. Give him several to take away. Hold the light for him to read it."

Mr. Flintwinch did as he was directed, and Mr. Dorrit read it through, as if he had not previously seen it; glad enough of the opportunity of collecting his presence of mind, which the air of the house and of the people in it had a little disturbed. While his eyes were on the paper, he felt that the eyes of Mr. Flintwinch and of Mrs. Clennam were on him. He found, when he looked up, that this sensation was not a fanciful one.

"Now you know as much," said Mrs. Clennam, "as we know, Sir. Is Mr. Rigaud a friend of yours?".

"No—hum—an acquaintance," answered Mr. Dorrit.

"You have no commission from him, perhaps?"

"I? Ha. Certainly not."

The searching look turned gradually to the floor, after taking Mr. Flintwinch's face in its way. Mr. Dorrit, discomfitted by finding that he was the questioned instead of the questioner, ap-

plied himself to the reversal of that unexpected order of things.

"I am—ha—a gentleman of property, at present residing in Italy with my family, my servants, and—hum—my rather large establishment. Being in London for a short time on affairs connected with—ha—my estate, and hearing of this strange disappearance, I wished to make myself acquainted with the circumstances at first-hand, because there is—ha hum—an English gentleman in Italy whom I shall no doubt see on my return, who has been in habits of close and daily intimacy with Monsieur Rigaud. Mr. Henry Gowan. You may know the name."

"Never heard of it."

Mrs. Clennam said it, and Mr. Flintwinch echoed it.

"Wishing to—ha—make the narrative coherent and consecutive to him," said Mr. Dorrit, "may I ask—say three questions?"

"Thirty, if you choose."

"Have you known Monsieur Rigard long?"

"Not a twelvemonth. Mr. Flintwinch here, will refer to the books and tell you when, and by whom at Paris, he was introduced to us. If that," Mrs. Clennam added, "should be any satisfaction to you. It is poor satisfaction to us."

"Have you seen him often?"

"No. Twice. Once before, and-"

"That once," suggested Mr. Flintwinch.

"And that once."

"Pray, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, with a growing fancy upon him, as he recovered his importance, that he was yet in some superior way in the Commission of the Peace; "pray, madam, may I inquire, for the greater satisfaction of the gentleman whom I have the honor to—ha—retain, or protect, or let me say to—hum—know—to know— Was Monsieur Rigaud here on business, on the night indicated in this printed sheet?"

"On what he called business," returned Mrs. Clennam.

"Is—ha—excuse me—is its nature to be communicated?"

"No."

It was evidently impracticable to pass the barrier of that reply.

"The question has been asked before," said Mrs. Clennam, "and the answer has been, No. We don't choose to publish our transactions, however unimportant, to all the town. We say, No."

"I mean, he took away no money with him, for example?" said Mr. Dorrit.

"He took away none of ours, Sir, and got none here."

"I suppose," observed Mr. Dorrit, glancing from Mrs. Clennam to Mr. Flintwinch, and from Mr. Flintwinch to Mrs. Clennam, "you have no way of accounting to yourself for this mystery?"

"Why do you suppose so?" rejoined Mrs. Clennam.

Disconcerted by the cold and hard inquiry,



Mr. Dorrit was unable to assign any reason for | ber, and address to the two men, on their joint his supposing so.

"I account for it, Sir," she pursued after an awkward silence on Mr. Dorrit's part, "by having no doubt that he is traveling somewhere, or hiding somewhere."

"Do you know—ha—why he should hide anywhere?"

" No."

It was exactly the same No as before, and put another barrier up.

"You asked me if I accounted for the disappearance to myself," Mrs. Clennam sternly reminded him, "not if I accounted for it to you. I do not pretend to account for it to you, Sir. I understand it to be no more my business to do that, than it is yours to require that."

Mr. Dorrit answered with an apologetic bend of his head. As he stepped back, preparatory to saying he had no more to ask, he could not but observe how gloomily and fixedly she sat with her eyes fastened on the ground, and a certain air upon her of resolute waiting; also, how exactly the self-same expression was reflected in Mr. Flintwinch, standing at a little distance from her chair, with his eyes also on the ground, and his right hand softly rubbing his chin.

At that moment, Mistress Affery (of course, the woman with the apron) dropped the candlestick she held, and cried out, "There! O good Lord! there it is again. Hark, Jeremiah! Now !"

If there were any sound at all, it was so slight that she must have fallen into a confirmed habit of listening for sounds; but Mr. Dorrit believed he did hear a something, like the falling of dry leaves. The woman's terror, for a very short space, seemed to touch the three; and they all listened.

. Mr. Flintwinch was the first to stir. "Affery, my woman," said he, sidling at her with his fists clenched, and his elbows quivering with impatience to shake her, "you are at your old tricks. You'll be walking in your sleep next, my woman, and playing the whole round of your distempered antics. You must have some physic. When I have shown this gentleman out I'll make you up such a comfortable dose, my woman; such a comfortable dose!"

It did not appear altogether comfortable in expectation to Mistress Affery; but Jeremiah, without further reference to his healing medicine, took another candle from Mrs. Clennam's table, and said, "Now, Sir; shall I light you down?"

Mr. Dorrit professed himself obliged, and went down. Mr. Flintwinch shut him out and chained him out, without a moment's loss of time. He was again passed by the two men. one going out and the other coming in; got into the vehicle he had left waiting, and was driven

Before he had gone far the driver stopped to let him know that he had given his name, num- eral instantly loomed, "no, I thank you. You

requisition; and also the address at which he had taken Mr. Dorrit up, the hour at which he had been called from his stand, and the way by which he had come. This did not make the night's adventure run the less hotly in Mr. Dorrit's mind, either when he sat down by his fire again, or when he went to bed. All night he haunted the dismal house, saw the two people resolutely waiting, heard the woman with her apron over her face cry out about the noise, and found the body of the missing Rigaud, now buried in a cellar, and now bricked up in a wall.

CHAPTER LIV.—A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Manifold are the cares of wealth and state. Mr. Dorrit's satisfaction in remembering that it had not been necessary for him to announce himself to Clennam and Co., or to make an allusion to his having ever had any knowledge of the intrusive person of that name, had been damped over-night, while it was still fresh, by a debate that arose within him whether or no he should take the Marshalsea in his way back. and look at the old gate. He had decided not to do so; and had astonished the coachman by being very fierce with him for proposing to go over London Bridge and recross the river by Waterloo Bridge—a course which would have taken him almost within sight of his old quarters. Still, for all that, the question had raised a conflict in his breast; and, for some odd reason or no reason, he was vaguely dissatisfied. Even at the Merdle dinner-table next day, he was so out of sorts about it, that he continued at intervals to turn it over and over, in a manner frightfully inconsistent with the good society surrounding him. It made him hot to think what the Chief Butler's opinion of him would have been, if that illustrious personage could have plumbed with that heavy eye of his the stream of his meditations.

The farewell banquet was of a gorgeous nature, and wound up his visit in a most brilliant manner. Fanny combined with the attractions of her youth and beauty a certain weight of selfsustainment, as if she had been married twenty years. He felt that he could leave her with a quiet mind to tread the paths of distinction, and wished-but without abatement of patronage, and without prejudice to the retiring virtues of his favorite child—that he had such another daughter.

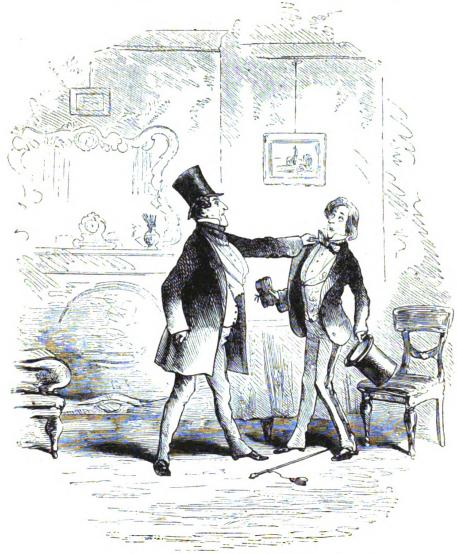
"My dear," he told her at parting, "our family looks to you to-ha-assert its dignity and-hum-maintain its importance. I know you will never disappoint it."

"No, papa," said Fanny, "you may rely upon that, I think. My best love to dearest Amy, and I will write to her very soon."

"Shall I convey any message to-ha-any body else?" asked Mr. Dorrit, in an insinuating manner.

"Papa," said Fanny, before whom Mrs. Gen-





RECEPTION OF AN OLD FRIEND.

are very kind, Pa, but I must beg to be excused. There is no other message to send, I thank you, dear papa, that it would be at all agreeable to you to take."

They parted in an outer drawing-room, where only Mr. Sparkler waited on his lady, and dutifully bided his time for shaking hands. When Mr. Sparkler was admitted to this closing audience, Mr. Merdle came creeping in with not much more appearance of arms in his sleeves than if he had been the twin brother of Miss Biffin, and insisted on escorting Mr. Dorrit down stairs. All Mr. Dorrit's protestations being in vain, he enjoyed the honor of being accompanied to the hall-door by this distinguished man, who (as Mr. Dorrit told him in shaking hands on the step) had really overwhelmed him with attentions and services, during his memorable visit. Thus they parted; Mr. Dorrit entering his carriage with a swelling breast, not at all sorry that his Courier, who had come to Vol. XIV.—No. 82.—M M

take leave in the lower regions, should have an opportunity of beholding the grandeur of his departure.

The aforesaid grandeur was yet full upon Mr.

The aforesaid grandeur was yet full upon Mr. Dorrit when he alighted at his hotel. Helped out by the Courier and some half dozen of the hotel servants, he was passing through the hall with a serene magnificence, when lo! a sight presented itself that struck him dumb and motionless. John Chivery, in his best clothes, with his tall hat under his arm, his ivory-handled cane genteelly embarrassing his deportment, and a bundle of cigars in his hand!

"Now, young man," said the porter. "This is the gentleman. This young man has persisted in waiting, Sir, saying you would be glad to see him."

Mr. Dorrit glared on the young man, choked, and said, in the mildest of tones, "Ah! Young John! It is Young John, I think; is it not?"

"Yes, Sir," returned Young John.



Mr. Dorrit. "The young man may come up," turning to the attendants, as he passed on: "oh ves, he may come up. Let Young John follow. I will speak to him above."

Young John followed, smiling and much gratified. Mr. Dorrit's rooms were reached. Candles were lighted. The attendants withdrew.

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Dorrit, turning round upon him and seizing him by the collar when they were safely alone. "What do you mean by this?"

The amazement and horror depicted in the unfortunate John's face—for he had rather expected to be embraced next-were of that powerfully expressive nature, that Mr. Dorrit withdrew his hand and merely glared at him.

"How dare you do this?" said Mr. Dorrit. "How do you presume to come here? How dare you insult me?"

"I insult you, Sir?" cried Young John. " Oh!"

"Yes, Sir," returned Mr. Dorrit. "Insult me. Your coming here is an affront, an impertinence, an audacity. You are not wanted here. Who sent you here? What—ha—the Devil do you do here?"

"I thought, Sir," said Young John, with as pale and shocked a face as ever had been turned to Mr. Dorrit's in his life—even in his College life: "I thought, Sir, you mightn't object to have the goodness to accept a bundle-

"Damn your bundle, Sir!" cried Mr. Dorrit, in irrepressible rage. "I-hum-don't smoke."

"I humbly beg your pardon, Sir. You used

"Tell me that again," cried Mr. Dorrit, quite beside himself, "and I'll take the poker to you!"

John Chivery backed to the door.

"Stop, Sir!" cried Mr. Dorrit. "Stop! Sit down. Confound you, sit down!"

John Chivery dropped into the chair nearest the door, and Mr. Dorrit walked up and down the room; rapidly at first; then, more slowly. Once, he went to the window, and stood there with his forehead against the glass. All of a sudden, he turned and said:

"What else did you come for, Sir?"

"Nothing else in the world, Sir. Oh, dear me! Only to say, Sir, that I hoped you was well, and only to ask if Miss Amy was well?"

"What's that to you, Sir?" retorted Mr. Dorrit.

"It's nothing to me, Sir, by rights. I never thought of lessening the distance betwixt us, I am sure. I know it's a liberty, Sir, but I never thought you'd have taken it ill. Upon my word and honor, Sir," said Young John, with emotion, "in my poor way, I am too proud to have come, I assure you, if I had thought so."

Mr. Dorrit was ashamed. He went back to the window, and leaned his forehead against the glass for some time. When he turned, he had has passed, John."

"I—ha—thought it was Young John!" said | his handkerchief in his hand, and he had been wiping his eyes with it, and he looked tired and

> "Young John, I am very sorry to have been hasty with you, but—ha—some remembrances are not happy remembrances, and-hum-you shouldn't have come."

> "I feel that now, Sir," returned John Chivery; "but I didn't before, and Heaven knows I meant no harm, Sir."

> "No. No," said Mr. Dorrit. "I am-hum -sure of that. Ha. Give me your hand, Young John, give me your hand."

> Young John gave it; but Mr. Dorrit had driven his heart out of it, and nothing could change is face now from its white, shocked look.

> "There!" said Mr. Dorrit, slowly shaking hands with him. "Sit down again, Young John."

"Thank you, Sir; but I'd rather stand."

Mr. Dorrit sat down instead. After painfully holding his head a little while, he turned it to his visitor, and said, with an effort to be easy:

"And how is your father, Young John? How -ha-how are they all, Young John?"

"Thank you, Sir. They're all pretty well, Sir. They're not any ways complaining.'

"Hum. You are in your-ha-old business, I see, John?" said Mr. Dorrit, with a glance at the offending bundle he had anathematized.

"Partly, Sir. I am in my-" John hesitated a little, "father's business likewise."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Dorrit. "Do youha hum—go upon the—ha—"
"Lock, Sir? Yes, Sir."

"Much to do, John?"

"Yes, Sir; we're pretty heavy at present. I don't know how it is, but we generally are pretty heavy."

"At this time of the year, Young John?"

"Mostly at all times of the year, Sir. I don't know the time that makes much difference to us. I wish you good-night, Sir."

"Stay a moment, John—ha—stay a moment. Hum. Leave me the cigars, John, I-ha-beg."

"Certainly, Sir." John put them, with a

trembling hand, on the table.

"Stay a moment, Young John; stay another moment. It would be a-ha-a gratification to me to send a little—hum—Testimonial, by such a trusty messenger, to be divided among—ha hum-them-them-according to their wants. Would you object to take it, John?"

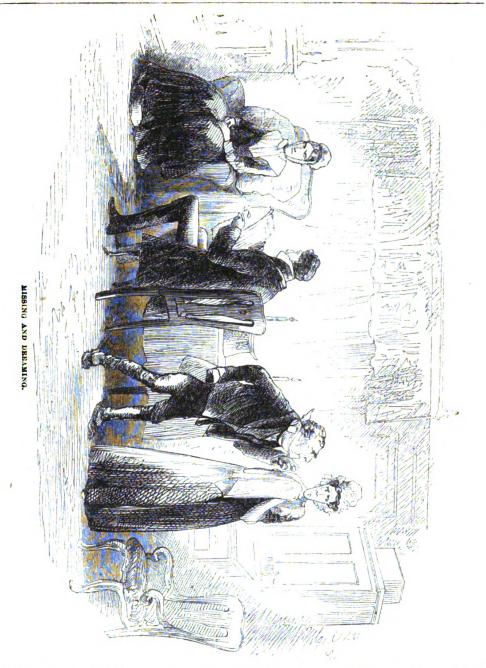
"Not in any ways, Sir. There's many of them, I'm sure, that would be the better for it."

"Thank you, John. I-ha-I'll write it,

His hand shook so that he was a long time writing it, and wrote it in a tremulous scrawl at last. It was a check for one hundred pounds. He folded it up, put it in Young John's hand. and pressed the hand in his.

"I hope you'll-ha-overlook-hum-what





"Don't speak of it, Sir, on any accounts. don't in any ways bear malice, I'm sure."

But nothing while John was there could change John's face to its natural color and expression, or restore John's natural manner.

"And, John," said Mr. Dorrit, giving his hand a final pressure, and releasing it, "I hope we-ha-agree that we have spoken together in confidence; and that you will abstain, in going out, from saying any thing to any one that might-hum-suggest that-ha-once I-"

"Oh! I assure you, Sir," returned John Chivery, "in my poor humble way, Sir, I am too proud and honorable to do it, Sir."

Mr. Dorrit was not too proud and honorable

to listen at the door, that he might ascertain for himself whether John really went straight out, or lingered to have any talk with any one. There was no doubt that he went direct out at the door, and away down the street with a quick step. After remaining alone for an hour, Mr. Dorrit rang for the Courier, who found him with his chair on the hearth-rug, sitting with his back toward him and his face to the fire. "You can take that bundle of cigars to smoke on the journey, if you like," said Mr. Dorrit, with a careless wave of his hand. "Ha-brought by -hum-little offering from-ha-son of old tenant of mine."

Next morning's sun saw Mr. Dorrit's equipage



upon the Dover road, where every red-jacketed | pardon! To begin with, he would have the postillion was the sign of a cruel house, established for the unmerciful plundering of travelers. The whole business of the human race, between London and Dover, being spoliation, Mr. Dorrit was waylaid at Dartford, pillaged at Gravesend, rifled at Rochester, fleeced at Sittingbourne, and sacked at Canterbury. However, it being the Courier's business to get him out of the hands of the banditti, the Courier bought him off at every stage; and so the redjackets went gleaming merrily along the spring landscape, rising and falling to a regular measure, between Mr. Dorrit in his snug corner, and the next chalky rise in the dusty highway.

Another day's sun saw him at Calais. And having now got the Channel between himself and John Chivery, he began to feel safe, and to find that the foreign air was lighter to breathe than the air of England.

On again by the heavy French roads for Paris. Having now quite recovered his equanimity, Mr. Dorrit, in his snug corner, fell to castle-building as he rode along. It was evident that he had a very large castle in hand. All day long he was running towers up, taking towers down, adding a wing here, putting on a battlement there, looking to the walls, strengthening the defenses, giving ornamental touches to the interior, making in all respects a superb castle of it. His preoccupied face so clearly denoted the pursuit in which he was engaged, that every cripple at the post-houses, not blind, who shoved his little battered tin box in at the carriage window for Charity in the name of Heaven, Charity in the name of our Lady, Charity in the name of all the Saints, knew as well what work he was at, as their countryman Le Brun could have known it himself, though he had made that English traveler the subject of a special physiognomical treatise.

Arrived at Paris, and resting there three days, Mr. Dorrit strolled much about the streets alone, looking in at the shop-windows, and particularly the jewelers' windows. Ultimately he went into the most famous jeweler's, and said he wanted to buy a little gift for a lady.

It was a charming little woman to whom he said it—a sprightly little woman, dressed in perfect taste, who came out of a green velvet bower to attend upon him, from posting up some dainty little books of account which one could hardly suppose to be ruled for the entry of any articles more commercial than kisses, at a dainty little shining desk which looked in itself like a

For example, then, said the little woman, what species of gift did Monsieur desire? A love-gift?

Mr. Dorrit smiled, and said, Eh, well! Perhaps. What did he know? It was always possible; the sex being so charming. Would she show him some?

tered and enchanted to show him many. But can not deny that it is the object of very decided

great goodness to observe that there were lovegifts and there were nuptial gifts. For example, these ravishing ear-rings and this necklace so superb to correspond, were what one called a love-gift. These brooches and these rings, of a beauty so gracious and celestial, were what one called, with the permission of Monsieur, nuptial

Perhaps it would be a good arrangement, Mr. Dorrit hinted, smiling, to purchase both, and to present the love-gift first, and to finish with the nuptial offering?

Ah Heaven! said the little woman, laying the tips of the fingers of her two little hands against each other, that would be generous indeed, that would be a special gallantry! And without doubt the lady so crushed with gifts would find them irresistible.

Mr. Dorrit was not sure of that. But, for example, the sprightly little woman was very sure of it, she said. So Mr. Dorrit bought a gift of each sort, and paid handsomely for it. As he strolled back to his hotel afterward, he carried his head high: having plainly got up his castle, now, to a much loftier altitude than the two square towers of Notre Dame.

Building away with all his might, but reserving the plans of his castle exclusively for his own eye, Mr. Dorrit posted away for Marseilles. Building on, building on, busily, busily, from morning to night. Falling asleep, and leaving great blocks of building materials dangling in the air; waking again, to resume work and get them into their places. What time the Courier in the rumble, smoking Young John's best cigars, left a little thread of thin light smoke behind—perhaps as he built a castle or two, with stray pieces of Mr. Dorrit's money.

Not a fortified town that they passed in all their journey was as strong, not a Cathedral summit was as high, as Mr. Dorrit's castle. Neither the Saone nor the Rhone sped with the swiftness of that peerless building; nor was the Mediterranean deeper than its foundations; nor were the distant landscapes on the Cornice road, nor the hills and bay of Genoa the Superb, more beautiful. Mr. Dorrit and his matchless castle were disembarked among the dirty white houses and dirtier felons of Civita Vecchia, and thence scrambled on to Rome as they could, through the filth that festered on the way.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM AN AUSTRIAN STATE PRISON.

TEARLY nine months have clapsed since the N world was electrified by the news that Felice Orsini had broken jail, and escaped out of the hands of the Austrians. In this country the intelligence caused unmingled pleasure. With every wish to do justice to the government of Austria, and to make allowance for the difficulties of its position, and the intractable char-Most willingly, said the little woman. Flat- acter of a portion of its subjects, an American



dislike in the United States, and that popular! sympathy is active on the side of its enemies. Not so much that we respect and trust the revolutionists. So far as the present generation has seen, these gentry are not deserving of much confidence. With the will to destroy, they do not seem to combine the power to rebuild. They can cut throats, raise barricades, fight battles; but when it comes to the sober business of establishing governments, they have hitherto signally failed. Perhaps the failure has been due to accident. Self-government is the last accomplishment which a people acquires; and it is perhaps as unfair to expect a race of bondsmen to show autonomous capacity as to expect a man to swim who has never been in the water.

But however this be, we in the United States are decidedly on the side of the Italian revolutionists, and against Austria. And so, when we heard that Felice Orsini had escaped, we one and all cried, Well done! The detailed history of his imprisonment is calculated to confirm our first impression.

Orsini is a man of thirty-six years of age. Born of parents in easy circumstances, well educated and bred to the law, endowed with rare qualities, decision, clear mind, courage, patience. his life is a crushing reproach to the rulers of Italy. He has never been any thing but a revolutionist. At twenty-two he conspired against the Pope. At twenty-five he was a state prisoner, in a cell six feet by four, on a general charge of being a dangerous man; and shortly afterward, having undergone an examination of fifteen minutes, was condemned to the galleys for life. At twenty-seven he, with two thousand others, was set at liberty by Pope Pius the Ninth, who desired to inaugurate his accession by a gracious act of clemency. At twenty-eight he was conspiring again in Tuscany, and again in the hands of the police. At twenty-nine he was a leader of the Roman revolutionists. At thirty-three he was conspiring in Piedmont, was caught, imprisoned, kept in durance vile for a couple of months, then shipped off to England. But you might as well try to keep a flower from the sunlight as an Italian of the Orsini stamp from conspiracies. In 1854 he was in Italy again, conspiring for a general uprising, and dodging the gens-d'armes; and in the fall of that year, having gone to Transylvania to see about a conspiracy there, he was caught again. This time his career was very nearly brought to a close.

He was locked up in abominable dungeons, and absolutely starved; what he suffered before he was transferred to Vienna was incredible. In February, 1855, he was examined before the police magistrate at Vienna. The procedure was peculiar. No witnesses were summoned. No charge was made against him. But he was asked all sorts of questions about himselfwhich he answered truly—and his answers were taken down. The examination over, he was Fortunato Calvi, an ex-colonel in the Austrian remanded to prison. His cell was twenty-four army, and a bold champion of Italian independ

feet by twelve; he had five partners in it, all thieves. It was damp, cold, filthy beyond description. Vermin abounded, and the water supplied to the prisoners was so bad that Orsini endured dreadful thirst rather than taste it. His five companions made dice out of pieces of bread, and spent their time in gambling. He shivered with rheumatic fever. He begged to know the ground of his imprisonment. No one would tell him. He implored medical assistance and wholesome food. No one took the least notice of his entreaties.

At the close of March, 1855, he was removed to Mantua, whose castle of St. George is said to be the strongest fortified work in Italy. There he had a clean bed, which was an inestimable blessing. But the prison fare was only fourteen ounces of black bread and a plate of hot water called soup. He positively starved. Prisoners are allowed to purchase what they choose out of their own money, but Orsini had none with him, and the jailer would not allow him to communicate with his friends. After a time the inspector of the prison was so touched with his suffering that he sent him a loaf from his own table every day. To this Orsini ascribes the salvation of his life.

As soon as he was well enough, he was brought up for trial. The judge, a faithful servant of Austria, Counselor Sanchez, opened the case by saying:

"Grave accusations are brought against you; I have my own convictions of their justice. It is with you a question of life and death."

Orsini asked of what crime he stood accused. The answer was inimitable:

"Reply to the questions put to you. It is for the Judge to take the lead. Do not imagine you will get any information out of us."

It must be pretty hard work for any prisoner to establish his innocence, when, in reply to his inquiry respecting the charge against him, he is told that "he must not expect any information from the Court." Happily, in Orsini's case, this peculiarity of Austrian jurisprudence mattered little. After a host of questions, a paper was produced in the prisoner's handwriting; it was a letter of instructions to some Italian revolutionists. Without a moment's hesitation, Orsini acknowledged himself the writer. "Instead of dying for my country on the battle-field, I shall die for her on the scaffold," said he, quietly; "sooner or later it must have ended thus."

"Death," said the Judge, sententiously, "is certainly the punishment of high treason. you been tried by the military tribunal, you would have been shot twelve hours hence: we allow time. While there is life, there is hope."

With this comforting apophthegm, Orsini was remanded to his prison.

Of all the brave men who had been his fellow-conspirators, the one whom he loved best, and about whose fate he felt most anxious, was



ence. taken about the same time as Orsini; but what had befallen him since then his friend could not discover. He asked every official, judge, and jailer about him; but some declined altogether to answer, while others answered evasively. One thing only seemed certain-Calvi was under sentence of death.

Orsini had established a communication with his fellow-prisoner in the next cell on the left, by rapping on the wall. At the sound of the raps, the two poor fellows laid their ears to the wall, and contrived to whisper cheering messages to each other. Though this intercourse was contraband, and was therefore maintained under great difficulties, and though Orsini had never seen his neighbor, he felt the liveliest sympathy for him; and when, some days after his examination, he ascertained that he had been removed, he was overwhelmed with grief and loneliness.

In the cell on the right of the one he occupied, another prisoner was confined. This poor man also attempted to communicate with Orsini by rapping on the wall. But from some indefinable reason, Orsini could not make up his mind to reply to the friendly sounds. It was not till his friend on the left had been taken away that he reasoned with himself upon his churlishness, and replied to the raps. The inmate of the cell rapped his gratitude eagerly, and asked, in a hoarse whisper,

"Who are you?"

"Hernagh," said Orsini, giving a name which he had assumed; "and who are you?" "Calvi."

Orsini slept little that night. At every opportunity the two friends communicated to each other the story of their respective misfortunes, and speculated on their fate. Orsini had made up his mind to die. Calvi believed that he would be sentenced to twenty years of carcere duro. Each in his heart believed that the other would end his career on the scaffold, though each strove by words to cheer up his companion. But whatever happened, there was a world of happiness in being so near a dear friend.

On the 2d of July, at daybreak, the prisoninspector roused Calvi, and led him into the court-room. Sentence of death was passed upon him. He was asked if he had any thing to say. He merely said, "Bene, Benissimo!" judge had the Emperor's pardon, it is said, in his pocket; he asked Calvi if he would throw himself upon the mercy of the Emperor and beg forgiveness?

"Never!" said the stern Italian. "My hatred of Austria is stronger than my love of life!"

On the morning of 4th of July, 1855, when the people of the United States were preparing to celebrate their national anniversary, Calvi was taken from his cell, and conveyed by a strong body of gens-d'armes to a scaffold near the Bridge of St. George. He mounted the

Calvi had been betrayed by a guide, and | and all was over. All that livelong day, while America was resounding with republican festivities, this brave Italian hung, a corpse, with the dogs snuffing about the foot of the scaffold.

When Orsini rapped at the wall of his cell, an unknown voice replied.

"Where is Calvi?" asked Orsini, a feeling of sickness creeping over him.

When the truth was told, he fell back sense-He rapped at the wall on the opposite side, and related the terrible news to his lefthand neighbor.

"I knew it," was the answer; "and, to tell you the truth, I was afraid to rap on the wall, lest you should be gone too."

If ever a condition in life could justify selfdestruction, that of Orsini and his fellow-prisoners might have done so. The text of the law under which they were confined runs thus:

"The condemned shall be confined in a dungeon secluded from all communication, with only so much light and space as is necessary to sustain life. He shall be constantly loaded with heavy fetters on the hands and feet. He shall never, except during the hours of labor, be without a chain attached to a circle of iron round his body. His diet shall be bread and water; a hot ration (slices of bread steeped in hot water and flavored with tallow) every second day; but never any animal food. His bed shall be composed of naked planks, and he shall be forbidden to see any one without exception."

In case of refractory conduct, the prisoner was sentenced to the cavaletto or little horse. This is a bench about eight feet long, on which the culprit is stretched face downwards. moveable vice screws the waist to the bench so that motion is impossible; the arms are stretched beyond the head and fastened by the wrists to irons; rings likewise encircle the ankles so that the feet project beyond the bench. A corporal chosen for strength and brutality, inflicts the punishment of the bastinado, which is often continued until the sufferer faints. When the object of the punishment is to extort information. it is repeated from day to day until the prisoner confesses. What worse did the Spanish Inquisition ever perpetrate than these proceedings of the Austrian courts in 1855 and 1856?

The police of Austrian state prisons is really admirable, so far as precaution is concerned. Thirteen times in the twenty-four hours is the prisoner visited by the turnkeys or inspectors; the longest interval of peace being between one and six A.M. At each visit, the official requires to see the prisoner's face so as to identify him. And so shrewd and sharp-eyed are the jailers, that on one occasion Orsini's inspector observed, on visiting him, "Ha! Signor, you have been cutting your nails, I see. Well! well!"

After Calvi's death, Orsini's feelings underwent a change. Up to that moment he had looked forward to death as a certainty and was quite resigned to it. He intended to cry "Vira scaffold lightly, turned to the executioner and listalia" on the scaffold, and to leave his name said, "I am ready." The cord was tightened a heritage to the future saviours of Italy. But



the horrible proximity of death dispelled these visions. Life grew dearer, sweeter. He began to think of future days, and of their opportunity. He recalled his children's faces to mind. Through his high window he could see a narrow strip of sky, which was sometimes bright and gladsome; he could not bear the idea of not seeing it again. The jailer had lent him a volume of Byron. The Englishman's stirring verse roused the man within him, and he suddenly-like a flash, an electrical impulse—resolved to escape. resolution made, excitement overpowered him. He raised himself to his window, and grasped the bars in his hand; leaping down again, he had difficulty in restraining himself from screaming with joy. He almost felt himself free.

In reality the obstacles were monstrous. The cell in which he was confined had but one window, seven feet from the floor, in the embrasure. Twelve iron bars, three inches thick, crossed each other, and were inserted in the stone casement; and a second frame-work of similar bars occurred at three feet distance. The outside of the window was covered with an iron grating. From the window to the ground outside was one hundred and four feet, and this ground was the bottom of a wet ditch. On the other side of the ditch ran a wall perpendicular for twenty feet, and very thick. And this wall surmounted, there yet remained a bridge to cross, which was closed at night, and guarded by armed sentinels. Here were difficulties enough to daunt any man. They did not frighten Orsini.

He began by gaining the confidence of the turnkeys and jailers. His gentle demeanor and submission to his lot were a subject of common remark. Other prisoners were told that if they were like that "povero Signor Orsini," they might have hope. Jailers remarked that any cell would do for Orsini, for so mild and pleasant a gentleman would never give trouble, and might be relied upon implicitly. He undertook the composition of a history; whenever the inspector visited him he was to be seen engaged in literary labor, and the altered manner of the man was ascribed to the soothing effect of study. Meanwhile, by means which, for obvious reasons, are not explained, Orsini obtained from without a supply of money to corrupt the turnkeys with wine, and a small bundle of steel saws.

The first question was, What was the safest time to work? Night naturally suggested itself at first blush; but on reflection Orsini soon bethought himself that the silence of the sleeping hours would add very considerably to the chance of his being overheard by the sentinels. In day time, on the contrary, the chances of their hearing him were slender, especially as the church bells at Mantua ring long and loud. He put himself through a course of acoustics to detect the footfalls of the turnkeys as they approached his door, and at last attained such accuracy of hearing that he could hear a man approach on tip-toe when the bells were deafening the people outside.

To saw the bars he was obliged to stand on tip-toe on the rail of the back of the chair. This position was the more inconvenient as he was very liable to fall, when the noise might have created alarm and led to suspicion. However he set to work, and in four days sawed through one of the inside bars. Just as he finished the job his saw-which he had held at either end in his hand-broke in two. He perceived that he must have a handle. From the under side of his table he cut two strips of wood, which he fastened with wax to either side of a new saw; then binding these firmly with tape, he had the satisfaction of finding that he had made an excellent handle. A mixture of bread crumbs and wax answered very well to hide the traces of the saw on the bars. Thus provided he went to work with new energy. The toil was excessive. Often he was obliged to desist from numbness of the fingers and arm. His side sometimes became so painful that he was forced to lie down to rest. His whole strength sometimes gave way, and it was only by forcing his mind to dwell upon the subject of his little daughters that he could rouse himself to pursue his task. His appetite failed altogether, and he rarely slept, nervousness having suspended the ordinary working of the vital machine.

At last he had succeeded in sawing through seven bars, and effecting an opening through which he could crawl. He could not resist the temptation to try it. Passing first his right arm, then his head, and catching hold of the bars of the second frame-work, he dragged himself through with severe effort, laying open his side, in doing so, against the oblique end of one of the cut bars; and there he sat, between the two sets of bars, with his legs dangling into the cell. Having made a brief reconnoissance of the labor to be done, he proceeded to re-enter his cell. Horror of horrors! he could not get in! He pushed, and squeezed, and tore himself, and wrenched with all his might at the bars-he could not pass. From the position of his body, he presented a larger surface than he had done when he crawled through: he could not get back. The hour was rapidly approaching for the turnkey's visite it was utter ruin to be there. A dizziness overcame him, and he nearly fainted. Providence, by extraordinary favor, detained the turnkey a few minutes that day; Orsini, recovering, succeeded, by long and judicious efforts-holding his breath while he moved, and smoothing his clothes-in creeping back into his cell, and replacing the bars just in time.

The bars were so thick, that Orsini determined to saw only one of the second set, and to make a hole in the stone-work by its side. To do this, he was forced to work in the embrasure of the window, and, consequently, to do the labor at night, when he could not be seen. He had a terrible fright the first night he began his excavations; he had hardly set to work when he saw lanterns flashing outside, heard the guard turned out, and officers shout angrily; then a



heavy tramp of men in the passage near his usual, and went away without remark. door. He crept out of his window-sill in a cold perspiration, got into bed, and lay still, his heart beating pretty fast. But no one troubled him. Next morning a communicative turnkey let him know that a prisoner had tried to escape, but had been caught by the guard.

"The rascal," said the jailer; "if he plays the fool any more, we shall put him in this cell, and move you to No. 8."

The bare idea froze poor Orsini's blood. am used to this place," he muttered, feebly, "and I would rather stay here."

"Well, well," said the turnkey, sipping his wine, "we shall see; you are such a well-bred gentleman that you would be safe any where."

Having sawed through the bar in the second grating, Orsini next extracted two nails from the window-shutters, and with his saw-handle contrived an instrument to scoop a hole in the wall. It was hard work at first, as the outside cement was very hard, but when he got to the bricks he made great progress; in a short time he had eight bricks out, all of which, together with the cement extracted, he lodged in his straw mattress.

On 26th March last the President of the Court visited him, and complimented him, as usual, upon his studious life.

"Is your work terminated yet?" he asked, politely, though with a slight sneer.

"Not quite yet," replied Orsini, whose head ran upon another work; "but, with God's help, it soon will be."

Two nights afterward all was ready. He had obtained an extra pair of sheets, and two extra towels. These he tore into strips, each strip being strong enough to support his weight. After the visit at 9.30 P.M., he hastily climbed into the embrasure of the window, made fast his rope, and prepared to descend.

But at that moment his feelings overpowered him. He was without strength or nerve. gardless of consequences, he sprang back into his cell and lay down in his bed, beside himself with excitement, and his lips and mouth parched with fever. The sentinel, hearing the noise of his leap, came in to know what was the matter. Orsini complained of fever, and asked for water, which was brought; the sentinel then retired without remark.

On the next day, 29th, he resolved to force himself to eat, as he felt a want of strength. All day long he practiced swinging from his cord, both in order to test it and to train his arms, which were weak. He sent out for some oranges, prudently foreseeing that some accident might befall him, and knowing the refreshment that fruit affords to a wounded man.

At ten o'clock at night he renewed his attempt. This time, greatly to his surprise, he was perfectly cool and collected. He put his room in perfect order, fastened his rope, wrote a letter to the governor, and lay down to wait agony Orsini called to him for help, and threw for the half-past-one visit. He was amazed at him the end of the cord. The boy took it, and

they entered the next cell. Orsini climbed the window, and groped through his hole. Clutching the rope with his hands, he wound his legs round it, and began his descent. After he had descended about eighty feet, he felt his arms, which were unused to such labor, giving way; he saw a ledge in the wall, and tried to gain it to rest himself; but in doing so the cord slipped from his legs, and he hung by his arms alone. and began to swing. 'Twas but for a moment. He would probably have fallen at any rate; but, looking down, he fancied he saw the ground six or seven feet beneath him, and let go.

He had no idea that the whole life of man was so long as the period he took to fall.

He fell twenty feet or more, striking first his knees, then his feet against a mass of cement, mud, and brick. Of course, he lost consciousness. When he came to himself he fancied that his right leg and arm were both broken. The pain was overpowering. His first thought was for the orange: he had it in his shirt-bosom; and most blessed relief did it afford.

The fosse, or ditch was dry. Orsini began to walk round in search of a place to scale the outer wall. He had provided himself with a small rope, which he had found one day, and also with a strong nail. Passing under an arch leading into the city, he crept on through marsh and mud, until he reached a place where he thought he might scale the wall. He drove his nail in, and put his left foot upon it, then tried to raise himself by clinging to the broken bricks above. But he had not raised his body six inches, when pain and exhaustion overcame him, and he fell back powerless.

Up to this moment his courage had sustained him, in spite of suffering and difficulties. But now he was quite indifferent. He knew he would be taken, chained up, and executed. He did not care. He was quite resigned. He law down in the ditch and went fust asleep.

After an hour's sleep, he awoke, the pain in his leg being intolerable. His courage returned. Day was near dawning, and if he could get any one to pull him out of the ditch, he might yet escape. At 5 A.M. the bridge gates were opened, and the people in the city began to move. A young man passed. Orsini called to him, saying that he had got drunk the night before, and could not get out of the ditch; but the fellow only stared and walked on. Two men passed. Orsini made the same entreaty to them. They shrugged their shoulders, and said: "Povero Signor, we shall only get ourselves into trouble by helping you."

It was a quarter to six. At six the cells were visited, and Orsini's escape would be discovered. His footsteps in the mud would enable them to track him easily enough. It was hard to get thus far, and fail.

A stout peasant lad passed. In a voice of his own calmness. The turnkeys came, as pulled with a will. But he was not strong



enough.

"Call another man!" he shouted, being desperate.

It was Sunday morning, and many peasants were astir. A stout man suddenly appeared, and took hold of the cord. Both pulled with might and main, and raised Orsini high enough for them to catch his arms just as his strength was giving way. He was beside them in a moment.

"Understand," said he, "what you have done: I am a political prisoner."

They ran directly at the top of their speed. He followed, limping as best he could. Round the castle of St. George are cane-brakes. About the very minute that the stupefied turnkeys were gazing at the severed bars in his cell Orsini plunged up to his middle into one of these cane-brakes. He staid there without moving all day. What became of him afterward it is not yet safe to tell. Suffice it to say that, though the Austrian police made as much noise about him as if he had been an Emperor, he escaped, and is now an exile in England.

We expect, of course, to hear of his being in-

After a tremendous effort, Orsini fell | volved in more conspiracies. Men of his character never learn, never change.

In the last news from Italy is an incident which throws light on the production of such men as Orsini.

An Austrian colonel was the other day galloping through the country, near a small town in the Legations. He was followed by a large dog. He happened to meet an Italian boy who had a small hound with him. The colonel's dog flew at this hound and was tearing him in pieces when the owner seized a stone, and, throwing it perhaps with more strength and be:ter aim than he intended, killed the larger dog on the spot. The colonel in a fury had the boy arrested and bastinadoed. The pain and concentrated rage were such that the boy died on the cavaletto. Next day the colonel was sitting among a group of officers at a café smoking cigars. A man suddenly appeared, approached the colonel, dealt him three or four swift and mortal blows with a knife, and dashed away safely. Nothing was known of him except that he was the father of the boy who had been murdered on the cavaletto.

pf Monthly Record Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

BILLS have been passed in the House of Representatives which will undoubtedly result in the admission of two new States, Minnesota and Oregon, into the Union. These bills are in the usual form, defining the boundaries of the States to be formed from portions of the present Territories; appointing the time for the meeting of conventions to form State Constitutions, and making the customary provisions relative to public lands, education, etc. The estimated population of Minnesota is 175,000, and that of Oregon is 90,000, both of which are rapidly increasing by emigration. The Committee in the House have reported adversely to the petition of the inhabitants of a portion of New Mexico for the formation of a new Territory, under the name of Arizonia; the main reason given is the paucity of the population, which renders the formation of a new Territory unadvisable.—A portion of the citizens of Carson Valley, in Utah, presented a petition that their district should be annexed to California, on the ground that not being Mormons they suffer great wrongs and grievances from the Saints. The Committee on Territories reported adversely to their petition, on the ground that to grant it would only extirpate a small portion of the evil complained of; but that something more was needed to "effect a radical cure of the moral and political pestilence which makes Utah the scandal of the American people." This means would be found in the bill now on the calendar for "the prevention and punishment of polygamy." They also say that the State of California is already too large, and would be made still more unwieldy by the extension of its boundaries. -A bill has passed the Senate authorizing the Secretary of State, with the approval of the President, to enter into a contract with the Transatlantic Telegraph Company for the transmission of mes-

British Government. In effect, it appropriates about \$70,000 per annum for fifty years for this purpose. Objections were made to it in the Senate, on the ground that both termini of the line are within the British dominions; but it prevailed by a vote of 29 to 18 .- A bill has been passed directing that Spanish quarters, eighths, and sixteenths of a dollar shall only be received by public officers at the rate of twenty, ten, and five cents; these coins are not to be paid out, but are to be sent to the mint. The effect of this will be to drive these coins from circulation, and they will be replaced by American coins.—A new cent has been prepared to take the place of that now issued. It is composed of eighty-eight parts of copper and twelve of nickel; is smaller and much more convenient than The Indian Appropriation Bill the present coin.includes a sum of \$700,000 for pacifying the natives in Oregon.—A bill has been passed to reinstate the naval officers retired or furloughed by the late Naval Board, in case a committee of inquiry reports in their favor, and this report be approved by the President.—Several important subjects are under discussion. Foremost among these is the new tariff bill, having in view to reduce the revenues of the Government to the sum required for expenditures .- Mr. Clay, of Alabama, introduced a bill into the Senate to repeal the laws granting bounties to vessels engaged in the cod-fishery. The amount of this bounty is about \$300,000 per annum.-Mr. Wilson introduced a bill securing to actual settlers a right to the public lands granted to railroads, at the rate of \$2 50 per acre.—Bills are under consideration for increasing the pay of naval and military officers; for making additional security against fire, etc., in steamers; and for various projects for internal improvement.lutions have been introduced calling for the correspondence in relation to the San Francisco Vigilsages, upon terms similar to those offered by the ance Committee; for information in relation to



difficulties between citizens of the United States and the Government of Venezuela in consequence of the former collecting guano in the islands of the Caribbean; directing inquiry as to the expediency of adopting the Tehuantepec route for the transmission of a weekly mail to the Southern ports and San Francisco; into the expediency of making an appropriation for the survey of the River Platte. -In the House, the Committee on Territories has reported a bill abrogating the laws passed by the Legislature of Kansas, and ordering a new election.—The Senate has refused to confirm the nomination of Mr. Harrison as Chief Justice of Kansas, in place of Judge Lecompte.-The new Central American treaty has been discussed in exocutive session, and the bill confirming it, reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations, has been referred back to the Committee, by a majority of 33 to 8.—In the House, a committee has been appointed to inquire into charges of corruption made against members of that body. These charges originated in the New York Times, which affirmed that proofs of the truth of the accusation could be produced, sufficient to carry conviction to every honest heart, specifying in particular the case of the Minnesota Land Bill. Objection was made to the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry, on the ground that it was inconsistent with the dignity of the House to notice newspaper charges; but Mr. Paine, a member from North Carolina, stated that a proposition was made to him, by another member, that he should receive fifteen hundred dollars if he would vote for the bill. Mr. Brenton, who had charge of the bill, demanded an investigation; and a committee was appointed, consisting of two Democrats, two Republicans, and one American. Mr. Raymond, the editor of the Times, assumed before the Committee the responsibility of the article, and avowed himself convinced of the truth of the charges, though unable to produce legal evidence of it. Mr. Simonton, a correspondent of that paper, testified that two members of the House had asked him whether he could not for money procure votes for the bill; he refused to give the names of these members, on the ground that he had made to them a pledge of sccreey. To meet this and similar cases of refusal to testify, a bill was reported by the Committee of Investigation, and passed by a decided majority, imposing a fine of not more than a thousand dollars, and imprisonment of not more than a year, upon any one who should refuse to give evidence before a committee of Congress. Mr. Simonton still persisting in his refusal, was given into custody, but was subsequently released upon consenting to give the required testimony. The Committee have pursued their examinations, but have not as yet made their report.

In the Senate the Republican vote has been greatly increased by the recent State elections. Mr. Sumner has been re-elected, almost unanimously, from Massachusetts; Mr. Preston King takes the place of Mr. Fish, from New York; Mr. Cameron, in Pennsylvania, was elected over Mr. Forney, the Democratic candidate. From Michigan, Mr. Chandler takes the place of Mr. Cass. Mr. Hamlin, who resigned his seat in the Senate, and was chosen Governor of Maine, has been re-elected to the Senate. Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, whose seat was declared vacant by the Senate, on account of informality in the election, has been re-elected.—In Missouri, Mr. Polk, the present Gov-

ernor, has been chosen to fill the place of Mr. Guyer, Whig; the other seat from this State has been filled by the election of Mr. Green, "Anti-Benton Democrat." The vacancy from Delaware, occasioned by the death of Mr. Clayton, has been filled by the election of Mr. Bates. From Indiana, Messrs. Bright and Fitch have been declared elected (the latter to fill a vacancy) United States Senators. It seems that a majority of the House is Democratic, while their opponents have a majority in the Senate. It is affirmed that the proceedings in joint ballot, by which the election was made, were informal; and the majority of the State Senate have protested against the election. The matter has been referred to a committee to report upon. The next Senate, it is estimated, will be composed. of 37 Democrats, 20 Republicans, and 5 Americans.

The Legislature of Kansas met January 12. Governor Geary, in a long and elaborate message. sets forth the condition of the Territory when he assumed the office, and details the measures taken by him to put an end to the troubles and bring about the peace which now prevails, and which he believes will be permanent. He urges that the Territorial Assembly should permit all doubtful questions to remain in abeyance until the formation of a State Constitution; the question of Slavery in particular should be left in the position where it is placed by the Constitution and the Act organizing the Territories, subject to the decision of the courts upon all questions that may arise while Kansas remains a Territory. He recommends the immediate repeal of all of the objectional laws that have been passed. Among these he specifies the invidious test-acts, and the law requiring all elections to be viva voce. The law respecting patrols, he says, is unjust, taxing property in general for the special protection of slave property, and establishing an odious system of espionage. Various measures of internal improvement are recommended, among which is the construction of a railroad, running southwardly through the Indian Territory and Texas to the Gulf of Mexico. This would pass through a country which deserves to be styled "The Eden of the World." He recommends that Congress be petitioned to appoint a Commission to inquire into the losses sustained by the citizens of Kansas during the late troubles, with a view to their indemnification by the General Government. He hopes for large Congressional appropriations in money and land for the benefit of the Territory; and recommends measures for the extinguishment of the Indian title to surplus land, in order that it may be thrown open for settlement and improvement.—The "Free State" Legislature assembled at Topeka January 6. Mr. Robinson the "Gov-' had previously addressed a letter to Mr. Roberts, the "Lieutenant-Governor," resigning his office, which he said he had accepted only because it was the post of danger; but he was now convinced that he could better serve the cause of freedom and the State organization in a private capacity. Mr. Roberts declined being present at the meeting of the Legislature, and threw the responsibility of the post of acting Governor upon Mr. Curtiss, the President of the Senate. The session had hardly commenced when write issued by Judge Cato were served upon the principal members, who were arrested and conveyed to Tecumseh, and the assembly adjourned until the second Tuesday in



Sumner in the Senate Chamber, died very suddenly at Washington, January 27, at the age of 37 years. He had been for some days confined to his room by a cold, but was apparently recovering, when he was attacked by croup, and expired almost before any serious danger was apprehended. Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, when the death was announced in the House, took occasion to commend the action of Mr. Brooks in the affair which has given him so much notoriety.-Hon. Andrew J. Stevenson, formerly speaker of the House of Representatives, and subsequently Minister to Great Britain, died January 17 at Albemarle, Va., aged 74 years.—George Carstensen, the architect of the New York Crystal Palace, died at Copenhagen, Denmark, January 4. He had undertaken the publication of a newspaper, and died on the day of the issue of the first number.

The vocabulary of crime, especially in New York, has been enriched by a new term descriptive of a new mode of robbery. It is performed by two or more, one of whom seizes the victim by the neck from behind, in such a manner as to strangle him and render him powerless, while the others proceed to rifle his pockets. This is styled garroting from its resemblance to the well-known Spanish mode of execution. Hardly a night has passed for weeks in which some offense of this nature has not been recorded. In a number of cases the offenders have been arrested, summarily tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life .-Public feeling has been excited by a murder which seems likely to take its place among the causes celibres. Dr. Harvey Burdell, a dentist of New York, was found dead in his room on the morning of January 31. There were fifteen wounds in his body, of which at least six were mortal, and there were also marks of strangulation upon his throat. He was dressed in his ordinary clothing, from which it appears that the murder had been committed the previous night. The room bore marks of a violent struggle having taken place, the walls and floor being covered with blood. No certain traces of the murderers could be discovered out of the room. Suspicion was at once directed toward the inmates of the house; these were confirmed by subsequent investigation. He was possessed of considerable property, owning the house in which he lived, of which he retained the second floor as an office and sleeping apartment, the remainder being rented to Mrs. Emma A. Cunningham as a boarding-house. Mrs. Cunningham though maintaining a fair general reputation was proved to have been of very questionable character and antecedents. As soon as the murder was discovered, she announced that she had been a short time previous privately married to the Doctor, and produced a marriage certificate signed by a reputable clergyman, who also testified that at the time in question he had married her to a man representing himself as Dr. Burdell, and whose general appearance resembled that of the body, though he could not positively identify it as that of the man whom he had married. A daughter of Mrs. Cunningham was present, as witness to the marriage, who swore that the Doctor was the bridegroom. It appeared, at the coroner's inquest, that there had been much ill-feeling between the Doctor and Mrs. Cunningham; that she commenced a suit against him for breach of promise of marriage, which was subsequently withdrawn; by the allied forces.

Mr. Preston S. Brooks, the assailant of Mr. | fear of his life, and had at length taken measures to remove her from his house; and an agreement was found among his papers, dated subsequently to the alleged marriage, and signed by her as E. A. Cunningham, promising to vacate the premises in May, and pay the rent up to that time. This and other circumstances gave rise to the supposition that some one had personated Burdell at the marriage. A very close intimacy was also shown to have existed between Mrs. Cunningham and John J. Eckel, one of her boarders. Suspicion was at once turned toward these as the murderers; but, for the first ten days during which the Coroner's inquest sat, nothing was elicited which fixed tho crime upon them. But on the eleventh day a witness was produced, who testified that at about 11 o'clock on the night of the murder he was seated on the steps of the Doctor's house; that a man whose general appearance resembled Mr. Burdell entered, and a moment after the witness heard a noise as if a struggle was taking place, followed by a suppressed cry; and directly after a man came to the door, looked out, and seeing the witness sitting on the steps, accosted him roughly, and that he being alarmed went away. On being confronted with Eckel, he positively identified him as the person who had looked from the door. The clothes of the murderer must have been covered with blood, but no traces of them, or of their having been destroyed, have as yet been discovered.

The winter which is now closing has been of unexampled severity in all sections of the country. Even as far South as Virginia, railroad travel has been seriously interrupted by snow. At the North and East, and on the Western prairies, the temperature has rivaled that of the Arctic regions. Early in February a general thaw commenced, which has continued for more than a week, raising the streams, and causing immense loss. At Albany and vicinity, the damage by water and floating ice is estimated by millions. The Ohio River broke up on the 6th. A number of steamers were cut through by the ice at the wharves in Cincinnati.

From California our dates come down to January The most important intelligence relates to a decision of the Supreme Court, that a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the construction of a wagonroad across the Sierra Nevada is unconstitutional. This decision rests upon a clause in the Constitution of the State, prohibiting any debt to be contracted beyond the total amount of \$400,000, unless the bill creating such debt be submitted to the people and ratified by them. This decision in effect declares the whole debt of the State beyond the sum of \$300,000 to have been illegally contracted, and therefore not binding. It is confidently anticipated that the Legislature will pass a bill confirming the whole of the indebtedness of the State, and that it will be ratified by the popu-

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Our last Record brought the affairs of Nicaragua down to the first of December. At this time Walker, forced to abandon Granada, had burned the city. He, with a portion of his forces, had succeeded in reaching the lake, and had taken refuge on board a steamer. Another body, under Henningsen, intercepted in their retreat, had thrown themselves into the church of Guadulupe, not far from the shore, where they were invested by the allied forces. These undertook to work that she had threatened him, and that he was in | their way by covered trenches to the lake in order



straits for provisions, and suffered severely from On the 10th they had succeeded in gaining the shore. Meanwhile Walker had landed a body of some two hundred men, who succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy, and relieving their comrades, who joined Walker on board the steamer. He then sailed down the western shore of the lake, and took possession again of Rivas, in the neighborhood of which he was supposed to be at the latest intelligence. This success appears to be more than counterbalanced by a sudden coup de main on the part of the Costa Ricans, a body of whom, under the command of an American named Spencer, made their way through the forests to the River San Juan, and seized all the steamers on the river, thus cutting off all aid to Walker from the Atlantic side. body of new recruits, who were stationed at Punta Arenas, at the mouth of the river, were endeavoring to repair a steamer with which to ascend, retake the boats, and open communications. The commander of a British man-of-war lying off Greytown, having been informed that among these were a number of British subjects who were forcibly detained at Punta Arenas, offered them his protection, of which a few availed themselves, in spite of the protest of the commander of Walker's forces. The accounts which reach us of the situation of Walker are very contradictory. Some represent him as reduced to the last extremity, with but a few hundred men, who are rapidly melting away from disease and privation; while others report his troops at some 1200, in good condition and spirits. There can be no doubt that the losses of Walker within a few months amount fully to 5000 men, most of whom have fallen from disease. The President of Costa Rica has issued a proclamation giving a magniloquent narrative of the successes of the allies, and offering a free passage to such of the filibusters as may wish to return to the United States.

The Governments of Peru, Chili, and Ecuador have entered into a treaty, to which the other South American Republics are invited to accede, for mutual aid and defense, especially against aggressions from the North; but the disturbed condition of all these States, with the possible exception of Chili, will apparently prevent any practical

EUROPE.

The vexed questions in European politics have all been amicably adjusted. The sessions of the Paris Conference commenced December 31st, and were continued until January 6th. It was agreed that the Isle of Serpents belonged to the mouth of the Danube, and should be given up to Turkey. Russia consented to surrender Bolgrad on condition of receiving an equivalent in territory farther to the north, thus removing her boundary from The Austrian troops are forthwith to evacuate the Principalities.—The Prusso-Swiss question at one time assumed a serious aspect. The King of Prussia threatened to move an army of 130,000 men upon Switzerland, and demanded permission to march them through the intervening German States. The Swiss made preparation for a desperate resistance. The other Powers offered to mediate, apprehending that hostilities between Prussia and Switzerland would lead to a general war. Mr. Fay, our Minister, also offered his services to bring about an accommodation, but his of-

straits for provisions, and suffered severely from sickness. On the 10th they had succeeded in gaining the shore. Meanwhile Walker had landed a body of some two hundred men, who succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy, and relieving their comrades, who joined Walker on board the steamer. He then sailed down the wastern shore of the lake, and took possession again of Rivas, in the neighborhood of which he was supposed to be at the latest intelligence. This success appears to be more than counterbalanced

From Great Britain there is nothing of special importance.—The Persian War seems to be very unpopular.—A reorganization of the ministry, involving considerable changes, is considered probable.—The probability of a speedy addition to the Royal Family is announced.—The appointment of Minister to the United States having been declined by Mr. Villiers, the post has been offered to Lord Napier, by whom it has been accepted, and his departure for Washington will soon take place.

Monsieur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, was assassinated in the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, in the very act of performing divine service. The assassin is a young priest named Verger, of very indifferent character, who had been suspended from the exercise of his functions. Among other offences, he had written against the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception." In consequence of his suspension he was reduced to great distress. As he stabbed the prelate to the heart, he exclaimed, A bas les déesses, probably in allusion to this doctrine. Upon his trial he behaved with such violence that it was found necessary to remove him from court, and the trial went on without his presence. In spite of the efforts of his counsel to procure an acquittal on the ground of insanity, he was found guilty and sentenced to death.-Count de Morney, half-brother to the Emperor, and Minister to Russia, has just married the Princess Troubetzkoi, a Russian lady of great beauty and wealth, with the full concurrence of the sovereigns of both countries. This is held not to be without political significance.

THE EAST.

Beyond the fact of the arrival of a portion of the British forces before Bushire, nothing definite has been heard of the progress of the war with Persia.

Hostilities have suddenly broken out between the British and Chinese. The outbreak seems to have been quite unexpected, although serious misunderstandings have for some time existed. But, on the 8th of October, a small trading vessel, bearing English colors, was seized near Canton upon a charge of piracy, and three of her crew put to death. The British consul failing to procure redress, demanded the presence of the English fleet under the command of Sir Michael Seymour. This arrived on the 18th, when the admiral made an attempt to negotiate. This was declined by Yeh, the Governor of Canton, who refused to grant an interview to the British commander. The vessels ascended the river, destroying the Chinese forts built to command the passage, and, on the 27th, commenced firing upon the city. A breach having been effected in the walls, on the 29th a party of two hundred and fifty men landed, entered the city, and advanced as far as the Governor's palace, which they occupied for a short time, and then retired, having suffered but little. The next day the Admiral dispatched a letter to the Governor, informing him



breached the wall and obtained access to the palace. Up to this time operations had been conducted with the view of sparing life. But the city was wholly at the mercy of the British, who could destroy it at any moment, and it rested with the Governor to say whether this should be done. Negotiations were kept up for a day or two, when the bombardment was resumed, and continued for three or four days, causing much damage, and doubtless occasioning a serious loss of life. Meanwhile, a large number of armed junks had been concentrated below the city, and the British vessels were sent down to capture them, which they succeeded in doing after a sharp contest. This occurred on the 7th of November, and on the following day the Chinese made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy the British vessels by means of fire-ships. There was an interval of quiet until the 11th, when operations were resumed against the Bogue forts, thirty miles below the city, the strongest fortifications on the river, the possession of which by the British would give them the entire command of the stream. These were captured, with terrible slaughter of their defenders, and at the latest dates active hostilities were going on. The Chinese have set fire to the foreign mercantile establishments, and it was reported that the British would no longer spare the city.

The Americans have also become involved in a quarrel with the Chinese. Some time previous to the English difficulty, the United States sloop-ofwar Portsmouth had been ordered to Whampoa, in consequence of a rumor that the rebels were descending upon Canton. Other vessels were soon added to the American force. During the progress of the hostilities, an American trading steamer had crs against the Imperial Government.

that, not being able to gain an interview, he had | been fired into while passing the Chinese forts. Our Consul, Mr. Perry, demanded redress, which was promised by the Governor, who requested that the Americans would take no part in the quarrel with the English. Assurances were given that they would remain neutral so long as they were unmolested. It seems that when the walls of Canton were first breached, some Americans had taken part in the attack, and had even displayed our flag on the walls. This was promptly disavowed by Commodore Foote. On the 15th of November, a boat from the Portsmouth was fired into from the lower fort at the mouth of the river, in consequence of which it was determined to take the fort. The next day an attack was made, and the guns of the fort were silenced; but the American force at that point being too small to warrant landing to take possession, operations were delayed until the 21st, when all the vessels were concentrated, and a vigorous assault was made upon the forts at the mouth of the river. They were carried one after another, under a heavy fire, the Chinese driven out, and the forts dismantled. These were four in number, mounting in all 165 heavy guns, which were either destroyed or rendered useless. The American loss in these transactions was only five men killed and seven wounded. Very little damage was done to our vessels. The Americans, having accomplished their purpose, have withdrawn from the contest, to await the result of the action of the British Admiral.—There is also a probability that the French will become involved, as they have some grievances to settle. In addition to all this, it is reported that the rebels, who are in the neighborhood of Canton, are ready to take part with the foreign-

Literary Watices.

THE reaction from the flush of New Year's publications gives us an unusually scanty record of important books for the past month, and affords but slight occasion for the exercise of our critical pen.

One of the most readable volumes which we have received since our last issue has the appropriate title of Pictures of the Olden Time, by EDMUND H. SEARS, a contribution to the romance of history, in which fact and imagination are blended in discreet proportions, with a large preponderance of the former. The materials are derived from the annals of the Puritan colony in Holland, from which was selected the band of resolute pilgrims who first landed on Plymouth Rock. In his freshly-colored narrative, Mr. Sears has attempted to illustrate the life of the ancestors of the New England people, in its perilous ways behind the scenes of courts, Parliaments, and battles, and in the familiar intercourse of neighbors and servants, wives and children. A peculiar interest is given to his pictures from the fact that they represent the fortunes of a single family in the ancestral line of the writer, and are thus clothed with a vivid, home-like reality, which no artistic painting can impart to the mere creations of fancy. The tone of the work is doubtless too grave and earnest for the reader in quest only of amusement, although its elevation of thought, and its frequent touches of natural pathos, can not fail to prove attractive to cultivated and contemplative tastes. Regarded substance or for circumstance, beside the command

in a historical point of view, the work is valuable for its accurate discrimination and its rich and impressive illustrations. Mr. Sears earnestly insists on the distinction, which is often lost sight of, between the character of the Plymouth settlement and that of the subsequent Massachusetts colony. But this distinction is essential to a true appreciation of the Puritans of New England. The Plymouth emigrants were originally from an humble agricultural district in the north of England. They were placed in that station of life which holds a happy medium between poverty and riches. Dwelling away from the luxuries and refinements of the city, "amid corn-fields, and sheep, and kine," they had little knowledge either of the world or books, and consecrated the intervals of toil by communion with God and meditation on Heaven. After they were driven out of England they remained twelve years in Holland, "shut in from the great world among themselves, and drawing closer than ever around the Head of the Church." With all their devotion to the faith, they held its principles in tolerance and love. They had imbibed the spirit of the large-hearted Robinson, as it glows through his farewell address. So early as 1641, almost within twenty years of their first landing at Plymouth, they passed an ordinance that "no injunction should be put on any church or church-member as to doctrine, worship, or discipline, whether for



of the Bible." They left each man free to interpret the Bible for himself. They required no relation of private experiences, no assent to special articles of faith, but godly living alone, as conditions of admission into the Church. They were friendly to all sects, not excepting the Quakers and Anabaptists, which at that time were the objects of such general ecclesiastical odium. Even Roger Williams, the arch-heretic of his day, when exiled from Massachusetts, found cheer and comfort in their sympathy. The excellent Winslow made a journey from Plymouth to Providence, to take him by the hand. "That great and precious soul, Mr. Winslow," says Roger Williams, "melted and kindly visited me at Providence, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife for our supply."

The Massachusetts colony dates nine years later than that of Plymouth. It was composed of an entirely different class of persons. Its leaders were men of rank, wealth, legal attainments, and literary culture. They were the descendants of earls, lord-mayors, and gentlemen. The Massachusetts Company was formed in London, and men who were large proprietors embarked in the enterprise. Bred in the elegancies and comforts of English life, they had suffered no experience of poverty and persecution. They were not separatists from the Established Church—some of them were in full communion with it-and, in general, they had high notions of church prerogative and infallibility. Their emigration to America was attended with comparatively few hardships. They came over fifteen hundred in a year, bringing their wealth with them. Endicott, the leader of the Massachusetts colony before the arrival of Winthrop, was a man of a cold, saturnine, intolerant cast of character. The spirit of the colony, from the beginning, was one of bitterness and persecution. The early legislation of the Plymouth colony, on the other hand, was statesmanlike, just, and liberal. No code of blue laws was ever enacted by the Pilgrims. The Plymouth records exhibit scarcely an instance of the espionage over private rights which marks the early history of Massachusetts and Connecticut. The contrast between the two colonies, in many other respects, is ably set forth by Mr. Sears. His final conclusion is amply sustained by facts. "To this day the Pilgrim blood flows with less foreign intermixture than elsewhere through the veins of the people of the Cape; and in tolerant principles, genial spirit, and generous bearing, in religion without bigotry, and faith warm with the ardors of charity, may be traced, after two hundred years, some moral lineaments of the Scrooby congregation." (Crosby, Nichols, and Co.)

Harper and Brothers have published an Elementary Treatise on Geometry, by Professor Doch-ARTY, containing a brief exposition of the principles of that science, and of plane and spherical trigonometry. The author has made free use of the labors of the French and English mathematicians, wherever they have suited his purpose, in the preparation of his volume, the special features of which are conciseness, lucidity, and rigid exactness of expression. It well sustains the reputation

of his text-book on Algebra.

Two new volumes of Harper's Classical Library are issued, containing the translation of the Tragcdies of Euripides, by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, in literal prose. The version is founded on the text of Dindorff, and is accompanied by brief and appropriate notes.

History of the Invasion and Capture of Washington, by John S. Williams, is a narrative of the famous Washington campaign, written with the view of removing the obloquy which has been cast upon the American troops engaged in the Battle of Bladensburg. The author has made diligent use of the copious materials furnished by the Congressional investigation of the subject, and by personal statements from those whose position at the time enabled them to obtain a correct knowledge of the affair. The moral which he attempts to deduce from the history is favorable to the character of the American soldiery, at the expense of the prominent politicians of the day. (Harper and Brothers.)

Seven Years' Street-preaching in San Francisco, by Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, gives a graphic description of a bold and successful attempt, by an enthusiastic Methodist preacher, to "beard the lion in his den" among the streets of San Francisco. The brave soldier of the cross was filled with the spirit of his Master, and did not hesitate to encounter vice and wretchedness in whatever form they made their appearance. His book relates many curious episodes in the life of a city minister, and shows throughout an unflinching courage, a resolute devotion to the work of an evangelist, and a remarkable power of adaptation to the demands of the occasion and the moment. (Carlton and Porter.)

The same publishers have brought out a selection from the itinerant and editorial budget of Rev. J. V. WATSON, entitled Tales and Takings, consisting of articles from the pen of contributors to the editor's paper during a long connection with the press-of fugitive pieces gathered from different sources—and, in a great proportion, of his own literary productions. The sketches, which compose a large part of its contents, are marked by their vivacity and naturalness, and in many instances are not a little amusing. A number of portraitures of eminent clergymen show a happy gift in the delineation of character, and though drawn, as far as we can judge, with faithful discrimination, their frank and hearty good-humor disarms them of all offending qualities. The lamented decease of the author just before the volume was sent to press, invests it with a new and melancholy interest.

Villas and Cottages: A series of Designs prepared for execution in the United States, by CALVERT VAUX. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this work was the associate of the late Mr. Downing, and several of the plans which it contains were the product of their united experience and skill. The genuine love of beauty, the excellent taste, and the admirable good sense which gave such value to the suggestions of the distinguished artist, whose early loss was a national calamity, have evidently left their traces on the composition of this volume. Mr. Vaux has attempted to furnish such designs and descriptions, to those who are about to build in the country, as shall effectually contribute to the improvement of domestic rural architecture. While his work bears the impress of artistic genius and sound theoretical principles, it abounds in the practical details and minute instructions demanded by those who wish to make only judicious and efficient expenditures in the construction of their dwellings. It is illustrated by three hundred choice engravings, and its typographical beauty is a model.



Editar's Cable.

-The most of men and women have an ideal of Home. Such is the nature of the domestic sentiment, that it forms an easy alliance with the imagination, and borrows from it both a creative and an enlivening influence. It is not a mere instinct in any one; for thought and feeling, quickened by the consciousness that it is endowed with a special capacity for growth and happiness, are constantly striving to pour a current of fresh and animating life into its channels of action. Go into the humblest cottage in the land, and there is something more within its walls than the eye can discern. Bench, table, and bed are not the only furniture. The rude hearth, with its unshapen rock and ample size, has another fire than that which warms its closely-gathered circle. Fancies and impulses are there-artists and architects-working joyfully because of the inspiration of love. All men, not degraded by passion or brutalized by crime, are poets, painters, sculptors at home. The heart can not live in a place that is simply a material dwelling. Idealize it must, by virtue of its own truthful tenderness; and, rising above common images, it can only be satisfied by expressing itself in words that typify Heaven. Beautiful, then, is that provision of our Creator by which every man and woman has a birthright in the gladness and glory of the universe, because of their sympathy with home. It is sufficient of itself to create tastes that refine our grosser elements, and make them kindred to spiritual affections; to awaken aspirations that wander forth from the soul as forerunners of a worthier future; to indicate new and sublimer offices of character; and possess, by anticipation, some of the prerogatives of angel-life in Paradise.

No ideal of the mind is a vain and useless thing. The most substantial practicalness is often found in these bright imaginings, and they serve our needy nature far beyond the range of common utility. Value is not a term coined, like money, out of the materials of the earth; nor can the commercial exchange determine all questions of profit and loss. If the interests of our higher being are to settle the relations of all objects to us, then, indeed, it can not be doubted that the sunshine and the rain, as they form the bow of God's promise in the sky, or the dew-drop as it holds the firmament in its bosom, or the apple-blossom as it falls to the ground, or any other of the myriad beauties of the universe, may contribute as much to the real advancement of the human race as the more ostensible means that promote his outward good. man is much more than a creature of civilization. The animal in him is not only to be tamed and fed and clothed, but the glorious spirit, breathed into him by Jehovah, is to receive its share of life from the economy around him, and mature itself for an awaiting destiny. Man can not live by bread alone. If he were confined to that food, he would soon fatten into a devil. There are, therefore, golden seasons for the soul-harvests gathered not into barns—vines, that yield no purple fruits, and yet lay their summer foliage over richer gifts. To its largest extent, Nature seeks to serve the mind as well as the body, offering alike to its perceptions and its joys the privilege of commun-

CAN WE IMPROVE OUR DOMESTIC LIFE? ion with whatever is fair and noble in creation. It is the beneficent parent of the ideal and the real; and though we distinguish them by different names, yet, in their final purpose and meaning are they one, in revealing whence they came and whither they tend to lead us. In nothing is this gracious kindness more manifest than in the special fullness of its plans for the culture of the heart. The wide world is for the race, as a race, but home is a superadded world for the heart; and as Jehovah in his ancient temple would have an exclusive chamber, adorned with superior grace, for his selecter dwelling, so hath he ordered that the spirit shall here be shut in from landscape and sky, no less than from friendship and business, and be left alone with its high offices of meditation and worship. We study Providence on the great theatre of life, where men struggle, where nations rise and fall, where mighty agencies convulse the old order of things, and fulfill the decrees of mercy or vengeance. But there is nowhere such a Providence as watches over the heart and the home. It works most wondrously here. Not only are children born there, but likewise all that is great and good. It is the divine nursery for science and art, for philanthropy and piety. Without it, the wealth of the whole world could not enrich a single hand, nor its splendors confer lustre on a solitary brow. Here men and women are made most sensible of the image of God; here they are trained and disciplined to lofty aims and vast endeavors; here they are chosen and called, baptized, anointed, robed, and crowned; here Heaven originates events and ordains victories; here poets receive their lyres, and chieftains are girded for conflict, and rulers are inaugurated for the obedience of It is a topic common to pulpit and mankind. press, and, outlasting all others, is never exhausted. Home has created more fiction, written more songs, recorded more biographies, uttered more maxims, inspired more eloquence, and even fills a larger space in the Bible than any thing else. Men never weary of it. The fireside, the old arm-chair, the cradle of infancy, and the couch of age, the family table, and evening parlor, have an immunity from the familiarity that takes the edge from novelty, and the commonplace tediousness that robs the mind of its elastic tone. Love renews its youth every day, and home is re-newed with it. The household incidents of every hour do more to keep thought and hope alive in the soul than all the excitements of enterprise and ambition, and, despite of care and anxiety, they send a steady stream of vigor through motives and sentiments that would otherwise decay. The beautiful things that never die out of men's memories-never become superannuated-never have their morning light darkened or their early freshness exhaled—are heavenly witnesses to the noble immortality of pure affections. Whatever else this frail and feeble world fails in, it never withholds its princely revenues from the heart of love; for God is love, and he hath made the earth and all in it to express this truth, and minister to it in his

> If such are the offices of the domestic sentiment, men and women ought surely to feel that it contains the elements of their most enduring strength



and their highest happiness. The misfortune of our race is, that either it has no faith at all in this cardinal fact, or its faith is so weak as to be practically inert and inoperative. And just here lies the first serious difficulty in realizing the true art of life. Men and women lack a genuine, highminded, bold-hearted faith in the capacity of this sentiment to answer its noble ends. Poetic fervors and romantic enthusiasms we have abundantly; but where shall we find that simple, loving, generous trust in the might of home and love to develop our being, and, under Christian influence, restore its lost inheritance of blessedness? thinks of home as a charming convenience; another, as a delightful comfort; a third, as an elegant luxury; and it is fashioned and formed agreeably to their ideas. It is a mere earthly thing. At the first glance, it looks like a great advance on the den of the wild beast, but when viewed more closely, how far removed is it from the nest of the bird, the hole of the fox, or the cave of the hyena? The animal is alike satisfied in each; and though, in the case of man, certain sentiments and impulses are excited and pleased, yet the distinctive province of his home is not fulfilled. A man may be sheltered by its roof, protected by its walls, fed by its table, and refreshed by its repose; he may even have its tasteful enjoyments in its ornamented halls, and an intellectual banquet in its capacious library; sense and intellect may be royally served by that multiplied ministry which modern art has introduced, and yet the scene of all this service and show may be no home. The just ideal of home, as God's institution, extends far beyond body and intellect. Men and women are placed in the midst of its sanctities that they may understand the laws of their moral nature through the instrumentality of sympathy, grow into each other, draw the supplies of expanding life from mutual resources, and learn how the union of affections perfects individuality, and makes each nobler in the sphere where God has put them. Such a conception of home is necessary to every heart that would give exercise to profound sentiment and intense feeling. Any faith that falls short of this deep and devout conviction, robs the soul of its richest earthly patrimony. Human nature, it must be confessed, is too wayward and imperfect to experience a near approach to this standard. But, nevertheless, there is a mighty moral power in a high ideal, even if we fail to attain it.

Civilization has done much for us. It has wrought wonders; and, indeed, it has made wonders cease to be wonderful. Our sense of novelty has been taxed until it has lost its keen sensitiveness, and often there would be relief if it could shrink behind the shadow of familiarity. Admiration is quite exhausted, and a sober man sometimes prays that he may have a short respite, and recruit the overstrained faculty. What was once thought extravagant language is now very ordinary talk. We have compounded adjectives, intensified verbs, and sublimated phrases, until lexicography threatens our brains with madness. The present age is an endless topic for eulogy, and our oratory is fairly outdone in efforts to award it justice. Modern civilization-American civilization-has contributed greatly to our advancement. But what has it done for our homes?

Our homes are large debtors, in every item of physical comfort, to the spirit of the age. In the construction of houses, in their adaptation to cli-

| mate; in arrangements for warming, ventilating, bathing, cooking-in every thing that has reference to animal life-we have made remarkable progress. Where men can command the means, they have it in their power to erect and furnish dwellings that have never been equaled. Nor have the rich only gained in this respect; for persons in moderate circumstances are how able to supply themselves with domestic comforts that were once the privilege of the few. But even here it must be admitted that false views have perverted the tastes of our people. Good sense-which in this matter is synonymous with correct art-can not but condemn the lavish expenditure and ambitious pretensions of so many of our modern mansions. If an English lord build a superb palace, there is a conventional reason for it in the fact that his residence represents a social distinction. His position in the nation goes into stone and mortar. But, with us, a home is simply and entirely a domestic affair. It expresses nothing beyond an abode for a family. There is no heraldry to vindicate; no class-homage to inspire; no artificial claims to uphold. The idea of home, as home, ought not therefore to be transcended. If we were to build a Parthenon or a cathedral to live in, the ridiculousness would be apparent to every eye; and yet there are scores of persons in our country who violate quite as strikingly all sound sense and taste in their domestic edifices. Extravagance and ostentation are here utterly out of place. The quiet sentiment; the gentle, winning, confiding love; the serene and hallowed associations that cluster around the idea of home, are shockingly sacrificed in our fashionable houses. They are potent satires on the hearts of the builders. One can not help looking on them as huge advertisements of trade and commerce—as monuments of successful business-rather than domestic retreats from the world. The internal arrangements are no better. Gilding and carving, upholstery and furniture, suggest any thing but repose—the essential feature of a rational, agreeable home. The same spirit of worldlinessits gay frivolities, its dazzling appeal to other people's eyes, its lavish folly to secure applauseare rampant here. If the outside stands for the man of ships, and factories, and stocks, the inside is an equally cunning device for the woman of worldly fashion to publish her opera and ball-room proclivities. Between the industrious vanity of the two, much of Fifth Avenue has no more of a genuine domestic look and air than Broadway or Wall Street.

But these winter fortresses that line our pompous avenues are the exception. And yet it is easy to see how a vitiating taste is spreading among our people. A disposition is manifested every where to make home a scene for public display. The main study is to strike the visitor. Go into the homes of our middle classes, and see what an undue proportion of expense is laid out in the parlor. So far as the cost of furniture is concerned, it is the house. The chamber, the dining-room, and all the other apartments are expertly defrauded to captivate a small evening company; and for the admiration of a morning call, kitchen and nursery are sorely taxed. These are not good indications. A healthy, happy, domestic life requires above every thing else, that its arrangements should have reference mainly, if not exclusively, to the family. It is as the family dwelling, the family world, that



tendency in our country is to reverse the natural order. We make the rule the exception. And in this way the architecture of our houses, our furniture, and our whole domestic system, are lifted out of privacy, and transferred into the public arena. Fireside and table are mortgaged to the omnivorous public. Its great, glaring eye must be filled; its boa-constrictor appetite must be appeased. Now, how is it possible for domestic virtues to thrive under such tuition? The outside world, whether it be business or pleasure, must be kept outside, if we would have a home that shall cultivate gentle and beautiful affections, exalt taste, ennoble habit, and minister a soothing balm to care and trouble. It must be tranquil, retired, personal life. Friends and acquaintances ought to share its hospitality, but never in such a shape as to set aside the true aspects of home. Welcome them heartily, and honor them in your generous treatment; but let it be in a spirit that shall subordinate fashion, etiquette, and society to homebred excellence. The tables are now completely turned. Our social festivities are out-of-door shows; street-carnivals within walls. People go away with all their recollections in their stomachs. The thought of a domestic entertainment never touches even the circumference of their heads. It is a reunion of gossips and gormandizers. whole thing is a farce in the way of private theatricals, and the getters-up are paid for their infinite pains by meaningless compliments, with the additional pleasure of sundry bills, long enough to sound the depths of a royal exchequer.

A prominent and general defect in the domestic society of our country, is the excessive devotion to business, which is so marked a characteristic of our habits. Although this evil is chiefly the result of circumstances, acting with peculiar force on the enterprising men of the day, yet its influence is probably more pernicious, at least in its present effects, than any other cause that is operating on our social life. A fair portion of every man's time is justly due to his wife and children; and if it is denied them, there is no compensation for the robbery. They suffer a moral privation for which he can not atone by splendid success in making money. Let him not think that the hours sacred to domestic instruction and enjoyment, if spent in honest and honorable labor, will not avenge themselves on him and his household. No matter how pure the motive may be, the consequences will not be averted. Love has its duties that must be discharged; and of all love, married love is most acutely sensitive to its obligations. It is not an affection that may be left to its own spontaneous growth, but one to be watched and nurtured with daily care and kindly solicitude. To keep alive the beautiful and truthful simplicity of early feeling; to perpetuate and deepen the delicate glow of romance that then overspread the scenes of existence; to interchange those thoughts and sympathies which make the life of one the property and the inspiration of the other; to be kindred in tastes, tempers, and pursuits; and to be so vitally united as to render marriage the natural expression of a common nature and destiny—this is surely a great and divine task, that demands no mean skill, no chance art, and for which time and occasion and circumstances are to be held in rigid reserve. Married people are too apt to forget that each oth-

tainments, parties, are mere incidents. But the requiring no small wisdom in its management. They are to be more than a mutual help and comfort, for Providence means them to educate each other, and, by the agency of a common tie and a common interest, penetrating every faculty and sentiment, to form their nature in harmony with its social purposes. Such a work as this-the highest and holiest that can engage man and woman-is certainly not to be accomplished in the refuse bits and shreds of time that are usually left after business has exhausted mind and muscles. But this is the current style of our life. The merchant, the lawyer, the speculator, eats up the husband, and the skeleton of his former self is all that remains to the wife and the household. Is it any wonder that domestic infidelity is increasing among us? Is it any wonder that misery is creeping into so many of our homes, and laying its black shadows around the table and the fireside? There can scarcely be a doubt that our women, as a whole, are degenerating. And our married women head the list in extravagance, folly, and other evils. This, too, when we have more to make us contented and happy than any people. We apprehend that the cause of this social deterioration is not occult and mysterious. It is patent to all eyes. Our civilization is founded too much on the basis of business, instead of resting, where God has placed it, on the life and love of the household. If our women were made happier at home, they would not be so prone to seek false and pernicious excitements abroad. If their husbands did not neglect them so shamefully, they would seldom show that morbid passion, now spreading among them, for gratifications that are wretched substitutes for the blessedness of the domestic circle.

It is easy to purchase success in business at too dear a price. If men will barter away a pair of good eyes, a sound nervous system, a healthy digestion, and the opportunities for recreation and improvement, for a few extra thousand dollars, they are less shrewd than they are in other commercial transactions. But there are some other items in this scale of profit and loss. Your prosperous man frequently trades off his wife and children. Some of the Eastern nations buy their wives; but we often sell ours, and pocket the profits. And when the successful man has amassed a fortune, what sort of a home has he for its enjoyment? The statuary that he puts there rebukes the mock-life around it; and the pictures on the walls, that ought to be significant emblems of the joy and brightness of his family, only suggest the dreams that his youth indulged. Men ought to know that while Home is not a hard master, or an inexorable tyrant, it is yet a divine authority, whose laws are not to be trampled down with impunity. It will not let the offender escape. It accepts no pleas in abatement, and forgives no mistakes. Errors of judgment are held to a strict accountability, as well as vices of conduct. Too many of our men ignore this sanctity of home-law. Their fit title is-a business-sex. Kind and affectionate they may be, but not in a wise and proper way. Wives and children need something besides good sentiments and full purses. They want attention, counsel, sympathy, heart-succor and heartsupport. Denied these gracious offices on the part of husband and father, what else can be expected but disorder and distress at home?

Nor ought another point to be overlooked. Soer's character and happiness are a constant trust, | ciety has now so much machinery in it, that we are



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our own. We have good schools; we pay them well; and, forsooth, the obligation of the parent to educate his child is discharged by committing him to the teacher. We can buy books for wife and children. Here, too, are the morning papers and the monthly magazines. They can do our talking. Sabbath-schools come in opportunely, to relieve us of moral and religious culture. Money can hire a nurse for the boys and girls. Money can buy the news, and all other intelligence. Money can secure all kinds of agents on whom parental responsibility may be shifted. Our whole social system is crowded with these proxies. Such instruments are invaluable so long as they are used as mere aids to the parent. But every observer knows that in a vast many cases they are not employed as adjuncts to parental effort. And this is, perhaps, the most serious evil of modern society; viz., the excessive reliance on outside machinery to do the work of home. A few years since, when the world was not quite so much blessed with gifted people, who could be harnessed in your traces, it was customary for parents to do their own work. Their minds were in active and constant contact with their children; their talents were exerted in the domestic circle; their knowledge was at the service of the family, and their delight was to comment on useful maxims, illustrate great truths, give wholesome advice, and inspire laudable ambition. All of us are aware what a falling off there is in this particular. Household talk, as once known, is becoming rarer every day. Children are taught abroad how to be men and women; and not only are their manners formed by professional teachers of behavior, but the principles which are to guide them in after life, are often left to the capricious instructions of such as have no vital interest in the matter. What a contravention this of the divine plan! External aids may be wisely invoked to assist in the proper development of childhood and youth, but the essential sentiments of character, as well as most of what constitutes the true growth of intellect, must be communicated through home-agency alone. The fruits of this false method of training are already startling enough to awaken anxiety. Young America is a product of the outside world, where the heart is stimulated before its time, and the imagination is captivated ere reason and common sense have acquired their first lessons in the realities of human experience. Nature sheathes the young flower beneath the hardy covering of the bud, and opens it slowly to the air and light. Modern education is in hot haste to strip off the protections of the sensibilities, and expose them to the excitements that kindle fever in the blood.

Owing to these causes, our society is pretty much a democracy of young people. It is in the hands of immature intellect, unfit to minister to the pleasure or profit of others. Not only is our social intercourse robbed of some of its chief charms by making age a mere appendage to the drawingroom, but persons in middle-life have not half the influence which they should exert. The rule is for the foreground of the canvas to be occupied with very slim figures in very uneasy attire, while the background is given to dim, mystical personages, stiffened in the attitude of cold spectators. "It's a sad country to get old in," said an intelligent and accomplished American gentleman to us some time since. "I never wish to be an old man to each other's service and joy.

readily betrayed into a substitution of its action for in the United States." Verily, there is truth in it. Nor would it be quite so bad, if this statute of limitation were applied to the really old. But age in this country is not measured by years but by the suffrages of our sovereigns, fresh from boardingschools and colleges. Men of forty, women at thirty-five, are voted old; a sentence of exclusion is passed upon them, and henceforth, too young to die, and too old to live, they drag out an anomalous existence by virtue of nerves and muscles that happen to be independent of social edicts. Three score years and ten-bless the dear Psalmistwhat a patriarch he, among the oldest of the venerable fogies! Our psalms celebrate "sweet sixteen," and if, by some strange luck, "Old Hundred" has escaped, it is put in the keeping of the Sunday orchestra. Our music is an anomaly for the benefit of young girls and the piano. That "ubiquitous" instrument for American homes may be defined to be a costly piece of furniture, supplementary to the toilet, that allows prospective ladies to practice the arts of distraction until the expiration of their second decade. Nor do we fare much better in popular literature. Three-fourths of our literary papers and magazines are prepared to suit the tastes and habits of our half-grown population. Limited within reasonable bounds, all this would be proper and commendable. Sympathy with the young is a beautiful virtue, worthy of all praise; but where sympathy becomes so excessive, it is worse than a weakness; it is a social vice, that impairs the vigorous growth and healthy life of society.

Aside from these evils, there are other pernicious influences at work in our domestic society that threaten us with injury. One accustomed to observe the characteristics of the day, must have often noticed what a growing indisposition there is among our women to submit to the care and duty of housekeeping, and how eager they are to throw them off. Time was, when a home of your own was an object ardently desired, and hearts pledged to each other looked to the quiet companionship of its walls as the consummation of earthly bliss. A wife without a home was scarcely considered a wife at all. Our old-fashioned fathers and mothers reasoned, that if two loving souls united themselves in the bands of matrimony, a home was essential to rivet those bands firmly and closely around them. The honeymoon over, thither they went, and beneath their own roof found a genial occupancy for their time in the responsibilities of their daily tasks. And they were true to nature in the act; for married life demands, with the force of an instinct, a home for itself. Nor can we see how the completeness of marriage can ever be realized-how its full measure of joy can be attained, how its sacrifices can be nobly made, and its patient, soothing, inspiring vocation be fulfilled-except in such a home. Is there nothing in having a table, a fireside, a pleasant porch, shady walks, cheerful flowers, that you can call your own? The commonest article of furniture borrows new associations if it has a place in your own dwelling; and chairs, carpets, curtains, draw a charm from the walls that shut you in from the world. Man and wife are never perfectly themselves any where else, nor can they ever learn to depend on each other—to think, plan, talk, labor, and suffer for mutual benefit-unless they are thus separated from outside connections, and dedicated



Boarding-houses were once for young single gentlemen and bachelors. Good days were those, when they lived in easy content, fearing no evil. But the advancing wave of civilization has inundated them, and they have betaken themselves to club-houses for security against noisy Irish nurses and brawling babies. See, too, the great hotels. Is all the world on a furlough from home, that these huge establishments are needed to accommodate them? The stranger is soon let into the secret. Taking a hint from the size of a Southern plantation or a Western prairie farm, the cunning architect puts a good slice of the continent into walls, passages, chambers, and parlors; and as you wander through these winding ways, you indulge a childish wonder how the labyrinths of Egypt and the catacombs of Rome have suddenly reappeared on this remote hemisphere. But it's a new world! Indeed it is-new in more senses than one-and this is among the things that make good its boastful title. Now the idea of converting such a place into a family home is a more ridiculous problem than ever alchemy proposed. You may eat, drink, sleep, wear fine clothes, and promenade fine rooms in it, but you can not graft a domestic idea on it. Compared with home, the atmosphere, scenery, habits, are as different as the poles are from the tropics. You might as well exhaust your ingenuity on perpetual motion, as waste it here in efforts to enjoy a home.

Our summing-up must be short. The heart of our country lives in its homes, and after all the eloquent things we say about republican rights, the final test of institutions is in the domestic character of the people. The world is an enjoyable place just so far as we can render it tributary to our homes; and freedom is a blessing exactly up to the measure that we improve its privileges in forming ourselves after the divine ideal of noble men and women. Side by side stand the Altar of Liberty and the Altar of Home; and if Christianity has lighted their flames, let us never forget that it is from those flames, burning heavenward with steady strength of warmth and lustre, that Providence brings the fiery swords which arm us for our highest achievements and our grandest victories.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WISHING, the other day, to give the old Easy Chair the benefit of a change of air, we placed it upon wheels, as we have done before, and away we glided, leaving the city and care behind. Away we glided, following the river, toward the Rome and Constantinople of the Empire State, and a vigor as of early-stirring sap possessed the legs and arms of the Chair as the Palisades, streaked with snow, rose even warmly against the west, as if drawn up in sudden and orderly array to do homage, and the "long light" of declining day struck across the little ice-fields and fragments that were strewn along the river.

If you would follow Kane, and see what he saw, you have only to embark in the cars for the New York Rome and Constantinople, sitting westward in the car and looking out at the window. Floes, hummocks, drift-ice, field-ice, are all before your eyes; and some venturesome sloop, some heroic schooner, which has sought to baffle the Arctic rigors of the year, and penetrate to remote Peekskill or fabulous Sing Sing, lies "nipped" in the very one or two more seats than he pays for, and looks

calm deeper than it knew since it stood nascent in the shipyard.

If, by good chance, a light fog come creeping up from the bay, or a snow-flurry shuts out the friendly and grave Palisades, then you have the boundless Arctic Ocean and the mysteries of the Pole. plain of jagged ice-heaps stretches away and hides itself, telling no story, with the pitiless silence of desolation, deep in the obscure. There, haply, lies the open ocean! There are the calm blue waters on the very crown of the earth! There the unknown birds flutter, and dip, and sail majestic over the untracked sea! There blows the balmier air over soft, green shores, waiting to be breathed by the bold mariners who have dared so bravely and There-why not?-Sir John and his crew, as of old the Spaniards in equatorial latitudes, eat the new lotus and dream away delightful days! There lies the ice-girdled paradise that allures and justifies forever the irrepressible pur-

Not so-yet as the Easy Chair rests at that swift window over the river, so it seems and so it might be. But the mild Hackensack slopes and sweet New Jersey are paradisaical only to an eye and mind befogged.

"It is a pleasant thing to go into the country," even in winter, provided always that you go to Dingley Dell or to Chestnut Cottage. To hear the soft rustle of snow about your window, as a serenade, is also a pleasant thing in the ancestral halls of the Sparrowgrasses. Before a blazing fire to stretch the legs of a Chair which have been warped and split with the unkindly fervor of a furnace, and to gaze complacently at the shield over the mantle, which was captured by General Washington from Goliath of Gath, at the battle of Armageddon - these are all things so pleasant, that memory puts them by in her cabinet as the keeper of diamonds to her Majesty puts by the koh-inoors.

But in all fairy stories and veritable histories, is it not recorded that "on the following morning he resumed his journey?" Therefore the fairy Easy Chair did not fail to do the same, and through the soft snow returned to the shore, and helped once more to embroider the river-edge of the Empire State with a glistening thread of steam. The day was gusty and gray, and the cars were full. As we wandered down the aisles to find a seat, we came suddenly upon Hog.

What a family of marked characteristics it is! How impossible it is for a Hog to travel incognito! There he sat, with Mrs. Hog, and the little Pig with its nurse, occupying four seats. They really filled three, and the shawls and bundles were piled upon the rest. Hog was having twelve dollars' worth for nine dollars, and looked as important and surly as if he owned the railroad, and the rest of us traveled by his gracious sufferance. He was well wrapped in furs, and read a book. Mrs. Hog sat next the window and read a newspaper, and surveyed the little Pig asleep in the nurse's arms. Meanwhile honest women and men stood in the aisle, shaking with the movement of the train and longing to sit down. They looked at the seat before Hog, bundled with his family traps, and the more they looked, the sulkier looked Hog and the more steadfastly he read.

Hog travels every where, and always occupies bud of its undertaking, and sits in icy stocks in a personally insulted if any one who has paid for



them offers to take them. Sometimes the brothers Hog travel together, and put their feet upon the front seat, and when passengers enter, especially poor women with bundles, look absorbingly out of the window, or make their faces as hard as their hearts. Sometimes it is only old Mrs. Hog who presumes upon the privileges of her sex, and aims to spread herself as broadly as possible. But it is chiefly the young couple traveling with their first baby. For, like a free and enlightened American, Hog makes haste to get into a car the moment the baby can be blanketed and carried. soon as the American baby begins to be, he begins to be peripatetic.

Now, dear Hog (thou who art reading this very page in the car in which thou usurpest places not thine own), take your feet down, take up your blankets and towels, and hold them in your own lap. Don't look and act as if the car were yours, or as if you had a particular right to be comfortable while other people stand up, and squeeze, and sit edgewise upon the sharp arms of seats. Don't suppose that in a carful of sixty persons there is not some one who notices the hoggishness of a Hog. Don't look severe and lofty, as if you could not know any of your fellow-travelers, nor by any chance exchange a word with them. You great, selfish Hog, don't loll in one seat and put your shawl, or your wife's shawl, or your baby's toweling in another, while a woman stands seatless beside you, as this Easy Chair saw a woman standing by you on that gray, gusty morning, when the rattling cars darted around the sudden Hudson corners, and the casa Sparrowgrass receded in distance but not in memory.

Fortunately a car shows other spectacles than hogs. In the very same train there was a company of boys almost filling one car, clean, cheerhappy-faced, laughing, smiling, chatting, sleeping, and bound for the bourne of Columbusbound to find their new world in the West.

Surely there is no wiser, no kinder charity than that of the Children's Aid, whose hope, and aim, and result is not to help sinners, but to help men and women not to sin by early beginning a thoughtful supervision and tender carc. It goes into the lonely streets and into the desolate homes; it opens the doors which hope long since closed and departed; it looks upon the faces of dying mothers, whose death was bitter because of the fearful certainty of their children's future; it grasps the hand of the hard-struggling father, ready to faint and forswear honesty, or even long since dishonored; it takes the hand of the young child and leads him by still waters; it teaches the lips of the infant a prayer; it opens dark windows to the sunshine and dark hearts to God. Can you go up and down the dreadful places of the city, in fact or in thought, without thinking with a grateful heart of the good ministry of the Children's Aid? If you can not, then go and carry, or send to them a mite or a mill-It is a golden seed that blossoms abundantly.

Here, in the cars, the Easy Chair saw one of the harvests. Forty children of various ages, from the wee sleepling up to the sturdy boy of fourteen, and all dressed decently, and with a comely sweetness in their faces that drew confidently upon the future. The future, generous in opportunity, will not dishonor the drafts; the boys and girls of that chance meeting will settle and do well.

whose name has already a pleasant fame from this noble duty. The older boys were sometimes noisy, and when we passed through a tunnel, they said funny things and shouted; and when his eye was busy elsewhere, the big boys near the Easy Chair made droll faces. Then they called for bread, and he bought them great "hunks" of bread, at which they nibbled daintily. There was a jovial freedom, and yet a sense of proper restraint in their conduct; and in their faces it was not easy to find any bad promise. They were going to the West, into Michigan, perhaps, to go to service of various kinds; to be farmers and merchants and manufacturers; to be patriarchs of the West, and help to found a great empire, and build cities to be named with Nineveh and preferred before it; to perpetuate the great name and the great character of the American people; to be the revered ancestors to whom many a proud and delicate beauty of future centuries shall recur with love. They were going to the West to be saved out of the offal of the city, out of the slough of the East.

The Easy Chair was not crying Westward ho! with the children, and left them with many an unuttered God-speed and hearty prayer. A few days afterward it saw they had arrived, and were distributed and settled. The Christmas chimes were ringing as it read the news; and the tidings were glad as of old, and the refrain was, Peace and goodwill. If he who does it unto the least of these "does it unto Me," might you not believe that every actual helper of the Children's Aid had a merry Christmas?

But before the holidays were over, in the same car the same Easy Chair saw another sight. It. was not a romantic sight although it was a criminal. It was a forger going to the State Prison, where he was to pass five years at hard labor.

It is notorious that men break their necks to see a hanging. No actor, no orator, no preacher, no patriot, no prima donna or dancer could ever attract so large and gaping a crowd as a free execution. The same sickly curiosity invests every criminal with a morbid interest, and if Jenny Lind or the Empress Eugenie had been in the car, they could not have excited so much eager attention and remark as the forger Huntington.

"That's he!" swept by in a gust of eager whis-

per, as the Easy Chair was crossing its legs. "Who is he?" demanded the Easy Chair.

Our neighbor paused for a moment to enjoy the intense delight of the consciousness that too partial fate had placed him by the side of one who knew not the central interest of that car. But with a kind of nervous trepidation and delighted hurry, as if fearful that some one should abruptly bolt the news before him into the lap of the Chair, he said rapidly:

"That man sitting on the outside of the seat opposite the stove, in a dark brown coat with a velvet collar, with the black hat, and one partially gloved hand held to his face, is Huntington.

He sat quietly, looking, from behind, like all the other passengers in the car; but presently he turned, and revealed a coarse, thin-featured, vulgar, ignorant face, with a sly cat's eye and heavy mustache. When he smiled his mouth was haggard, and his eye, although he seemed to be very little disturbed, had just that conscious wandering which betrayed his knowledge of his situation. There was nothing fine, or handsome, or interest-They were under the guidance of Mr. Tracy, ing, or in any degree attractive in his face. It



ing the whole journey to Sing Sing, he sat talking with animation with the officers around him. They smiled and chatted, and unless you had heard the swift "That's he!" you would not have noticed the party. A few passengers, driven by insatiable curiosity, came in from the other cars and stared at him as if he were a hyena or the Grand Lama. Sometimes he sat very quiet, and held his hand to his cheek; but immediately turned and tossed off his momentary silence.

As the train passed under the wall of the prison it was already late twilight, but he turned and strained his eyes up at the building with its ranges of narrow windows, and then asked his companions a few eager questions. Perhaps he wished to know if he were to occupy one of those cells, whose lines of grating showed like dreadful port holes, huge and of hopeless vastness, in the side of some mysterious craft moored to night and terror, and along whose hull we timorously and pantingly darted.

"Sing Sing!" shouted the conductor as he opened the door of the car.

They rose simultaneously, the culprit and the officers, and moved rapidly out of the car. As they stepped down, the locomotive gave one of the long moans that rise and fall more humanly than its sudden shriek. Then we moved on, but as we passed the street of Sing Sing, the Easy Chair saw far down upon the wharf a crowd of people, at the edge of evening, gathered around the two glaring lights of the prison van. Into that stepped Huntington, and the van drove rapidly away. Out of the warm car, full of friendly men and women, in the cheerful holiday season, all going to bright firesides and pleasant homes, the forger passed into the stony silence of the prison, and the deeper gloom of his own thoughts. God be pitiful to him and to us sinners!

Such sights a peripatetic Easy Chair saw while the echoes of the Christmas carols were yet lingering in the air.

IT seems to a meditative Easy Chair that, among the expensive luxuries in which a man can indulge himself, nothing could be more luxurious than hiring a vast theatre in which your wife should play Lucia to another man's Edgardo. The theatre is a passion-perhaps it is an influence: certainly it is an excitement. Nothing could be more intoxicating than the electrical applause of a brilliant crowd glittering in balcony and box. But it is a poor speculation how far a man's love of art could carry him.

Let us suppose that Mrs. or Miss Slum conceive the idea of playing Lady Macbeth or Ophelia. Other ladies have their whims gratified, why not they? The holidays approach and Slum proposes a proper gift. What shall it be? Mrs. Slum has her little views, and connubially suggests what hers shall be.

"My dear, you shall take the Tacon Theatre or the San Carlo, and I will enact Lady Macbeth.

"Gracious Heavens, Mrs. Slum!"

That tragedienne returns to the charge. "Mr. Slum, I have a peculiar talent that must

be gratified. I have an idea of Lady Macbeth."
"But, my dear," pleads Slum masculine, entirely overwhelmed and silenced by the unlookedfor assault upon his equanimity and conjugal concession. A thousand distracting thoughts-pub- marine company like that of the Retribution; and

was repulsive; at once weak and cunning. Dur- | licity, ridicule, gossip, scandal-plunge through his brain, like a herd of wild buffalo through a morass.

> "But, my dear-" and again he is silenced by the ludicrous enormity of the idea.

> But whose proposes to play Lady Macbeth is not to be made dumb or to be driven from the proposition by any conjugal amazement. Mrs. Slum persists, and the play is played.

> The question now is, not what the public think, not how the critics are pleased, not whether Mrs. Slum is a second Siddons, and the affair a great success; but, how does Slum like it? where is he sitting? what is he thinking?

> Is it possible for a man who has not been bred to the stage to sit easy at the first appearance of his wife? Could he be comfortable if his neighbor in the parquette, after a long survey of the debutante through a double-barreled lorgnette, should say, slightingly, only these simple words:

"Monstrous ankles!"

If he could not be comfortable to hear those words, could he be quite at ease in exposing himself to hear them?

You remember, dear Mercury-for you remember every thing that fashion has consecratedthose charming Sontag opera nights at Niblo's. It was the best opera we ever had in New York. You and the Easy Chair think so, although there are who cleave to the memories of sweet Benedetti and Truffi. Heaven send them a villa upon Como! Sontag was so true a lady—so true an artist! Her voice was so delightful, even in its decay; and the romance of her name and career was so alluring! Then, too, the house was just large enough; not a barn, like the Academy-not a cupboard, like the Astor Place: and it was always so full of just the right people; so at least you used to tell this fond and credulous old Easy Chair, O Mercury!

Well, in the most passionate parts of Sonnambula and Lucia, when the tear-compelling heroine was dragging herself across the stage upon her knees or chasing a dread phantom insanely-when the audience hung rapt upon the womanly charm of Sontag, and even you, Mercury, blew your nose with an air of nonchalance, ashamed to betrav your profound emotion, then a heavy man with whiskers and mustache was strolling about the lobbies and contemplating the crowd.

Did you ever think, Mercury, that it might be the Count, her husband, calculating the house?

You see how it affected him. But it was not an expensive luxury in him to allow that exhibition. He was a foreigner, and was used to all kinds of life. He was a diplomatist, and therefore especially used to unexpected events. He had married his wife from the stage. But still you used to say that you wondered what his feelings were as he strolled, as he strolled.

And then, besides, his wife had some talent for the stage.

THERE is to be no Retribution for the Resolute, no Roland for our Oliver, and the balls and dinners are to be undanced and uneaten. The Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, the Navy Yard gentlemen, the various private clubs, the President, Cabinet, Departments, and Congress, have all hung up the fiddle and the bow. There are more good dinners uneaten than often fall to the lot of any



oh! the waltzes that shall never be waltzed, and the conquests of flirtation never to be made!

But the committees and clubs will take comfort. Let them also take counsel.

The good feeling shown by England at the return of the Resolute—the special visit and welcome of the Queen-the public and private hospitable honors heaped upon the officers who carried her over, all show how warmly the heart of England beats toward this country. When Victoria, standing upon the deck of the Resolute, said to Captain Hartstein, "I thank you, Sir," it was England speaking a word of welcome and peace to America. Considering all things, it was magnanimous. the British Lion were quite so surly as is said, he could hardly have roared so like a sucking dove, while his tail had been so recently sharply pinched.

Now there is no doubt of a constant jealousy between this country and England. When our ministers, upon every occasion, say at public dinners in England, "Mr. Bull, your good health," they express a certain degree of cordial anxiety as well as felicitation. There is always enough of the high-cockalorum patriotism on this side the water to blaze away upon very small inducements, and any Emerald orator can make the Tabernacle roar again on any pleasant evening by depicting the malignant tyranny of that baneful Leo.

But at bottom the hearts of two great Christian people must beat together. Allowing all the shortcomings and the backslidings, and the manifest defects and deplorable failures of John and Jonathan, does any sane man doubt that theirs is the future of the world? Does any serious man question that they truly lead the van of Christian civilization?

Such acts of public courtesy as we have seen within the last months are signs of the best augury. They show that America can do a truly generous and poetic deed, and that England can fitly acknowledge it. The Easy Chair is sorry that the dinners are not eaten here, for never since we ceased to be one people had orators such a theme. If any thing could invade the immemorial and invincible stupidity of these speeches at stuffing-time, it would surely be the conjunction of the two happy events in one season, the return of the Resolute, and the commencement of the Atlantic Telegraph. It is the union of heart and hand, and every noble American and Englishman must rejoice at the

YET we see there is talk of another expedition to search for Sir John Franklin, and are reminded by the announcement of the fortunes of our own great Polar navigator, Dr. Kane. He lies upon the Equator now, who so recently sought the Pole; trying if one extreme can heal the wounds of the other, asking if there be heat so balmy that it shall dispel the scars of frost.

Kane's career is matter of national pride, when we remember that he has taken rank with the great Arctic captains, and caused England to divide with us the honors of that heroism. What he has done his books testify; records written with manly simplicity, and with a vivid reality that will always commend them to the lovers of adventure and the scholar who would follow human daring in its most benevolent and attractive aspects.

And yet we must now ask ourselves, with a too doubtful questioning, whether all voyages are not ending for this brave navigator, this hero, this gen- ishment called the choker, an iron necklace into

erous man? There is a kind of tragedy in it, as if the grim North, resenting the violation of her virgin silence, had nursed a long revenge, and touching the leader with her finger had planted a disease which milder airs should develop, and not the softest air can cure. Politicians we can spare, in any quantity, to a kind Providence; but when the heavy hand is laid upon a man who has proved himself a man, and not a charlatan, then every man feels his heart swelling and his eyelids wet. Of course, the politician will not agree. Of course he will plead that the country which has gained lustre from the services of a hero must decline to honor him. Of course he will offer to pay money, but not to do what is most courteous, appropriate, and generous-namely, to distribute the record of the deed.

Dr. Kane's wish was very simple. He had prepared a memoir of his expedition, which is among the most valuable and interesting books of arctic discovery. It was exquisitely illustrated with instructive engravings, and the story was told with a simple charm that universally endeared it to the reader. Was there no propriety in an act of Congress taking for distribution among the people a large number of copies? The case was unique. If any body is afraid of a precedent, let it be freely made a precedent, and have it well understood that when a man does such things, and makes such a narrative, he shall have the countenance of Con-

While we write, this brave man lies upon a sick bed from which hope forbids us to anticipate his rising. Young, enthusiastic, of a singular executive ability, learned, accomplished, and devoted, the life which has illustrated our history seems about to end long before its meridian. And this is the moment the Senate of the United States chooses to tell him that it will not recognize his services in this most fitting way, but will, perhaps, give him some money!

Upon the whole, are not the United States of America the most generous, appreciative, considerate, and honorable people in the world?

WE import some pleasant fashions from over the sea, that of hoops for the skirts among them! But hoops for the neck are not so pleasant; tight, too, and much too closely fitting. There may be a great deal of gratified pride in sailing down Broadway like a Spanish armada down the Channel, and brushing every body off the sidewalk and every cigar stump and saliva pool on; but the same amount of gratification would seem to refuse to be extracted from a rope or handkerchief thrown suddenly around your neck from behind, inducing choking, and a consequent lifting of the hands, during which moments of uncertainty the pockets are rifled.

This is the new highway fashion of the garrote, introduced from London, where it has for some time flourished, and over which Mr. Punch has made himself weekly merry with his "anti-garrote collar," and "anti-garrote skirt," in one of which cases a stout iron circlet radiating spikes worn around the neck defies the subtlest art of the professor of the garrote, and in the other a far-sweeping sheet-iron skirt prevents the approach of the professor near enough to throw his lasso.

The operation of the garrote is simple, and clearly derived from the Spanish instrument of capital pun-



sudden turn of the screw, which is attached to the necklace through a post, draws that so close that the neck is immediately broken. Lopez died by the garrote in Havana.

This simple and convenient method of highway robbery has curiously escaped development until our own time. Now, by approaching stealthily from behind and seizing the collar or cravat and twisting it, the whole effect is produced, with its accompaniments, as we have described. The fashion prevails not only in retired streets and at late hours, but during the evening, when the crowd is moving every where, the garrote is in full play. The papers are full of accounts of its operation. There was never so much activity in the sale of small fire-arms as at the present time, for gentlemen who are going out to pass the evening do not wish to pay for their pleasure by strangulation. The suddenness and silence of the thing give it a kind of mystery, and awe is the characteristic of every mystery.

Any contemplative friend of the Easy Chair will naturally inquire at this point, "But, considering that this is the nineteenth century, et cetera, and that the Americans are the greatest and most glorious, et cetera, and that New York is the metropolis of America, how does it come about that the habits of the Sioux and the Snake-feet are reproduced with aggravations in the favorite promenade of the greatest and most glorious-how is it that this enterprising race, which wishes to plant its own vine upon the Mexican Gulf and its figtree upon the Pacific, and is taking all kinds of nations under its protecting care, can not keep the throats of people in its own metropolis secure?

Now the difficulty is, that contemplative people should never trouble themselves with our municipal regulations. If they do, they get surely confused; because thought, contemplation, wisdom, foresight, prudence, discretion, common sense have nothing to do with the government of a great city of the free and glorious. The "city" holds these truths to be self-evident, that citizens were born to be plucked, and that Councils and Aldermen were instituted to pluck them. It believes in universal corruption, and the venerable Henry taking the hind-captain. The "city" was a joke from the beginning. The turtle which thickened its soup has thickened its brain and obfuscated all its faculties, so that it is notorious if you prick an alderman any where he will ooze turtle.

Under such circumstances, we will not be surprised at the new fashion. In fact, we must consider the garrote a kind of concession and compromise. The same gentlemen who indulge in that excitement might have introduced some other. For our parts we do not complain. So long as our necks are left unstretched, we shall continue to be grateful that our fellow-citizens are only momentarily strangled with a handkerchief instead of being permanently suffocated by a halter. Since there is nothing to prevent the exercise of the freest fancy in the matter, we hold it to be a special grace that the gentlemen who ornament Broadway by sitting in the hotel-rooms with their feet against the window, and enliven its monotony by spitting between their boots into the street, do not employ a revolver in the same way upon the general chances. Ardent young men go to the Adirondack ly, is it not evident that divine Providence did not

which a man fits, or has fitted, his neck, while a | behind the corner of Broome Street, say upon a full-sized banker? The sport is different, but it must surely be more exciting. Or the militarydisposed might fling a hand-grenade, as they passed, into the gilt spitting-room of the St. Nicholas, or upon the steps of the Astor.

But we will not be impatient. These things will come in good time. When the garrote can be introduced without the dissent of the authorities. there can be no reasonable doubt that all other luxuries will follow in their seasons. Burking, for instance, is an inviting field. In fact, there are many paths yet untrodden by us. We shall yet live to laugh at the respect we bestow upon the garrote. God save the city!

THE newspapers have had their annual joke over the Woman's Rights' Convention, two or three months since. It is hard to say which was the poorer fun-the Convention itself, or the mock reports and criticisms upon it. There is, in truth, nothing more ludicrous than the moral position assumed by papers which are the most notorious slanderers in the community. Of course, the Easy Chair mentions no names. Equally of course, it does not mean any metropolitan journal, of all of which the pure moral tone, the freedom from prejudice, violence, or partiality, the unbiased judgments, the elevated tone, and scrupulous veracity are beyond question. When was it ever known that the Evening Tiddler spake ill of the Morning Diddler? Who does not know that it is the aim of the T. to make the path of the D. a summer sea strewn with roses?

It is, therefore, with great and natural curiosity that a pensive public awaits the moral judgment of the Tiddlers and Diddlers upon all the events of the day. When the Evening Mendax declares that the Woman's Convention is an outrage upon civilization, that the people concerned are atheists, infidels, polygamists, Lollards, impracticable fools, knaves, and blatant moon-calves, then every wellregulated, contemplative man regards that question as settled, and goes peaceably to bed. That is the advantage the Evening Mendax enjoys in being at once so veracious and able.

The fun has not yet been brought fully to bear upon the project of a Woman's Hospital. We assume the responsibility of inviting the attention of the Mendax to that subject, because it will be sure to gush drollery and beam with brilliancy in every editorial line upon the subject.

For, consider but a moment the humorous re-sources open to it. Here are women who have especially studied womanly diseases, and who now wish to have a hospital in which women shall treat sick females. The joke is patent. In the first place, is it not the duty of women to bear children and nurse them? Has not the Rev. Dr. Dingtydiddledy shown at length that the true sphere of woman is the family? In the second place, is it not a flagrant desertion of the beautiful prerogatives of woman to study medicine and surgeryand that at a time when all the varieties of pumpkin-pie have not been developed? Is it not clear that a woman ought to know the physiology of cows and sheep, so as to purchase the most economical parts for dinner, but need not trouble herself about her own anatomy, upon which only depend the birth and health of her children? Finaland lie in wait for deer. But why not play from intend women to fit themselves for physicians and



surgeons, because Florence Nightingale was only a | You are very fine, and elegant, and aristocratic, nurse in the Crimea?

In this chain of argument, which we merely suggest to the Evening Mendax, and which we are quite sure its own instincts will lead it fully to elaborate, there seems to be a glance at all the truly weighty objections against the scheme.

But the paper must stir, for the women are stirring themselves. They have definitively resolved that there is no possible reason why women should not have the sole care of each other in the most critical crises of a woman's life; and there are at this very moment several who are sufficiently accomplished, by long study and practice in the best schools, to undertake this work. A subscription is commenced, under the auspices of a Polish lady of perfect fitness for the position of chief in such an establishment, and who has had the most various experience in the most delicate female dis-

We trust the journal to which we have referred will lose no time in opening its pointed batteries of wit upon this absurd enterprise. If it wishes to advance the human welfare (as is so constantly evident in its columns), it will not fail to blaze away. Only let it state the case as it is, and every clear-sighted woman will fully understand it, and refuse to be imposed upon.

DURING the interregnum of the Opera, after the siren La Grange had fled to the tropics, and the other siren, Parodi, had not yet begun her witchery, the Academy of Music was given up to balls, and concerts, and performances of many kinds. All the polking philanthropists, and the young men and bachelors who are so profoundly interested in the public care of forlorn babies, went to the brilliant hall and danced most charitably on one of the eager, nipping nights of January. But best of all the openings was that for the concert of the Philharmonic Society, and the best thing upon the bill was the request that the people who think Mozart and Weber composed music for them to put on their shawls to, might put on their shawls, and say their brilliant things to attendant Snodkins and Bodkins, and go out before the music began.

We have often enough spoken of this indecency, and it seems as if Hog were really ubiquitous. Scarce have you left the cars, where you met him carefully occupying more seats than he had paid for, than you meet him at a rehearsal in the Academy, saying those valuable things about the weather and Mrs. Toodles's ball which it is so necessary that every body should hear. It is delightful to watch Hog at a rehearsal, or even at a concert. There is evidently nobody worth speaking to, until he sees the lovely Diddlers, and then he bows in his graceful way, and slips up to let fly his small talk. In vain the glory of genius thunders and thrills in the orchestra; Hog grins and chatters, as his nature is. In vain the lover of music, who can ill afford the time to be there, but who has small other chance of ever hearing great music, hisses and frowns; Hog simply stares at him, or points out to the Misses Diddler the extreme comedy of any man's listening to the music instead of chattering.

Let us leave him; but let us grieve that he has so many near relatives, who partake his nature if they do not share his name. Oh, Hog! why shall that its walls are not made up of mere figments of

we freely concede it: your manners are gentlemanly and polished, ecce signum; we will not dear it; we will deny nothing. But we poor miss ables like music—we are very sorry for it; we also like to hear it, and we confess in the dust our vulgarity. Bear with us, Hog! Bear with a tottering Easy Chair, who has few chances of hearing Beethoven, and very many of seeing you, and let the music be heard!

Or, Hog, if you despise us, listen to the Board of Directors:

"Many and just complaints have been made during the past and present season, on account of load talking and other annoyances to which members, during the concerts, and especially the rehearsals, were subject. The Board of Directors are determined to do all in their power to put a stop to such abuses and infringements of the rights of the great majority. They have, therefore, placed officers in different parts of the house, whose special duty it is to see that no one is thus or otherwise disturbed, and to use stringent measures if circumstances should require it.

"By order,
"New York, December, 1856." L. SPIER, Sec'y.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

From Aix to Liege, from Liege by some tortuous track to Lille, and from Lille we dash straight and swiftly down upon Paris, and before we know it are under the iron and glazed roofs of the Northern Station. We are in a wilderness of iron columns and moving people; yet we are in no fear of losing ourselves. If we hesitate, if we wander, a kindly official taps us on the shoulder and motions us to follow with the crowd. Never mind your luggage, you will find it soon enough; and you pass on. Every thing is substantial, compact, cleanly. The pavement, you observe, is of some firm, smooth concrete; its curbings of hewn stone; the walls of the station-house formed of huge blocks of the same; the wilderness of iron columns hold up delicate iron spandrels, curiously braced and counter-braced, and stretching away in perplexing perspective; a flood of light pours through the glass roof upon long trains of carriages and a motley assemblage of travelers in every imaginable costume. You follow your particular group of travelers into a hall through which extends a long range of low tables, and upon these the entire effects of the arriving company are presently displayed. A swarm of railway officials pass them from hand to hand, spread them-endwise, lengthwise - any way to accommodate the luggage to the table surface, and to offer room for unlocking and examination at the hands of the officers of the octroi, or municipal tax-gatherers of Paris.

It is cleverly, quickly, and civilly done—a fashion of the country of which we have no business to complain-not half so obnoxious as the ill-mannered pertinacity of New York cabmen; and we twirl away presently to the other extremity of the town, and take up our quarters at the mammoth Hotel du Louvre. Our chamber is in the shadow of one palace and within pistol-shot of another, and (we might almost say) under the roof of e third. Whoever saw the Hôtel du Louvre in progress of construction (and the time of its building was long enough to give a great many the sight) knows we not be permitted to hear the music we love? stone; he knows there will be no fear of gaping



fissures and settling floors, and chambers screwed | than this same matter of journalism? How we to a new level with iron rods. On the score of solidity, if no other, the Hôtel du Louvre then may be reckoned palatial—though we say nothing of its colonnade or its cornice.

In its vastness, its table d'hôte and its great parlors, it smacks somewhat of the American hotel; but you would never mistake it for an American house, though your ear were lost to all the iterations of Gallic speech. The French hosts may take hints from our system, but they can never transport it bodily.

What would a St. Nicholas, or a Metropolitan become away from Broadway? away from that vast recruiting army of Western brides on their honeymoon tour; of country judges chronicled in the Herald; of eminent ex-members, devoted to the country and cock-tails; of dashing Cincinnati or St. Louis "young men in trade;" of shopkeepers from Kentucky or Tioga County; admirers of Burton, damning the Opera, between their quids, and wearing hats upon the backs of their heads, and heels on the backs of their neighbors' chairs.

They may carry to Paris, or where they will, the public dinner table, the patent annunciator, and the price per diem, but they can nowhere make an American used to the bustle, the unrest, the hall groupings of an American inn forget that he is not at the Astor or the Howard.

Our friend Sawney, who has abundant provision of Mrs. Miller's "fine-cut," smuggled past the douane in his boots, and who insists still upon a black dress-coat gathered over the hips and a shiny satin waistcoat, smiles contemptuously at the meanness of our French host in arranging his prices for lodging-rooms in keeping with their elevation; he counts it monstrously petty that he should pay only six or seven francs for lodging on the fourth floor, when some snob of an Englishman is paying fifteen or twenty below stairs; and yet our friend Sawney has been cribbed these many a year under the roof of the Astor—paying his full quota while Major-General Swipes of the big legs and lungs, has luxuriated upon the second floor at the same rate which Sawney is paying for his crib.

Will not Sawney learn some day or other-when he gives up his quid for sober reflection—that it is better and more Republican (if he insists upon that) to have what you pay for-no more and no less—than to be pouring periodic pursefuls into the apron of some vampire of an innkeeper, who stalls you profitably upon the third of your pay, and lavishes another third upon careful keeping of the Major-General Swipes?

Thus, though they call the great new French hotel of Paris an American house, or an inn upon the American system, it conforms to that system in such few non-essentials only, as do not bring back to our traveling Sawney-full of cold beef suppers and pots of ale—the memory of his home places. He will miss the great range of readingtables, the cheerfully appointed bar, the knot of loungers upon the step, the bustle of arrivals and departures, the Croton water, and the spittoons.

The Major-General fares as he pays, and some Paragreen on the first floor may wear all the honors, as he bleeds for all the luxuries of the establishment.

We were speaking just now of papers—we mean journals. Can we name a matter in which the metropolitan life of Paris is brought more forcibly in contrast with the life of the American citizen, | siders the ease with which a man may assassinate

feed on the papers at home! How we starve upon them here!

What is your breakfast, dear Sir, or Madame, without Time:, Tribune, or Journal of Commerce? How you fret, and answer peevishly that longsuffering woman in the yellow curl-papers at the head of your table, if only the morning journal is behind its time, or has been garroted (every thing is garroted nowadays) on the way to you! How cold that bit of broiled ham, how sadly overdone that couplet of eggs, if no column of city news, or Washington telegraph, is waiting your eye!

And yet what driblets of news filched every where, and weeks old, will satisfy you in Paris Galignani! Who makes a meal on yesterday, in France? Who is not grateful for a last week's hash, and no sauce piquante from the cook?

There was a godsend (in news matters) in that affair of the poor Archbishop, killed the other day, as he passed in procession over the floor of St. Etienne du Mont. It was a startling crime, and a safe one for even the political journals to make a paragraph upon; but, after all, only a paragraph. There was no bevy of reporters dispatched, from a half dozen offices, to tell us how the murdered man bore himself in his last moments; what dress he wore; what arteries were severed; who were the on-lookers; and in what humor the criminal bore his first confinement.

We know only positively that the mad priest (for they reckon him mad) thrust aside the attendants of the Archbishop, pulled away the sacerdotal robe; even swayed to one side the arm of the church dignitary that he might make good his thrust.

It was not such a death as a man might choose; it was not the hero-martyrdom which had fallen upon the good Archbishop who preceded him, in the thwacking times of 1848. You remember how that was: the priestly shepherd was in the fulfillment of his best office of peace-maker, climbing over barricades, holding over his head and in sight of insurgents and army, the cross-pleading by voice, look, and gesture for peace when a fatal bullet cut him down. It was never fully known from what quarter or by what miscreant that bullet was sped; it may, indeed, have been a chance ball; but it canonized a new saint.

To return: there were no reporters to tell us of the great crime upon the evening of the murder; no extras, and news-boys with their cry of it; and for the evening that followed we were regaled with all sorts of rumors: one while, report said the poor Archbishop had fallen under a stroke of apoplexy; the next comer, if you questioned him, had heard that the poor man was shot in the street, and that the whole Latin quarter was in revolt. Still another, and most startling of all, was the announcement, very mysteriously conveyed by a well-informed gentleman, whose opportunities were unquestionable, that the Archbishop had been shot by an emissary of the police, it having been discovered that he was at the bottom of a great revolutionary outbreak which was to take effect upon the very day of his death!

The papers will have told you that the Empress (whom the papers insist upon placing from time to time in "a most interesting condition") was sadly overcome by the intelligence; as, indeed, she well might be-if she loves her husband, and con-



an Emperor even, if he wills to devote himself to death.

The Imperial pair gave up their Carnival engagements for the evening; and, we dare say, the Empress, who is represented to be, by all parties, a devote, gave up the time to prayer, and worship. It is more doubtful if the Emperor joined her.

But Paris-the gay, fun-seeking world, was not so easily disabused of its carnival. There was a bal masqué appointed for that evening at the Grand Opera; and it was not adjourned. We do not think many grisettes broke their engagements that night, because of the poor Archbishop. If so (you may believe an observer), there had been a great many engagements made-more than could dance

Was not the matter worth observing, and worth this running comment on French frolic and piety? Yonder, by the Pantheon, the dead Archbishopchiefest of religious ministers for the metropolislying bloody and dead-scarce cold-the tapers blazing round him; and here, at the Opera, half his flock, run mad in pierrot-ism and laced pantalets, dancing till the sun shone on the next day's worship!

The poor man had made a will, dated at his country house of Belle Eau, only two months before his death. It begins this way: "I die in the faith and love of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, for the glory of which I have never ceased to labor in the various ranks which I have filled in the sacred hierarchy." After having divided the bulk of his property, which is far from large, among his relatives, he bequeaths a pension of 1000 fr. a year to the Bishop of Tripoli's sister, as a mark of his respect for the bishop; a few legacies to servants, and various sums to different churches and religious or charitable institutions. He leaves his mitre, his stole, the richly-bound missal given to him by the Bishop of Dreux, a collection of medals commemorating the principal acts of his episcopate, and various articles of ecclesiastical attire, to the metropolitan church. He also bestows 10,000 fr. for the poor of Paris, to be distributed by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Sisters of Charity, the Petites-Sœurs de Panores, and the Cures of all the parishes of Paris.

Another matter of talk just now in the Paris world, has been the marriage of the Count de Morny to the Princess Sophie Troubetzkoi, daughter of the Princess Troubetzkoi, who, it is hinted, is the Egeria of Monsieur de Kisseleff. What becomes now of that famous match of his with the American beauty, about which one of our newspaper correspondents told such grand stories on the occasion of the 22d February ball? Has the Prince played false? Shall we have a piquant dish of gossip thereanent? Is the Russian bride the richer, or the prettier, or both?

As for the bride actual she "is just eighteen, the bridegroom fifty-two or fifty-three: the new Countess Morny has been brought up at the Institution of the Imperial Maids of Honor, and the Empress Dowager wished to give her to the reigning Empress as one of her ladies, but the Empress Marie said she would have nothing to do with her, for that she was 'far, far too beautiful.' Of a truth, her beauty does pass for something extraordinary, incomparable. Persons of her own family speak of her as 'fearfully beautiful.' There is no doubt that this may be a clever move on the part of Rus-

march of public affairs than might be at first supposed. The Czar has now a permanent agent at the Court of the Tuileries, and M. de Morny may possibly be more influential than ever, and Russia find a more able embassadress in the lovely Princess Troubetzkoi than either the aged Princess Lieven, or any of her other crinoline diplomatists. The Princess, her mother, has resided a long time in France. Count de Morny, it is said, presented his bride on her marriage with diamonds to the value of two millions. Two days before he had requested and obtained, by telegraph, the consent of the Emperor Napoleon to the marriage."

This political aspect of the matter is none of ours. but credited, where it belongs, to a gossiper at the Court of St. Petersburg.

This mention, however, of the Count de Morny calls up another scandal of the hour; to wit, Sir Robert Peel's gossipy talk about his Russian visit, and his comments upon the new married Prince. A passage or two are worth quoting in this connection; he says of him:

"Count Morny, the French embassador, is a spick and span man of considerable aplomb, and who, by-the-way, is one of the greatest speculators in the world. He speculates in every thing, and bought a lot of pictures to sell again, and made a profit."

We go on with his portraitures thus:

"Next to Count Morny stood the representative of a country which deserves the sympathies of all people, Sardinia, General Dabormida. Then came the embassador of the smallest kingdom in Europe, Belgium, the Prince de Ligne, the very picture of swelling insignificance; so swelling, indeed, that he could not for the life of him look down from his contemplation of his own importance. Then there was that fine specimen of a man, Prince Esterhazy, the representative of Austria. Then the representative of Naples, of whom, in charity, I will say nothing. Then the Turkish representative, a clever Turk. You could not look at him without feeling that he was the representative of an effete and worn-out nation. Then came the Papal representative; and finally that of this country, Lord Granville, than whom no one could more thoroughly represent a true Englishman. He was the representative of the most powerful nation of the world, yet plainly dressed.'

What if Mr. Cushing, of the Attorney-General's chair, or Mr. Dallas had talked thus of the notabilities diplomatic? What a text for the pleasant paragraphs of the Examiner! But Sir Robert goes

"I went to the Hermitage one Sunday afternoon. The man in charge of the collection pointed my attention to a quantity of works of art, and said, 'Here is the Kertch collection.' I said, 'I thought they were all taken by our people.' To which he replied, 'Oh no, they were all removed by order of the Emperor two years ago.' That shows the premeditation of the man. These pictures had been removed, at great cost and difficulty from Kertch to Petersburg, two years before; and this proceeding leaves little doubt on my mind that there was a great design against the liberties of Europe. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The next place is called the 'Marble Palace.' In every thing there is deception, and in this instance there is almost another deception. It is called the Marble Palace because it is built of granite. The Marble sian politicians, and be much less indifferent to the | Palace is the residence of that 'frank and open-



hearted sailor' Constantine. How I laughed when I read that description of Constantine's character. You may remember what has been said about the distinguished Admiral Constantine. With all respect to his Highness, I must say that I never saw a man who gave me less of the impression of a 'frank and open-hearted sailor.' It is all soft sawder, you know.

"There was not much to keep us in Petersburg, for we were so horribly fleeced by our innkeepers. I have lived a great deal in that way, but I never in my life came across a man with such enormous ideas of the principles of 'doing.' I am a man who is satisfied with little, but our dinner every night cost £60 sterling. It was perfectly monstrous. If I had not been in Russia I should have lived with the police, but I gave up that notion after witnessing the manner in which Russian constables knock people about. The police use a sort of great antique fork, which they stick into their unfortunate victims, and then leave them on the ground, instead of taking them to the lock-up, or something of that kind. We were glad to get away to Moscow, that being the great goal of our anticipations. The train is in the habit of stopping every quarter of an hour, and remaining a quarter of an hour when it stops. When we arrived at Moscow, we were wearied but not hungry, having had plenty to eat, for the quarter of an hour stoppages were apparently made for the express purpose of eating. We had most charming apartments in the carriages. English railway directors are stingy about their accommodation, but not so the Russians, for we had every convenience that a well-regulated establishment could possibly desire. I had made an agreement with General Sourochokoff, a common man, whose whole anxiety was to impose upon people who trusted in him. At my command he had sent me to the station a magnificent carriage with four magnificent gray horses. I hastened at once to our dwelling, near the English Embassy, accompanied by my wife, Lord Stafford and his wife, the Duke of Sutherland's son, the Duke of Newcastle's son, and Lord Shaftesbury's son. Sourochokoff charged me £100 for the hire of each horse; and although I strongly objected to the impost, I was compelled to pay his exorbitant demand."

Yet Sir Robert does not escape; those haters of humbug (we mean the English) score him bravely; even Mr. Punch gives him this pleasant parody for digestion.

What a pleasant practitioner for disordered brains is Mr. Punch! When shall we have such a man?

"As for Russian living, my dearly beloved bricks, I don't know what I can say to you. We had French cookery, of course, and all I know about what the common Russians eat is, that it is very beastly. Traveling is great fun in Russia, because they take any body's horses, stick any body on for a postillion, and kill him if he don't go fast enough for your liking. I never enjoyed traveling so much in all my life. You may like to know something about the constitution of Russiawell, she hasn't got one. The Emperor makes the laws, and the people are well licked if they don't obey them. What the laws are, I don't pretend to know, but I should say they were rum ones, judging from the look of the people. As for their religion, I fear they have none in the sense in which

their nobs on the pavement in honor of some saint or another, and they burn lamps before the images, and some sacrilegious rascals are wicked enough to drink the oil when no one is looking. Those are the principal doctrines of their faith, into which, of course, I made it my business to inquire very closely, for I think that unless a chap is religious it is all dickey with him.

"Well, I don't know that I have much more to say. I bought a lot of turquoises over there. Don't think I'm touting to sell any of them to you; quite the reverse; I've left them in London. As for taking out articles to Russia to sell, like De Morny, I wouldn't be guilty of such a meanness, making myself a mere commercial gent. By-theway, that thundering old humbug Napier called Grand Duke Constantine a frank and open-hearted sailor. Soft sawder. The Duke's as artful a card as you'll meet, and thinks more of francs than frankness. But Napier is an awful old humbug. I assure you, once more, that if he had chosen, he could have taken Cronstadt as easily as I take this pinch of snuff. He wanted no gun-boats, nor men, nor nothing, except one thing, and that was pluck. I looked at the place myself, and I know all about it. He might have taken it with six ships only, as Admiral Vernon took Portobello, near Edinburgh.

"I suppose I had better shut up, and I am much obliged for your attention, and I hope I have entertained as well as instructed you. It is the wish of my Ministry, I mean Lord Palmerston's, that we should be as affable as possible, and that we should do all in our power to remove the conviction that he is the only Minister, and we are all puppets. I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that we are nothing of the kind, and I trust that the moral effect of my lecture to-night will be considerable. I will now, with your polite permission, hook it. Au reservoir!

Speaking of Punch, and quoting Punch, reminds us how much of his charm lies, after all, in his pic-The richest blush of your content grows out of those first glances, which take in only the satire of the pencil. Are artists so much better drôles than writers? We never saw a Frenchman, even, who could not enjoy Punch's pictures. But Punch is now a perilous luxury in France; and the copy we cite has come to us only through the Mackintosh pocket of an adventurous traveler.

Has not the American world heard yet of M. Edmond About? Of course they have; if we mistake not, a book called Tolla (half-stolen, by-theway) has seen translation, and met with comparative success. He has been the favorite feuilletoniste of the year past; and his new book, "Les Mariages de Paris," just now appears, with the following happy dedication:

"Madame,—I saw a few days ago an author in great difficulty. He had written, at the fireside, between his mother and his sister, half a dozen old woman's stories, which might fill a volume. It remained to make a preface, for a book without a preface is like a man who has gone out without his hat. The author, modest as we all are, wished to speak in praise of his work. He burned to say to the public, 'My stories are correct, sound, and well-bred; there will not be found in them a coarse expression, nor a phrase too thinly clad, nor one of those languishing tirades which propagate in families the plague of sentiment. Husyou and I have it, but they are always knocking bands can lend them to their wives, and mothers



to their daughters.' That is what the author would have wished to say; but it is so difficult to praise one's self, that the preface would have cost, him more time than the work. Do you know what he did? He wrote on the first page the loved and respected name of a woman of the world, and of the charming mother of a family, sure that this name would be a better recommendation to him than any eulogium, and that the most fastidious of lady readers would open, without mistrust, a book which has the honor to be dedicated to you."

Per contra, as we may say, do you know that an American (?) lecturer has just now been enlightening the British public with his account of American books and authors? The name of this lecturer is given as the Rev. E. G. Holland: though it may argue great ignorance in us, we must confess to no knowledge of his antecedents. The papers say, however, that he discoursed eloquently and well on his native poets and poetry, from the first traces of both to the present time.

"On Wednesday last he dealt with the romancewriters of the United States. His lecture commenced with some remarks on the general love of story-telling, and the truth and life expected from the novelist, who follows in the track of those Oriental teachers that, not by abstractions, but by concrete embodiments and impersonations, instructed the childhood of the race. The romancist, nevertheless, should, in Mr. Holland's opinion, create ideals and suggest noble impulses; for the romance is the modern prose epic. The romance-writers of the New World had but a brief history, but a great variety of natural scenery to draw from. The Indian life had also to be depicted. James Fenimore Cooper, who appeared in 1812, was the first American novelist truly so called. Six years of actual experience familiarized him with the sea and its life. He was a true English-American, and showed great decision of character. Cooper had to defend himself against the whole American press-and triumphed. 'The Spy' was his first success—an interesting story, which has been extensively read and translated. Mr. Holland dwelt at large on its merit and plot. He thought 'The Pathfinder' one of the best of Cooper's land novels. and disputed the dictum that the 'Pioneer' was the best. 'The Prairie,' in his opinion, was the most estimable. The next romancist to be regarded was Washington Irving—the best of American humorists; the most elegant painter of human manners and natural scenery; and the most skillful in the sesthetic use of language. His 'Salmagundi' was exquisitely and genuinely witty. The 'Knickerbocker' was his first romance, in the guise of a comic history. On the 'Sketch-book' and 'Bracebridge Hall' his fame, however, rests. Irving is eminently a humorist. Longfellow, also, has written a few novels; 'Hyperion' is the most famous. But Longfellow is more a poet than a novelist. As the latter, Nathaniel Hawthorne is far greater. His 'Twice-told Tales' were at once popular. His 'Scarlet Letter' is the most taking of his romances, and his different 'wonder-books' are calculated to amuse and instruct children of all ages. The lecture closed with a few remarks on the writings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose reputation must stand on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' for 'Dred' Mr. Holland considered to be much inferior, but thought that we should not be too hasty to decide on its degree of merit."

Pray what do Westerners think of the new war

in China? We are full of it here; we are discussing it, as the test of the future influences of America and England upon the great sealed countries of the East. Will San Francisco or Herat take the trade? Do you ask that question at home? We are asking it for you. Why not force through that road to the Pacific, send a pioneer steamer to Shanghai, and settle the question? Take Honolulu, if you will, for a coal-station—but that is unimportant.

We clip an account of the Chinese soldiery from a late English authority, as specially pertinent to the times:

"In glancing at a Chinese army, it seems astonishing that the small handful of emaciated British troops, with the few Indian regiments under Lord Gough, could have escaped utter annihilation. The Chinese coolie can lift and carry a heavier weight than a British soldier, and is often larger than our Lifeguardsmen; and the Tartar, from his northern birth and education, is stronger still, though not of such large build. But the discipline is wanting.

"A Chinese barracks is always a conspicuous object. In front of a low, white-walled house, surmounted with dragon roofs, stand two poles, bearing the banners of the Mandarin in command. A red ball, surmounting a half moon, is painted between every two windows, of which there are generally three on each side of the door. To the left of the building in front is a look-out station, like a sentry-box on stilts; and to the left of that again are three small chimneys, for watch-fires. Besides marking a military station, these chimneys are in line, at visible distances from each other along the whole length of the coast, for the purpose of conveying intelligence of an attack.

"The Chinese soldier labors under every disadvantage. His arms are bad, the matchlock is of the rudest kind, and not brought up in a line with the eye as an English musket. The powder is of the coarsest brand, and loose. Each soldier, besides his cartouch-box, is provided with a measure with which he loads his piece. The lances are of the roughest order, being simply a pike placed on the head of a piece of bamboo.

"The bow might have been considered a superior weapon of its kind in the early part of the Tatsing dynasty, but decidedly is not fitted for modern warfare. It is very difficult to string—the process is by placing one end between the ankles, bringing the other over the back, and slipping the string on in front; the value depends on the number of catties (one pound and a quarter) required to draw it to a bend sufficient for stringing, which varies from one to two hundred catties.

"The ordnance department is much on a par. The brass pieces are generally from four and five to twenty pounders, while the iron guns range as high as sixty-eight pounds. They are nearly all of the same shape. On the centre is the name of the foundry, city, province, and Governor-General. They are all fixtures in their huge carriages. The guns are usually painted black, with red stripes, and the carriages red. The powder is provided in a large box.

"The dress in no way varies from that of a peasant, except in the jacket and cap. The former is blue, with facings varying in color according to the regiment; a round white patch in front and rear receives the name of the soldier and his corps, which takes some high-flown title, as, "The In-



vincibles," "The Never Conquered," etc. The cap is surmounted by a red tassel, and, in the case of an officer, with a ball besides.

"The sword is rather a novel contrivance. It consists of two blades and handles in one scabbard, so beautifully fitted together that when drawn out it is one or two weapons, to be used in one or both hands, according to the will of the wearer, who is usually very expert with it in either way. In one of the edicts the soldiers were ordered to strike the blades together, and so make a noise that the barbarians would be terrified.

"The target, or shield, of the Tartar troops is no insignificant weapon for offense as well as defense in their opinion. It is painted with some hideous device. The 'Tiger Guards' had a furious head of a tiger; which, with the awful grimace and antics, 'the bearing of the truly brave in action,' can not fail, say the Mandarins, to awe and terrify barbarians. It may be as well here to mention that tiger's flesh, dried and eaten in powder, supplies what we may call Dutch courage.

"Individual bravery was often exhibited in the war in 1842; but in no one instance did the Chinese fight well in a body. The obstinate defense of the joss-house at Sye Kee was not an act of bravery but desperation. They had deserved to die for mutilating the bodies of the fallen British soldiers, and feared the resentment of the Royal Irish, whose Colonel had fallen in the attack. Poor fellows! their cases were hard; they had to face a powerful foe on the one hand, and their ignorant, prejudiced, and more merciless compatriots on the other.

"Thus far we have used the term Chinese generally; but, properly speaking, there are two separate armies-the Tartar Pa-ke and the Nativewhich, in truth, are little more or less than an embodied militia, called Luh-ying, or 'Troops of the Green Standard.' The Tartars muster under eight banners: yellow with border, yellow without, white with, red with, white without, red without, blue with, and blue without borders. The Tartar and the Chinese generals in the different provinces are entirely independent of each other, and have fixed official residences. A Tartar can not command Chinese, nor a Chinese Tartar troops. Their numbers it would be impossible to arrive at; but, as every tenth male capable of bearing arms is drawn by lot to serve, the force must be prodigious. The Chinese work at their several trades, and some of them hold land; but the Tartars are soldiers by profession. The pay of a common soldier is a mace (fourpence) a day. The military Mandarins wear chain armor and helmets, presented to them by the Emperor on their arriving at that rank; and, in common with all other Mandarins, are entitled to wear the Joe-an emblem of rank and office. Its use is to rest the arms upon when sitting.

"A Tartar general at Chusan, before the war, petitioned the Emperor to abolish the use of bows and arrows, and substitute the matchlock as a more efficient weapon. An edict appeared in the Pekin Gazette to the following effect: 'Ignorant fool that you are, know you not that for the last two hundred years our army has been placed on the firmest basis of military power, and would you now that I should alter it? Had a Chinese petitioned me, I should have treated his ignorance with the contempt it would have deserved. But for you, a Tartar, I order you to be degraded from your rank, and rendered incapable of ever after

redeeming it.' In six months after Chusan fell, and the inutility of the bow and arrow was fully shown. The artillery of a regiment consists of a few large matchlocks, each supported on the shoulder of one man, while another takes aim; these carry balls of from one to two pounds weight."

We have dwelt on things other than mere gossip this month, because, for the nonce, gossip is in abevance. Piccolomini has gone back to London; the Queen is not to open Parliament; the imperial crinoline is not larger than at our last dates; no Duchess has eloped with a lieutenant of hussars; no American beauty, that we hear of, has engaged herself to a Prince or a Czar; the imperial offspring is teething quietly; the talk about that unfortunate shooting of Mr. Morley at Clichy has gone by; the fashion for hats is growing larger; the fashion for coats is longer in the tails; little Neufchatel holds her own as Canton of the mountain Democracy; people say that King Bomba did torture his would-be assassin, and so add to the deep damnation of the Neapolitan monarch; Americans are speculative about the probable stay of Messrs. Mason, Dallas, Belmont, et alii, under the new rule at Washington; and we-dozing over this last pen-stroke-drop into our short French bedstead between the palaces to rest and dream.

Editor's Bramer.

JOE MILLER, the father of many generations of jokes, was buried in St. Clement's church-yard in London. Then, for the first time in his life, was there any grave thing about Joe Miller. Stephen Duck set up a stone, with an epitaph thereon, to the memory of that prince of humorists; and it is meet that it should be herein inscribed:

HERE LYE THE BIMAINS OF
HONEST JO. MILLER,
WHO WAS
A TENDEE HUSBAND,
A SINCERE FRIEND,
A FACETIOUS COMPANION,
AND AN EXCELLENT COMEDIAN.
HE DEPARTED THIS LIVE THE 15TH DAY OF
AUGUST, 1738, AGED 51 TEARS.

If humor, wit, and honesty could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty and wit and humor crowned.
Could but esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death,
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteemed and loved so well.

This was in 1738; but about the beginning of the present century the epitaph was nearly obliterated, and the stone in very bad condition, when a well-disposed officer of the church repaired it, and associated his own name with that of the old joker by adding the following lines to the above:

PROM RESPECT TO SOCIAL WORTH,
MIBTHFUL QUALITIES, AND HISTRIONIC EXCELLENCE,
COMMEMORATED BY POETIC TALENT AND HUMBLE LIFR,
THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION, WHICH TIME
HAD NEARLY OBLITEBATED, HAS BEEN RESTORED
AND TRANSFERRED TO THIS STONE BY ORDER OF
ME. JAEVES BUCK, CHURCHWAEDEN,
A.D. 1816.
In consequence of some alterations, it is said

In consequence of some alterations, it is said that the grave is likely to be disturbed, and then

"Over the stones Rattle the bones"

tioned me, I should have treated his ignorance of old Joe Miller. The proposition is made that a with the contempt it would have deserved. But for you, a Tartar, I order you to be degraded from your rank, and rendered incapable of ever after Joseph for the privilege of a hearty laugh or the



means of provoking others to such an indulgence, should subscribe only a penny, an amount of copper would be collected enough to make a statue as large as the Colossus of Rhodes. The Drawer having drawn largely on Mr. Miller, will be responsible for its share in the contemplated fund.

"THE Book of Merrie Jests," the repository of more Joe Millerisms than Joe Miller or the Drawer ever dreamed of, relates, in the quaintness of a century or two ago, how that the wonderful Sir Digby Somerville did keep a beautiful house full ever of brave company at his seat at Suffolk. At one time among his guests did happen a young gentleman from the Court, whose apparel was more garnished with lacings and gold than his brain with modesty or wit. One time going into the fields with his host they did espy a comely milkmaiden with her pail.

"Pr'ythee, Phillis," quoth the courtier, leering the while at the girl, "an' I give thee a kiss, wilt thou give me a drought of thy ware?"

"In the meadow," quoth she, "thou wilt find one ready to give thee milk, and glad of thy kiss, for she is of thy kind."

The court-gallant looked in the meadow, and espied a she-ass.

"So sharp, fair rustic," quoth he, angrily; "thou lookest as if thou couldest barely say boo to a goose."

"Yea, and that I can, and to a gander also." Whereat she cried out lustily, "Boo!"

The young man hastened away, and the worshipful Sir Digby did laugh heartily, and entertained his guests with the tale.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, the Vice-President elect of the United States, is a nephew of the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., of Kentucky. The reverend uncle of the Vice-President is a great controversialist, a splendid debater, and if he had followed the law instead of the gospel, would have led senates as he has the church. So much is the said uncle given to discussion, that he would be a fighting parson if he were not a praying one.

It so happened a few years ago that the uncle and the nephew were candidates for office-not the same office-in the same district, at the same time. The Doctor was up for the convention to amend the Constitution, and John C. was running for the Legislature. They were candidates of opposite parties, and were therefore in danger of coming into collision. One day they were on the stump together, and the reverend Doctor took occasion to deprecate all feelings of hostility between himself and his nephew, who, he said, was always successful whatever office he sought; and mentioning several instances in illustration, he added, "And during the war with Mexico a regiment was raised in Kentucky, and as soon as it was known that Mr. Breckinridge was appointed to its command the Mexicans made peace!"

Young Breckinridge did not wait for his turn, but exclaimed at once, "If Uncle Robert had been appointed, they would have been fighting till this time."

SENATOR DOUGLAS, on returning to Washington City, from his bridal tour, was welcomed by a party of congratulating friends. In reply to the flattering address with which he was greeted, the distinguished Senator said, that "although he had

just entered into a union of a more tender and delicate character, one based upon the warmest affections of our nature, he still was none the less devoted to the Union of these States, and he would maintain it in its purity and integrity, for ourselves and our posterity." These patriotic and domestic sentiments, so beautifully blended in the Senator's imagination, were received with great applause by his friends, who promptly expressed their hopes that the Senator's labors would be crowned with success.

An eminent French clergymen made a brief visit to this country a short time since, but was unhappily quite ignorant of the language of the land. It was proposed to him to be presented to one of the venerable ecclesiastical bodies holding its sessions in the city, and he determined to signalize the event by preparing a brief speech in the English, in which he would make his appearance before the reverend clergy. Accordingly, on being introduced to the body who rose up before him as he stood: he said:

"I am ver' happy to visit one assembly with so many barren heads."

The good man meant to say bald heads, or heads on which the hair would not grow; but his blunder was so ludicrous and suggestive that no sense of propriety could restrain a universal smile, and the speaker betook himself speedily to his own tongue, and Dr. B.—, always ready, helped him out by acting as his interpreter.

This was even more amusing than the mistake which the same good man made when he took leave of the family whose hospitality he had enjoyed while in town. "May the Lord pickle you for many years." His dictionary had taught him that pickle meant to preserve, and he used it accordingly.

"GOOD AND BETTER."

A father sat by the chimney-post
On a winter's day, enjoying a roast;
By his side a maiden young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she teases the father, stern and cold,
With a question of duty, trite and old:
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single—which is the best?"

Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
The girl of the wealth of golden hair,
He answers as ever do fathers cold,
To the question of duty trite and old:
"She who weddeth keeps God's letter;
She who weds not, doeth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair:
"I will keep the sense of the Holy Letter,
Content to do WELL without doing EXTTER."

THE pursuit of knowledge under difficulties has often had illustrations; but the following adventure, furnished for the Drawer by one "knowing to" the facts, shows that the way to matrimony is sometimes even more full of trials than the path of learning. Our friend writes to us from California, from Amada county, and the town of Volcano, a dangerous place, of which we had not heard until this epistle came. He says, that a friend, whose height has given him the name of the "Tall Branch of the Missouri," started on Saturday to ride some miles on horseback to visit his lady-love, with



led him across a river, and its swollen condition made it necessary for him to swim it. Not wishing to spoil his best clothes he divested himself thereof, and secured them on the back of his horse, and driving the beast into the river, he plunged in, Cassius-like, and swum to "yonder point." The horse had beat him, a fine mettled creature, who was frightened when the gaunt spectre rose out of the water and approached his head. Snorting and rearing, he broke away and dashed off wildly and afar, leaving the love-lorn hero in a pitiable plight to go a-courting. But necessity urged him to desperate measures, and on he trudged, barefooted indeed, and with no present prospect of bettering his condition. The first house he came to encouraged him, for he heard the voices of children at play; but as soon as he presented himself, they screamed with terror, and fled into the house with an alarm that brought out the women armed with shovels and brooms. crouched under the wall, and gently explaining his embarrassed circumstances, begged the loan of some garments, to commence, if not to complete, his wardrobe. The most they could muster was a pair of boy's pantaloons, which were only just better than none, but with these he set out on his return trip, designing to seek his horse and his love under more favorable circumstances, at some future time.

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how as if he lives till the mornin', he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

THE Rev. Mr. Peters, of Attleboro', was slightly eccentric in his habits, and this encouraged his people to be free-and-easy with him. One time he was wandering over the hills, and got lost in the woods. At last he came upon a party of men burning wood for charcoal, but they were so blackened that he did not recognize them though they were his own parishioners. Approaching them he said,

"Can you tell me who I am, where I am from, and where I am going?"

To which they replied, "You are Parson Peters, you come from Attleboro', and you are going to the wicked place."

The parson responded: "From the looks of the inhabitants, I should think I had got there already."

THE quidnuncs of literature having been woefully taken in by a literary lady of lofty pretensions, but with more brass than brains, will enjoy the following good story, which we are assured by the party communicating it to be a veritable fact, without a line or letter of exaggeration. Our friend says:

"It was at the Brevoort House that I met the celebrated lady. It was long before I was able to make my way through the circle of admirers basking in the rays of her intellect, and pouring out at her feet the vials of their elegant praise. At last it came my turn; and finding her in the midst of eulogies upon her friend Rogers, so lately deceased, I ventured to descant a moment on Campbell and Byron, and she soon launched out into an ocean of panegyric upon the old masters of English song, till I was quite lost in the depths and heights of her

whom he proposed to spend Sunday. His way led him across a river, and its swollen condition made it necessary for him to swim it. Not wishing to spoil his best clothes he divested himself thereof, and secured them on the back of his horse, and driving the beast into the river, he plunged in, Cassius-like, and swum to "yonder point." The horse had beat him, a fine mettled creature, who was frightened when the gaunt spectre rose out of the water and approached his head. Snorting and rearing, he broke away and dashed off

"Patagonian lyrics and Longfellow! I felt a twinge of compunction on linking the two together, but the thought was sudden, the temptation was great, and when it was indulged, I left the lady 'among her worshipers.'"

PORT GIBSON is a beautiful little town on the Mississippi River, writes a Western correspondent of the Drawer, where I attended a wedding a few days since. Wishing to say something becoming the occasion, I approached the fair young bride in the course of the evening, and after congratulating her on her departure from the state of single blessedness, I wished her a pleasant voyage down the river of life. She said "she hoped so, but she heard there was a great deal of fever on the river now—she hoped they wouldn't ketch it on the way down." My sentimentalism vanished in a moment, and I determined not to try it again on a Mississippi girl till I knew her better.

An old lady in Pennsylvania had a great aversion to rye, and never could eat it in any form. "Till of late," said she, "they had got to making it into whisky, and I find that I can, now and then, worry down a little."

"I vouch for the literal truth of the following incident," says the worthy gentleman who sends it to the Drawer. "In our village we have a man who makes himself very unpopular, and, I may say, very odious, by his everlasting fault-finding with other people. He is a good man, perhaps, but if he sees any thing in one of the other members of the church that he can take hold of, he talks about it, and harps upon it, and makes it twice as bad as it was or would have been but for his censorious meddling with the motes in other people's eyes. His name is Sharp, and well it might be. Not far from him-indeed, there is only a garden between the houses-lives Mr. Davis, a mild, inoffensive, good man, who would be very slow to do wrong at any time, and has the fear of Mr. Sharp's tongue before him at all times. It happened, during that coldest snap in last December, that by Sunday afternoon they had burnt up all the wood that Mr. Davis had provided on Saturday, and he must go out to the pile and cut some more, or the children would suffer and perhaps be seriously injured by the cold. After some hesitation, but seeing no alternative, Davis took his axe, and keeping one eye out at Sharp's house and one on his work, he soon had an armful cut, which he was just picking up as some one spoke to him from the roadside:

"'I say, Mr. Davis?'

"He dropped the wood, and looking up, cried, "'Oh, Smith! Ah! Yes, Mr. Smith! Cold day, Mr. Smith; glad to see you; thought at first it was old Sharp.'

" 'Well, what if it was?'



"'Why, you see, I wouldn't just like, you know, to have Sharp see me chopping wood a Sunday."

"'But, neighbor Davis,' said Mr. Smith, 'don't you think the Lord will see you?'

"'Oh, yes, I suppose likely he will; but then he won't make such a dreadful fuss about it!""

Davis may have meant very well in this expression, but he let out the real feeling of many a man who is willing to do wrong if nobody but the Lord sees him. The fuss is to come by-and-by.

THE Spirit of the Times must be responsible for the truth of this story, and as the Drawer is often made tributary to the Spirit, we are happy to borrow the following:

" One Mr. Patrick F-- was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog-as Coleridge says, 'a harmless dog'-who invaded his domicile, made abstractions from his cellar, and was very much in the way of Mrs. Patrick F. in the kitchen. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, and snow frozen so as to burn like carbonic acid gas frozen, after the dog had been turned out doors no less than three times, and the last time requested to go to a warmer place unmentionable, Patrick was again awakened by the noise of a rather extensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes; so that Mrs. Patrick Fbecoming surprised, if not alarmed at such a prolonged absence, arose also and went to the window.

"From her point of observation, she saw in the clear moonlight, her lord standing 'in naturalibus,' barring the shirt, and the wind making free with that, as of course it would, at the northeast corner of the house. The dog scemed to be sustained on his 'last legs,' his fore legs forming two sides of an acute triangle.

"'What are you doing there, Patrick?"

"There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible—at last it came:

" 'I am-trying to fraze the baist to death!"

FORT MANN, or Camp Sods, was built in the spring of 1847, during the Mexican War, upon the Arkansas river, midway between Fort Leavenworth and Santa Fé. Captain Mann and his assistants were much annoyed by the prairie Indians, who besieged the little fort for several days, and tried in vain to burn it. After the party were nearly starved, the Indians left. Just then a Santa Fé trader, old Henry Cook, came along with a Mexican guide, and being kindly entertained at the Fort, proposed to exchange his buffalo meat with the Captain for some of his good dried beef. Captain made the trade, and Cook pushed on. Two months afterward they met, when Cook asked the Captain how he liked the buffalo meat, at the same time telling him that it was cut from a foundered mulc.

"Oh," says Captain Mann, "it was quite as good as the dried beef you took: we made that from a dead horse."

In the western part of the State of New York is a Society of "gentlemen ob color," formed for the purpose of mutual improvement in the art of debating. Their meetings are held in public, and often afford vast entertainment to the white folks who attend and listen to their discussion of questions that agitate mankind. On one of these occations is to incivility and process to incivility and process that if the purpose of the purpose of mutual improvement in the art of debating. Their meetings are held in public, and great victory at Meeting and process to incivility and touching the purpose of mutual improvement in the art of debating. Their meetings are held in public, and often afford vast entertainment to the white folks who attend and listen to their discussion of questions.

aions, when the comparative merits of Washington and Columbus were before the house, a colored orator was so long-winded that he threatened to consume the whole evening, and prevent the display of an immense amount of eloquence pent up in black bottles, ready to burst. At last, on mentioning an incident that he said occurred "previous to the Revolution," an impatient member sprang to his feet, and throwing back his head, with outstretched hand, he exclaimed:

"Mr. President, will the gemman be good enough to tell us whether that accident happened previous before, or previous after the revolutionary war?"

The explosion that followed this call for information extinguished the candles, and closed the exercises for that night.

IT was the first cold storm of this winter, the beginning of that bitter snap that fastened on us, like the bite of a tiger, just before New Year's. I was walking hurriedly up Chatham Street, in the edge of the evening, on an errand that called me for the only time within a year into that quarter of the city. As I passed one of the many saloons, shows, theatres, and temples of so-called pleasure with which that locality abounds, a rough doorkeeper was pushing a beggar-woman out of the porch into the street and the storm. She made no other resistance than to turn a despairing look upon him as he thrust her along by the shoulder, and to beg that she might stand out of the cold awhile, for she was almost perished. He hurried her on, and the words that caught my ear, as they fell from her skinny lips and hissed through the wind and snow, were these,

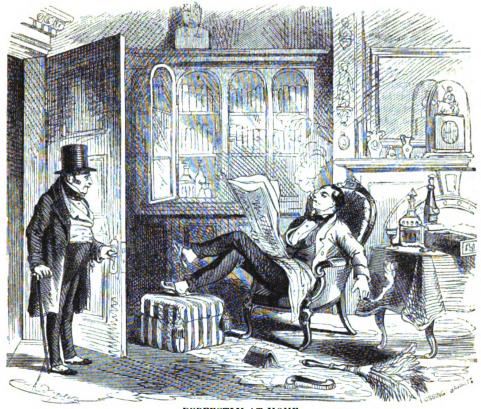
"Well, maybe you'll want to get into heaven, and God will put you out of that."

They cut me to the heart. Many a time had I turned a deaf ear to the cry for mercy, and if I had never turned a poor creature out of doors when she wanted shelter from the blast of winter I had done worse, perhaps, in leaving many a wretch to perish whom I might have sought and saved. And the time will come, as sure as these days and years are passing, the time will come when I shall stand at the door of Heaven, and, poorer than this starved beggar, I shall ask to be taken in. I wonder if God will turn me out in that day! Then came to me those sweet words of Jesus, that fell from his lips when he sat on Judea's hill, and the disciples gathered at his feet, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Down through eighteen centuries they have come to me, and they sing at my heart's door to-day with the music of heaven in their silvery tones, and whene'er a cup of cold water, or a loaf, or a piece of gold is mercy, if it is mine, it shall be given in the name of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

SLIDING SCALE OF CRIME.—De Quincy says, "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking, and from that to incivility and procrastination."

The heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Meanee: "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I have loved."





PERFECTLY AT HOME. Mr. Brown, on his return from the Country, finds John enjoying himself.

ISAAC KETCHUM and Uriah Cheatham were attorneys at law, and every body has heard of the sign over their office door: "КЕТСНИМ & СНЕАТ-HAM," which was so significant of the trade, that they took it down and had another painted, with the addition of their initials: "I. KETCHUM & U. CHEATHAM," which was no better. It required the full names, and then the idea was very clearly expressed, but it left the inference that Isaac would "Ketch'em" and Uriah would "Cheat'em." They finally dissolved partnership, and often did for each other what they were willing to do for the public at large.

"IT is a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany.

"Yes; but it's a deal more solemn not to be," said the little girl her niece.

DR. MOUNTAIN was Chaplain to Charles II., and was asked by that monarch to whom he should present a good bishopric or see just then vacant.

"If your Majesty had but faith," replied the Doctor, "I could tell you to whom you would give

"How so," demanded the King, "if I had but f..ith?"

"Why yes," responded the Chaplain, more witty than reverent, "your Majesty might then say to this MOUNTAIN, be thou removed and cast into that sea." The monarch took the hint, and the Chaplain took the bishopric.

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the drama is to be cultivated, but be careful that you don't confound the love of the drama with the love of an actress."

"My dear Amelia," said Mr. O. D. Collone to the young lady whose smiles he was seeking, "I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart; but I declare to you, my dear Amelia, that I love you most tenderly your smiles would shed-I say your smiles would shed, would shed-"

"Never mind the wood-shed," says the dear Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

Doctor Cousin having heard the famous T. Fuller repeat some verses on "A Scolding Wife," was so delighted with them as to request a copy, but Fuller told him "a copy was needless, as the Doctor had the original."

THE Irish have a legend, and a very pretty legend it is, that when an infant smiles in its sleep the angels are hovering over it, and whispering to it. Some who know more about it think that the child is troubled with flatulence, though why a baby should laugh because it feels pain is not so plain to an old bachelor. But the poetry was all taken out of a young mother very suddenly by the old crone of a nurse. The mother saw her infant smiling in its sleep, and said,

"Dear little one, the cherubs are singing to it!"

A FATHER writing to his son, says: "A love of any better? It ain't the cherubs, it's the colic."





LAWYERS now and then have an incident in their experience that enlivens the serious details of their toilsome life. "Such an incident fell in my way," writes a legal correspondent, "this very morning." A woman, I might say a lady, for she was neatly dressed, came into my office and desired my advice in a matter of very great importance. She had come to complain of her husband, who was so hard upon her that he would lock up every thing, and never let her have the sugar, or bread, or butter but when he was in good-humor, which was mighty seldom. She wanted to take the law on him and make him do as he ought to do—let her have her own way. I heard her story through as patiently as I could, and then remarked to her:

"Madam, could you not manage the matter better yourself? Have you exhausted all your influence on him?

"My influence d'ye say, Sir; and sure haven't I bate him within an inch of his life, and wouldn't I do it again if it would do any good? He's past that, Sir, but I'll try it again if you say so. I came to get your advice."

I begged her not to think of it—that I was inclined to think she had given him too much of that

thing already.

"Yes, indade, you may say so. He says himself I'm more than a match for him. He was a sailor when I married him. He called himself a tar, but when he got me he says he caught a Tar-tar."

WHERE the names of people come from-the names called Christian—is a marvel to us. When there are so many that are good and beautiful, why do parents entail upon their children the shame and wrong of a bad name? There was Mr. Finis Jones of Michigan; he received that name because his classical father ignorantly supposed that the race of Joneses would not be extended beyond that boy; but a sister to Finis coming along, she was named Addenda, and two sons following her in regular succession were called Appendix and Supplement. The children were all great book-worms, but they would have liked some more convenient handles to their names. Another man we have in mind, who named four sons from the four Evangelists, and a fifth was called Acts. In England names are given and got more capriciously than with us. In a learned work on English Surnames, we are told that there were lately living in the small town of Folkestone, England, fifteen persons whose hereditary name was HALL, but who, for the sake of distinction, bore the elegant names of Doggy Hall, Bumper, Pierce-eye, Cula, Pumble-foot, Silver-eye, Sutty, Old Hare, Feathertoe, Bubbles, Faggots, Jiggery, Cold-flip, Lumpy, Thicklips.

Few of the miners of Staffordshire bear the names of their fathers, and an instance is given of a certain pig-dealer in that county whose father's name was Johnson, but the people called him Pigman; and that is his name, and will be his children's.



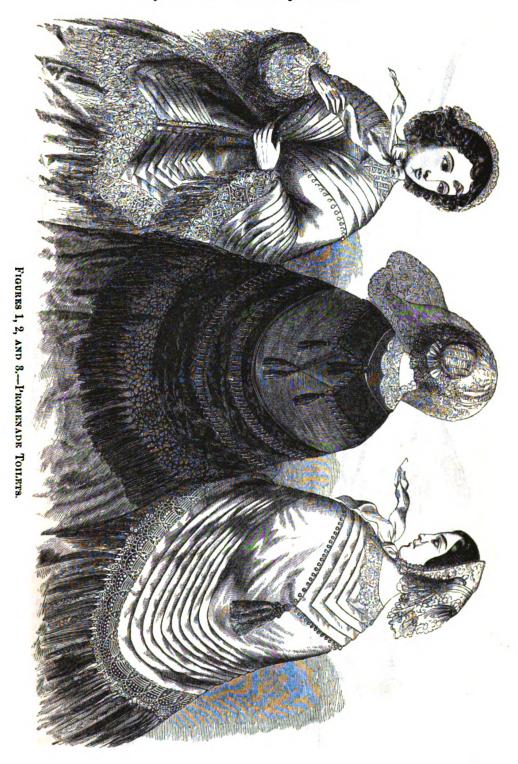
A USEFUL FAMILY.

"We'll jist suit ye, Ma'am. I can wait at the table, an' tend the horses; my wife 'ill be cook, an' the childers 'ill mind the door, an' clane the knives and forks."



Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 and 3 represent a front and back favorite style of Mantilla has a surplice front, with view of the same Mantilla, which may be of any favorite shade of taffeta. The upper and lower portions are laid in a number of Grecian plaits, as shown in the illustration. The ornaments consist of drop buttons and a crochet fringe.-Figure 2 in the illustration is of black taffeta and moire antique, though other colors may be chosen instead. The lower portion is laid in graduated plaits, the under edge being trimmed with drops, and the whole is edged with a massive fringe.-Another

a revers terminating in a slashed hood. The tabs are double, each ending in an angle. It is of a shawl-form, richly embroidered, trimmed with gold buttons, but without a fringe.

The Laces and Linens need little explanation. In Figure 4 rosettes of lace are placed on the twisted bouillonnées, their place being supplied, in Figure 5, by small chenille dots. The description of the corset-cover in our last will give all needed information as to the construction of Figures 6 and 7.

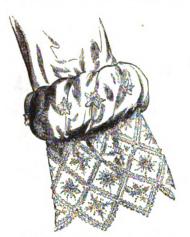


FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.



FIGURE 5 .- UNDER-SLEEVE.

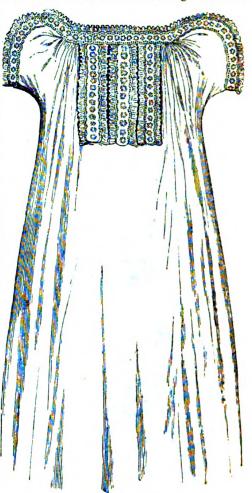


FIGURE 6.—CHEMISE.



HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXIII.—AFRIL, 1857.—Vol. XIV.



SHEIK HOUSSEIN IBN-EGID OF WADY MUUSA.

THE HOLY CITY.

and twenty summers, that have burned him as brown as the desert sand. As we were riding one day together in Cairo, I saw on a doorway a notice in bad Italian that Herr Somebody on his way to India had stopped in Cairo, where Petra. The picture may be relied on as accuhe would take photographs for Jew, Turk, or rate, and the reader sees a Bedouin sheik, in the Infidel at prices commensurate with their purses. dress he usually wears, precisely as he had dis-I took the old sheik into the rooms, found a mounted from his mare in the Mouski of Cairo,

German operator of really excellent ability, and SHEIK HOUSSEIN IBN-EGID is the great the reader has before him the result. This is sheik of the Alaween, the man of a hundred the great Bedouin sheik, celebrated in no less than eight books of travel that are in my library, and doubtless, in many others, who for a hundred years has guarded the pass at Wady Mousa, and exacted the tribute from all who visited

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colors alone being omitted.

'How old are you, O Sheik Houssein?" I said one day, as we smoked calmly together under the Lebbek trees in the Ezbekieh Garden. "My children's grandchildren ride on horses,"

was the simple reply.

They do not count years on the Arabian desert. They do not mark the passage of time by the swinging to and fro of the Old World, but when heart faileth, and eye dimmeth, and the breath comes thick and heavy, and the far horizon fades away and can not be seen, the Arab knows that his allotted time is come, and that he must lie down in sand.

Sheik Houssein was a prisoner in Cairo. Some time ago I described how and why. When we at length obtained his discharge he begged me to visit him in Wady Mousa, pledging me the grandest reception that the desert could afford. I much desired to go that way to Jerusalem, but the long journey over the wastes, the fatigue and exposure were, I feared, too much for May; and withal, I was impatient to be in the Holy City.

When I could be there in a week, it seemed impossible to delay forty days, even for the sake of seeing the mountain of the giving of the law and the City of Rock. Therefore, I parted from Sheik Houssein with regret, not believing that I should ever see him again.

How well I remember his form and appearance as he vanished from my sight across the hills outside the Gate of Victory! But I heard of him again. Not a great many weeks after that, I was exploring the vast caverns which underlie the northeastern part of Jerusalem in company with some English travelers, who had just arrived across the desert from Cairo. I asked them various questions about their route, and at last "Did you go to Petra?"

" No."

"Why not?"

"Why, the fact is, we were prevented. The sheik of the Alaween—the old sheik—"

"Sheik Houssein?"

"The same."

I laughed loud and long at hearing thus of my old friend at his old tricks again. Woe to the traveler who visits Wady Mousa unprepared with the wherewithal to gratify Sheik Houssein.

But, reader hereof, if you are going thitherward, take this wood-cut with you, and as you approach the valley of the City of Rocks show it to an Arab, and he will shout "Sheik Houssein!" for the likeness is capital. Send it to the old man, and with it the name of Braheem Effendi, and, my word for it, he will be moderate in his demands for the sake of his pleasant memories of my table in Cairo, where he often ate my bread.

I went to Jerusalem by way of Alexandria and Jaffa.

The Holy City is now less than thirty days from New York. Why have not travelers found this out? The steamer from Marseilles touch-

ten minutes before the photograph was taken, | es at Alexandria and continues on to Jaffa and up the Syrian coast. The route is thus: New York to Liverpool, cleven days; Liverpool to Marseilles, four days; Marseilles to Alexandria, eight; one day of rest; two days more to Jaffa, and two days on horseback to the Gates of Jerusalem.

> Tell me, is it not worth a month of travel to stand within those holy walls?

> My feet were weary. Whose are not? There are no paths of earth so very soft and flowery that human feet grow not weary. From very childhood pilgrims, our wandering steps go up and down the world, and blessed is he who can rest within the gates of the City of Peace. had wandered far and long, over seas, over a continent, over deserts hot with long day suns; and when at length, having crossed the valley of Elath and gathered pebbles from the brook where David gathered them of old, the guide said that from the hill before me I should see Jerusalem, I gathered around my face the folds of my bournoose, and touching my horse with the sharp corner of the shovel stirrup, led the way in a long gallop up the rocky eminence, to reach the desire of our eyes.

> The road was terrible; huge rock boulders, by thousands, covered the surface of the ground for miles. The path wound and crossed among them in every curve and angle, so that our gallop was a break-neck advance, likely at any moment to end suddenly and terribly. I sometimes shudder when I remember it. The speed of our horses was not so great, for they were well-nigh worn out, but the turns and twists in the road were terrific. As we approached the summit there was for a little while an open space, and over this I thundered on.

A hill covered with green trees and crowned with a minaret was before me in the distance.

By the quick, sharp throb of my heart, by an instinct that you may call miraculous if you will, by the flame that kindled in my soul, I knew that hill.

I turned in my saddle, waved my hand to May, who was cantering up close behind me, and pointing forward, shouted, "The Mount of Olives!" and then, as I turned back, before me, bright, glorious in the red light of a descending sun, were the battlements of Jerusa-

A sharp convulsive twitch of my arm brought the brown horse to his haunches. The next instant we were all together-all silent, all with bared heads and earnest eyes fixed on the City of the Cross and Tomb.

My pilgrimage was ended. No matter now whither my feet should wander; no matter now what rugged hillsides were before me. I had seen the old Jerusalem on earth, and henceforth life was but a steadfast journey toward the new and brighter city.

I had often wondered what I should do when I beheld that view. Whether I should kneel down and press my forehead to the dust, or cry aloud as did the men of Godfrey and of Richard,



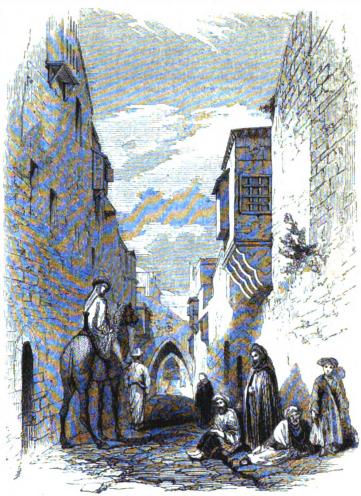
or walk barefooted to the gates as did many pious pilgrims, who may well be pardoned for enthusiastic devotion on the soil so hallowed.

"What did I do?"

Simply this. There was an Armenian on my left, two Roman Catholic ladies were near me, and a Jew and seven Arabs, besides us who were Protestant Christians, formed the party. Some knelt, some prayed aloud, some wept. As for me my dim eyes shut out the glorious view, and the more I sought to pierce the mists, the faster came the floods and hid the city and the mountain of the Lord's ascension from my longing gaze. And I drew down my hood over my face and murmured one "Deus vult!" and that was all that I said, and all that the air or the ground knew of my emotion, and that is all that it befits me here to relate. Let him who would know more, strive to imagine what would be his own feelings when his worldwearied eyes took in at one view the place of the passion, the burial, the resurrection and the opening

heaven that received the Lord. We were lodged in the house of one Antonio, on the Via Dolorosa. I sent Abd-el-Atti on ahead of us to engage rooms, and having a letter of introduction from the Armenian Bishop of Cairo to the Wakil of the great Armenian convent in Jerusalem, in which I was recommended as a Christian traveler worthy all honor and attention, I made no doubt that I should secure comfortable lodgings if I were driven to a convent. But I had a great horror of Oriental convents, by reason of some former experience therein, knowing them to be densely populated with fleas, and I commanded Abd-el-Atti to go to a religious house only as a last resort. He found a new hotel, never yet occupied, a small house with upper chambers, which he took bodily, and installing Hajji Mohammed in the kitchen (I did not part with my prince of cooks till months after that), he made it as comfortable as could be desired, and here we lived in our own hired house for something more than a month.

A month in Jerusalem! Count all the years of your life, my friend, and if you are any thing less than a century old, I will pledge you my word you have not lived in all those years so much as I lived in thirty days in the city of



THE VIA DOLOROSA.

To rise in the morning early and go down the Way of Grief to the gate of St. Stephen and out on the brow of Moriah, there to see the sun rise over Olivet; to go down and wash your eyes, heavy with sleep, in the soft waters of Siloam, that they might never ache again; to climb the sides of Mount Zion, and go in by Zion gate and so up the streets of the city to the Holy Sepulchre; to visit Calvary and the tomb; to press your forehead on the cold rock where the first footstep of the risen Saviour was pressed; and then, as the twilight came on and the moonlight fell softly in the valley, to go down to Gethsemane and pray! Think of days thus spent, of day after day of such hallowed life, varied with morning walks to Bethany, or an afternoon canter over the hills to Bethlehem, or two days' journeying down the way of the wilderness to wash off the dust of life in the Jordan! Think of all this, and tell me if I did not live years in hours while I called it my home in the house of Antonio on the Via Dolorosa. See here the Way of Grief. The view is taken from near the door of Antonio's house, and looks up toward the Arch of Judgment, which can not be seen through the second archof the streets of Jerusalem, which are all much alike. These houses are, many of them, very old, dating as far back as the times of the Crusades. The Via Dolorosa is not one street of Jerusalem, but the way that Christ is supposed to have walked, through street after street and even across what are now inclosed blocks, to the place of crucifixion.

It is not of moment at present to discuss whether it is or is not a correct idea of that path. Its commencement is in front of the residence of the modern Governor of Jerusalem, which occupies part of the site of the ancient tower Antonia. This tower there is every reason to suppose was the House of Pilate, and from the hall of condemnation to the place of crucifixion the way could hardly be more direct than the streets now run, through which the Via Dolorosa is supposed to lead.

Down this street I was apt to walk almost every day, for the eastern terminus of it is at the gate of St. Stephen, now so called, but more properly the gate of the Lady Mary, because it opens toward the tomb of the Virgin. Outside of this gate the Valley of Jehoshaphat separates the city from the Mount of Olives.

Descending by a steep and abrupt path into the valley I found the tomb of the Virgin in the very bottom. Crossing the brook Kedron, and commencing the ascent of the hill, the traveler finds on his right a garden inclosed in high stone walls, containing eight old olive-trees. This spot was my daily place of resort, nor is there on this world's surface another spot of deeper interest.

Passing around to the rear, or up-hill side of the quadrangle, I found a low iron door in the wall, at which I knocked with reverence. One could not hammer as he would at a hotel door, when he was asking admission to Gethsemane. I waited patiently but no one came. Then I lost somewhat my reverence, and I rapped more vehemently. The next instant I was sorry, for the door swung open and an old man, a Franciscan, stood with bowed head and calm face, looking into my eyes with a reproachful look that seemed to reprove me for waking so rudely the echoes of Gethsemane.

"Stoop low your head, Senor," said he, mildly, warning me lest I should hit my head against the lintel of the door-way as I entered. In almost all the holy places it is necessary to stoop on entering. It is doubtless so designed by the builders of many of them, that every one shall wear the appearance of humility in such spots.

Within, I found a garden arranged in beds that were filled with lavender, the perfume of which loaded the air.

The good monk vanished to his cell in the corner. He knew that we needed no guide to tell us the story of that ground—the story that has thrilled the heart of man in every land and every age—the saddest and sublimest story in all the rolls of eternity. Verily he was right. The whispering leaves of the old olive-trees told us

the story; the winds that swept over the lefty battlements of Mount Moriah, five hundred feet above us, told the story; the blue, far sky above the Mount of Olives—the sky He clove with his departing glory, and that shut Him from His disciples' and our longing gaze—told the story; the heavy beating of our hearts—slow, solemn beating, we could hear them in the stillness of the garden—told the story of the bloody passion, and the agony that made the crown of thorns and piercing nails as nothing afterward.

"Tu Tu mi Jesu totum me
Amplexus es in cruce!
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam
Innumeros dolores
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem! et hæc propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore!"

In the blue sky, far up above me, a solitary eagle floated on the air above the deserted shrines of the temple of the Lord; and on the sides of Moriah, among the Moslem graves, some women dressed in white sat by the tombs and wept. But no sound of human grief or human joy reached the deep valley, to disturb the profound stillness of the Garden of the Passion. The clives on the mountain waved their flashing branches in the gentle breeze, but those within the inclosure scarcely moved. The lavender made the atmosphere heavy with perfume as I sat down on the ground, and sought to realize the scenes of the midnight agony and the betrayal.

After that, day after day, I found myself seated in the same spot, with the same emotions.

But I must not linger here, if I would complete the object of this article, which is to describe, just at this season of the year, those points in Jerusalem which are of most interest as connected with the scenes of the death and resurrection of the Lord.

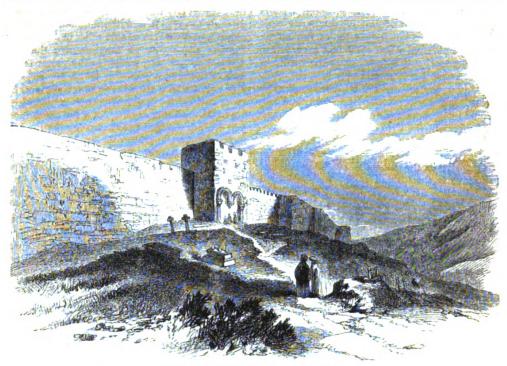
If you will accompany me on one day's walk, starting at Gethsemane, as I often did, you will possibly be able to gather some new notions of those scenes.

Returning from the Garden, in place of climbing the Mountain of Olives, we climb the side of Moriah.

I found myself on the outside of the temple inclosure, in front of a projection in the citywall, in which are two dead arches, and which is known as the Golden Gate. The Mohammedan tombs cover the ground, for this spot is most desirable of all places on earth for Moslem or for Jewish burial. On the top of the wall is a stone pillar, projecting horizontally over these tombs toward the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which is to be the seat of Mohammed when the world assembles for judgment. The souls of all men shall then cross the valley on a bridge, which to the righteous will prove broad and safe, but to the wicked will be the sharp edge of a sword, from which, falling downward, they will go to perdition.

the rolls of eternity. Verily he was right. The But in the wall, not far from the gate, are whispering leaves of the old olive-trees told us many large stones, measuring twenty feet by





THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE

five and a half, by five or six, which lie in position as they were in ancient days. Doubtless these are stones that were in the wall of the temple inclosure in our Saviour's time. work of later days bears any resemblance to them. And in the wall close by the gate are visible the round ends of three broken shafts of columns, much hewn and battered and broken by relic-seeking travelers. One is of porphyry, one of verd-antique, and one of white marble. These columns, it is very probable, formed part of the Golden Gate of those times, and it is not improbable that they were among its ornaments when Peter and John went into it, and healed the lame man who sat there begging. Of the gate itself nothing remains now but the blank wall and the projecting cornices of the arches, as shown in the drawing. Standing among the graves, without the wall, and looking upward at the ancient wall relieved against the sky, a scene is afforded than which I can imagine none more desolate.

By means of large bucksheesh, wherewith I bribed the Bim Pasha to admit us to the Mosque of Omar, with a guard of soldiers to keep off insolent Moslems, I succeeded in examining the entire site of the temple, and that mosque so long concealed from Christian eyes. At that time I saw the interior of the Golden Gate. It was a large chamber in the tower, of which the roof was supported by large pillars. The Moslem sheik of the mosque, Sheik Mohammed Dunnuf, who accompanied me, said that it was the tomb of Solomon himself; but Mohammedans have such an independent way of treating tombs, that little dependence is to be placed on their traditions.

Nevertheless, this gateway is of interest just now to us, as connected with the history of that eventful night of the Passion, for it overlooks Gethsemane, and whether itself ancient or not, it does not stand far from the site of the Beautiful Gate, which is, to my mind, apparently the most probable gate of His entry into the city when led by Judas and the band of soldiers and servants of the high priest,

But we may not enter here now. Following the wall of the city some hundred yards to the northward, we re-enter the Gate of St. Stephen, and going by the pool called, I have no doubt erroneously, that of Bethesda, we go on up the narrow street, covered with arches much of the way, to the door of the governor's residence.

Jerusalem is an old, decayed, and desolate city. Its streets are narrow and very filthy, the houses oftentimes built over them, the pavements broken up and scattered, the houses themselves ruinous, and every thing sadly old and terribly mournful.

It were something could one but see in the streets, as a memorial of its ancient glory, the form of one fair girl that might resemble Mary; if one could meet one face whose soft lineaments would remind him of the Magdalen. But I found none such; not even in the Jewish quarter, where I often wandered in search of faces. But I found old men that seemed to me like the city itself—magnificent relics, splendid antiques—stooping, trembling, tottering, falling, old men, in whose eyes I saw at once reflected the glory of the temple, and the sorrow and shame of its debasement. On Friday of each week, when they assembled at the Place of Wailing, as near to the temple as they are al-

lowed to approach by their Moslem masters, close by the great stones of the inner wall, which are a melancholy relic of the mighty work of Solomon, when their fast tears fell on the pavement, and moans and prayers went up to God as of old, from His holy hill, the Temple Mount, the mountain of His house—on those days, I say, I was profoundly moved, and then I could look around me and realize that this ruin was, after all, the City of David.

But we were going up toward the Via Dolo-

Opposite to the entrance of the governor's residence is the Chapel of the Flagellation, a small but very neat chapel, marking the supposed site of the scourging which Pilate administered to the Saviour before delivering him to the peo-

I remember well, one quiet evening when I was returning from Gethsemane, that I paused in this chapel a moment, and as I came out was joined by an intelligent Latin monk, who accompanied me up the Via Dolorosa. I was indebted for more of detail concerning that sorrowful path than to any other person or to any book. His descriptions were brief, his statements all based on tradition, which he stated frankly, allowing me to believe or not as I pleased.

As we left the gate of the chapel we were supposed to be on the track which He took that morning from the judgment-hall.

Directly before us was that old and curious arch, known as the Arch of the Ecce Homo. It is, as the drawing indicates, a chamber on an archway, which crosses the street. It has, by

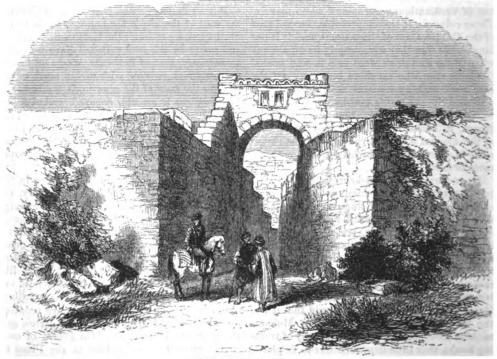
the ancient city walls. Whence its origin it is difficult to say. It is, without doubt, one of the oldest and most remarkable relics in Jerusalem. Passing under this, we may imagine the condemned victim, now wholly in the power of the mob of the mad populace. But a few steps on is the spot where He fell the first time, and his cross striking the wall, made there a hole which is visible unto this day! Yet a few steps more and He uttered that celebrated cry (in the traditions of the Churches-nowhere else), "Salve mater!" A slight bend in the street here marks the place where Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to take the cross, and here we arrived at a cross street, the main street leading north to the Damascus Gate of the city. The Via Dolorosa turns to the left into this street, a ruined bath occupying the corner around which we turned. This bath is on the ground which was formerly a Church of St. Ann, and which has recently, with some ceremony, been restored to the Latin Church by the Moslem authorities.

Opposite to this is the house of Lazarus, a ruined tenement verily; and a little way off is the house of Dives.

I scarcely need say that I am now mentioning places as they were pointed out to me. I do not wish to be obliged to repeat "they say" each time that I name a place.

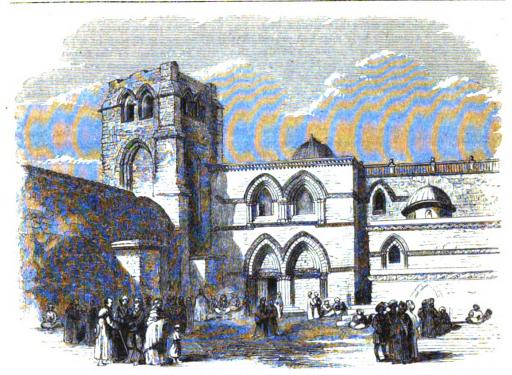
The way turns short to the right again into another street, which ascends the hill toward the western side of the city. Just here, on the left, was the house of Antonio, where I lived.

But the Franciscan brother was too good company, and I walked on with him up the hill. Almost next door to us was the house of Vesome, been supposed to be in the line of one of ronica, who, when the weary Saviour passed her



ARCH OF THE ECCE HOMO.





ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHEE.

door, gave him her handkerchief to wipe His would shrine it in gold and jewels, if I did not brow, and found thereon afterward His portrait. The house is of ordinary sort, like all others in Jerusalem. The handkerchief is one of the four great relics which support the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

And now the way ascends steeply and passes under an arch, dark and gloomy, which is supposed to stand nearly on a line with the ancient western wall of the city. My own conviction on this subject is, that the outer wall of Jerusalem, in the time of Christ, ran along this line, and that this arch may be the interior arch of a tower in the wall.

But on this, it should be distinctly remarked, hang all the questions of the authenticity of the Sepulchre. My reader must be content to take my word for it, since space for the argument there is not.

At this point, then, He left the city, and beyond this the line of His walk was among suburban houses or on the open land. Here I parted with my friend the Franciscan, and returned to my house.

Brt we will go on to the place of crucifixion and the sepulchre. That I went there often while in Jerusalem need not be written here.

I am no worshiper of relics; but I confess. that if I possessed a finger of Paul, the finger that pointed to heaven when he revealed to the Athenians the Unknown God: or if I had a lock of the hair of the beloved disciple—that hair that lay on the Saviour's breast when they ate together the last supper; if I possessed any veritable relic of an apostle, martyr, or saint, I But genuine or false, that spot known for fif-

burn a lamp before it.

I have no sympathy with, no care whatever for, the man who sneers at emotion on approaching such spots as the Holy Sepulchre. That man does not live who could laugh at the story of the Passion, reading it in Gethsemane, or who can forget the blessing of the pure in heart on the moonlit shore of the Sea of Galilee!

But while I visited the Holy Sepulchre with much of emotion oftentimes, yet there were other times when my visits were purely geographical. By the kindness of Mr. Pierotti, architect of the Terra Santa, who, under commission from the Emperor of Austria, was building some additions to the great Church of the Resurrection, I had free access to many ordinarily forbidden parts of the building, from dome to floor, and became perhaps as well acquainted with the sacred localities as one can hope to be who is not a resident of Jerusalem

It was a calm, majestic Sunday morning when I first entered the Church of the Resurrection. I had hesitated much, because my mind was already fully settled that the alleged locality of the crucifixion and entombment was erroneous, and I much feared that the mummery and manifest falsehood of all that I should see there would shock my mind. For already that dreamy, calm consciousness of presence in a holy place, that inexpressible joy which thrilled through heart and brain as each footstep fell on the pavement of Jerusalem, had taken full possession of me, and I could not but shrink from any thing that was likely to disturb it.



teen hundred years as the Holy Sepulchre was not to be regarded with other than earnest, even tearful eyes. Around it holy men had prayed for many generations since Eusebius, and Macarius, and Jerome, and Sabas, and many other worthies who have long since gone to see the ascended glory of the crucified son of Mary. Clinging with stout hands to its marble adornments, thousands of martyrs have perished under the swords of the enemies of the Cross. Many thousand dying sinners and dying saints in all countries and all times have looked to it with the last straining gaze of their dim eyes, and died with smiling countenances turned toward the tomb. Stout men have fought around it, and died for Holy Cross on the threshold of the Sepulchre. Pilgrims from far lands have laid their burdens down on its rocky floor, and prayers and tears have hallowed it, so that, if it were the tomb of Judas himself, it is redeemed and sanctified as the memorial of more earnest faith and adoration than any other spot of ground on this side the pearl gates.

I found my way, May and I together, through the vile tanneries that occupy the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, and under a low doorway into the court of the church. It stands in the centre of a block, with no front on any street. The old brick tower on the left of the entrance is of the Middle Ages, and the walls of the building are of the same period. The court was filled with venders of beads and pearl shell-work of various sorts, the speciality of Bethlehem, which is supported by it, and which the purchaser takes with him into the church to be blessed by laying on the Sepulchre and in the socket of the Cross.

As I entered the door-way, with my eyes fixed on the Stone of Unction, which is in the floor directly in front as you go in, my progress was arrested by two hands laid on my shoulders, and looking up I met the gaze of two dark and lustrous eyes from under the cowl of a Franciscan's gown.

"Ah, mi Frater, you here in Jerusalem; whence came you, whither go you? For when I left you at Malta it was to meet you, if ever again, in some African hut on the wastes of Sahara."

My friend was a young Italian priest, of good family, who had taken the vows for some reason that I know nothing of. He was a very gentle, noble man, whose eyes reminded me constantly together a year before in the South of France and to Malta, where I left him with no little re-We met well here.

"Are you going to make the stations? Ah, no; I forgot, you are a heretic. Well, come with me, and we will talk as we walk, for I leave Jerusalem to-morrow, and shall see little of you otherwise."

The Turkish guardian sat on a divan at the left of the entrance. The keys are kept by the the general level of the church, so as to bring it two churches, Greek and Latin, and the Moslem authorities. All three are necessary to the rock of the hill, which rises to that height above opening of the doors, and when open, the Turk the general surface. This rocky point is Cal-

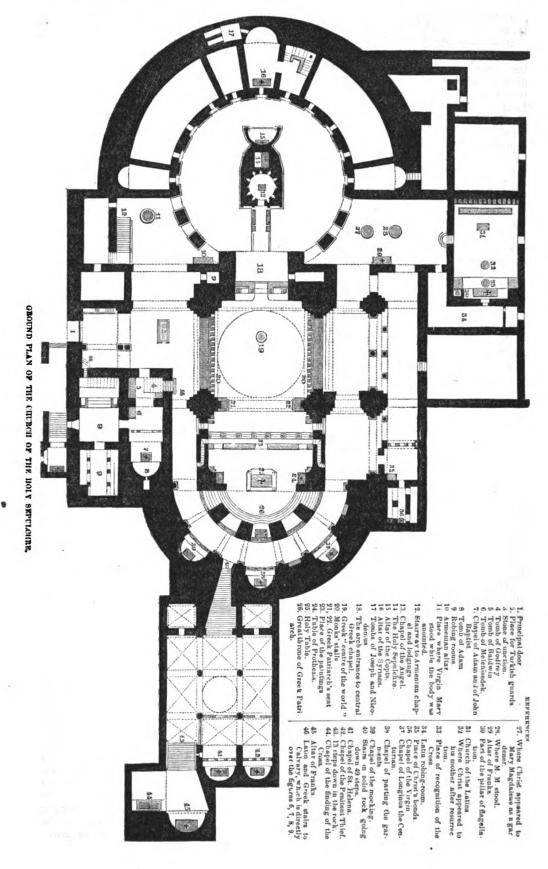
is in power to prevent quarrels between the others; for if Greek meets Greek all is well enough. but if Greek meets Roman in a procession, or two arrive at the door of the Sepulchre at the same moment, the chances are that they will fight out a private or a church battle before prayer. The monks of Holy Land belong mostly to the church militant. Few weeks pass by without a skirmish in the grand rotunda around the tomb. I can not but add, however, that my own experience has been always favorable to the Latin monks, and I have no recollections of Holy Land that are pleasanter than those of my treatment by the monks of the Terra Santa.

Glorious, even at this remote distance, is the aroma of that maraschino-like arrakee which Father Giuseppe, of the convent in Jerusalem, always administered to my wants. It was not the easiest thing to get through the convent with a sound brain. For the Superior would needs insist that I should taste it with him on the divan in his room, with a small cake and a spoonful of jelly; and then the Procurator-General, whose room boasted a magnificent Murillo, would take me there, and chat a little, and drink a little; and then I was obliged to escape through the medical department, where the good brother in charge had always a little of the same sort for a friend; and by my word you had need look to your feet as you went down the Via Dolorosa after that.

We did not kneel at the Stone of Unction, nor kiss it, as did every one else who entered. If the reader will look at the plan of the Church of the Resurrection, he will have no difficulty in understanding the localities within its walls. The door-way being at 1, the Stone of Unction is marked 3. Its location is, therefore, as will be seen, midway between Calvary (which is above the spot on this plan marked 7, 8, 9) and the Sepulchre (14), about at the spot where Joseph would be likely to lay the body which he had taken from the cross, before lifting it into the tomb. The distance between the two places is about 200 feet.

Many travelers, and many writers who have not traveled, have demolished the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with one sneer, because it contains these two holy places under the same walls. No one who reads his Bible, however, will doubt that they were close together. The testimony on this point is simple and decisive. of John, the beloved disciple. We had traveled In early times the Sepulchre was in a building separate from Calvary. The great Basilica of Constantine, erected A.D. 320-835, fronted the Sepulchre, and Calvary was in a distinct chapel, but in time the same roof was extended over both, and then in its subsequent destructions and rebuildings the church included both places. Turning to the right as we entered, we ascended a flight of steps (46) to a chapel, of which the floor is elevated some ten feet above on a line with the top of a point or knoll of the





vary. The plan being a ground plan, does not show the arrangement of the Chapel of Calvary, and the reader will bear this in mind.

Before I go any farther, let me relate briefly the history of the Holy Places, that the reader may know on what I partly rested my faith, after a later and more deliberate examination, that I had knelt at the true Sepulchre of the Lord.

After the death of Christ, which we suppose occurred about A.D. 33, there is no period known at which there were not Christians living in Jerusalem, possessed of all the information that father could give to son, and old men to young, relating to the sacred localities. It is an unnatural and incredible idea that within three generations, during which the Christian religion was spreading over the world with unexampled rapidity and power, its followers forgot the place of its birth and of their own redemption. While men of every other creed, religious, political, philosophical, or foolish, have preserved with devotion the burial-places of their leaders, it is not to be doubted that Christians watched with earnest affection the tomb in which their Lord was laid for two nights, and from which He arose to the salvation of a world, and the resurrection of all the dead.

Within the three hundred years that followed the Crucifixion, a Roman emperor, probably Adrian, erected a temple to Roman deities over the sacred place of the Christians. Jerusalem was never so totally demolished as has been commonly related. There is no authority sufficient to show that even the lines of its ancient streets were lost. On the contrary, within fifty years after its overthrow by Titus, the Jews were able to withstand a three years' siege in the same city; and when again destroyed by Adrian, it appears to have been almost immediately rebuilt by that monarch. In A.D. 300 the world was Christian, and Rome, which had hitherto visited Jerusalem as the avenging messenger of God, now came a pilgrim to the Sepulchre of the despised Nazarene.

Helena, mother of Constantine, made the pilgrimage with royal pomp, and remained long in Holy Land. It was of course easy, in that time, to trace the course of the ancient walls, and to find the well-known localities of older times. No tradition existed of the tomb or the place of crucifixion. No writer speaks of a tradition, because every one knew it; precisely as every American knows where the grave of Washington is, and it would be idle to talk of a tradition. Helena was led to the spot, and, commissioned thereto by her royal son, she demolished the temple of Adrian, and uncovered the rock-hewn tomb wherein never yet-no, not yet! -never yet man was laid. A splendid basilica, erected by Constantine's order on this spot, was, A.D. 335, dedicated in most solemn assembly of the Oriental bishops. Eusebius was present; and from that time to this the locality has been perfectly preserved, and no one, not the most confirmed skeptic, doubts that this is the spot

dedicated by Eusebius and his saintly companions, to the Saviour that they believed had once hallowed it with his blood.

No one has doubted the authenticity of the place until in late years, when some learned travelers have supposed that after fifteen hundred years they could better locate the western line of the city wall than could the bishops of the third century, when it is probable the walls themselves were standing, of which now it is not possible to identify a stone. These gentlemen maintain that the wall must have included the site of the church, and as the crucifixion was without the gates, the locality can not be correct. This is the chief, I may say the only argument against the locality, and it has been sustained with vast learning, and the greatest ability by distinguished scholars. I was convinced of its truth before visiting Jerusalem, but satisfied of its errorafter the first ten days I passed in the Holy City.

As we mounted the steps and found ourselves in the chapel of Calvary, there was before us a marble altar, much like a pier-table. Falling on my knees-for it was too low for stooping-I went under it to a place where the floor was covered with a golden plate, and removing this, I looked into the hole, two feet deep and six or eight inches square, which is the supposed socket of the cross. I know not that there is any reason to regret having knelt before a spot so honored in so many centuries, although I have no reason to believe in the genuineness of the hole. That this rock is Calvary I have no doubt. The hole was possibly made in old times to support a crucifix, or some representation of the scene that occurred here.

At its right was an opening in the marble casing which covered every thing, and this opening, three feet long by two inches wide, was covered with a silver plate, which being pushed aside, disclosed a rift in the solid rock of the hill, made by some earthquake—I see not why it was necessarily any other earthquake than that which is recorded at this place.

The chapel is splendidly ornamented. Lamps of silver and gold hang in it in profusion. When I retreated from the altar, backward, and on my knees of necessity, Fra Giovanni was kneeling a little way from me, praying devoutly. A touch on his shoulder startled him from his devotion, and we went down the other stairway (one is Latin, and the other Greek; they will not approach Calvary by the same steps, nor Heaven by the same roads), and entered the chapel under this one, the end of which abuts the rock which is visible above. The fissures of the earthquake here widen into a broad hole, curiously shaped, which is called by the monks the Tomb of Adam. On opposite sides of this chapel once lay Godfrey and Baldwin, Kings of Jerusalem, brave knights, without fear and without reproach, whose war-cry had been heard along the hills of Palestine, who had fought gallantly for the Cross and Sepulchre, and who. having accomplished their work, in turn lay down at the foot of Calvary.



Still hesitating to approach the Sepulchre, I went to the right around the central chapel that part of the building between 18 and 26 is the great Greek chapel, gorgeously ornamented by the Emperor of Russia, the great patron of the Greek Church. Its walls do not reach up to the roof of the building. It stands on the great floor, and there is a passage around it which we followed, passing at 39 the Chapel of the Mocking, containing the supposed pillar on which Christ sat, and at 40 found the steps descending into the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross.

When Helena was in Jerusalem she was informed that there existed a tradition that on the evening of the crucifixion, the three crosses were thrown into a pit near Calvary. This pit she excavated, and discovered in it certain timbers which she had faith to believe were the wood she was seeking. To one of them was attached a scroll that was be-

lieved to be the parchment writing of Pilate, and by this was identified the true cross. Whether this was part of the ruins of ancient buildings or was the veritable wood of the Expiation, there is an interest in the subsequent history of that wood, for, and around which, were fought, in later years, the conflicts to which it gave the name of the Battle of the Cross. Captured by enemies of the religion of which it was the sign; regained by a Roman Emperor, and borne on his own shoulders into the gates of the City of the Crucifixion; surrounded in all the centuries that passed over Europe and the East by adoring hearts ready to die for it, and the Lord that they believed had died on it-it was at length carried out by Guy, last King of Jerusalem, to the bloody field of Hattin, raised high in battle by the stout Bishop of St. George to encourage the hearts and strengthen the arms of the valiant knights that fought and fell on the plains of Galilee; and when the second day of that conflict closed, and the kingdom of Jerusalem had fallen, the holy wood passed into the hands of Salah-E'Deen, and was forever lost to Christian idol-

The Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, numbered 45, is without doubt the excavation made by Helena, as the rough rocks that overhang it indicate. It is a dark subterranean closed the small door-way of the tomb now



THE HOLY SEPULCHEE.

room, with an altar on which a lamp is perpetually burning.

Returning to the level of the floor of the church, and still going around at the rear of the Greek chapel, passing the little semicircular chapels (38, 37) of the division of the garments and of St. Longinus the centurion of the guards, we completed the circuit of the central chapel, and arrived in the great rotunda at the western end of the church. This vast room, covered with a dome that is falling into ruin, and can not be repaired because the churches can not agree who is to repair it, is surrounded by corridors, two stories high, the upper story being cut up into chambers which look down on the centre of the rotunda.

In the centre, and immediately under the dome, stands a small building composed of elegant marbles, of which the drawing will give a much better idea than I can by words convey. Of the interior plan of this the reader will obtain an accurate idea by again turning to the plan of the church.

Entering at the open door-way, I found myself in the Chapel of the Angel (13), a small and elegantly adorned room, in the centre of which a piece of stone raised on a pedestal does duty as part of the great stone which once in-



in front of us. Stooping down, we looked in. So Peter and that other disciple stooped down and looked in. Was it strange that the posture brought that scene to mind, and that I started at the thought that I might see an angel?

Then stooping low I passed in and May with me, and Fra Giovanni behind us, and there was already a Greek monk there, so that we four standing up filled all the vacant space in that tomb in the rock, hewn for Joseph, but hallowed by the Lord his God. The tomb (14) is six feet long by six wide, and perhaps eight in height. One-half of it, six feet by three, is occupied by a slab of marble, like a bench, some eighteen inches from the floor. This covers the rock on which the body of Christ was probably laid. The customary form of ancient tombs around Jerusalem is like this, a hewn chamber, with benches at the sides, sometimes hollowed out, to receive the dead uncoffined.

I have already said that when I first stood within the Sepulchre, I did not believe that it was what it professed to be. It was, therefore, only to me a spot of great historic interest as connected with the world's story for fifteen centuries. I but thought of the millions of feet that had pressed this little floor six feet by three; of the breaking hearts that had found repose within this chamber; of the loads of sin and shame that men had brought into it and left there; of emperors, kings, knights, soldiers, priests, and beggars that had in successive generations pressed that pavement with their knees, that marble with their lips, all now gone, a host unnumbered, to the judgment of the ascended son of Mary.

One morning my friend Pierotti went with me into the Chapel of the Angel, and opening a small door in the marble casing of the chamber, showed a narrow dark staircase, through which we climbed to the top of the Sepulchre, and stood under the dome, which the reader will perceive surmounts it. Another day we climbed to the great dome of the Greek Chapel, and examined the paintings, every one of which is marked with the date of its consecration. Often, almost always, indeed, the Franciscan monks of the Terra Santa, who had charge of the Chapel of the Apparition, led us through the Chapel and the Robing Room-where they kept the good sword of Godfrey, that once did valiant strokes for Cross and Sepulchre—into the refectory of the convent, which opened just there, and seating us on the rough benches on which they were accustomed to sit, placed before us bottles of rare old cordials, and blessed them for our lips. Blessed them verily! They needed no monkish blessing, those goblets of the sun-blessed wine of Hebron. We should have taken to them if they had cursed instead of blessed them.

On the other side of the church, near the door, were the Armenian rooms, and the Armenian priests are not to be outdone in hospitality. Father ----, on my honor I can't recall his name—it was some modern version of the

me on the Armenian side of the Sepulchre, would draw me into the dark room of the Armenian guardian, and there wrap a white cloth around my neck as if he were about to shave me, and administer spoonful after spoonful of delicious jelly, laying it artistically on my tongue, and giving me a glass of sherbet between each spoonful. It was like feeding a baby, but it was Armenian fashion, and to laugh at it would have been hideously impolite. It certainly did very nearly choke me at one time, when I saw Whitely with twitching eyelid, and compressed mouth, swallowing a spoonful in half suffocating silence. The poor Copts and Abyssinians have access to the rear of the Sepulchre, but they are too few to assert strong rights anywhere.

I may not linger in this church, but must be content if I give to my reader, with the aid of the accurate drawings that he sees before him, a general idea of this most interesting religious edifice in the world.

A daily visitor, I became familiar with all the passages of the building, and spent many hours each day in its shadowy aisles.

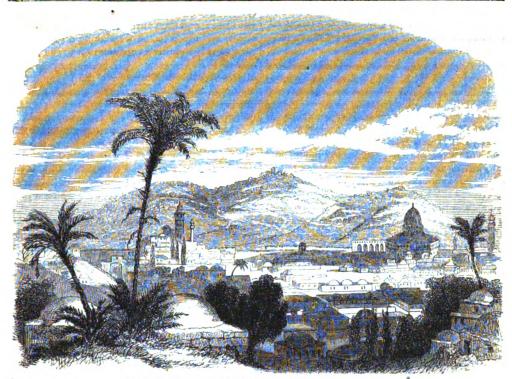
I loved to stand at the entrance of the Latin Chapel of the Apparition of Christ to Mary after the resurrection, and look toward the sepulchre and watch the kneeling pilgrims of all lands as they looked to the little building which once contained the Hope of the World.

I could laugh there at the petty pride of Turks who sauntered around the rotunda, with illy-concealed sneers on their faces for the Christian dogs that knelt here and there on the pavement. I could laugh, for I beheld the visible evidence of the grandeur of our holy faith.

In that little tomb, one sad night, when the stars were over Jerusalem, there lay the worn and wasted body of one who had suffered an ignominious death. Here, where I stood, Roman soldiers sat on the rocky floor, and clashed their armor rudely as they passed the night in alternate jest and brawl, rattling the dice on the rock by the light of a dim taper, and cursing each other by the gods of Rome, while they recked nothing who or what was the dead body they were set to watch. And somewhere within Jerusalem a few men and women were weeping the long night through in hopeless agony. There Mary told them of His dying countenance, of the ineffable glory that shone on it, the radiance that hallowed His thin white brow, the smile that rested on His matchless lip; and she sobbed as she related how His hand lay motionless when she wrapped the linen cloths around it; how His breast was rent by the spear, and she covered up the fierce wound; how His lips were silent and His eyes unmoved when she lifted Him to His resting-place on the rock-alas, that He who had no place whereon to lay His head, had found at last a rocky pillow for eternal repose!

But the scene is changed. The Saviour is risen. The religion of the Cross and Tomb has become the religion of the world. The nails name of the prophet's child of old—if he caught that men believed were the nails that pierced





VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

His hands were wrought into the proudest crown | ited portions, which are those adjoining the of human grandeur, and the fragments they supposed to be of the wood on which He hung are shrined in palace cathedrals of unknown wealth and gorgeousness. From the little handful of disciples the followers of the Nazarene have grown to be a host more than any man can number, of every nation under heaven. The standards of Christian powers are triumphant on every battle-field, and the day has arrived in which there is no nation of the earth able to say that it can stand and be other than Christian. It was easy to laugh at the haughty Turk, who sneered at the poor pilgrim, ragged and dirty, who had but now arrived within the Jaffa gate, and rushed to lay his foad down at the sepulchre. He was the master here, but that poor pilgrim was the representative of the religion of that tomb, by the sufferance of whose followers he was permitted to lord it a little while in Jerusalem, but who will, ere long-God grant it be soon!-sweep from the face of the earth every vestige of the religion of the camel-driver of Mecca.

Already this article exceeds its limit, and the reader must go to the books from which it is a brief extract if he would read farther of Holy Land.* He will find in them much that is new, and I trust much that will be interesting.

I "compassed" Jerusalem often, walked round about it, marked well her bulwarks. A favorite walk was on the top of the wall, going completely around the city except by the prohib-

 Two books of Travel in Egypt and Syria, by William
 Prime, author of "The Old House by the River," etc. Harper and Brothers, New York. Now in press.

Mosque of Omar so called, and got thereby many fine views of the city. This one, which takes in the Mosque of Omar and the Mount of Olives in the distance, serves well to show the position of the Mountain of the Ascension, and to give an idea of the commanding view which Christ had from it of the city when He uttered that mournful lament on its perverseness.

At another time, when we had been on the Mount of Olives, and were returning to the house of Antonio, we paused in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and sat down on some rocks to look up at that desolate view of the Golden Gate, and the walls of the city of which I have before spoken.

Our horses were fresh and in fine condition, and we purposed to make the circuit of the city. May sat down under the wall of Gethsemane to wait for us, and we started up toward the northeastern corner of the wall.

My bay horse Mohammed, the companion of much adventurous life, was in splendid condition. He went up the hill like a bird. Whitely was alongside as we turned the corner and passed the cave of Jeremiah, thundering by the Damascus Gate, and up the slight ascent toward the Jaffa road. We went around the northwest corner at a furious gallop, and the usual crowd of loiterers in the afternoon sun on the west side at the Jaffa Gate raised a shout as we approached, at which the entire guard from the tower of David turned out, and added their voices as the two Franks went by. The pace was steady till we turned the southwest corner on the very summit of Mount Zion, and then we were a little bothered among the Greek and Arme-



nian graves. I could not, even riding a race on an Arab horse, pass the grave of poor Bradford, who lies there among the Latins, without a pang of regret for his early fate, shared by Costigan, who lies by his side; but the next moment I had all that I could do to keep my seat as Mohammed went over a heap of stone near the ruins of the house of the Virgin Mary, and then taking the road, led off at a tremendous pace down the side of Mount Zion, across the valley and up the slope of Mount Moriah. Here, at the southwest corner of the city, we turned again, and now, having a good path and an easy descent by a diagonal line into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we crossed the Kedron at the tomb of Absalom, and sprang to the ground in front of May within thirty minutes from the time of our departure.

The bird's-eye view of Jerusalem on the opposite page will convey to the reader a better idea of the city than would a volume of description. The view is toward the north. You are standing over Aceldama, the "field of blood," and looking northward. Commencing at the right of the page, the open court of the Mesjid el Aksa, commonly called the Mosque of Omar, attracts the eye instantly. Here stood the Temple of Solomon, and it is probable that the identical space now standing open was formerly included in the great court of that temple. most interesting building now within the inclosure is that which stands on the south side of the court, with a dome on its top. This was built in the time of Justinian as a church. In the days of the kingdom of Jerusalem it was given to the Order of "the poer fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ." And as it stood on the site, so it received the name of the Temple, whence that poor soldiery took the name of Templarsa name that, ere long, rang in courtly halls and on bloody fields, before which Popes and Emperors bowed respectfully, and the stoutest soldiers of Europe and Asia fled in haste.

My visit to the mosque and the celebrated crypts underneath it, which form the support of the level area, and are probably remains of ancient Jewish times, I can not describe here. This part of the city is Mount Moriah. Passing up the wall on the east side, the slight break in it a little more than half way up the open area, indicates the Golden or Beautiful Gate, of which a view is before given. The deep ravine on the right is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the eastern side of it being the Mount of Olives. The Garden of Gethsemane is in the bottom of this ravine nearly opposite the north side of the temple area.

The high minaret on the northwest corner of the open area may serve to mark the site of the ancient tower Antonia, which is supposed to have been the residence of the Roman governor in the days of Christ. In the street which runs parallel with the north side of the open area, behind the top of this minaret, commences the Via Dolorosa at a point where the minaret hides the street. The Via continues west along this street to the point where it joins a street golden, for an everlasting memory of joy.

coming down from a northern gate (the Damascus Gate), and then turns to the south with that street, and again to the west along a street that runs as if it were in a continuation of the north side of the open area. On arriving at the end of this street, the Via crosses the block to the buildings which appear chiefly conspicuous in the northwestern part of the city, which are the edifices of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

That the reader may have some idea of the nature of the controversy in relation to the locality of the Sepulchre, I will direct his attention to two points. The one is the Damascus Gate, on the north side of the city; the other is the building on the west side, over which a flag is seen flying. This is the citadel of David, the Tower Hippicus of Herod, and the castle of modern Jerusalem, and stands on the northern edge of Mount Zion. The ravine which formerly separated Zion from the land north of it is now filled up. These two points are universally conceded to be known points in the ancient walls. The second wall of Josephus commenced on the north side of Zion, and, as it is, I believe, admitted by all, ran through the point now occupied by the Damascus Gate. The discussion is, whether the second wall began just east of the Tower, or some hundred feet east of it; and whether, in running thence to the Damascus Gate, it ran east or west of the location of the church. On a glance at the view of the city, the reader will perceive that it is a question of a few feet only, and one in which it is probably safer to trust the good judgment of men of the third century than our own at this late day.

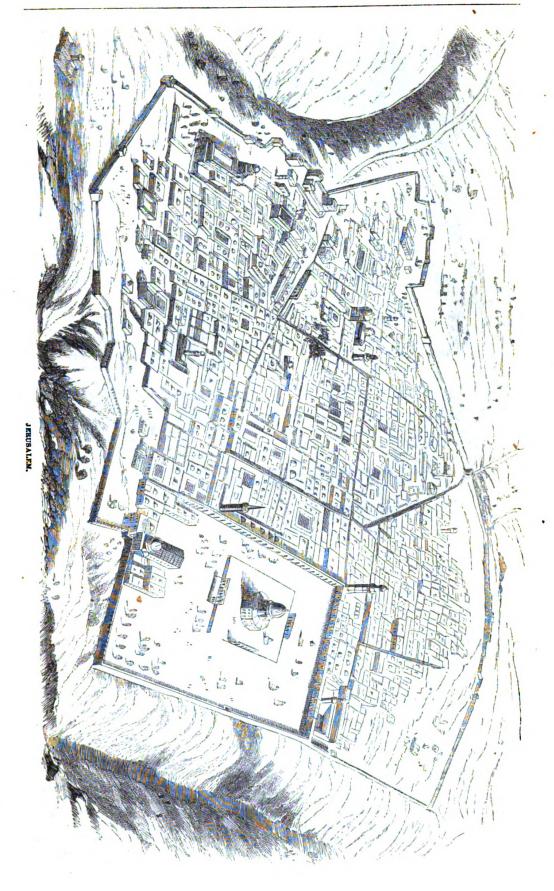
All that part of the city lying south of this tower is Mount Zion. The building standing alone outside the walls is dignified as the Tomb of David, but has more interest as the traditionary locality of the Holy Supper, hence called the Coenaculum. It is entitled to great respect on account of its age, as there is no reason to doubt that it was standing in an early century, and then regarded as the place of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

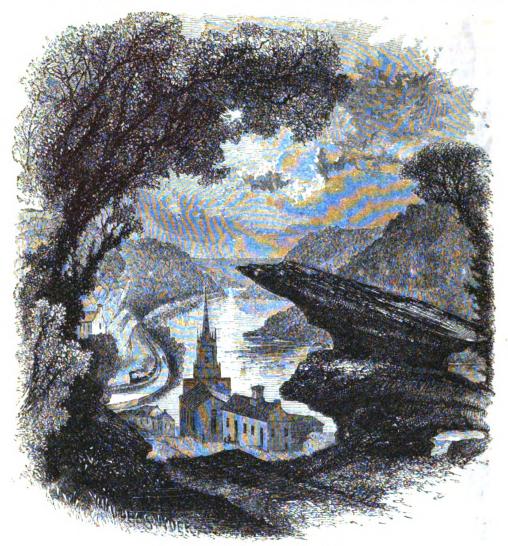
The large building within the walls in this part of the city is the Armenian Convent, the finest religious edifice in Jerusalem.

I need hardly remark, in conclusion, in relation to this picture, that modern Jerusalem is a very different city in shape and appearance from the ancient city, and the lines of the walls are hardly, in any instance, identical.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" I went to Hebron, and came back to the Holy City. I bathed in Jordan and in the Dead Sea, and came back to the Holy City. I could not tear myself away from its scenes. But at length, my pilgrimage being accomplished, I turned my back on its gates, and lingering a while on the summit of Mount Scopus, until a cloud had passed, and the full sunlight fell on wall, and dome, and tower, and minaret, I left it thus, glowing and







I. -JEFFERSON'S ROCK, HARPER'S FERRY.

A JUNE JAUNT;

WITH SOME WANDERINGS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WASHINGTON, BRADDOCK, AND THE EARLY PIONEERS.

BY BRANTZ MAYER.

the joy of her heart, "A journey to make, and Paris at the end of it!" she uttered the sentiment of a thorough-paced woman of the world, tired to death of those dreary old chateaus, which, like so many architectural poplars, break the monotonous levels of France, with their circular towers and sugar-loaf spires.

Dull and uniform landscapes drive people to towns for the entertainment of society, and Man, with his manifold diversions, becomes tenfold more attractive than Nature with her homely russet and step-dame aspect. It is in this respect that rural life in the United States presents so much more beauty in its diversified forms; for if we reject the historical associations connected with most parts of the Old World, we

WHEN Madame de Sevigné exclaimed, in memory lingers, when we cross the Atlantic to our American homes. Lakes and mountains, plain and upland, rock and river, exist in picturesque variety in Europe; but long use and over-population have deprived the country of that luxuriant forest-land and virginal freshness which give Nature most of her charms, release her from dependence on art, and constitute the peculiar features of our native scenery.

In former times, when we traveled on horseback or in lumbering coaches, it mattered little if we went over hills or around them, and, of course, our early engineers were rather careless whether they ran their roads across meadows or struck into the mountains. Their main mathematical idea was, that "a straight line is the shortest between two points." Since the inshall reduce the number of spots upon which troduction of railways, the object has always



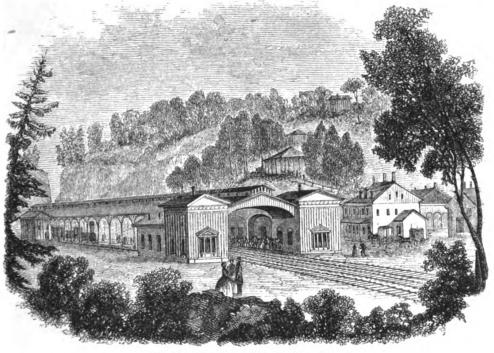
been to avoid elevations, and keep along the lowlands; to follow river banks on a level with the sea, and to reduce a journey, if possible, to the tameness of a canal through the marshes of Holland. It has only been of late that bolder minds have ventured to restore romance to travel by scaling the Alleghanies with steam-engines, and making a jaunt through our upland dells and forests as great a delight as it was to those who first penetrated our wilderness.

But, with all this improvement, there has been one drawback. The daring that ventured to disregard mountains has added to the speed with which their scenery is passed, so that, with increased rapidity, little time is allowed to observe the added objects of interest. "Going by rail," says Ruskin, in his last volume, "I do not consider to be traveling at all; it is merely 'being sent' to a place, and very little different from being a parcel. A man who really loves traveling would as soon consent to pack a day of such happiness into an hour of railroad, as one who loved eating would agree to concentrate his dinner into a pill." Yet, it is quite possible, if we are willing to forego our proverbial hurry, to enjoy fully the scenery through the highlands of our interior; for, although we can be transported at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, there is not a company in the Union that compels a wayfarer to transform himself into a package, or does not afford resting-places along its route, where travelers may linger as long as they please, to be taken up by fresh trains and forwarded to new spots of interest or beauty. In this way rapidity has its advantages. It skips us over the dull, and stops us at the interesting. Fine scenery, like pâté de foie gras,

could never be enjoyed if we devoured it constantly, so that while steam is slurring us over the tame, it is whetting our appetites for fresh enjoyments at the ensuing pause.

A party which was made up in Baltimore last spring to go from that city by rail to the Ohio, along much of the route which was pursued by the early pioneers with their pack-horses and caravans, enjoyed this mode of travel about as perfectly as it is possible. We were ten in number; and the officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, knowing our desire to examine several points of historical interest in that region, were kind enough to invite us to join a special train, which was to make a patient reconnoissance of the road.

It is difficult to imagine any thing better contrived for the purpose than the equipment which was prepared to secure comfort and risk from accident. The engine was one of the best on the line, and the engineers and conductors were selected for their experienced skill. After the engine followed a car, fitted up partly as kitchen and partly as dining-room, where fifteen or twenty could take their meals as comfortably as in the cabin of a packet; then came two cars with reading-rooms, writing-tables, books, instruments, and every thing requisite for the reconnoitring party, while portions were fitted up with state rooms for accommodation at night: and, last of all, followed a car with convenient seats and abundant room for observation. In the forward part of this train, in charge of the "Commissary Department," were several excellent waiters, of high repute in their useful sphere; so that I doubt whether a party started this summer in any quarter of our country,



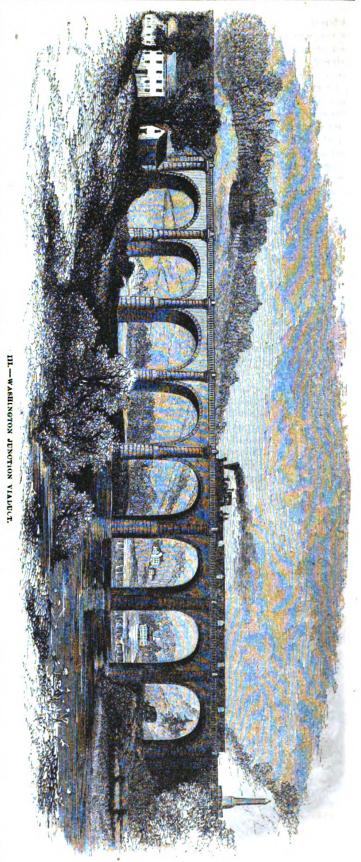
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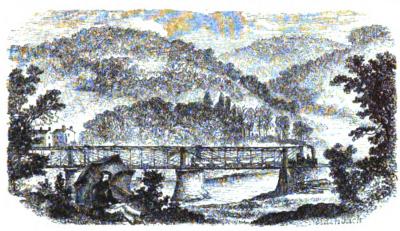
in quest of health or diversion, better fortified against the "ills that flesh is heir to."

The 24th of June was a fresh, bracing day, when we assembled at half-past six in the morning at the spacious dépôt, which is near completion, and were speedily off over the lowlands to the Relay House, where we breakfasted on the Maryland luxuries of "softcrabs" and "spring-chickens"-two delicacies which the unenlightened may get an idea of if they can imagine the luscious flavor of solidified cream browned over a hickory fire in clover-scented butter.

The Relay House is the first spot where one observes the broken country through which so much of this road lies, for it is situated on the rise of the hills, near the place known as Elk Ridge Landing, to which vessels of considerable tonnage came, in the early days of Marvland, to load with tobacco for European markets. In consequence of diminished water, it has lost its ancient bustle and importance as a port of entry, and the Patapsco breaks through its picturesque gorge, with greatly shrunken volume, to find its way to the Chesapeake. Here the railway branches to the West and to Washington; the latter track crossing the ravine on a tall viaduct of granite, and the former pursuing a beautiful and broken ledge of the stream toward its head-waters in the hills. The imposing structure which spans the river with eight arches of sixty feet chord, at a height of sixty feet above the Patapsco, was one of the early designs of that distinguished engineer Benjamin H. Latrobe, under whose direction the road has been completed across the Alleghanies to the Ohio. In order to obtain a better view of this massive structure, which harmonizes so completely in color and di-







IV .- ELYSVILLE BRIDGE.

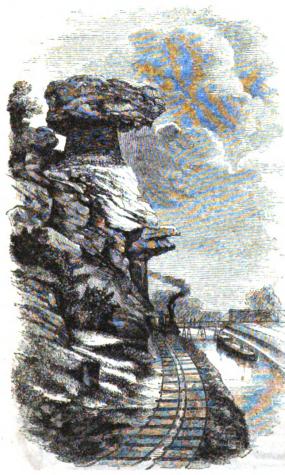
mensions with the scenery, we descended to the | and skirting the river for six miles, reaches the water's edge, where, framed like a picture in the granite arches, the valley opened westward, with its sloping hills, villa-studded groves, and placid river, and the Avalon Works relieved against the sky in the remote gap.

The road turns around a bluff on quitting the Relay House for the West. It leaves the via-

village of Ellicott's Mills. Throughout this transit there is charming variety of hill, rock, and river scenery, interspersed with continual evidences of agricultural and manufacturing industry, the whole overshadowed at this season by fresh foliage among the granite which abounds in this district. From the Relay House to Elliduct on the left, passes the Avalon Iron Works, cott's Mills, and thence onward to Elysville, the

Patapsco gradually narrows and brawls over a rocky bed, affording valuable water-power which has been prosperously employed. We halted at Elysville for a short time to examine the peculiarities of an iron bridge invented by Mr. Wendel Bollman, of Baltimore, spanning the Patapsco with a double track of three hundred and forty feet. There are so many valuable elements of strength, security, and permanence in this invention, that I would be glad to describe it minutely; but towers, chords, cores, tenons, rivets, sockets, suspension rods, and their scientific combinations, afford but dull entertainment for general readers, and, accordingly, I must refer the more curious to the ingenious artist himself, whenever they desire to promote the safety of railways by counteracting the evil effects of expansion and contraction, which have been so disastrous to many of the iron bridges of our country.

We wound westwardly from Elysville five miles till we struck the fork of the Patapsco, when we turned its western branch, passed the Mariottsville quarries, crossed the river on an iron bridge of fifty feet, ran through a tunnel four hundred feet long, and hurrying across meadowlands, followed a crooked gorge to Sykesville in the heart of a region abounding in minerals. For a considerable distance beyond this settlement we traversed a rough, level country—our road, for the most part, cut from the solid rock-till, leaving the region of granite, it shortly struck Parr's Ridge, which divides the Val-



V .- THE POINT OF ROCKS.



ley of the Patapsco from that of the Monocacy and Potomac. From the top of this elevated grade there are superb views of the Plains of Frederick, backed by spurs of the Blue Ridge, which stand out like advanced sentinels in the midst of luxuriant farm-land. On its western side the quiet Monocacy waters a rural district till it issues by a gorge, and coasts the eastern slopes to the termination of the mountains. Near the mouth of this placid stream, the insulated masses of Sugar-loaf Mountain shoot up abruptly; while, on the other side, the slopes, spurs, and transverse valleys are dark with magnificent groves of choicest timber.

With such scenery on all sides, we passed the Monocacy, and, quitting its valley, crossed, southwestwardly, over limestone levels, between the Catoctin and Sugar Loaf, and struck the Potomac at no great distance from the Point of Rocks, where the railway runs on a ledge cut from the precipice of the Catoctin Mountain, towering up on the right, and supported by broad embanking walls that separate it from the canal and river on its left.

The Potomac, at this point, is a third of a mile wide, and foams over a bed of ledges crossing it at right angles like so many fractured barriers, denoting the conflict between the ridge and river when it burst through the hills. Such, with few intermissions, is the character of scenery from the Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry, which is built on a narrow, declivitous tongue, lying directly in the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac, and washed on either side by those noble streams. The railway reaches it by a stupendous curving bridge of nine hundred feet over the latter; and as the tion, I followed leisurely in their rear, rather

mountain steeps converge precipitously at all points about the gap, but small space is left for building with accessible convenience. Nearly all the level river-margin has been used for the National Armory, so that the town scrambles picturesquely among the upland bluffs, till the hill-top, like the end of all things, is terminated by the groves and monuments of a cemetery.

Our first visit was to the Armory, where we were introduced to all the mysteries in this wonderful assemblage of contrivances for death. Every thing was exhibited and set in motionfrom the ponderous tilt-hammers, which weld steel into solidity, down to the delicate operations by which the impulse of a hair can put these terrible engines in action. I was soon struck by the fact that, after all, it is not so easy to kill a man-especially, if we consider the intricate preparations which have to be made in constructing weapons for human slaughter. We learned that a musket consists of forty-nine pieces, and that the number of operations in completing one-each of which is separately catalogued and valued-amount to three hundred and forty-six; all, in some degree, requiring different trades and various capacities for execution; so that, perhaps, no man, or no two men in the establishment, could perform the whole of them in manufacturing a perfect weapon!

I confess that, with but little turn for mechanical science, most of these complicated machines were rather surprising than comprehensible to me; so that, while my companions strolled through the apartments in quest of instruc-



VI. -HABPER'S FERRY.





VII .- RUINS OF FORT FREDERICK.

grieving than glorying in the inventive skill that [had been lavished on their construction under national auspices. It may be considered more sentimental than practical in the present belligerent state of mankind, to doubt the wisdom of making military preparations under the amiable name of "defense," yet I have never been able to understand why it should not be "constitutional" to create as well as to kill, and to make a sickle as well as a sword! Why is it that political law allows millions for the belongings of war, and denies a dollar to those genial arts which, in ten years, would do more for the progress of humanity than centuries of traditionary force have effected for its demoralization? Nay, how much more beneficially would these hundreds of workmen be employed, if government devoted their labor to the manufacture of such unpicturesque instruments as hoes, spades, rakes, axes, pitchforks, plows, and reaping machines; and if the army, which is to wield the perilous weapons that are strewn in every direction, were transmuted, under national patronage, into cultivators of those "homesteads" which politicians so cheaply vote them! But, alas! the soldier is epic, and the farmer only pastoral, and pageantry beats homeliness all the world over!

These lackadaisical fancies floated through my mind as I walked over the half mile of armory; and I hope I may not be set down as "too progressive" or "Utopian," if I divulge them in this public confessional.

It was noon when we left the Armory and climbed to the fragment of Jefferson's Rock, which affords the best $coup\ d'wil$ of this celebrated scenery. It was a fatiguing tramp under a mid-day sun, but we found a breeze singing down the gorge of the Shenandoah when we rested under the old pine-tree among the cliffs. The rock itself is of very little interest, except for its association with Mr. Jefferson's name, and its remarkable poise on a massive base. The drawing at the beginning of this article presents an accurate view of the whole scene. From the gap between the fragments the pros-

pect combines the grand and beautiful in a wonderful degree. Beyond the brow of the hillvery little of the town is seen to disfigure the original features of the prospect, so that the wilderness of mountain, forest, and water may still be as freshly enjoyed as they were by the earliest travelers. Indeed it is impossible for language to sketch the spirit of the spot more vividly than is done in the bold penciling of Jefferson. "You stand," says he, "on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent; on your left approaches the Potomac in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea." In a few distinct words of outline we have the geology and geography of the spot before us; but when the sun is lower and the shadows broader than at the time of our visit, so as to impart variety of tone and effect to the scene, it is difficult to conceive a wilder prospect than the mountains forming the gap, or a more placid landscape than that which waves away beyond it, till hill, forest, and river fade in the east. is a remarkable contrast between the roughness of the foreground and the pastoral quiet of the distance, so that the very landscape seems to teach the need and harmony of repose after struggle.

We dined in the cars as they rolled along slowly to Martinsburg, where we tarried for the night after a stroll through the ancient, hospitable town, examining the extensive work-shops and establishments connected with the railway. Martinsburg is the centre of a rich country in the hands of generous proprietors, and the converging point of considerable trade between the mountain foot and sea-board.

We were up betimes on the morning of the 25th; for our hotel was near the track, and the incessant passage of trains during the night was not the most exquisite anodyne for tired travelers. I do not remember any striking scenery till we crossed Back Creek on a stone viaduct



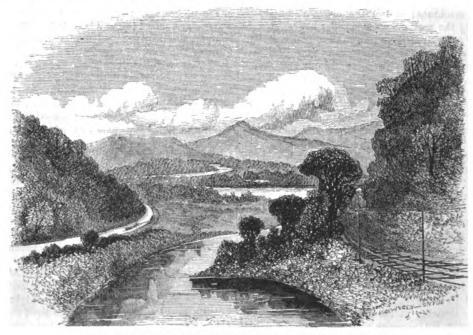
with a single arch of eighty feet, and once more opened the Potomac Valley with views of the North Mountain and Sideling Hill in the distance. Beyond this point we stopped to visit the remains of Fort Frederick, erected by the Colonial government of Maryland in 1775. The ruins lie north of the river beyond the canal; so that it was necessary to descend the steep sides of the mountain glen, still covered with the original forest, and cross a lake-like reach of the Potomac in batteaux to the opposite shore, where we found the military wreck on the upper levels of the river bank, about a quarter of a mile from its embowered margin. The fort stands in the midst of cultivated fields, while a wholesome-looking barn nestles under its dismantled walls. The fortification is a square, with salient angles or bastions at the four corners, and rises to the height of about fifteen feet. There are no embrasures for cannon, nor is the structure massive enough to resist artillery; but as it was built for frontier defense, it was probably rather a garrison for riflemen than a regular fortress capable of sustaining an attack of disciplined troops. The four substantial walls have been little harmed in the lapse of a hundred years. Their interior is overgrown with weeds and bushes; the magazine is a heap of stones; the barracks have disappeared altogether; the gates are gone; large trees flourish in the corner bastions; ivy grows over portions of the wall; but, with all these evidences of decay, we were glad to hear that the farmer on whose land it stands does not allow a stone to be removed, and is determined to preserve it as a historical relic of our Maryland forefathers. The only inhabitant we found in the abandoned fort was a black snake of considerable size; but as he was speedily slain by some of our followers, I suppose the

last emblem of hostility has been destroyed within the walls, and the gray ruin left to the innumerable thrushes that were singing in its solitude.

Beyond Fort Frederick, we began to touch the region of St. Clair, Braddock, and Washington. West of Hancock, we halted at Sir John's "Run," whence a short, brisk drive deposits travelers at Berkeley Springs, whose virtues were recognized at an early day by Washington and the Fairfaxes, and continue to be acknowledged every summer by crowds from Maryland and Virginia. The Valley of the Potomac has nearly the same characteristics through its whole length, from this place to Cumberland. The road winds along the stream, and about the base of mountain spurs-some rising suddenly in distinct cones, and others broken into steep cliffs, displaying their strata-like layers of masonry. Sideling Hill, Tower Hill, and Green Ridge are consecutively passed, till, in the neighborhood of Warrior Mountain, we pass into beautiful meadow-lands which are of historic interest on the line of travel between the sources of the Patapsco and the head-waters of the Ohio.

It was to this charming valley, sheltered by the first spurs of the Alleghanies, that the celebrated Colonel Thomas Cresap removed, about 1742, from the neighborhood of the Susquehanna, and established himself in the homestead which our artist has sketched, and which is still owned and occupied by his descendants.

Some five years afterward, when Washington was in his seventeenth year, Lord Fairfax dispatched the enterprising youth on his "surveying expedition" to this region; and, among his early experiences in woodcraft, he records that, "after vainly watching for the river to subside



VIII .- VIEW ON THE POTOMAC BETWEEN HANCOUK AND CUMBERLAND.



from an unusual freshet, he crossed the Potomac in a canoe, from the neighborhood of Bath, and reached the Colonel's house, opposite the South Branch, by a weary ride of forty miles, in continual rain, over the worst road ever trod by man or beast." Here he tarried several days for fair weather, and was entertained by the savage sports of an Indian war-party, whose wild propensities were probably subdued by the judicious application of a little grog!

Washington's family had known Cresap when he lived in Eastern Maryland, and the stout pioneer

principal persons interested in the Ohio Land Company, which had received a grant of 500,000 acres beyond the Alleghanies, between the Monongahela and Kanawha. The object of this enterprise was to settle land and develop the West. The French, who regarded the Valley of the Mississippi as their own, became alarmed at this inroad on their asserted borders, and extended a line of military posts throughout the West, embracing a vast extent of territory claimed by Great Britain. In spite of all opposition, the British grantees pursued their enterprise zealously, from what was then the heart of our Eastern settlements, and Cresap's knowledge of the country and frontier-life was of immense service in tracing and keeping open the first path over the Alleghanies to Red Stone Old Fort-the modern Brownsville. As one of the company's agents, he employed Nemacolin, a friendly Indian, to mark and clear a way along the trail of the tribes, and he performed his duty so well that Braddock pursued the route when he marched to dislodge the French from Fort Duquesne.

But those were days in which no questions were asked, in such lonely outposts, save at the rifle's mouth; and, of course, Cresap and his family often became engaged in struggles with



-CRESAP'S HOUSE.

was soon employed in his new quarters by the the savages, who were roused by the French. The mountains and neighboring lowland swarmed with these guerrilleros, and the pioneer took the "war-path," in Indian fashion, with his children and retainers, striking the foe at the western foot of Savage Mountain, where his son Thomas fell; and at Negro Mountain, farther west, where a gigantic African, who belonged to the party, bequeathed his name, in death, to the towering cliffs. Dan's Mountain, in the neighborhood of Savage, received its title from some hardy exploits of his son Daniel; and it was amidst scenes of danger like these that Captain Michael Cresap-so unjustly charged with the murder of Logan's family—was brought up, and obtained his early lessons in Indian warfare.

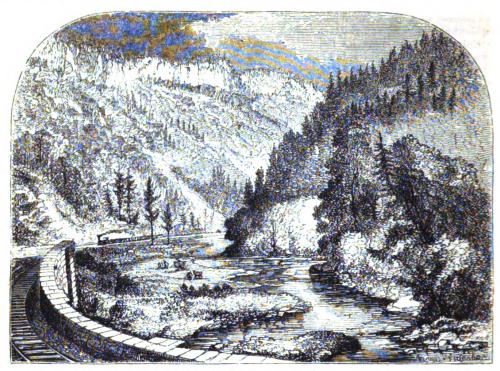
> We reached Cumberland, in a brisk shower, about four o'clock; but were soon relieved from anxiety as to accommodations by our generous friends in this charming city. We should do violence to their feelings if we spoke publicly of what is habitual with them and characteristic of the country; but we should equally violate ours if we avoided the expression of gratitude for a pleasant season in Cumberland, spent in the midst of unostentatious people and "old Maryland hospitality."

Soon after sunrise on the 26th, we joined a



X .- VIE N ON THE POTOMAC, NEAR PAW-PAW.





XL-THE NARROWS OF WILLS'S CREEK.

special train, belonging to the Eckhart Mining Company, to visit the coal region for which Maryland is becoming celebrated all the world over.

In days of old, the mountains which rise abruptly in the west, 1800 or 2000 feet above the level of Cumberland, probably extended northwestwardly in an unbroken wall, till some of those great convulsions which formed the water gaps of the Delaware and Potomac let loose the pent-up floods on their way to the sea. It was through one of these gigantic chasms in the chain that we penetrated the Alleghanies toward the coal region. The "Narrows of Wills's Mountain," is the outlet of Braddock's, Wills's, and Jennings's Runs, which nearly converge at this point on the western slope, and, by their united force in the early day, burst open this splendid gap, which extends for more than a mile, five hundred feet wide, with precipitous walls of near nine hundred!

The strata throughout this chasm were laid bare by the original fracture. In portions the lines of grayish sandstone are nearly vertical, as if mashed against the flank of the mountain. A scant vegetation of creepers and bushes has sprung up in the clefts, and in many places broken rocks, tumbled confusedly from the mountain-top, have filled the edges of the gorge with heaps of Cyclopean fragments.

Passing through this wilderness of romantic disorder, we seem to enter the very core of the mountains, piled up on all sides in wooded slopes and narrow valleys. Directly in front is Dan's Mountain, while west of it rise the higher and darker summits of the Savage. Between the best mines, it is calculated that from eleven

these two mountains, extending in length twenty miles in Maryland, with an average breadth of four, is the site of the celebrated coal basin, traversed by a ridge or upland glade, dividing it into two unequal parts. This valuable mineral field is fifteen hundred feet above tide-water, and nearly a thousand above Cumberland. It is not horizontal in its strata, but gets its name of "basin" from the trough-like curvature of the veins, whose formation may be comprehended by imagining the process of their original disturbance by volcanic action.

Those rock-herbariums, the fossils, demonstrate that coal is the result of buried vegetation. It is presumed that the great Alleghanian field was the bed of an ancient lake, which has been drained by the Mississippi, Susquehanna, St. Lawrence, and Hudson, as the head waters of the Alleghany, Genesee, Susquehanna, Chesapeake, and St. Lawrence, take their rise within an area of five miles. If we imagine the original bed of this basin to have been formed by separate deposits of coal, iron, limestone, and other materials, lying horizontally on each other, and the tops of the present mountains to have been nearly on a line with these levels, we shall obtain an accurate idea of the mode in which the strata were bent into curves by the upheaval of Dan's Mountain on the east, and Savage Mountain on the west, bearing with them as they rose the skirts of the strata, while they left their centres undisturbed.

The most reliable information as to the quantity of this mineral, diffuses it over an area of about a hundred and fifty square miles; and in



Reference to Figures on the May.

1k Pression Company.

2 & T American.

5 Swanton.

4 Fickell.

6 Lonaconing Company.

6 Central.

6 Central.

7 Ocean.

10 Midland.

11 Manchester.

12 E Madothian.

11 Midchian.

12 Footburg Company.

2 Ocean.

11 Manchester.

12 IS.

9 Cumberland Company.

14 & 15 Borden

16 Middehian.

17 Percy.

18 Prostburg Company.

19 Alsghany Company.

19 Alsghany Company.

19 Alsghany Company.

20 Alsghany Company.

21 New York Company.

22 Monnt Savage Irou Company.

23 Monnt Savage Irou Company.

24 Ward Maining Company.

25 Ward Maining Company.

26 Ward Maining Company.

27 Ward Maining Company.

28 Monnt Savage Irou Company.

29 Ward Maining Company.

20 Ward Maining Company.

Norz.—The map here given shows the extent of the great 14-foot seam of coal, and the avennes to market from the mines, embracing the several lateral roads running from the Baltimore and Ohio Road, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal at Cumberland and Fiedmont stations. These lateral lines are, viz., The George's Creek Railroad, from Fiedmont to Lonaconing (9 miles); the Eckhart, or Cumberland Coal and Iron Company's Road, from Cumberland to Eckhart (10 miles); and the Mount Savage, or Cumberland and Pempany's Road, from Cumberland to Mount Savage (11 miles), with its extension (nearly completed), through Frostburg to Lonaconing. The data for this map was mainly furnished by Henry T. Weld, E-q., of Mount Savage, and is reliable.



XIII. - MOUTH OF ECKHART MINES.

thousand to thirteen thousand tons may be produced from every acre.

Our ascent to the Eckhart mines by rail and locomotive was my first adventure of the character, and I must confess, that although we rose many hundred feet in the space of eight or nine miles, I experienced none of those startling sensations which, in recent accounts of mountain roads, have made our heads dizzy with imaginary terror. The company which we visited on this occasion appears to be one of the most prosperous in the district, owning a railway, several villages, ten thousand acres of coal land, immense quantities of timber and farming country, and employing about six hundred workmen.

I had so often visited the interior of mines that I did not accompany my friends when, furnished with candles and forming a sort of dismal procession, they entered the mouth of the mine and twinkled away in its dark perspective like so many expiring sparks. I sat down on the hill above the entrance, and, for an hour or more, enjoyed the air of the hills and the superb panorama of mountain, valley, and forest, with its broad masses of light, shadow, verdure, and blue overlapping distance. The prospect is not bounded by an extremely remote horizon, as is the case from some higher points, but there

most of the fine mountain effects that are to be found throughout the Alleghanies.

After the return of our companions (who came forth from the bowels of the earth limp and hungry, but extremely learned on the mysteries of mining), and a hearty refection at the hospitable board of Mr. Henderson, carriages and horses were put in requisition to pass the central ridge which binds Dan's Mountain to Savage Mountain. A pleasant drive of an hour over the breezy upland, through the forest, took us to a vestige of Braddock's Road, which the patriotic owner has fenced in, for fifteen or twenty yards, as a post-and-rail monument to the defeated General? The army's route may still be traced through the woods over the mountains; and on its course, at no great distance from the inclosure, there is still an ancient stone which indicates the number of miles to Red Stone Old Fort, and terminates with the valorous legend of-

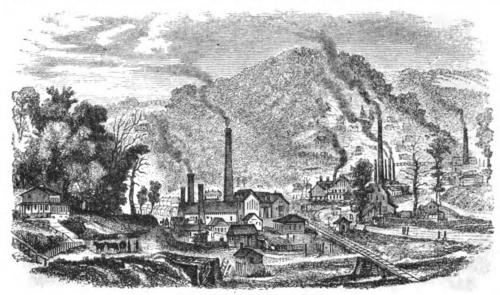
"Our country's rights we will defend!"

We passed rapidly through Frostburg, a fresh mountain village, flourishing under the impetus of an increasing neighborhood; and striking off to the left, wound slowly down for several miles of forest glen, along the margin of Jennings's Run, to the works, where the Mount Savage Company is engaged in the manufacture of iron.

Its proprietors own five thousand acres of timber and mineral land; three blast furnaces, capable of producing four hundred tons of pig iron per week; several forges; rolling mills, equal to the furnishing ten thousand tons of rail per annum; a foundery; machine shops; a fire-brick factory, yielding thirteen hundred thousand a year; and three hundred dwellings for the uses of the establishment, which, when in full blast, gives employment to nearly a thousand people. Besides these large elements of wealth, the Company owns the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad (worked under a distinct charter), connecting its village with Frostburg, is still sufficient elevation and extent to afford and descending to Cumberland by a grade of



XIV .- VIEW FROM THE ECKHART MINES.



XV.-MOUNT SAVAGE I ON-WORKS.

eleven hundred feet. We found these works under the personal superintendance of the president, Mr. John A. Graham; and the road under the care of Mr. Slack, to whom we were indebted for marked attention during our brief visit to the country.

It was a scorching day in the narrow valley through which the sun poured down with all its natural and reflected heat; but we penetrated the sweltering furnace and rolling mill, where we saw all the ponderous operations by which the blazing metal is rolled into bars to bear the freight and travel of our country.

In the midst of all these industrial pursuits, the quiet mountain-sides have been dotted, in romantic situations, with the seats of enterprising persons who set all this enginery in motion; and a visitor is transported from the rough scenes I have mentioned to elegant residences, filled with every attraction that refinement and hospitality can require. Cultivated society is wreathing the tops of these wild old mountains with a garland of delicious homes, and I can hardly doubt that in a few years the allurements of sport and scenery, as well as the lucrative pursuits of trade, will make these noble uplands the abode of thousands.

We left our carriage at Mount Savage, and returned by the company's railway along a more southerly route than the one we pursued on our way to the Eckhart Mines. The scenery throughout was strikingly picturesque; there were some distant glimpses of mountain and valley; but the road was mostly confined to narrow dells, whose precipitous sides were of the same broken wall-like character as the masses through which we entered the mountains in the chasm of Wills's Creek.*

I know few inland towns more charmingly situated than Cumberland, on the slope of a superb amphitheatre, with its background of mountains, approached through vistas of forest-covered spurs. From the earliest times its geographical position at the foot of the Alleghanies, as the central point between the navigable waters of the east and west, made it attractive to our military and commercial people.

Old Fort Cumberland was built there because it was the frontier outpost on the Indian trail; Braddock made it the rendezvous of his luckless enterprise for the same reason; our forefathers established it as the entrepôt for trade with the hunters, trappers, and settlers of the West; by general consent it became the route of the National Road; and, ever since the days of the Revolution, there is hardly a traveler from the sea-board to the West who has not breakfasted, dined, supped, or changed horses at Cumberland.

Most of the old historic traces have been obliterated by the growth of the town since the opening of the adjacent mines and the completion of canal and railway. We visited the site of Old Fort Cumberland on the afternoon of our arrival. The rounded knob of a hillock rises from the stream which winds about its base with a short curve, so as to afford hardly more room than is necessary for a broad walk around the Gothic Church, which occupies the site of the fort, and "whose canons," as a joker said, "have displaced the cannons of the fort." A depression in the ground marks the old well as the sole survivor of the military past. Until 1846 or 1847, the weather-beaten hovel which Washington occupied as his quarters more

the Withers's, the Astor. the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company, the Washington Coal Company, the Frostburg Coal Company; the New Creek Company; the American, the Swanton, the Hampshire, the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company, etc., etc., etc.



^{*} We had time to visit only one coal-mine, and the iron-works. There are many other companies in this region, among which I recollect the New York Mining Company; the Maryland, the Alleghany, the Borden,



XVI .- CUMBERLAND, WITH THE SITE OF FORT CUMBERLAND.

than a hundred years ago, still stood behind the fort in the rickety ruin delineated by our artist; but it has been removed to make way for a modern dwelling.

On Green Street there are two houses—said to have been built by Braddock—constructed of stout timber, heavily ironed and riveted on both sides. One, from the manner in which its doors are made, is supposed to have been a jail; the other—a two-story log and weather-boarded edifice—still goes by the name of Braddock's Court. Washington was here in 1753, '54, '56; and by a journey of forty or fifty miles over the National Turnpike, the earliest scenes of his military life may be visited in the neighborhood of the Great Meadows, where Braddock died and was buried in the forest.



XVII.—WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT FORT CUMBERLAND.

It was in that quarter that Washington endured the stern trials of Fort Necessity (whose outlines may still be traced in the field), and had his first fight, at the surprise and capture of Jumonville's party. It was here, too, at the age of twenty-two, that he declared there was "something charming in the sound of whistling bullets!" a youthful vaunt for which Walpole rated him as "a brave braggart;" George the Second thought "he would have expressed himself differently if he knew more about them;" and which he himself, in after years, denounced as the ejaculation of a "very young man!"

There is another great artery for trade and travel across this mountain region, about to be completed, from Cumberland to Pittsburg, through the heart of the Alleghanies at Connelsville.

Our limited time, however, did not allow us to explore the route in its present rough state—an expedition we should have been exceedingly glad to make, as it would have prepared us to appreciate the difficulties already conquered by the same engineer on the road to Wheeling.

We left Cumberland by a stone viaduct of fourteen arches, fifty feet span each, which Mr. Latrobe designed and built over Wills's Creek, at an elevation of thirty-five feet above the bed of the stream. As a type of the structures of all classes and for all purposes along this route—whether machine-shops, engine-houses, dépôts, water tanks, or stations—this bridge may be taken as a striking specimen. In massive so-



lidity it resembles those noble works of the Empire, whose remains, after the lapse of two thousand years, still excite our wonder on the Campagna of Rome.

For twenty-two miles we skimmed over a gradually ascending level, toward the southwest, along the north branch of the Potomac, which runs between the western slope of Knobly, and the eastern feet of Dan's and Wills's mountains. The Knobly range, rising in detached bosses, often slopes gracefully into the rich sward of the valley, while the stream is fringed by trees and herbage, till the main Cordillera of the Alleghanies is approached, and the defiles begin to rise with irregular, abrupt edges, curbing the waters into a gorge. For the last six miles toward Piedmont, the river lies in a chasm cut by its torrent-like course through the mountain feet. About twenty-one miles from Cumberland we crossed the Potomac on a bridge of timber and iron; and then, winding by easy curves through romantic scenery,

as if feeling our way through approaching difficulties, we passed the Queen's Cliff, Thunder Hill, and the steep ledges of Dan's Mountain, and rested in the broad lap of levels deposited by the mountain wash at Piedmont. This remote village has sprung up in its solitude at the steep base of the Alleghanies, as a sort of breathing-place, where the fiery horse is to pause, gird up his loins, and renew his strength for a struggle with the giants that stand before him in all their defiant grandeur.

No one, I am sure, has ever looked westward from this spot without wondering how the passage is to be effected; yet no one has made the journey without equal surprise at the seeming ease by which science and energy have overcome every impediment. As you pass forward from Piedmont, the impression is that you are about to run a tilt against the mountain flank with blind and aimless impulse; but a graceful curve winds the train out of harm, and you move securely into the primeval forest, feeling the engine begin to tug up the steeps as it strikes the edge of Savage River, which boils down the western shoulder of Savage Mountain. The transit from the world to the wilderness is instantaneous. Mr. Bancroft and I mounted the engine at this spot so as to enjoy an unob-



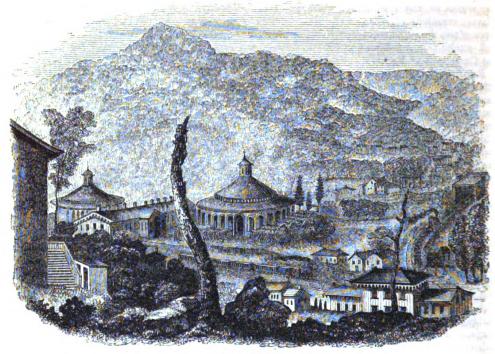
XVIII .- BRADDOCK'S GRAVE.

and although a gust began to growl over the mountains, with frequent flashes of lightning and thunder, we kept our post, finding the grandeur of the prospect enhanced by the rush of the storm as we rose higher and higher on the mountain flank.

No one has observed fine scenery without acknowledging the difficulty of its description; for its impression is purely emotional, and emotion is so evanescent that the effort to condense it into language destroys the sentiment as breath destroys the prisms of a snow-flake. We may give a catalogue of pines, precipices, rocks, torrents, ledges, overarching trees, and all the elements that make one "feel the sublimity of a stern solitude;" but I have never been able to convey, by words, the exact impression of such scenes, nor do I believe we can obtain what is somewhere called "a realizing sense" in the descriptions of others. In this respect, music and painting have more power than language; music has the spirituality which painting lacks, and painting the body in which music is deficient; but, as their effects can never be completely united, we must despair of influencing the mind at second hand from Nature.

stantaneous. Mr. Bancroft and I mounted the engine at this spot so as to enjoy an unobstructed view of the scenery during the ascent; tree-tops sinking as we swooped into the air,





grow less and less, and the summits that were just now above us come closer and closer till we touched their level; seeing the river whence we started shrink to a film in its bed; and seeing the narrow, upward, imprisoning glimpse widen into a downward, distant reach.

On we hurried without halting but once, till we turned from the Savage Valley into the Crabtree Gorge, along the flank of the great Alleghany Backbone; and a few miles above Frankville (an eyrie among the summits, some 1800 feet above tide, and 1100 feet above Cumberland), cast our eyes back toward the northeast for a rapid glimpse of one of the grandest views in the mountains. The gloomy masses of Savage Mountain tower on the right, fold

which freshened as we rose; seeing the vale | Mountain, with its spurs, on the left; while between them the Savage River winds away for miles and miles in a silvery trail till it is lost in the distance. Throughout the whole passage from Piedmont to Altamont (2620 feet above tide and the greatest elevation along the route) the road constantly and almost insensibly ascends, in every portion filling the mind with a sense of as perfect security as if the transit were made in a coach.

At Altamont we dipped over the eastern edge of the Alleghanies, and by a slight descent entered the highland basin of the old mountain lakes, which extends over many thousands acres, and is known as the "Glades." There the Youghiogheny takes its rise, while the dividing ridge of the great Backbone sends the water upon fold, and the eastern slopes of Meadow on one side into the Gulf of Mexico, and on



XX .- VIEW ON PIEDMONT GRADE, ABOVE FRANKVILLE.



the other into the Chesapeake. These beautiful | music, and weekly balls. It was many years glades, or mountain meadows, are not connected in a level field like our western prairies, but lie in broken outlines, with small wooded ranges between them or jutting out from their midst in moderate elevations. At this height the air is extremely rarified and cool throughout summer; so that, although the country is not adapted for agriculture, it is calculated for every species of animal and vegetable life that is disposed to run wild and take the world as it finds it. It is rich in all the natural grasses that delight a herdsman, relieved by islands of white-oak interspersed with alder; it is full of copious streams, kept full and fresh by the clouds that condense round the summits; its waters are alive with trout, and waste themselves in deep cascades and falls after furnishing pools for the fish; it pastures innumerable herds of sheep, whose tenderness and flavor rival that of the deer which abound in the woods; wild turkeys and pheasants hide among its oaks, beeches, walnuts, and magnolias; the sugar maple supplies it with a tropical luxury in abundance; the woods are vocal with larks, thrushes, and mocking-birds; and in the flowering season nothing is gayer than the meadows with their showy flowers.

A little village is growing up at Oakland in the midst of these glades, as a sort of nestlingplace for folks who are willing to be satisfied by being cool, quiet, and natural during summer. We halted there for the night, and were not reluctant to ensconce ourselves beneath blankets even in the "leafy month of June"

In order to make a new resort popular, it is necessary, as the world goes, to have the lead of a fashionable belle or the command of a fashionable doctor. Nature, of itself, is not sufficiently attractive for artificial society; so that one must either be ill or be led, in order to adopt what is really good, and surround it with allurements of French cookery, fast horses, a band of

before Saratoga and Newport ripened from a simple well and a wild sea-shore into the luxuriant style of Bath and Brighton. Yet I do not despair of seeing the day when the Maryland Glades, the head-waters of Potomac and Cheat, and the romantic cascades of the neighboring Blackwater will be crowded with health-hunters. The turn of Nature to be in fashion again must come round; for when invention exhausts the artificial (and the age of hoops seems verging on that desirable end), there is no resource but simplicity. There are numbers of reasonable people who must be eager to quit the beaten paths, and escape to spots where they will not be stifled by society: and these glades and mountain streams, with their constant coolness and verdure, are precisely the places for them. For several years, many of our Maryland and Virginian sportsmen have been fishing the streams; beating up the deer, pheasants, and wild turkeys; driving over the fine upland roads; drinking the pure water; exercising robustly for a month or more; sleeping soundly every night of July and August, and getting back to their work in the fall, as hearty as the "bucks" they made war on in the mountains.

Let me recommend Oakland to a cook who wishes to make a reputation on venison and trout, and to a belle who is brave enough to bring Nature into fashion!

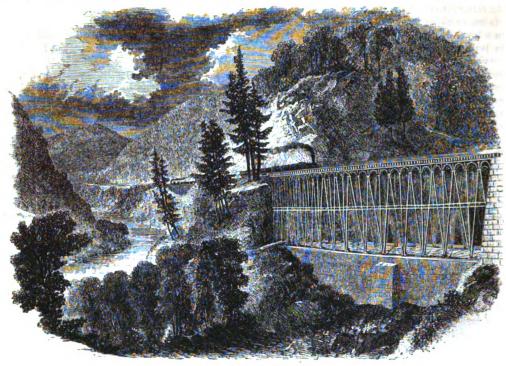
We slept at Oakland. The mists hung low over these highlands long after sunrise, and the air was so bracing that we found overcoats necessary as we bowled across the great Youghiogheny, on a single arch of timber and iron, and passed the picturesque Falls of Snowy Creek, where the road quits the prairie and strikes a glen through which the stream brawls in foam, contrasting bravely with the hemlocks and laurels that line the pass.

At Cranberry Summit the mountain-levels



XXI. - VIEW ON THE CRANBERRY GRADE





and glade-lands terminate, at an elevation of [the Alleghany, and descending its first western 2550 feet above tide, and only 76 feet lower than Altamont, where we entered the field, twenty miles back.

From this elevated point we catch the first grand glimpse of the "Western World," in a long gradual sweep down the Alleghanies toward the affluents of the Ohio. The descent begins instantly, along the slopes of Saltlick Creek, through a mass of excavations, two tunnels, and fifty feet of viaduct. Downward and downward we swept as comfortably as on a plain, till an easy and almost imperceptible descent of twelve miles, through a forest of firs and pines, brought us to the dark waters of Cheat River. After the dif-

slope—all of which, like Columbus's discovery, "seem so easy" now that they are overcomea new marvel has been accomplished in the preservation of a high level by massive viaducts and by boring the mountains with tunnels. On Cheat River, at the bottom of this descent, we approached the first of these marvels, two noble arches of iron, firm and substantial as the mount-Then comes the ascent of ains they join. Cheat River Hill. Next are the slopes of Laurel and its spurs, with the river on the right; till the dell of Kyer's Run is passed on an embankment, and Buckeye Hollow crossed on a solid work whose foundations are laid deeply ficulties of ascending, crossing the Backbone of | below the level of the road. Both of these splen-



XXIII.-CHEAT RIVER VALLEY.



did structures have walls of masonry, built of the adjacent rock.

Beyond this we reach Tray Run, which is passed by an iron viaduct, six hundred feet in length, founded on a massive base of masonry as firm as the mountain itself. All these remarkable works -chiefly designed by Mr. Finkhave borne the trial of heat and



XXIV .- THE KINGWOOD TUNNEL

frost, travel and transportation, for several years; and when closely inspected, their immense solidity, security, and strength, are as easily tested by the eye as they have been by use and

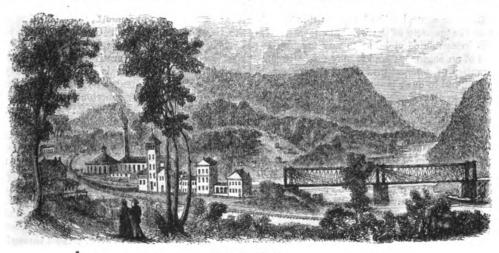
These beautiful structures had hardly been passed when we wound upward across Buckthorne Branch, and half a mile further, left the declivities of Cheat River, with its brown waters dyed by the roots of laurel and hemlock, and bordered by the bright flowers of the rhododendron. Our last glimpse of this mountain river was through a tall arch of forest, rounding off, far below, in its dark valley of uninhabited wilderness.

Beyond Cassidy's Ridge we encountered another, and perhaps the most remarkable of these gigantic works. The road can only escape from its mountain-prison by bursting the wall. Up hill and down hill, through brake and ravine, it has cleft its way from Piedmont, like a prisoner seeking release from his bars, till at last it finds a bold barrier of 220 feet abruptly opposed to its departure! For a while (before the entire completion of the road) engineering skill led a track over this steep by an ascent of 500

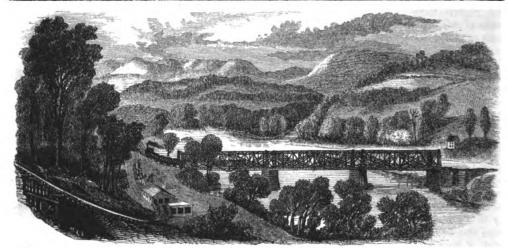
subdued, and the last great wall of the Alleghanies passed by piercing the mountain. For nearly three years crowds of laborers were engaged in blasting through solid rock the 4100 feet of the Kingwood Tunnel, and a year and a half more was spent in shielding it with iron and brick, so as to make its walls more solid, if possible, than the original hills.

For five miles from the western end of this tunnel we descended to the broader valleys about Raccoon Creek, and gliding through another tunnel of 250 feet, followed the water till we entered the Tygart River Valley, at Grafton, where the Northwestern Railway diverges to Parkersburg, on the Ohio, ninety-five miles below Wheeling. The establishments of the Company at this point are erected in the most substantial way for the comfort and security of all who may visit this interesting region.

There are few routes of travel in Americaand none, probably, by rail-worthier of attention than the region between the slopes of the western glade-land to the mountain exit at Kingwood. It is all absolute mountain, absolute forest, absolute solitude. In winter it is the very soul of desolation, when the trees are feet in a mile; but finally the giant has been iced, like huge stalactites, from top to bottom,



XXV.-GRAFTON.



XXVI. - JUNCTION OF THE MONONGAHELA AND TYGART.

drifted snow. But in spring or summer it presents splendid bits of forest scenery. The glens are narrow, and there are few distant prospects; but there is every where the same ragged gloom -the same overarching hemlocks and firs-the same torrent roar, foaming over rocky beds-the same fringing of thick-leaved laurel-the same oozy plashes of morass, rank with dark vegetation-the same black mountain-face-the same absence of people and farms—the same sense of absolute solitude.

But in Tygart's Valley the landscape softens and becomes more human, with the marks of agriculture and habitation, and the road seems to bound along more gayly, as if exulting in its release from the mountain. The river winds gently through rounder and lower hills and broader meadows, broken only by "the Falls," which, in a few steep pitches, tumble seventy feet in the distance of a mile. Not far from this point Tygart River and the West Fork unite to form the Monongahela, which, a quarter of a mile below the junction, is crossed by an iron viaduct 650 feet long—the largest iron bridge in America, and due to the engineering skill of Mr. Fink.

In these central solitudes every thing seems to be the property of the wilderness-a wilderness incapable of yielding to any mastery but that of an engineer; and it may fairly become a matter of national pride that scientific men were found in our country bold enough to venture on grades by which any mountain may be passed. Where ground was wanted, Nature seemed to have scooped it away; where it was not wanted Nature seemed to have stacked it up for future purposes. There are considerable difficulties between Baltimore and Cumberland; yet, in a country which rises only 639 feet above tide in 179 miles, a road may be constructed by ordinary perseverance and skill. But they who desire to understand the power of science in conquering nature by steam and iron must climb and cross the Alleghanies between Pied-

and the ravines among the cliffs blocked with most difficult portion of the enterprise, is due to the engineering of Mr. Latrobe and the financial energy of Mr. Swann.

> As the pioneer of such internal improvements in the Union, it has been the school for subsequent railways, and deserves the gratitude of scientific men for true principles of location and construction. The bridging and tunneling alone, along the whole route, amount to about five and a quarter miles; the laborers and employés form almost five regiments in number; and, when we take into consideration the depôts, tanks, engines, rails, station-houses, and innumerable cars for freight and travel, as well as the two lines of telegraphic wires belonging exclusively to the Company, which keep every portion in communication and successful operation throughout the line, one no longer wonders that twenty-five millions were expended on the structure, but is only surprised that the people of a small, single State could accomplish so colossal an enterprise.

The remaining eighty or ninety miles between the junction of the Tygart and Monongahela rivers and the Ohio are full of rich points of scenery, and contain some fine works. There are several bridges of note, a tunnel of 2350 feet at Board-tree, and another of 1250 feet in the ridge separating Fish Creek from Grave

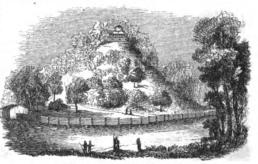
The country is comparatively new, and the impetus given to it by this improvement may be seen in the settlements along the route that sprang up during its construction, most of which have expanded into villages and become the centres of trade and agriculture.

We slept in the cars on a "siding," near Cameron, about seventeen miles from the Ohio. and when we woke next morning found that our engineers and conductors had moved so silently from our resting-place that we had been transferred insensibly to Moundville, on the bank of the river. We had determined to stop here to inspect the celebrated Grave Creek Mound; and, as the sun rose, passed through mont and Kingwood. The success of this, the the village, finding our way to the remains of



"It is one of the this Indian monument. largest," say Squier and Davis, "in the Ohio Valley, measuring about seventy feet in height, by one thousand in circumference at the base." It was excavated in 1838 by sinking a shaft from its crown to its base, intersected by a horizontal drift midway between them. Two sepulchral chambers were found within-one at the base and the other thirty feet above it, the lower containing two skeletons, the upper but With these remains were found several thousand shell-beads, a number of ornaments of mica, copper bracelets, and various articles of carved stone. At the time of these discoveries the owner of the mound built the wooden structure seen on the apex in the cut, and used it as a sort of museum for the preservation of the relics. But the structure is now open to the elements as well as visitors, and is rapidly decaying; the Indian remains and ornaments have been dispersed, and nothing is left but the gigantic tumulus and the ancient trees that overshadow it.

On the twelve miles along the river-bank, between Moundville and Wheeling, we observed the numerous structures which have arisen in a few years in consequence of increased trade and travel. The river margins on both sides of the Ohio River are almost continuous villages, and, at Bellaire (on the Ohio side) and Ben. wood (on the Virginia side), the internal improvements which lace so many of the great Western States with their iron net-work seem to converge for a vent over the mountains we had

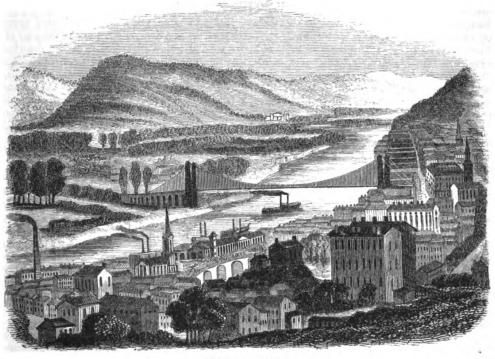


XXVII .- GRAVE CREEK MOUND

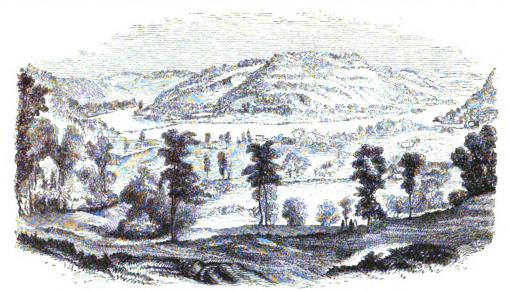
we would gladly have tarried to observe the improvements of that thriving city, which has been the first to span the Ohio with an iron bridge; but we were pressed for time, and hardly able to reach the steamer which was to take us to Pittsburg.

The day was hot and sultry as we ascended the river in a small boat with the wind in our rear. We kept the deck stoutly, to see the soft, rounded hills of the Ohio, with its lake-like reaches and cultivated banks, dotted all over with farms, villages, and homesteads In the afternoon we stopped a moment at the mouth of Yellow Creek to mark the site of the Indian massacre, where Logan's kindred were slain; but in the quiet, grassy coves and wooded slope where Baker's cabin stood, there were no tokens to tell of the slaughter which, so long, and so unjustly, covered the name of Cresap with infamy.

During our stay at Pittsburg, we drove out We passed rapidly through Wheeling, where to Braddock's Battle-Field, which is reached by



XXVIII -- WHEELING.



XXIX. -BRADDOCK'S BATTLE-FIELD.

a bad road along the river, about nine miles above the city, on the Monongahela.

The sketch shows the field perfectly from the hills above it, and exhibits the fine river-bend in front, with Turtle Creek Ford (designated by the ripple on the left), where Braddock crossed with his forces.

The Monongahela, at this spot, lies some two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet below the surrounding hill-tops. The banks rise gradually from its margin to a wide-receding bottom, and, above this, about fifty feet higher, another river-beach or bottom slopes inward till the country rises abruptly into the steeper summits of the basin. The levels have all been stripped for agriculture and occupation, while the upper declivities are still crowned with forest and underwood. As the whole field has been denuded for many years, its topography is, of course, laid entirely bare. It is possible that travel and tillage, during the hundred years that have elapsed since the battle, may have changed the surface, but a careful inspection and subsequent survey do not sustain the plans that were published in England after the action. What are now mere depressions may have been ravines a century ago, before the plow smoothed their edges; but there seems to be hardly a doubt that Braddock, confident in numbers and discipline, shamefully neglected to reconnoitre the pass before he advanced up hill from the river into the wood. In those days the field was covered with a forest. After fording the Monongahela with his army, he began the march incautiously toward Fort Duquesne. With drums beating, and colors flying, his advance swept proudly and rashly up the steep into the thickets. Rising diagonally from the first to the second level, it was suddenly met by the French and savages, driven back on the centre, the centre thrown back on the rear, which was dammed up by the river,

the marksmen and Indians who got possession of the flanking hillsides, and poured down their merciless volleys upon the distracted crowd. Every thing was hurled together by the impetuous and sustained onset, till men, beasts, wagons, cannon, ammunition, and baggage became little more than a swarming heap, pent up for slaughter. It is not surprising, then, when one looks at the scene, in fancy, from the field itself, that of the fourteen hundred and sixty who went into battle, four hundred and fifty-six were slain, and four hundred and twenty-one wounded. Truly has it been described as a "scene of carnage unexampled in the annals of modern warfare."

But a hundred years have obliterated every trace of the conflict. Somewhat in the rear of the central house represented in the drawing was the hottest part of the battle, for plowmen have found it to be a perfect arsenal of balls, bullets, arrow-heads, and hatchets. At present it is waving with grain; through the midst of it the Pennsylvania Railroad has laid its iron track, and the yell of the savage is exchanged for the shrick of the engine.

MOSSES.

rashly up the steep into the thickets. Rising diagonally from the first to the second level, it was suddenly met by the French and savages, driven back on the centre, the centre thrown back on the rear, which was dammed up by the river, and the whole tumbled into utter confusion by



Nature also wanders listlessly through narrow paths, amidst sterile rocks and humble plants, when, behold! a tiny forest of graceful mosses greets his eye; he examines it closely, and, as he discovers beauty after beauty, and at last, with the aid of the microscope, sees revealed to him a whole world of new wonders, he can not but break out in the prophet's words, "Great and wonderful, O Lord, are thy works!"

There is probably no class of plants, moreover, that teaches us such sweet, such invaluable lessons. No family lays so strikingly before us the eternal laws, according to which our Father in Heaven has distributed his childreneven the smallest-over the globe. The hand of man has not planted them; they have not followed the restless wanderer from zone to zone. All parts of the earth have ample representatives of this race; they are still in the same realms and provinces that were assigned to them at first by the Creator, and thus they become to us eloquent teachers of what is called the "Geography of Plants." They are the very ABC of the botanist, who is not content to stand merely at the gates of the temple, but longs to be admitted to the mysteries that hide the great source of eternal life. The tiny mosscs open to us, in the silence of woods and under the microscope, the very holiest of Nature's household. They unfold to us a love and a wisdom that the eye of the careless observer can not perceive, and teach us lessons of comfort for the Present, of cheerful hope for the Future.

The patience even with which these graceful children of nature consent to serve us as teachers is truly touching. They all may be easily dried in a few hours, and then present a form and a color but little different from those they bore when in life. A drop of water is poured upon the withered plant, and, though years and years may have passed, it revives very quickly, and unfolds to us once more all of its wondrous heauty.

The mosses all possess a regular stem, set with leaves in regular order, now single and now branching off after the manner of larger and more perfect plants. Possessing neither majesty of form, nor richness of foliage, nor splendor of blossoms, they compensate us amply by the exquisite delicacy and elegance of all their diminutive parts. Their leaves, however, are far from being as simple and graceful as those of liverworts; on the contrary, they are thick and solid, lacking the great beauty and endless variety of their inferior rivals. Their stems, also, on which they hold up their fruit to light and air, are by no means as fragile as those of liverworts; they are firm, well-fixed structures of yellow or reddish color, and bear on the upper end quaint box-shaped capsules. The bog-mosses alone (Sphagna), a very odd and peculiar variety, leave these capsules still open, as is always the case with liverworts, while all other mosses cover them carefully with a tiny cap of a thousand shapes. The majority

of the less perfect mosses are so small as to escape the eye of the careless observer, some being barely a couple of lines long, and thus to be recognized only by the aid of the microscope. But there are more highly favored varieties known, and some of the tree mosses of South America actually send up their tree-shaped forms to the height of several feet. It was these, probably, that led the great Humboldt to say that perhaps in the interior of as yet unknown countries forests might hereafter be found, consisting of tree-like mosses and mushrooms, as South America already presents us with ferns of gigantic size. In Europe, also, and in some parts of the Union, flourishes a very common variety (Polytrichum), better known by its English name of Silver, or Sponge Heather, which, by its superior size, becomes fit to be manufactured into neat brushes and door-mats. The Laplander uses it cunningly for his night's With great dexterity he cuts two comfort. equal pieces of turf, formed by these little mosses, and places himself so between them that they touch him above and below. Thus he has a soft couch for his rest, and a close cover to shelter and warm him, while the peculiar odor of the moss protects him, moreover, against all unwelcome insects.

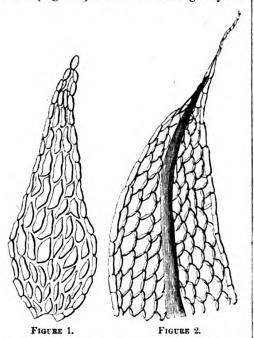
Covering vast moorlands, or crowding in ample luxuriance around merry springs, these mosses lift their golden cups on high, and look, with their closely-planted trunks and their upright position, for all the world like a miniature forest of evergreen trees. Another moss of the same family has glittering heads, with long streaming hair of the same bright color. A most important herb it was in the days of dark superstition. Alchemists, allured by the golden sheen, sought under its root for hidden gold, and, like most human errors, led others, through blunder after blunder, at last to golden grains of truth. The poor ignorant serf, who trembled as he crossed the dark forest at night, devoutly said his beads, and closely grasped in his hand a bunch of the golden-haired moss, which, in its simple beauty and innocence, was to be a spell and a charm to protect him against the dark powers of night. We also, in our day, gather it and love it, but to us it is a charm only like the sesame of the Orient-a golden key that is to open to us a new world of wonder.

Fair and finished as they are in their structure, mosses appear at first but a simple and uniform family. Setting the curious bog mosses aside, we find that stem and branches, leaves and blossoms and fruits are, in almost all the countless varieties strikingly alike, and formed as after a single and faithfully-followed model. Their special beauty, revealed to us only by the aid of the microscope, is found in the inner structure of their various parts; and the wondrous elegance and regularity of their tiny cells soon convince us that even the humblest moss deserves our warm admiration.

The leaves are generally small and lancetshaped, but well pointed, and often adorned



with fine white hair at the end. The simplest forms (Figure 1) consist but of a single layer of



cells, and are wanting in so-called nerves; those that possess the latter perfection (Figure 2) show at the same time more than one layer. These nerves, also, frequently extend far beyond the original limits of the leaf, and thus furnish a strange, but most beautiful appendage (Figure 3), such as we find mainly in the numerous families, which from these ornaments derive their quaint name of "Little Beards" (Barbula). The Wall Beard (Barbula muralis) especially lends to rock and wall a wondrous beauty, and even in midwinter its dense diminutive forest of fruitstalks, covered with tiny dew-drops, shines brightly like golden rain in the brilliancy of a spring sun. A native of the soil, it contests with amusing perseverance every inch of its territory. It covers the walks of houses and of gardens, where the least dash of moisture can be found, in the midst of populous cities. Wherever, between bricks or paving-stones, a few tiny grains of soil can be seen, there it sinks its delicate roots, and even over bare sterile stone it often spreads its soft velvety cover.

Very peculiar is also the form of the leaves of the above-mentioned Sphagna, which are reddish on dry sites, but are green when submerged in water. Like the simplest children of this remarkable family, they consist but of a single layer of cells, but the latter are of a double nature. Some, namely, are very small, and form a regular net, while others of infinitely larger size, lie singly, and represent, as it were, the wider meshes. They are, moreover, adorned inside with ribbons, lying in spirals, and have large open windows, by means of which the communication between them is ever kept open. Nor are these openings merely an ornament: certain liquids may be seen con-

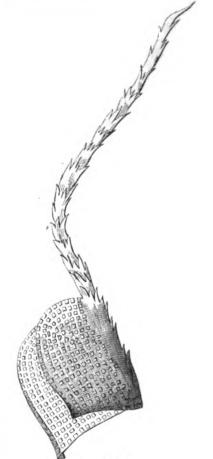


FIGURE 3.

stantly passing from one to the other, and at times a gigantic wheel animalcule lives in these cells, and gravely passes from room to room in his royal palace, which the microscope only reveals to the eye of man (Figure 4).

They have no nerves, like other leaves; and what makes their appearance still more peculiar, they are also without the usual green color of plants, the *chlorophyl*, which elsewhere abounds, even among liverworts and other genuine mosses. Hence their pale yellow or reddish color, presenting a striking contrast with the fresh green of mosses, and hence also the dismal appearance of peat-moors, where the surface is

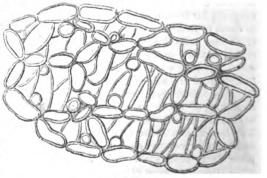


FIGURE 4.



almost invariably covered with a thick carpet of bog mosses. Under the boggy ground where these sphagna grow lurks grim danger. A charming naturalist, Dr. George Johnston, tells us with quiet humor how he found himself once lost on an autumn eve in the midst of a large pest ground. At last he espied a solitary laborer digging his winter fuel; and upon inquiring how to find his way homeward, and if there was any danger, he received the consoling answer: "Ooh, nane at a', Sir, if ye dinna fa' into a peat-hole!"

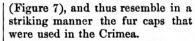
Thus are the leaves of mosses ever found varying in a thousand new forms, but not lawlessly or as accident only produces them; for here also laws rule and order prevails. As, therefore, the naturalist needs but an apparently shapeless fragment, to distinguish at a glance, from the peculiar structure of a bone, the nature and the habits of the animal to which it belonged, so does the botanist also look but at a small section of a leaf, and in an instant determines the family of mosses to which it belonged, its home upon earth, and all its peculiar functions. What a glorious insight this never-failing order affords us into the great system of the Universe; the same laws prevail, and the same forms return, in the tiny mosses below and the unmeasured stars in heaven!

More remarkable by far than the leaves are the so-called blossoms of the mosses; though they lack the graceful forms and the bright colors of more perfect flowers. They are almost without exception of microscopic size only, but present to us, for the first time among the lower classes of plants, two distinct sexes and their peculiar organs. Still, they are almost all found after one and the same pattern; while the so-called fruits, on the contrary, vary apparently without limit, both as to their outer appearance and their inner structure. In the least perfect

of mosses they appear as a well-closed hollow ball, from the top of which rises a short, blunt point, upon which hangs a so-called hood (Figure 5). As the fruit grows and becomes elevated upon its tiny stalk, it raises the upper part of the organ on which it grows, until the latter assumes the form of a hat or a tiny cap lifted on high. This is not a mere ornament,

FIGURE 5. but renders most eminent

service. For in the first days of its existence the fruit, with its tender contents, is so weak and so delicate that a single frost would suffice to destroy the young life. But as constitutions are strong and weak, among mosses as among men, so here also some caps are but lightly drawn over the little capsule like a cowl (Figure 6), and easily fall off; while others are firmly fixed, and thus remain longer. The latter are, moreover, not unfrequently



Only in the bog-mosses this upper part does not separate in like manner, but the little capsule splits open and allows the fruit to pass out unvailed and unhindered. Hence there is no cap to be found here, but a process resembling that also found among liverworts. Where caps Figure 7. occur, they assume now the shape of a regular

FIGURE 8.

fool's cap, often ending in a long, most delicate tassel, as in Figure 6, or they look, to all intents and purposes, like a small box, in the middle of which a tiny column stands upright (Figure 8). The cover which closes it at the top thus only becomes visible at the time when it is pushed off by the growing fruit within, and

appears as if it were falling off every moment (Figure 9). No one permanent form seems to be prescribed to these odd little caps, and they are now flat and now longdrawn-out; here adorned with a short, square buckle, and there ending in a long, pointed neck. As soon as the fruit is matured, the cap falls off; and now we can see, with the aid of the microscope at least, the open mouth of the box beneath. The latter, however, presents a like endless and ever strikingly-beautiful variety of forms, as rich as the models of urns and vases which the ancient Greeks learned from their own exuberant Nature. For the fruit of mosses is, after all, but



FIGURE 9.

the same well-built storehouse with the graceful fruit of the lotus, or the elegant capsule of the poppy. What can be more diminutive and yet more exquisite than the urn-shaped fruit of the common silver heather (Figure 10), at the time when the little cap is jauntily leaning over to allow the seeds to escape from their dark prison? Never missing the appointed time by a minute, but urged on by that mysterious Will that holds the stars suspended in the firmament, and counts the hairs upon the head of man, the tiny top is lifted as if by an unseen hand; FIGURE 6. covered with long, downy hair the little germs within swell, and, by the aid of







wind and weather, soon roam over the wide world.

Around this opening of the little capsule are commonly set rows of sharp-pointed teeth, and, what is still more attractive, is the astounding regularity and constancy of their number, these being invariably four or a multiple of four, from eight to sixteen or sixty. four. This remains strictly true under all the countless forms under which this strange ornament ever appears—the only one of its kind in the whole vast kingdom

of plants. Often a double row of teeth is ob-

served, the outer consisting of entire and fully-developed cells, while the inner is formed by the remains of destroyed cells. Thus we see in Figure 11 the much-magnified mouth of a diminutive moss, set with sixteen teeth, which, thanks to their exquisite sensitiveness to a dry or moist temperature, are usually slightly curved backward. As soon as the weather grows damp, the same little teeth close gently over the mouth (Figure 12), and completely protect it against all injurious moisture. At the same time, it is believed, they press upon the tiny seeds that are ripening within, and in a still mysterious manner contribute thus to their fuller development. In the famous moss that refreshed and restored Mungo Park at the moment of despair, every tooth is moreover divided above, and thus adds not a little to the passing beauty of the diminutive fruit (Figure 13).

These changes of position are but another evidence of the often-remarked exquisite delicacy with which mosses indicate changes in the weather. One of them has even been surnamed the weather-prophet (funaria

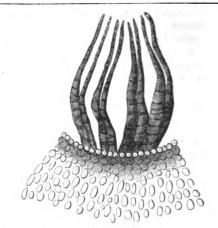


hygrometrica), because its graceful fruit-stalk bends to one side or the other as it feels

FIGURE 11.

the influence of the changing weather. All mosses share with "the

prophet" the same passionate fondness for moisture, though they have not all a like energetic way of showing their pleasure. Do we not know, however, that larger plants, and even dry wood that has stood for years as furniture in our rooms, drink water with great avidity from the with sweet melancholy, fill our soul at the sight



air, and change thereupon in form and in size? Tables and wardrobes begin to swell; low and loud crackling noises are heard, especially at night, and many a superstitious mind has heard in them mysterious, supernatural warnings. In northern countries they always predict the death of a cherished friend. The carpenter says, when he hears the peculiar sound in his wood, "The plane whistles, we shall soon want a coffin!" Even the bodies of animals and of man himself are strangely affected by less or more moisture in the atmosphere. Barn-fowl and peacocks begin to cry; little finches call out sadly, and dogs set to eating grass; the healthy man feels sad and sluggish, the poor invalid suffers and often succumbs to a sudden change. Thus death itself is but a link in the mysterious chain which binds the little moss to the grandest problems of Nature!

Nor are these sensitive plants confined to narrow limits. The "forked moss" abounds at home and abroad, and is every where known for its exquisite susceptibility. In the swamps of lowlands, under the gigantic trees of noble forests, and upon the lofty peaks of mountains, it grows with equal exuberance. Elfs and witches choose it for their soft couch on the farfamed Hartz Mountain of Germany, and the banks of the Orinoco and the Amazon invite in like manner to rest and repose. Its purple sister reaches up to the very pole. Where no fragrant rose blossoms, no luscious fruit ripens, no cereal grows for our daily food, there the tiny moss covers the melancholy shores of the icy sea in the blood-red glare of the northern Aurora, and spreads its rich purple carpet for the lazy seal and the king of the wintry landscapes-the white bear; and again we meet it down near the equator, for, like a gentle bond of love, it binds the distant families of Flora one to another. There it greets the traveler from distant Europe, or from the north of our own Union, like a friend far from home. As the wanderer in the din of a populous city suddenly feels his pulse quicken and his heart beat when the familiar music of his own mother tongue falls upon his ear, so joy and gladness, mixed



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of one of these tiny plants, on which our youthful limbs have reclined and our sweetest dreams

The mosses owe this peculiar sensitiveness to their rarely noticed vocation in the great household of nature. Their duty in life-and what tiny plant or diminutive animal has not its own holy duty to fulfill in the great house of our Father on high?—their duty is to gather and to preserve moisture. The little moss at the foot of a tall and triumphant tree, fit to be "the mast of some great admiral," is as useful to its gigantic neighbor as the marvelous provision of water is to the camel. Like a protecting garment, they cover the bare ground and shelter it alike against the fierce heat of the sun and the fatal rigor of winter. These humble and unseen forests are the cisterns that feed and support the lofty forests above them. Who that has ever walked through a dense, dark wood has not at once been struck with the difference between those parts where the soil stands forth bare and barren and others where it is covered with a green carpet of mosses? There the blessed rains but fall to be lost in crack and crevice, to drag soil and stones along with them, and deeply to furrow the sides of the mountain. But when mosses form a dense, spongy carpet, the falling waters are held in loving embrace, and the precious fluid is well applied to its various purposes. Valuable carbon is developed in ample abundance. As the waters of the glaciers are milky-white-thanks to the visible particles of ice and infusorial earth which they bear-so the brown color of certain brooks shows at a glance that they were born in the midst of rich masses of moss. Humboldt speaks of some waters in Central America as being so dark that in the shadow of overhanging bushes and trees they assume the black color of ink; in like manner is our own Dismal Swamp, in Virginia, dyed in darkest hues, and on that account called Dismal.

With touching fidelity do the little mosses gather in their silent homes the falling drops from each cloud, and shelter them carefully against heat and wind; and as drop joins drop, very soon a tiny silvery thread is seen to ooze out from under their sweet green cover. Here comes another merrily trickling through the light, porous mass, and as the little sisters form a joyous band, a clear, bright runlet is formed and soon grows, as it falls from the mountain's top into the broad valley, to become in the end a wide, noble river. Its broad shoulders bear massive vessels, and cities arise on its banks; but who among the millions that owe to its waters their life and their happiness, thinks of the little mosses far away, which the great Creator intrusts with the care of drawing moisture from the heavens, drop by drop, to feed the mighty river?

Even where but single colonists dwell on the hospitable bark of trees, they repay with rich gifts the ungrudged protection. In the tropics gorgeous orchides send magnificent flowers, in

huge trees. So, in humbler forms and with more modest pretensions, we see the mosses of our Northern climate prosper and thrive on the bark of oaks and of elms. But if less beautiful, they are also less hurtful. They suck not from the parent-stem, like the lianes and the passion-flowers of the tropics, its life's blood, and thus live but to destroy their own benefactor. No moss of ours contains a deadly poison, such as bound in the gorgeous children of tropical regions. Our Golden Hair (Polytrichum striatum) rests content to live upon the outer layers of the ark of trees. There the fibrous wood begins already to decompose and to change back again into rich fertile humus. These tiny particles the golden moss seizes with delicate care, and transforms them into its own glossy and graceful forests. What the haughty tree rejects with disdain, it accepts with thanks, and adorns in return the dark, brown trunk with its golden splendor. Mindful that it owes its existence but to the forbearance of the tree, it affords willingly a refuge to others; beetles find there a safe asylum; caterpillars dream there away their youthful ages and change from the chrysalis into the bright butterfly. Flies with golden wings find there a table ever set and covered with abundance, and hosts of indefatigable ants, richly laden with booty, pass under the lofty vaults and shady arcades. Spiders spread their dangerous nets, and the wingless female of the ladies' bug shines there, in the deep darkness of night, with its mystic light. Forest-mice suddenly slip out of their wellguarded homes, and swift lizards lie in ambush below the forest, whose golden, green livery they also wear. Tiny birds, and many of our most lovely songsters, lay their speckled eggs in the soft carpet of mosses, or tapestry their nests with their luxuriant leaves. The elastic couch of mosses is the cradle of the hare and the young dove; upon it recline, in dignity and terror, the wearied stag and the blood-thirsty bear. Down at the foot of a lofty tree little mosses hold open their countless cups and spread their soft carpet, and as nut or acorn and the fruit of many a noble forest-monarch drops silently into their arms, they fold it in warm embrace and keep it safe. Soon they grow all around and above it; they nurse it and cherish it, until the dormant germ has awaked, and tender rootlets have sunk down into the bosom of our great mother earth. Fed by the everready moisture of its kind nurses, the delicate shoot then arises, and again the little mosses spread out their arms and shelter its infant growth against the withering sun and chilly night-frosts. Thus they appear as faithful nurses in childhood, as ever-ready servants in later years; and sweet indeed is the bond of love which they also show us to bind plant to plant, and creature to creature, in the all-embracing love of our common Father in Heaven.

Even to man these humble, industrious laborers are of the greatest importance. So small large bouquets, from the black, burnt trunks of | that the human eye can but rarely discern their



delicate structure, the little plants grow unceasingly through the four seasons. Twice only they rest: when the frost is too severe, or the drought too intense, they fall into a kind of sleep or apparent death. Like the bear and the marmot of the North during winter, or the alligator and the lizard of the tropics during summer, the little mosses also rest for a while and suspend all their functions. But mark! how gloriously again these lowly teachers of man display to us the supreme wisdom of our Maker. We all know how glass and china, nay, even the strongest of vessels, resist not the power of a frozen liquid within. But the little bog-mosses, especially, freeze so completely that the whole compact mass of ice may be cut and carved like a stone, and vet the incredibly delicate membranes within the diminutive cells withstand the pressure and survive for the coming season. As soon as thaw sets in, the mosses resume their duty and grow merrily as before. Below they die gradually, but above they ever continue to increase, and human wisdom has not as yet fathomed the mystery of their age. The dying parts turn gradually brown, but surrounded by water, and thus protected against the influence of the air, they are not entirely destroyed. Some portions, at least, remain, and these, together with other decomposed roots and branches of aquatic plants, form our bog and peat. Long ditches lay the moor dry, and the well-prepared substance soon furnishes excellent fuel. Many of these bog-moors are of surprising depth, and careful observation has taught us that fifteen years often suffice to form four feet of peat. Here iron is produced in large quantities; here the remains of antediluvian animals are found, antlers of gigantic elk and the skeletons of enormous stags. the little bog-mosses become the archives in which the records of earliest ages have been preserved for a distant posterity, as we, in our day, pack tender plants in the soft moss, and the Esquimaux Indian wraps her new-born child into the same warm substance.

Nor does the wondrous activity of mosses rest content with the humble duty of gathering the waters of heaven and forming fuel for man. When we remove with careful hand a bunch of moss from a tile on a house-top, or from a hard, hoary rock, we find underneath little pools of water, and, if we examine the surface, nnmistakable traces of decomposition. The tile looks rough and rugged, the rock shows actual signs of decay. Behold there the insignificant moss at work—the true representative of the tooth of Time-a tinv dwarf, boldly and perseand unaided, the diminutive plants gnaw and dig into the very core of eternal mountains, and thus make the sterile stone fit for higher purposes. In the microscopic honey-comb thus formed, moisture gathers and gains ground; little fragments of soil and sand find there a sheltered home; humble plants grow and gradually form a productive earth, until at last the and others.

once bare rock is crowned with lofty forests, and the birds of heaven dwell in the branches, while larger animals find beneath their support and their home. Again and again we see how Nature ever uses the smallest means, overlooked and despised by man, to produce the very grandest results. Day by day, and generation after generation, the busy colonists gather from rain and snow, from wind and sunshine whatever they need, and rest not until they have changed the hard rock into fertile soil. The ignorant, thankless world rewards not their still, unpretending activity, and recently only have we learned from them the grave lesson, that he who would comprehend what is great in creation. must first humble himself and learn to love the weak and to honor the humble.

THE STORY OF A HUGUENOT'S SWORD. Derived from Authentic Papers and Traditions.

I.-A RELIC.

T the residence of a gentleman in the county A of Prince George in Virginia, a descendant of one of those noble and devoted men who fled from France, giving up all in preference to abjuring their faith, * may still be seen an ancient relic of strange interest to the student of the Past, and no less curious, from the history connected with it, to the general reader.

The relic in question is an ancient and battered sword of singular appearance. It is triangular, with something of a spear-like form. and not exceeding three feet in length. The workmanship is plain, and the old brand seems to have been intended far more for actual bloody use than mere ornament. The original scabbard has been long since lost, and that into which the weapon is now thrust was picked up on the battle-field of Guilford, and from its silver mounting and peculiar workmanship, must have belonged to a British officer, who lost or threw it away in the engagement. The father of the gentleman who now possesses the weapon used it with good vigor in the battle mentioned. and it drank the blood of more than one enemy of the American cause. This was, however, no new thing for the ancient and battered weapon. Manuscript and tradition in the owner's family establish clearly that the original wearer used the sword in fourteen pitched battles and a number of duels. On two continents it had thus been wielded, and we are assured, "always with honor," in a worthy cause.

It is "a passage in the life"—so to speak of this singular sword that we are about to narrate—a detached series of events which befell one of its wearers, leaving out the bloody batveringly attacking a huge giant! Unarmed tles in Europe, and the field of Guilford, where it was used in another struggle. This narrative will embrace a portion of the family history of two of the worthiest houses of our Virginia of to-day—the Fontaines and Dupuys. In giving thus much attention to the subject, we shall not



^{*}Among the Huguenots who fied to Virginia were the Flournoys, Meauxs, DuVals, Maryes, Boudeins, Latines,

be throwing away our time or trouble, for every thing relating to this noble race of men is full of interest, and includes a lofty moral. The Huguenots were of the best blood of Francethe flower of the nobility, the middle classes, and the commons. The infusion of this element into the Anglo-Saxon stock has enriched and strengthened it, still further fertilizing, as it were, by a foreign substance, the originally vigorous soil.

The singular romance of the subject will always render it one of deep interest, and the following brief narrative possesses this attraction. It scarcely differs in any degree from actual fact, and where this difference occurs, it consists almost wholly in the grouping of the incidents: otherwise the history is true to the letter, and derived exclusively from well-authenticated documents. The whole relation is no less valuable than interesting, teaching as it does a lofty philosophy, and displaying the heroic texture of the noble men of that period-a period which brought out, perhaps, as much moral beauty and strength as any other in the history of the world.

II.-A MEETING OF HUGUENOTS.

It was about six o'clock in the evening on Palm Sunday of the year 1684, immediately preceding the revocation of the celebrated "Edict of Nantes," which had granted religious toleration to the Protestants throughout the kingdom of France.

Under the drooping boughs of the little wood of Chatelars, near Royan, in the province of Saintogne, about a dozen men were assembled, clad in plain dark garments, and displaying in every lineament of their determined countenances that heroic devotion to duty, in the teeth of danger, which characterizes the loftiest natures. These men, who were Huguenots, had been engaged in religious services, conducted by one of their number, whose dress seemed to indicate either that he was a minister, or at least was a candidate for ordination.

He was a man of about twenty-five or six. with a countenance of great personal beauty, and his bearing was that of a gentleman of rank and position. His flaxen peruke fell around rosy cheeks, from which a pair of blue eyes, filled with resolution, shone with a serene and tranquil radiance.

Immediately beside him stood another individual in appearance equally striking. He was about thirty years of age, apparently, lofty of stature, and with the eagle eye of one born to command. Beneath his dark cloak, which he wrapped closely around him, was seen at times the uniform of an officer in the Royal Guardsmen of his Majesty Louis XIV., and around his waist was buckled a short triangular sword.

After the termination of their devotions, the Huguenots drew together around the trunk of an immense oak; and for about half an hour exchanged earnest and cautious conversation. The discussion seemed to turn upon the best mode of proceeding to be adopted by the rural sire Dupuy. "and I see that we can not at pres-

population of Protestant faith. The chief disputants were the young minister and an elderly gentleman, who seemed to counsel a moderation which was distasteful to his companion.

"But, Messire Mouillère," said the young minister, in an impassioned whisper, "are we always to be slaves? Are we to bow our necks to the yoke, and go at the bidding of a king's mistress to worship the gods of Baal? For one, I say, sooner would I perish! At least, we shall die like freemen!"

"But, my dear Messire de la Fontaine," said the other, in the same tone, "what can we do? It is but submission to the storm as it passes; involving no denial of faith."

"No denial! an abjuration such as soon will be forced upon us, no denial!"

"At least, there are many excellent men who preach non-resistance."

"Yes!" said Fontaine, with a sudden rush of blood to his cheeks, "yes! and this preaching has brought upon us all our woes!"

"Would you counsel resistance to his Majesty, Messire—armed resistance?"

"I would-and I would appeal to the Lord of Hosts, to the God of Battles, for the rest! Ah, Sire Mouillère! how long shall we be forced to hear these arguments—to listen to these views? I say to you that our forefathers consented to lay down their arms, because religious toleration was conceded to them! I say that it is a miserable breach of faith in his Majesty to revoke that edict! I say that I, for one, candidate for the ministry though I be, am ready to buckle on my sword, and abide by the issue, whether life or death!"

A murmur of applause greeted these passionate words, and for a moment there was silence.

"But," persisted Mouillère, shaking his head, "you forget that the poor people of the province have not your resolution; they have no means to fly in the event of defeat; they-"

"Will die at least with arms in their hands, not be dragooned to death in spite of their abjuration!"

Subdued by the enthusiasm of his opponent, or finding the struggle too much for him, Messire Mouillère did not reply. For a time no sound disturbed the silence, but the sighing of the wind in the huge branches overhead, and the suppressed breathing of the assemblage. At last this silence was broken by the gentleman who concealed beneath his cloak the uniform of the king's guards.

"I am of the opinion of Messire Jacques de la Fontaine," he said, in a deep voice which he made no effort to moderate. "I think that the time has come to preach and practice resistance! resistance to the death! I take my place by Messire de la Fontaine, and I will take the chances of the cause—life or death!"

"Thanks! thanks!" replied Fontaine. "I recognize there the true blood of Dupuy. Messire Barthélemi, I salute you."

"Tis no time for compliments," replied Mes-



ent come to any decision. I therefore propose, | graded from the roll, eh? Well, we shall see who friends, that we break up our meeting, to assemble again at such place and time as shall be agreed on."

A murmur of approbation replied to the words -and in a moment all were kneeling before Messire Jacques de la Fontaine, who offered up a passionate and strangely eloquent prayer.

It was a singular spectacle, that of these men thus kneeling beneath the branches of the great oak of the forest, upon which the shades of night were rapidly descending; praying to One beyond the stars for succor. Their cathedral was the gloomy wood, with its gnarled and knotted trunks; their organ the low wind that began to moan in the branches; their light the stars that began to twinkle like a million lamps in the drooping canopy above them. And yet we know that He who looks to the heart alone was listening, that the prayers of Jacques de la Fontaine reached the throne of Heaven.

Ere long the last place in which the Huguenots had assembled was deserted—the last footsteps had died away—a solemn silence reigned in the forest, unbroken by the fall of a branch or the note of a bird.

"Aha! are you there?" came suddenly from the wide boughs of the great oak; and descending with the agility of a cat, the spy who had uttered these words stood upon the ground.

"Aha!" he repeated, looking cautiously around with his cunning eyes. "As sure as my name's Agoust, advocate, I'll string you, one and all, for this. Ah! my birds! my good Huguenot traitors! you shall swing for this ere you're a month older!"

Suddenly, however, the spy seemed to reflect upon what had escaped his attention.

"I forgot," he said. "I lost sight of my advocateship! An advocate to turn spy-in a tree! Really that won't do! Come, my dear Messire Agoust, let us see if you can not legally, honorably, and incidentally behold these traitors and their doings!"

With which words the spy-advocate commenced running rapidly along a by-path, which led in the direction taken by the Protestants.

He soon issued from the wood, and entered, through the back door, a small house situated upon the main road, though somewhat removed from it. Hastening to the front window, which commanded a view of the highway, he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

Messire Jacques de la Fontaine and Barthélemi Dupuy were passing, with locked arms, in carnest conversation. Ere long they disappeared in the half light of evening, still making gestures, and conversing with animation. spy-advocate took out a small book, and with his pencil made a memorandum.

"Aha! my good Messires!" he said, with a chuckle of triumph, "I shall give information presently to Messire the Procureur du Roi, and, I rather think, shall be a witness on your trial! Ah, miscreants! you reprimanded me for abjuring, did you, and said that I deserved to be de- Agoust, turning pale.

gets the better of the present affair, my good Messires Fontaine and Dupuy! Yes, we shall see!"

With these words the advocate chuckled again, and softly lowered the window from which he had been gazing.

III. - THE TRIAL OF JACQUES DE LA FONTAINE. Our narrative refers mainly to after events, and we can not enter into the details of what followed the assemblage of Huguenots in the wood of Chatelars. Still we can not refrain from briefly noting the courageous bearing of Fontaine on his trial.

He was arrested, with others, on the information of the man Agoust, and, under convoy of a troup of "archers," taken to the town of Saintes, where, amidst furious cries of "Hang them! hang them!" from the Catholics, and lamentations from the Protestants, they were thrown into prison. Dupuy, for some reason, had not been arrested; his position in the king's guardsmen probably exempting him.

Immured in the loathsome prison at Saintes, Fontaine's courage did not fail him, and he preserved an equanimity which excited the astonishment of his companions. The poor prisoners regarded him as their only hope, and he continued incessantly to encourage and confirm them in their faith, praying, exhorting, and comforting them.

The trial came at last before the Seneschal of Saintogne, and to the charges brought against him Fontaine replied with a legal acumen and boldness of bearing which excited in his adversaries mingled emotions of rage and astonishment. Pushing aside, with a haughty gesture, the ignominious stool upon which criminals were forced to seat themselves, he wrung from the profligate judge permission to subject the testimony against him to a rigid cross-examination; and this sifting process he persevered in, spite of threats, curses, and fury on the judge's part. Instead of awing him, this proceeding aroused Fontaine's anger; haughtily confronting the Seneschal, he threatened him with impeachment, and half from amazement, half from fear, his demands were complied with.

Under this exhausting examination, the main witnesses vainly endeavored to sustain themselves. They stammered and foreswore themselves.

- "How far was I from your house in passing?" he asked of Agoust.
 - "About a musket-shot."
- "And yet you swore but now that 'twas at the dusk of evening!" said Fontaine, extending his hand toward the trembling advocate. "Miserable wretch that you are! was it not enough that you should deny your baptism, and renounce your religion yourself, but you must also employ false testimony to put temptation in the way of them whom God has sustained by his grace? Now look at your own statement and give God the glory.'
- "At least I thought it was you!" stammered



"Write that down!" said Fontaine.

The Seneschal declared it should not be done.
"Very well," said Fontaine, coldly; "then I declare to you that I will not sign my confrontation."

Trembling with rage, but yielding to the threat which would have nullified the entire proceeding, the Seneschal complied.

"But you held illegal assemblies in prison!" cried the prosecutor.

"You are wrong, Sire Avocat," said Fontaine, ironically; "the Grand Provost and his archers are to blame for that—not myself. Just order the prison doors to be opened, and I take it on me to disperse the assemblage without loss of time."

The Seneschal here broke out with rage, and ordered the archers to convey the prisoner to his dungeon.

"If you think, Sire Seneschal," said Fontaine, haughtily, "to prevent my calling on my Creator by putting me in a dungeon, you are very much mistaken! The greater my affliction, the more importunate will be my prayers; and when I call upon God I will not forget to pray for you, that you may repent, and that He will give you a better mind."

"I want neither your prayers nor your lectures!" cried the furious Seneschal; "away with you!"

He was led back to his dungeon.

But deliverance came ere long. Dupuy, the guardsman, never rested until his friend's case was before Parliament, and this enlightened body administered a severe rebuke to the Seneschal, and ordered the release of the prisoner.

At the door of the Town Hall, after his release, Fontaine met and embraced his friend.

"Come to my chateau, Jacques," said Dupuy.
"You think the struggle is over; friend, we have not seen the beginning. The King has fully determined to repeal the Edict of Nantes. You start! Take care, that is treason! Come with me."

IV .- THE CAPTAIN OF DRAGOONS.

The brief scenes which we have related, taken as they are from actual history, are interesting, as presenting a picture of the times immediately preceding the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We have seen how the smouldering fires of hatred in the minds of the Catholic populace sent out, as it were, sparks and jets of flame—proving that the fire-brand of hereditary hatred was not extinguished, only covered with a thin coating of ashes.

We are now to see the breaking forth of the fire in all its fury; the rush of the devouring flame which burned up all toward which the royal breath directed it. The events which we have narrated occurred in the spring and summer of 1684. By the autumn of 1685 all was ripe, and soon the infamous decree revoking the edict of toleration was thundered from Paris throughout the whole of France.

Before, there had been simply ill feeling, and a disposition to annoy the Protestants, among the baser classes of their enemies; a state of Vol. XIV.—No. 83.—R R

things which Fontaine's arrest and trial truthfully displayed; now, however, all had changed. In October, of the year 1685, there was the bloody and determined purpose, armed with all the power of the royal edict and the loyal troops, to massacre every Calvinist, whether man or woman, boy or girl, who did not publicly abjure the Protestant faith, and receive the sacrament at the hands of a priest.

There was no delay-no time given to escape. With the passage of the edict commenced the horrible persecution. Like thunder following a flash of lightning came the terrible dragonnades -those forays of ferocious dragoons into every town, and hamlet, and chateau-cutting, burning, slaying, rioting—holding orgies from a mere contemplation of which every heart must recoil in horror and disgust. Intoxicated with blood, these men seemed to have lost their senses in the sensual and devilish career of murder-like a victorious army in the enemy's country, they gave free rein to their brutal and bloody instincts-torture and death seemed to precede them and follow in their wake like blood-hounds. As to the unfortunate people upon whom they were let loose, the Huguenots, they no longer assembled even in the forests-the ten thousand spies which swarmed in every village would have given information, and the meeting for prayer would have terminated in blood.

The troops descended like an avalanche upon the province of Saintogne, and with the sword in one hand, and the sacrament in the other, cried, "Abjure! abjure! partake of the host, or prepare for instant death!" These dragoons had fixed days for the "conversion" of every. district, and on these days they fell upon it, took possession of the Protestants' houses, turned the parlors into stables for their horses, and treated the owners with monstrous cruelty-beating them, burning some alive, half roasting others. and then letting them go-securely tying mothers to the bed-posts, and leaving their sucking infants to perish at their feet-hanging some upon hooks in chimneys, and smoking them with wisps of wet straw till they were suffocated -dipping others in wells—binding down others and pouring wine into their mouths until they died-exhausting every where the direst cruelties, and all in the name of Christ!

This is the picture which an eye-witness of the dragonnades has drawn; let us now see what further befell the personages of our history.

At the window of a small chamber, high up in the turret of an old chateau, crowning a gentle acclivity, and looking on a beautiful landscape, sit two men of notable appearance—those whom we have first presented to the reader. They have changed but little, save that a species of cautious watchfulness characterizes their demeanor, and they are somewhat thinner. From time to time they direct keen glances toward the highway leading to the village, and upon a bridle-road, disappearing in the bright foliage of the forest.

"Ah, well, Barthèlemi," says Fontaine, with



I despair for France. Yes, all is lost!"

"I told you as much a year ago, Jacques," replies the soldier, "and you would not believe me. Do you remember your arraignment for the assemblage in the woods of Chatelars-our meeting in the Town Hall, when that villain, the Seneschal, oppressed you—do you remember these pleasing events?"

"Yes," said Fontaine, gloomily.

"Well, Jacques," continued the soldier, "you doubtless remember further, that at the time of your trial you were full of noble sentiments about the justice of the King, the power of the laws; you had an abiding faith in 'confrontations,' 'recollements,' 'factums,' and all the jargon of the courts. I really admired you when, with head erect, and flashing eyes, like Brutus or Aristides, you launched at the worthy Seneschal the tremendous threat that you would not sign your confrontation! You thought that you had vindicated the eternal majesty of justice. Justice! Bah! Who speaks of law or justice? Justice !"continued the soldier, gloomily, "where are now all the grand ideas you clung to in spite of me? Where are your confrontations, and recollements? His majestic Majesty has extended his royal hand, and not one of your legal forms remain! You were blinded by your simplicity and singleness of heart. You did not conceive the possibility of blood, and torture, and murder! You did not foresee that, in a twelvemonth, you would see in France only a flock of sheep slaughtered by wolves! I saw it all! saw it coming, and now it comes! Yes, it comes! It is on us! The monstrous oppression of a dotard, ruled by a vile old woman, grinds us into the very earth beneath the iron heel of a brutal soldiery! Your confrontations and processes are a miserable dead-letter! We are in the midst of the dragonnades!"

The tone of the speaker was so earnest, and instinct with such gloomy passion, that a shudder ran turough his companion's frame, and unconsciously his eyes turned toward the highway.

"Yes, I understand," continued Dupuy, with gloomy coldness, "you look for them! you know what they are! you are counting the moments while they delay. See! there is the signal of their approach!"

The soldier pointed as he spoke to a house embowered in woods at the distance of half a league, from which a dense smoke began to rise, succeeded almost immediately by flames, which darted from the windows and wrapped the whole edifice in their mortal embrace.

"Sire Mouillère's, is it not?"

"Yes, and you will soon see his wife and children flying on the highway, if the dragoons have not dashed their brains out on the lintel!"

"Oh, my God!" said Fontaine, raising his eyes to heaven, with gloomy sorrow. "Why hast thou descried us? What terrible crime have we committed, that thou dost strike us with thy thunder-bolt?"

a deep sigh, "at last the moment has come when | cold and gloomy. "Our crime has been a folding of the hands to sleep, a criminal inertness, non-resistance, cowardice! You ask; I tell you. We have refused to grasp the weapon God held out to us, and we are lost !"

"All is not lost!" cried Fontaine, starting to his feet and grasping the hilt of his sword, with flashing eyes. "At least the combat is still possible."

"And death," interrupted his companion, in a freezing tone. "You are right—death does remain to us; luckily they can't deprive us of that consolation!'

"Death! yes, death!" cried Fontaine, with flushed cheeks. "But we'll sell our lives like men, and dearly!"

"Jacques," said Dupuy, whose iron visage never once relaxed as he gazed coolly at his friend, "you really did mistake your vocation when you studied for ordination. You were born for a soldier, and, next to praying, I believe your greatest pleasure would be mortal fighting. Therein vou differ from me. I don't like it; I am weary of it. Do you see this old triangular sword? It has been in fourteen pitched battles, equally divided between myself and the Seigneur, my father, whose soul may God receive! and in numerous single combats. I have fought a good deal for his majesty, King Louis XIV., and I'm tired. You wish to advance—to charge the dragoons. You are bloodyminded. I am the contrary, am decidedly a coward. Do you know what I wish to do?"

"I wish simply and solely to escape—to fly to leave this detestable France, dead in her trespasses and sins, to never more set foot upon her cursed soil."

"Leave France!"

"In one week I shall go. I regret the delay; but I have a little scheme of getting some of that rascal Agoust's gold for my estate, and, to my sorrow, I must delay."

"Go!" said Fontaine; "fly! desert the cause when we still have arms! when we may die defending our rights!"

"Well, you can stay," said Dupuy, coolly. "I, for one, however, really object to being cut down by a set of rascally troopers, or, worse still, broken on the wheel. Look!" said the speaker, calmly; "there are our friends, the dragoons, coming. In ten minutes you will be tied to a horse's tail and made to abjure or murdered."

"Never!" cried Fontaine, drawing his sword; "I will die before I am taken!"

"And your niece you love so-your betrothed?"

"Oh. my God!" cried Fontaine; "what madness has possessed me?"

And sinking down, he buried his face in his

"Yes, I will fly with you," he said, raising his head suddenly, "wherever you wish-any where! Life to me has no longer any thing in "I will tell you," said Dupuy, even more it to render it desirable. Were it the good



pleasure of the Lord I would gladly lay down my miserable existence, and, dying so, forget the degradation of my country. I will fly, then! Speak! where shall I go with my poor childniece and my betrothed?"

"Good," said Dupuy, coolly; "I will tell you to-night. At present we have to deal with the dragoons. Here they are."

As he spoke, the company of dragoons, headed by an officer clad in a magnificent uniform, thundered into the court of the chateau. Ferocious, with heavily bearded faces, and bloodthirsty expressions, these men were fit instruments for the work they were sent to do. They lost no time, and, at a sign from the officer, half a dozen leaped from their horses and struck heavy blows upon the portal.

Dupuy took a small key from his bosom, inserted it into a hidden orifice of the wainscoting, and the door of a secret closet flew open. Into this he pushed Fontaine without ceremony.

"But you - your family," said Fontaine, struggling to issue forth again.

"I'll take care of that," said Dupuy, coolly. "Don't fear, companion. Just keep quiet. And now I must go. Those rascals are breaking down my door."

With these words Dupuy shut the door of the closet, and descended the staircase with the firm tread of a soldier who knows no such sentiment

The great dining-room of the chateau presented an appearance which was not calculated to please the owner. The rude and brutal soldiery were striding through the apartment, tossing about the furniture with contemptuous indifference, and lounging on the fine tables and delicately-carved chairs, which cracked beneath them as they fell rather than sat upon them.

On a handsome couch, carved in the fashion of the day, now known as Louis Quatorze, the captain of the dragoons had stretched himself carelessly, his spur tearing the rich covering at every movement of his foot.

Madame Dupuy, who, before her marriage, had been the beautiful Countess Susanne Lavillon, stood pale and trembling at the door; and to the frightened lady the officer was addressing rude questions in relation to the whereabouts of her husband. With these questions he mingled various remarks which were meant for gallantry; but any thing more grossly inaulting and unworthy than these words could scarcely be imagined, as the leers of sensual admiration of the dragoon were the perfection of disgusting brutality.

This was the scene which Messire Barthèlemi Dupuy beheld as he advanced into the apartment. A sudden pallor of the cheek, and a flash from the dark, haughty eyes, greeted the spectacle; but these evidences of emotion instantly disappeared, and his face returned to its expression of iron coolness and calmness.

V .- THE ADVERSARIES.

"really an unexpected pleasure this visit. It collected Huguenot. A movement was made

was kind in you to recollect an old comrade and bring your friends with you."

"The officer half rose from the couch, and said, sullenly,

"Don't appeal to me, or think our former acquaintance will serve you. You are in my district, and I did not come to trifle."

"I am pleased to hear it, Captain," replied Dupuy, with the same coolness. "Will you state your errand? But, first, may I request you to ask your friend with the red beard there not to break the door of my buffet? If it is absolutely necessary to his happiness that he should see my silver, I will furnish him the key."

"Dupuy," cried the officer, coloring with rage at his opponent's disdainful calmness, "I did not come here to trifle! And if my men are unceremonious, it is because no ceremony is demanded toward such as you."

Dupuy inclined his head, without removing his eyes from the face of the dragoon, and seemed to wait for a further communication.

"You are a heretic!" cried the dragoon, working himself into a rage to hide his embarrassment and shame; "I arrest you!"

"A moment, if you please, Sire Jarnilloc," replied Dupuy, haughtily. "You will do nothing of the sort."

"How! you dare to resist! you dare!"

"Sire Jarnilloc," said Dupuy, "we served together in Flanders, and you know me well enough to understand that I am not often afraid without reason. I do not regard it as a very daring thing to resist you, and the gentlemen under you—armed as I am with what you are bound to respect."

"Armed! then you have armed your household! You have laid an ambush! Soldiers, to the rescue!"

"Really, my dear Captain Jarnilloc," said Dupuy, without moving, despite the advance of the soldiers, "you will make me think that you are afraid. Your troop is then really going to charge a single man, with no arms but his short sword. Is that your purpose, Captain?"

"My purpose is to arrest and have you shot!" cried the enraged dragoon-"you, and all your household!"

"Scarcely."

The calm word seemed to drive the officer to

"The ropes there!" he cried to one of his soldiers; "the ropes to tie this Huguenot to my horse's tail! I'll drag him every step of the way to Saintes!"

"Me!" said Dupuy, haughtily.

"Yes, you! you, and your pale-faced wife, who makes me sick!" howled the officer, pointing Dupuy out to his men-" Seize him!

"Back!" said Dupuy, laying his hand upon his sword. "I have that which you dare not disregard!"

"Will you obey me?" shouted the dragoon "Good-morning, Messire Jarnilloc," he said; to his men, who hesitated to advance upon the



to seize Dupuy, whose sword sprang from its

"Sire Jarnilloc," said he, "it seems that you hesitate to do what you desire-leaving the arrest of a single man to your troop. Well, Sir, I repeat that you will not arrest me—the hardiest of your troopers will not obey you-for I have the safeguard of their master and yours."

With which words Dupuy held a strip of parchment toward the officer. It contained the simple words:

"THESE to our trusty and well-beloved, Barthèlemi Dupuy, one of our guardsmen, who has an amnesty granted him, with all his household, until the first day of December: any annoyance of the said Seigneur Dupuy will be at the peril of the officer who commands it. Such will be at the period the olicer who commands it. Such is our royal will, and, moreover, we pray our said trusty friend Dupuy to abjure his heresy, and return to the bosom of the Holy Church, in which alone is rest.

"Done at Versailles this 30th October, in the year 1685.
"LOUIS.

"To the Seigneur Barthelemi Dupuy, at his chateau of Velours in Samtogue—these, in haste—Ride!"

This was what Messire Jarnilloc read, crumpling the parchment in his hand furiously. When he came, however, to the signature and seal, he bowed, sullenly, and handed back the parchment. The command of Louis XIV. was that of a divinity. No man in the realm, however great and powerful, ever dreamed of disobeying

"You are right, Sir," said the dragoon, muttering like a hyena disappointed of his feast; "I have no more to say, except that there is nothing in the order of his Majesty forbidding a search for other heretics, not of your household."

"Search," said Dupuy, coldly.

It was done, but no one found—the hidingplace of Fontaine being perfectly concealed. The soldiers passed and repassed in front of it, without suspecting for a moment how near they were to their prev.

In a quarter of an hour Jarnilloc sounded to horse, and the troop clattered out of the courtyard.

"I will visit you again upon the first day of December, cursed heretic that you are!" cried the dragoon, shaking his clenched hand at Dupuy. "I'll yet lick your blood!"

"I regret that your birth prevents my giving you an opportunity at present, in single combat, Messire Jarnilloc," was Dupuy's reply, with a bow, which made Jarnilloc nearly faint with rage.

"One of the canaille, really," said Dupuy, as he turned to his wife; "but now—to workaction!"

VI .- TWO PISTOL SHOTS.

Dupuy dropped a heavy bar, to which a chain was affixed, across the door, and then turned to

The expression of his countenance was absolutely ferocious. The assumed calmness with which he had encountered the captain of dragoons gave way; and his frame shook with rage. Extending his hands, he seemed unconsciously to clutch at some weapon; and almost a shudder of fury convulsed the muscles.

The strong and burning hands were imprisoned in two little white ones, as soft as down: the neck, with its swollen and distorted arteries, was clasped by two snowy arms, which drew the head of the soldier down to the dear woman's

"There! there! Barthelemi," said the lovely lady; "do not agitate yourself further, nor think of those words this rude man addressed to me. Remember that they soil only himself—that they have not injured me."

Dupuy did not reply. With clenched teeth and gloomy visage he bent his eyes upon the ground—and it was a long time before his wife could extract even so much as a word from

At last the rage of the soldier seemed to yield to gloom; his arms no longer hung at his side. Taking to his bosom the dear companion of his life, he pressed her to his heart in a long embrace, and leaned his head upon her sunny hair.

"You are right, Susanne," he said; "you always are. Yes, I should not regard this brutality of a wretched adventurer; and 'tis only because I can not punish him that I am half out of my senses. A sense of peril restrained methanks be to my heavenly Father that I did restrain myself. I have only one more prayer-'God make me the instrument of thy vengeance on this man'-right or wrong, I pray it."

"Oh, forget him, Barthèlemi; he is a poor slave of passion."

"Had he touched your robe I should have slain him where he stood! But I boast. Ah! the day will come! but now to action! Kiss me, wife. God keeps a blessing for me still, in you; a blessing unspeakable.'

And Dupuy pressed a kiss upon the forehead of the beautiful woman, and hastily ascended to the apartment in which he had held the conversation with Fontaine.

He was soon released; and the two men remained in animated and close converse until the shades of evening began to fall. They then rose.

- "So it is all arranged, then," said Dupuy; "'tis the only path open, and I shall follow in four days."
 - "Come with us-come!"
- "No, I should not be a true husband. My wife shall not want in a foreign land, and I must wait so long. But you must go. Set out at once to bring your companions; I will ride part of the way with you."

They hastened down, and just as the darkness descended, mounted their horses. Fontaine was armed to the teeth, and rode a black Arabian, the finest of his stud. He led another horse by the bridle.

Madame Dupuy embraced her husband and his friend, courageously bade them God-speed, and they departed in silence.

A short ride brought them opposite the house of the unfortunate Mouillère. It was only a smouldering ruin; and within a few paces of a



dying fire, made of broken furniture, some drunken troopers were sleeping. They had been left to keep watch for any heretics who lurked near, and had embraced the opportunity of getting drunk.

Within ten feet of these miscreants lay the dead body of Messire Mouillère, and beside him the corpses of his wife and her infant child. The body of the lady was half naked, and shockingly burnt; the babe had been killed by the blow of a horseman's pistol. The drunkenness of blood was needed in addition to that of wine.

The two men reined in their animals for a moment, and gazed with heaving bosoms upon the terrible scene. Hatred mounted to Fontaine's countenance, like a black shadow. Taking from his belt a pistol, he cocked it, and set spur to his horse, with a hoarse cry, which sounded like the roar of a lion.

Dupuy caught the bridle, however, and threw the animal upon his haunches.

- "You prevent my vengeance upon these monsters!" cried Fontaine; "you stop me in executing justice!"
- "I stop you from committing the act of a madman," said Dupuy, with a suppressed shudder. "The report of that pistol will send you to the gallows, with all you love!"

Fontaine uncocked the weapon, murmuring, "The sword, then!"

- "No; leave their punishment to Heaven. In due time, God will strike them."
- "Who goes there?" cried one of the troopers, staggering to his feet, and leveling his pistol at the horsemen. The challenge was followed by the discharge of the pistol, to which Fontaine's replied like an echo, and the trooper fell forward mortally wounded.
- "Come!" said Dupuy, "there is not a moment to be lost. In ten minutes we shall be intercepted!"
- "Good!" said Fontaine. "At least one devil less soils the earth."

And the two horsemen put spurs to their animals, and disappeared like shadows, just as the country side began to be alive with shouts and galloping dragoons.

VII.—THE WOUNDED WOLF.

Half an hour before daylight, on the same night, the 'gateway of Dupuy's chateau was cautiously opened, and Fontaine rode in, accompanied by three females.

The two who rode the spare horse were Anne Boursiquot, the betrothed of Fontaine, and her sister, Elizabeth Boursiquot. Before him, upon the pommel of his saddle, Fontaine bore his little niece, Jeannette Forestier.

The women were received in the outstretched arms of Dupuy and the Countess, and the foaming horses were led away to the stable.

"Welcome! welcome!" said Dupuy.
"Thanks be to Heaven that you have safely passed the patrol and sentinels. Did you meet any?"

"Yes," said Fontaine; "and at one mo-

ment I thought I should have to send the women on, and sell my life as dearly as possible. But a cloud swept over the moon, and we gained the forest before they could stop us."

"Good! Heaven watches over us," said

Dupuy, raising his eyes to Heaven.

"And my little Jeannette," he continued, caressing the hair of the girl, "she bears herself bravely, and her roses have not fled. But come, friends, to your apartments; you will need all the sleep you can obtain, for the journey to the sea-shore will consume the whole of to-morrow night."

The females departed with Madame Dupuy, and the friends drew together and earnestly discussed their plans—Fontaine moistening his dry lips with wine.

"All is now ready, then," said Dupuy, at length; "you will set out to-morrow at nightfall, and by daylight you will be beyond pursuit, and not far from Tremblade, upon which the dragoons have not yet descended. You will go to the house of Master Beltonnet in the town, communicate with my friend, Captain Johnson, of the brig Portsmouth, and he will convey you for a few pistoles to England; there I will soon join you. Is it all arranged?"

Fontaine took his friend's hand, and would have pressed it to his lips, but Dupuy withdrew it, and embraced his companion.

"To bed now," he said; "gain as much sleep as possible."

Dupuy then saw that the outlets of the mansion were thoroughly secured, and soon silence reigned throughout the whole chateau.

At nightfall on the following evening, Fontaine armed himself to the teeth, wrapped a cloak around his weapons, and silently grasping the hands of Dupuy and his wife, mounted his Arabian. The three women traveled in a light carriage of Dupuy's; and they thus set forward through the darkness.

Thirty minutes after their departure the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and a company of dragoons, headed by Jarnilloc, descended like a thunder-bolt upon the chateau.

- "Where are the heretics?" cried the furious captain of dragoons. "Burn the nest of traitors! Smoke out the enemies of his Majesty!"
- "Is it myself and my household to whom you allude, sire Captain?" said Dupuy, with his iron calmness. "If so, I beg you will proceed. Having lodged my safeguard, under his Majesty's hand, with the curé of the parish, I can afford to be killed, as you will be shot by command of his Majesty—if I do not kill you."
- "Heretic!" cried the furious dragoon, "you harbor traitors!"
- "Very well, come in and search, Messire Jarnilloc. I pray you not to break my furniture, however; it might displease his Majesty."
- "To the devil with your furniture!" cried the officer. "Corporal! take ten men and search the house!"



The corporal obeyed, and we need not say failed to find Fontaine.

"No one, Captain," reported the corporal, making the military salute.

"And yet I had exact information that a traitor named Fontaine took refuge here, after murdering one of my soldiers last night.

"Gone, Captain," said the corporal.
"Ah, yes! fled! Scatter at once in pur-

With these words the officer put spur to his horse, and took to the road which Fontaine had followed, at full speed. The rest of the soldiers dispersed themselves over the surrounding country.

"Oh, my God!" murmured Madame Dupuy, clinging to her husband, and turning as pale as death; "if they come up with them!"

Dupuy's lips were firmly set together.

"I ordered my horse," he said, "when I saw these men coming. There he comes! bar up securely, wife, and open to no one!"

With these words Dupuy seized his triangular sword, and vaulting into the saddle, disappeared at full gallop upon Jarnilloc's track. In fifteen minutes, such was the speed at which he advanced, the figure of his adversary came in sight. Five minutes more brought him abreast of the dragoon, beneath the drooping boughs.

"Turn, wretch!" cried Dupuy, drawing his sword. "You dared to insult my wife, myself, my friends. You shall die! Defend yourself!"

And he threw himself upon the captain of dragoons, aiming a blow at his heart.

Jarnilloc was brave, but the fury of Dupuy cowed him; he struck out almost at random, and the weapon of the soldier glided under his guard, and pierced his breast. The point of Jarnilloc's sword drew blood from Dupuy's arm, but the combat was over in a moment—though the dragoon's wound was not mortal.

"In fair combat you will testify, Messire," said Dupuy, putting up his sword and saluting his adversary, who retained the saddle with difficulty. "I will not murder you, as you would me, under similar circumstances. If you annoy me further, however, Messire, I will kill you like a dog!"

And the soldier turned his horse and rode back to his chateau.

"That will break up the pursuit, I think," he muttered, "and I can not leave Susanne alone, with these fiends about. I must hasten my arrangements, the country is getting too hot for me. Pray God that Jacques and his family may arrive safely at Tremblade!"

An hour afterward Jarnilloc passed the gateway of the chateau, supported in the saddle by two troopers. As he continued his way, an expression of ferocious hatred, impossible to describe, distorted his pale features, and his red eyes glared. Dupuy watched him until he disappeared, and then turning to his wife, said,

"There is the wounded wolf! Take care, my lamb! He will tear you for this if he can. For myself I fear nothing."

VIII.-THE FUGITIVES.

Fontaine pushed his horse to full gallop, at the side of the flying carriage; and the cortége traveled at this rapid rate throughout the night.

At dawn, as Dupuy had predicted, they reached Tremblade; and were soon housed at Master Beltonnet's. This man was to act as their pilot to the Portsmouth, which lay outside the harbor; he had been selected for this duty because he spoke English.

The captain sent word that he would sail very early on the next day, and would pass between the isle of Oleron and the main land. If the fugitives awaited him on the sands near the forest of Arvert, he would send a boat ashore and take them off.

At the appointed time Fontaine loaded two horses with his few effects and repaired to the spot designated. But there was delay at the Custom-house, and the brig could not sail. Meanwhile the fugitives waited in a state of unspeakable suspense, and the entire day was thus

The Catholic priest of Tremblade heard that some Protestants were about to escape, and hurried to the spot. Two Huguenot fishermen, however, misled him; and he returned, thinking the report unfounded.

At nightfall they were forced to return to Tremblade, where they were harbored in the house of an abjurer. He entertained them for the whole of the next day, but, growing terribly frightened, at nightfall turned them all out, saying, "I have damned my own soul to save my property, and I am not going to pay the 1000 crowns fine for harboring you. Take your chance elsewhere, or abjure like me."

Half an hour after they had left this man's house a troop of soldiers went to it and examined it; they had received information.

The captain of the Portsmouth sent word at this crisis that he was watched, and could not assist them. Fontaine did not despair, however. On the same evening he hired a small shallop, embarked his party, and safely passed the pinnaces that guarded the port, and the fort of Oleron.

At ten o'clock next morning they dropped anchor to wait for the Portsmouth, the boatmen being instructed, in case of pursuit, to run the boat ashore, when Sauve qui peut! was to be the course of proceeding.

The agreement with Captain Johnson had been that when they saw him, they were to make themselves known by hoisting a sail, and letting it fall three times. About three o'clock in the afternoon the Portsmouth hove in sight, but the custom-house officers and pilot were still on board. Soon, however, these officials left her in their boat, and the brig bore down straight toward them.

Fontaine's heart bounded with joy and gratitude, but his pleasure was of short duration. A royal frigate of the French navy appeared, and with all sails set, came straight toward them. This was one of the vessels constantly kept on



the coast to prevent the escape of Protestants; when such were taken, the women were sent to convents, and the men to work in the horrible galleys.

The French frigate ordered the English ship to cast anchor, boarded her, and searched every nook and corner for fugitives. Not finding any, the French captain ordered the Englishman to sail instantly, which order was obeyed, leaving the despairing Huguenots behind.

Fontaine almost yielded to despair, but he knelt and prayed, and was strengthened. Suddenly as the French frigate bore down upon them, a feint suggested itself.

"Cover us all up in the bottom of the boat with an old sail," he said to the boatman. "Then hoist your sail and go right toward the frigate, pretending to endeavor to gain Tremblade. If they hail you, say you are from Rochelle. If they ask what you have on board, say nothing but ballast; and it would be well for you and your son to counterfeit drunkenness, tumbling about in the boat, and then you can, as if by accident, let the sail fall three times, and so inform the English captain who we are."

The order was instantly obeyed, the fugitives covered with an old sail, and the boat passed within pistol-shot of the frigate, which hailed her. The reply was as Fontaine had directed.

"But what made you cast anchor?"

"I hoped the wind would change, and we could make Tremblade, but it's still too strong for us."

As he spoke the boatman cursed his son, who had dropped the sail, as had been agreed. The father left the helm and pretended to strike him with a rope-end. The son cried out lustily, and the people in the frigats ordered the elder to desist, or they would come and treat him likewise.

"The rascal's as drunk as a hog," said the boatman, returning to the helm. "Hoist the sail there!"

The son let it fall twice in succession, as he pretended to obey.

"Return to Rochelle—the wind is too rough!" came from the frigate.

"Yes, Captain," said the boatman, joyfully, for that was exactly the direction of the English ship, and the boat fled before the wind toward the Englishman, through the yawning waves of the rising storm. They got safe on board while the frigate was still in sight, and the brig instantly put to sea.

Kneeling upon the spray-covered deck, with his arms around his niece and his betrothed, Fontaine returned devout thanks to God. As he rose from his knees, the coast of France was disappearing in the darkness.

"Adieu!" he said, sadly, extending his hands toward his native soil. "Adieu, forever!"

IX .-- THE PRIEST.

On the morning of the 30th November, Messire Barthèlemi Dupuy was informed that the curé of the neighboring village wished to see

* All here related is literally true.

him. This worthy man was sincerely attached to Dupuy, who had befriended him in former times, and he now came to endeavor to make his friend abjure and become a Catholic.

For two hours the worthy man continued his assaults on the Protestant convictions of Dupuy, with no opposition from that gentleman worthy of attention. At last he ceased, and asked if he could still remain a schismatic, and undergo the terrible punishment of such in the world to come, and even in the present world?

"My good curé," said Dupuy, coolly, "I have listened to you with great attention, and have duly appreciated your arguments. I have been much struck with their force, especially this one

in the last clause of your discourse."

"The future punishment, eh?" sighed the worthy curé.

"No, excuse me, the punishment my heresy will entail upon me, 'even in the present world,' as you say. Now that is talking to the point! In other words, if I do not abjure, I shall be tortured, shot, or burnt—is it not so?"

The curé shook his head, sadly.

- "I very much fear that it will so result!"
- "And you think I should abjure?"

"I pray you to."

- "Why, good curé?" said Dupuy. "I am unfortunately a soldier; I have a ridiculous, absurd, foolish partiality for not deserting my colors. You see I have fought under the Lutheran flag, and I must have some reason to change my party and erabrace the cause of his Excellency the Pope of Rome—the opposing banner. You will excuse me, but this seems to me reasonable."
- "Have I not given you good reasons, my son?
- "Talked about the Saints? Yes, a good deal, my worthy cure. But I have not yet made up my mind to believe in them. I even doubt the doctrines of Purgatory, Indulgences, Absolution, and the Immaculate Conception."

The curé shook his head as if these words both pained and shocked him.

- "But how is it possible for you to doubt these tenets of the Holy Church, my son?" he said. "You cause me very great suffering."
- "I am truly sorry; but I can not say otherwise, though I fully appreciate the kindness of your visit."
 - "Twas duty!"
- "Well, others would have considered it differently. They would have endeavored to convert me by holding up a picture of the fagot or the halter. Now 'tis probable that it will come to that, is it not?"
 - The curé heaved a deep sigh.
 - "I fear it is," he said.
- "And you would be compelled to inform upon me?"
- "A terrible duty again," sighed the poor curé. "Yet the Holy Father inculcates the necessity."
- "So that you, who have eaten at my table, taken my arm, talked familiarly with my wife,



and slept in security beneath my roof—you would be compelled to point me out as a heretic, to bring the dragoons to my door—to fit the halter round my neck, or the fagots around my limbs! This would be your bounden duty, would it not, Aymer?"

The old familiar name put the finishing stroke to the terrific appeal. With bloodless cheeks, brows bathed in perspiration, and trembling lips, the unhappy curé murmured,

"It would be my duty!"

"Well, my friend," said Dupuy, coolly, "you can scarcely feel surprise when I hesitate to embrace a religion which makes such action on your part necessary. Now I am only a poor devil of a Huguenot, you see; but before I would betray you, Aymer, I would cut off my right hand and throw it in the face of the barbarous monster, whether he were Emperor, Pope, or King, who dared to tempt me!"

"Oh my son! my son! think what you say! The Holy Father—the Vicegerent of God—a barbarous monster!"

"True, I was wrong," said Dupuy, coldly. "That is dangerous, and 'tis your duty to inform on me."

"I must—I should—I will try not to!" stammered the poor curé. "Oh! why am I tried thus—with such cruelty? Yes, Barthèlemi, 'tis my duty, and were you my own mother's son I must perform my duty!"

Dupuy rose calmly, and, with a side-look at the curé, said:

"Perhaps I might change my views, good father. Who knows? Stranger things have happened. His Majesty's safeguard, which you have returned to me, expires to-morrow, and the question seriously occurs—torture and death, or the sacrament?"

"Oh, abjure, my son! my dear Barthèlemi, abjure, and save yourself and me from agony!"

"Well, who knows what I may do, my good Aymer? Don't inform on me until the day after to-morrow; then you will know my decision."

"I will not," said the poor curé; "and now farewell. Consider the life of your immortal soul, my son. I will fast and pray for you."

With these words the cure went sadly out, and returned to the village.

X .- THE ADVOCATE AND THE TAILOR.

Half an hour after the departure of the priest, Dupuy sent a servant to the village to request the presence of Messire Agoust, advocate.

Agoust hastened to obey, and was closeted with the master of the chateau for an hour.

At the end of that time he came out, bowing and scraping, and went away.

"Aha!" he muttered; "so we get rid of you at last, do we, Messire Barthèlemi Dupuy? I am glad of it, and I have not the least intention of informing on you. I buy your estate at one-third of its value, and shall be the Seigneur Agoust hereafter, while, if I informed upon you, the fine old chateau would be escheated to the crown and lost to me. I am very well content with my bargain, Messire, and will dis-

prove the proverb, which declares that lawyers never are honest, at least until I get my titledeeds. I beat you down four thousand crowns, and am well content, my good Messire Dupuy."

An hour afterward Agoust returned with a heavy bag of gold at his girdle, which he counted out before Dupuy. He then received the title-deeds of the estate.

"A pleasant journey, Messire," he said, "to you and madame."

"Thank you," said Dupuy, coolly, "for your good wishes."

"Ah! you are not alarmed, then, at my knowledge of your intended flight?"

"Why should I be, my good Messire Agoust? You are a sensible man; you have abjured to retain your life and property; you would prefer buying my chateau at Velours at one-fourth of its value rather than compromise upon seeing me roasted, eh?"

"Your lordship is very profound in human motives," said the attorney, smirking, "and I swear you are correct. You may go in safety as far as I am concerned."

And, bowing, he departed.

"Nevertheless, I'll not trust you, rascal," said Dupuy, looking after him. "To-morrow your information comes too late. "Tis almost dark—time for Pourtigot to arrive. Ah! there he is."

Pourtigot was the tailor of the village, and Dupuy had ordered him to have ready in six hours the complete costume of a gentleman's page.

The tailor now entered, bowing and smiling more impressively even than Agoust had done.

"'Tis all prepared, my lord," he said, unrolling the costume; "a beautiful piece of Flander's cloth—most exquisite. And see this velvet."

"It really is very handsome," said Dupuy, negligently, "and my new page will win the heart of every girl upon the village green; eh, Messire Pourtigot?"

"At the very least, I should say, my lord," replied the tailor, bowing.

"Well, my friend," said Dupuy, counting out a handful of crowns, "there is your money, and something more. If you should chance to be passing in a week or so, call here at my chateau, and you will probably receive an order for the full costume of a gentleman. It will be needed. Good-day, Messire Pourtigot."

And Dupuy bowed his head in token of dismissal. Messire Pourtigot went away overjoyed. He had received thrice the value of his work, and the promise of a new order. "The full costume of a gentleman would be needed." It is rather in the nature of a digression to say that Messire Agoust did not indorse the order—only insulted the honest tailor—the week after.

No sooner had the man disappeared than Dupuy's manner lost all its negligence. He rose rapidly to his feet, and called "Susanne! Susanne!"

The lovely woman appeared so suddenly, that



it was plain she had been listening and watching.

ing.

"There is no time to be lost," said Dupuy, hurriedly; "put on this page's costume; take all your jewels, your Bible, and psalm-book, and bring hither some bread and wine, while I put on my uniform and arm myself. Quick! There is not a moment to lose! It is growing dark, and before morning we must be far away, if we would escape the fagot or the gallows. Lose no time!"

XI.—THE FLIGHT TO THE FRONTIER.

In twenty minutes the beautiful woman reappeared, clad in the rich page's costume of brown cloth and velvet. It consisted of a coat, slashed and decorated with embroidery, a long waistcoat, buttoning nearly up to the chin, beneath which a snowy ruffle just revealed itself, loosely-fitting knee-breeches, and Spanish shoes reaching midway to the knee. The flexible tops of chamois leather could easily be pulled up, so as to protect the delicate limbs in riding. The beautiful hair of the young lady had been quickly gathered up, and secured beneath the dark cap, with its floating feather. This, and a handsome cloth cloak depending from one shoulder, completed the costume.

The Countess, thus accoutred, resembled a small and delicate youth of exquisitely proportioned figure, except that no boy, however bashful, ever blushed half so deeply as she did when her husband reappeared.

"There! there! sweet!" said Dupuy, hastily; "let us lose no time in comments. Your costume is unpleasant, that is easy to understand; but if it takes you safely over the frontier, and gives you to my arms, 'twill answer every purpose. Let us now hasten to swallow some bread and wine. We shall need it."

Dupuy, ordinarily so calm and resolute, seemed at this decisive moment to be possessed by a demon of haste, almost of trepidation. It was because all that he held dearest in the world was staked upon the cast of a die: the events of the next few hours would determine the complexion of his whole future life.

He devoured the dry bread with ravenous haste, washed it down with huge gulps of wine, and forced the Countess to do likewise.

A careless observer would have said that a soldier armed to the teeth, and a handsome lady's page in gala costume, had laid a wager who could eat and drink the most in a given time.

Dupuy from moment to moment raised his head, paused in his devouring attack upon the viands, and listened. Nothing was heard but the sobbing of the wintry wind through the evergreens and oaks; darkness and desolation seemed to reign over the wide land and in the chateau.

At last Dupuy rose. Standing thus in the rays of the single lamp he presented a striking spectacle. He was clad in his uniform as king's guardsman, and in his belt was thrust the short triangular sword which we have so frequently

referred to; beside it were secured in the same manner three or four heavy pistols. Slung behind, beneath his cloak, was the bag of gold paid to him by Agoust.

As he thus rose to his feet the sound of hoofs was heard at the back window.

Dupuy looked cautiously out, and made a sign of satisfaction.

"It is Rayonuet," he said, in a low tone; "all is ready."

And drawing the Countess with his arm, he took a last look at the portraits of his ancestors, and hastily descended to the court-yard.

"Make haste, Seigneur," whispered the old gray-headed groom. "I thought I heard horses' hoofs in the direction of the village."

"Ah! the dragoons? Was there a clatter?"
"Yes, yes, Seigneur! Make haste! I hear
them coming plainly!"

Dupuy raised the Countess into the saddle with a single movement, and vaulted on his own animal, which was a black of great size and strength.

"Yes," said Dupuy, "now I hear them too. I hear Agoust's voice, the hound! He has betrayed me! But we have the start! Rayonnet, if you would follow me, come to Amsterdam; you know the way—we were there together! There's gold! Come!"

"For God's sake, Seigneur!" cried the faithful servant, "don't think of me. There they are! They are coming on like a whirlwind, shouting fit to burst them! In another moment you are lost!"

Dupuy replied by shaking his elenched hand toward the dragoons, muttering an exclamation of hatred, and seizing the bridle of the Countess's horse.

In another instant they were out of the little grassy court-yard, and had disappeared like shadowy phantoms beneath the drooping boughs of the forest.

As they did so, Jarnilloc, at the head of his troopers, and accompanied by the traitor Agoust, burst into the chateau uttering howls of rage and blood-thirsty triumph at his anticipated vengeance.

With a yell of furious joy he broke down the door, and at the head of his dragoons, rushed with curses and cries into the great diningroom, whose walls seemed to shudder at the terrific, shouts. Above, the calm, serene, old nobleman on canvas looked down with a tranquil gaze upon the scene.

"Gone!" cried Agoust. "He has fled, and you are too late, Captain!"

"Rascal!" cried Jarnilloc, seizing the advocate by the throat, "this is thy fault! I will squeeze thy cursed eyeballs out!"

And he grasped the advocate's throat until he was black in the face. Agoust fell upon his knees and begged for mercy. He could tell by what road they fled, he pleaded, and they might be overtaken; they were only a man and woman

"Good!" cried the furious dragoon, whose



rage and hatred gave him supernatural strength despite his wound. "Six men in the saddle, and you, too, rascally advocate! The rest stay and cut to pieces every thing in this cursed house!"

In another moment Jarnilloc was dashing at full speed on the road indicated by the despairing advocate, who thus saw his property ruined, but dared say nothing.

The road was a cross-cut, debouching upon the main highway, which Dupuy must take to reach the frontier; and such was the furious speed of the troop that ere long they saw the moonlight glimmering in the opening forest above the high road.

Jarnilloc uttered a howl of triumph as he caught the sound of horses at a rapid gallop. Dupuy and the Countess came on at full speed, and Jarnilloc rushed to meet them, discharging his pistol at his enemy.

The ball missed Dupuy, but struck the Countess full in the breast. The delicate form reeled in the saddle, and fell forward on the horse's mane.

Dupuy fittered a hoarse roar, and leveled his pistol at Jarnilloc. The ball pierced his heart, and letting the bridle fall, the captain of dragoons rolled beneath his horse's feet—dead.

Dupuy's sword leaped from its scabbard, and seizing with his left hand the Countess's bridle, he passed like a thunder-bolt through his enemies, dealing mortal blows as he passed—and in a moment his splendid animal had borne him beyond danger.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, as he saw the form of the Countess rise erect, "you are not wounded, wife?"

"God spared me!" said the lady, taking from her bosom her book of Psalms. "See, the ball struck this, and I am unhurt!"

"Praise the Lord, O my soul!" cried the Huguenot, "Blessed be his holy name! Now let us ride!"

And, followed by the dragoons uttering yells of rage, Dupuy and the Countess drove their fine animals to furious speed; and at every bound increased the distance between themselves and their pursuers.

"I would have turned and died yonder, in the midst of my enemies," said Dupuy. "I should never have survived you. But we are saved!"

And they continued their flight—the cries of their pursuers becoming fainter and fainter as they dashed on.

Almost without stopping to procure food—looking upon every side for enemies—trembling at the very sound of their horses' hoofs—and praying, even during their headlong career, to the God of their faith to preserve them, and conduct them safely to the land of promise which they fled to, rather than abjure their religion—thus, weary and faint, but with no thought of yielding, with forms drooping in the saddle but still bent to the task—in this manner did the fugitives pass over league after league, and

rage and hatred gave him supernatural strength | through province after province, and finally despite his wound. "Six men in the saddle, neared the frontier.

They were about to pass the station where the Custom-house officers and a body of troops were posted to guard the entrance into the kingdom, when suddenly a dragoon, mounted upon a powerful horse, placed himself in the way.

Dupuy collected all his resolution to meet this conclusive trial.

"Stop, Messire!" said the dragoon; "be pleased to check your horse. No one passes here without giving an account of himself. Come with me."

"I will do nothing of the sort!" said Du-

"Ah, my good gentleman; then I will arrest you!"

"You will not presume to," returned Dupuy, drawing his triangular sword with his right hand and presenting the letter of Louis XIV. with the other. "Now, Messire dragoon, I am one of the King's guardsmen, as you see by my uniform, and I am on the King's business. You stop me at your peril!"

The soldier drew back with a low bow. He could not read, but he recognized the royal seal, and the name of the great divinity "Louis." He would as soon have endeavored to dispute the will of a god.

"Pass, Messire," he said, "and pardon my challenge. We are good soldiers of his Majesty, and would be sorry to cause you any inconvenience in dispatching the King's business. If your lordship would like to stop and empty a cup, we shall be delighted to entertain you. Your guardsman's uniform is quite sufficient introduction!"

"Thanks," said Dupuy, "but I must hasten on."

"So quick? Your page looks weary—a very handsome boy! Come, Messire page! induce the Seigneur to draw rein for a moment."

"I can not, Sieur."

"Ah! he is a determined master, is he?" said the dragoon, smiling.

"A very good master, Messire."

"Perhaps something more," laughed the soldier, keenly scrutinizing the feminine figure of the Countess. "Seigneur guardsman, you have really a beautiful companion there."

"Companion?"

"Yes! Why 'tis plain your page is nothing less than a girl."

"Pshaw, Messire! what are you dreaming of? But I have no time to talk! Give you good-day, Messire—I have the honor to salute you!"

And making a sign to his pretended page, Dupuy put spurs to his horse, and passed on at full speed, accompanied by the Countess. In half an hour they passed beneath the dense foliage of a wood of Germany, checked their foaming horses in a secluded glade, and looking around saw that no signs of man were visible.

They were saved!

Dupuy tied the panting animals to a tree,



lifted his wife from the saddle, and in an instant | but this was his home now, loved and cherished she was weeping in his arms, pressed to his beat-

"'I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry," said the soldier. "'He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock. He called me-then said I, Lo, I come."

" 'Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord,'" murmured the weeping Countess; "'let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me."

And the true wife clung closer to her true husband.

And there in the silent wood, the brave soldier and devoted woman knelt, and offered up a prayer of gratitude for their deliverance. In those days strong men prayed, and died or left lands and country for their faith, and God gave them duly the fruition of the promise of the "life that now is" even.

Heart pressed to heart, the good Seigneur Dupuy and his brave wife prayed long and fervently, and then rose and went upon their

XII .-- IN VIRGINIA.

Our true chronicle is told; and we need not pause to comment on it here, or point the spirit and the moral.

Long years afterward in Monican-town, on the banks of the noble James River, in Virginia, an aged soldier lay upon his death-bed, with a kneeling woman weeping at his side, and children watching the pale face through tears.

"Don't cry, Susanne," said Messire Dupuy. "I am only going home, whither you, true wife, will follow me. Do you know what we said in the woods of Germany? 'I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.' Blessed be his name! In him and the blessed Jesus is my trust-I who have lived and now die a true Huguenot!"

The faint voice faltered, and a ray of sunlight falling on the snowy hair, lit it up gloriously.

"And to you, my children," continued the dying gentleman, "I bequeath an untainted name, which you in turn should bear worthily. Jacques," he continued, addressing the eldest, "take my old sword there, and make use of it in a good cause only; it has never been drawn in a bad one. Fight for your country and your faith, so God shall bless you. Imitate your godfather, Jacques de la Fontaine, of noble memory. And now, my children, take my blessing."

They knelt with sobs, and the hand of the dying soldier rested in turn upon every forehead.

As the last words were uttered he fell faintly back, and a sigh only marked the passage of the true gentleman from earth to heaven—from time to eternity.

It was the bright sunshine of Virginia, the

like the old, old home in France.

He died as he had lived, a true Huguenot. No better epitaph is needed.

ANECDOTES OF LORD RAGLAN.

OES any body know who Lord Raglan was? Was he a general under Cornwallis in the Revolutionary war? or did he fight Napoleon in Spain? or who was he? It is so long since one heard of him, that perhaps none but very learned persons ought to be expected to remember his history. It is actually twenty months since he died; and twenty months in the present age are as long as twenty years-bah! two hundred years of olden time.

Here is a book written by one of his staff officers for the double purpose of poking sharp sticks at the French, and vindicating the character of Lord Raglan. It is a quiet, gentlemanly-snobbish book. The author admits that, under a severe pressure of circumstances, gentlemen may occasionally earn a livelihood out of the army; but he thinks that such cases are very rare. As a general rule, people must either be officers or nobodies. Either the sword and cocked hat, or the spade and shovel. No middle class. It is this author's intention, when he becomes Prime Minister of his happy Isle, to put down that abominable institution called a free press. Our British contemporaries are fore-warned. The "staff officer" has borne them long enough; let them amend while it is yet time.

To do the staff officer justice, he is a modest man, so far as his personal merits are concerned; he doesn't tell us how brave he was, or how many Russians he killed on this or that occasion. His example in this respect is well worthy of imitation by military writers. What praise he has to spare is placed at the service of Lord Raglan. There is an air of truth about his doscriptions. Serving on the staff, he was enabled to know more of the English general than many who have written about him; and as, in this country, the impression left on people's minds by the articles from the London journals which have been copied into our own presses is not particularly favorable to his Lordship, perhaps it is but fair to give a few of the anecdotes on the other side.

The general idea circulated by the French and English press during the late war, was that Lord Raglan was a slow coach. The Baron de Bazancourt, in his epic on the war, elaborately insinuates this. This staff officer says, on the contrary, that Lord Raglan was really a fireeater—that he insisted on the expedition to the Crimea in opposition to the French; that he insisted on the rapid march to Sebastopol, in spite of their objections; that he wanted to assault on arrival, but was overruled by his allies; that he urged an assault after Inkermann, but was again thwarted by Canrobert; that the whole tenor of his intercourse with that unfortunate new land, which rested last upon his forehead; | officer was entreaty on his side—timidity, inde-



cision, and delay on that of his French ally. We have no doubt the staff officer is right. Pelissier was the only man of vin the French had in the Crimea, and he and Lord Raglan were always fast friends.

He was a man of extraordinary good-nature and amiability. Never once during his many disputes with the French generals did he offend any one; in his own army he was beloved. His own carriage was always used for wounded officers; his servants and horses were perpetually at work for other people. His staff were furious with the correspondents of the London papers for abusing him; their censures never ruffled him, nor did he ever retaliate in any way. On one occasion, when a party of lookers-on crowded unpleasantly round him at a battle, his aids proposed to order them off. "No. no." said Lord Raglan, with a smile; "we will get under fire, and then you may depend upon it all who are not obliged to stay will depart." The staff moved forward accordingly, and in one minute from the first shot there was not an "outsider" to be seen.

On another occasion, as Lord Raglan and his staff were watching a critical movement, there suddenly appeared a man on a small white pony, riding at full gallop toward them. The horse had his head down, so had the man; he was evidently bent on something desperate. It possibly occurred to some of the officers that this might be some crazy Russian, intent on killing the English general; but they let him come on, at a tearing pace, dashing headlong through the escort and skirmishers. A few paces beyond, while they were looking at him, his saddle suddenly slipped off, and the rider was rolled in the mud. "Who is that very singular person?" inquired every body. One of the staff happened to know him, and informed Lord Raglan that it was Mr. Kinglake, the author of Eothen. "Ah!" said the General, "a most charming man." And he rode up, inquired whether the fallen author were hurt, and insisted on his taking one of his horses.

With his comrades-in-arms he was gentle as a woman. His eyes were full of tears when he took leave of St. Arnaud, on his way to his death. When Canrobert gave up the command of the army he continued to treat him with the same respect as he had paid him previously; which so affected the poor French general that he could not help saying, "You, milord, are the same to me in adversity as you were in prosperity; it is not so with other men." Even in dealing with so intractable an imbecile as Lord Lucan, and so tiresome a bungler as Admiral Dundas, he was always kind, and gentle, and considerate. Under fire during an action, he never noticed that men were shot down by his side; but after each affair he visited every hospital and wounded officer, and was as happy as the elder Napoleon in his expressions of sympathy.

This habit of his of getting under fire was so

rather likes being under fire than otherwise." At Inkermann he was exposed during the whole action, and a party of Russian riflemen made a target of his staff. Several officers had fallen. when one of the survivors ventured to suggest to his Lordship that their position was dangerous. "Why, yes," answered Lord Raglan, "they seem to be firing at us a little, but I get a better view of the battle from here." And he staid where he was, to the great discomfort of the staff.

It was at that same battle that a sergeant of fusileers, drawing himself up to salute Lord Raglan as he passed, had his cap knocked off by a round shot. The man picked up his cap, dusted it on his knee, put it on, and completed his salute. "A near thing that, my man," said Lord Raglan with a laugh. "Yes, my lord; but a miss is as good as a mile," said the sergeant.

At the ill-starred assault of the 18th June, Lord Raglan and General Jones took up their position in a mortar battery. Shot and shell came flying round them so thick that Lord Raglan made all his officers lie down. He and Jones leaned over the parapet to watch. They talked, we learn, very calmly and quietly while that terrible assault was being made, with the round shot and Minié balls singing incessantly round their heads, till General Jones was knecked down by a piece of shell. One can fancy the feelings of the young officers as they looked up from their shelter at those two weather-beaten, grizzly heads, so cool and quiet in that terrible moment, and so unconscious of the hail of shot. Even Napoleon required to allay his excitement by taking snuff.

Now that our European friends are all at peace once more, they must look back, one would think, with some feeling of horror at this war. There was young Tryon (a connection, it is believed, of the famous governor of more than one of the American colonies just before the Revolution), a very fine fellow we are told: he was a dead shot, and, though he was killed at an early period of the siege, he boasted that he had shot with his own hand over a hundred Russians. At Inkermann he took up his station on an eminence, with two men to load for him, and shot from thirty to forty Russians in little more than an hour.

This staff officer was evidently one of those gentlemen who, the papers used to say, couldn't breakfast comfortably till they had "potted" a He says quietly, "A man in the Russian. Rifle Brigade made a good shot to-day. Seeing a Cossack officer on a white horse at a considerable distance, he thought he might as well knock him over. He accordingly fired, and the man fell, the horse trotting away. The distance was said to be upward of 1300 yards." The staff officer is impartial in his commendation. He adds that a Russian did just as well a day or two before. "A French officer of engineers was making a reconnoissance of the enemy's inveterate that the French used to say, "Milord | works at a distance of nearly a mile. The Rus-



sians fired a gun at him, his leg was taken off by a round shot, and he bled to death before he could be taken to the hospital." Pleasant work!

Poor Lord Raglan! Up every morning before daylight, writing for an hour or two before breakfast; after a hasty cup of coffee, visits from Quarter-Master General, Adjutant General, General of Engineers, officer commanding the Artillery, Commissary General, Inspector of Hospitals, with each of whom there was business of importance to transact; then more writing till 1 or 2 P.M., when the brigade and division officers were received; this over, he rode till dusk through the camp, visiting hospitals, camps, new regiments, sick officers; then more writing till 8 P.M., the dinner hour; after dinner, business with the staff, orders for next day; and the day closed as it began with writing often till past midnight. A contrast this sort of life with that of the commanders-in-chief of olden times, who could hardly sign their names, or who despised a man who could use a pen! Wonder if Napoleon wrote much!

Such labor naturally fell heavy on a man who had been in his prime of youth at Waterloo. Cares and anxieties—the clamor of the press at home, not unnaturally, though perhaps unjustly, making him responsible for the faults of the system—the loss of friends by daily casualties—wore the old General gradually away. One is deeply affected by some of the later incidents of his life. Returning slowly and sadly to head-quarters after the repulse of the 18th June, in which he had seen his friends slaughtered, and the prestige of his army almost broken, he found, on arrival, that the mail from England had just arrived. The first letter he opened contained the account of the death of his only surviving sister.

Then Estcourt—an old and dear friend—fell hopelessly ill. Lord Raglan went to see him, and took leave of him, deeply affected. He intended to have gone to his funeral, and dressed for the purpose; but at the last moment his fortitude gave way, and he was quite overcome. The hand of death was upon himself. That evening he fell ill. Two days afterward, having sunk very low, he collected his remaining strength, and told Colonel Steele, his Secretary, partly in words and partly by signs, that he thought a telegraphic message should be sent to England requesting that a new commander-inchief be appointed. The morning after his death all the general officers collected round his bedside to see his body; there was not one of the gray, hard, old soldiers who did not give way at the sight. Pelissier stood for more than an hour at the bedside, crying like a child.

Of this great man, who is yet destined to play an important part in history, the staff officer tells a story which, we believe, has never appeared in print before. On the morning fixed for the assault on the Mamelon, just as General Pelissier was mounting his horse to witness the attack, he received a telegraphic message from the Emperor ordering him on no account to assault the

Mamelon, as such a step could not fail to be attended with defeat and disaster. General Pelissier put the message in his pocket without speaking, went off and took the Mamelon; then, on his return home, showed the message in triumph to his staff.

We may admire Raglan; but there is something Jacksonian in Pelissier which stamps him as the right man for such a business as a siege of Sebastopol.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birth-place of the poet are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly-built wheels can not be dragged.

When Oliver was still a child his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year. in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quarter-master on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparce chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions



of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far indeed was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, even when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth He went to several grammar-schools and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointcd at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had risen to eminence, those who once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the Vicar of Wakefield and the Deserted Village.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court: they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woolsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colors, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university—the third university at which he had resided—in his twentyseventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. flute, however, proved a useful friend. rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which every where set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed, that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith, indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at l'aris. Now it is certain that Voltaire never was with-While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life in a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole



time which Goldsmith passed on the Conti-

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request: there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill-suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly, that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the ap-Why it was pointment was speedily revoked. revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed, was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books, which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous wood-cuts, appeared in the window of the once far-famed shop at the corner of Saint Paul's Churchyard; An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe, which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a Life of Beau Nash, which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very readable, History of England, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing Sketches of London Society, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by s Chinese traveler to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the book- and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According

sellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately: his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humor rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About every thing that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers and merry-andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club. but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Toward the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, dispatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid;



to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a | It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the Vicar of Wakefield.

But before the Vicar of Wakefield appeared in print came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem, entitled the Traveler. It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skillful critics was, that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of the Dunciad. In one respect the Traveler differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad, and his execution good. In the Traveler, the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our minds.

While the fourth edition of the Traveler was on the counters of the booksellers, the Vicar of Wakefield appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. It wants, not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses, and Mr. Burchell with his "Fudge," have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker; and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the Good-natured Mana piece which had a worse fate than it deserved.

coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, not less than £500, five times as much as he had made by the Traveler and the Vicar of Wakefield together. The plot of the Goodnatured Man is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled False Delicacy, had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to any thing more than a grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in the Good-natured Man, that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full court-dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared the Deserted Village. In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to the Traveler, and it is generally preferred to the Traveler by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in the Rehearsal, that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault which we mean is not that theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed fulse: but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. The finest poem in the Latin language, indeed the finest didactic poem in any language, was written in defense of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he can not be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals—for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defense of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely colored, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sun-burned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture the Deserted Village bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. brought close together belong to two different



countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, She Stoops to Conquer. The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. Good-natured Man had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the Good-natured Man was sober when compared with the rich drollery of She Stoops to Conquer, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries, were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "Turn him out," or "Throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing the Deserted Village and She Stoops to Conquer, he was employed on works of a very different kind, works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a History of Rome by which he made £300, a History of England by which he made £600, a History of Greece for which he received £250, a Natural History, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders; for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus in his History of England he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the History of Greece an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his Animated Nature he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," says Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied

the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis. "Maupertuis!" he cried, "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet, ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary book-makers. He was a great, perhaps an unequaled, master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserved to be studied. In general nothing is less attractive than an epitome: but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children not as a task but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Pol." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the Traveler. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, Sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and delicious to the taste if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on that the sun is longer in the northern than in every subject were confused even to absurdity,



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but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time, and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius; but when he talked he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation; he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt he felt that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness; he was so generous, that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily, that he might be said to invite them. and was so liberal to beggars, that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him, envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent than his neighbors. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters who is also a man of the world does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told every body that he was envious. "Do not, pray do not talk of Johnson in such terms," he said to Boswell; "you harrow up my very soul." George Steevens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. Both what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villainy. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done any thing considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of the Traveler, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income during the last seven years of | illustrious friends with his own. It has already

his life certainly exceeded £400 a year, and £400 a year ranked among the incomes of that day at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with £400 a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered to the honor of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskillful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000, and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. standing the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practice," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians, and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep; he could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3d of April, 1774, in his fortysixth year. He was laid in the church-yard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news, that he had flung aside his brush and pallet for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two



been mentioned that he sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him. He was, not long before his last illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen, and at that weapon he proved himself a match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a master-piece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenesses which have no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy and vivid as the sketches of Burke and Garrick.

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers honored him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekens was the sculptor, and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the Lives of the Poets. No man appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly than Johnson; no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces ended with Lyttelton, who died in 1773. The line seems to have been drawn expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Within a few years his life has been written by Mr. Prior, by Mr. Washington Irving, and by Mr. Forster. The diligence of Mr. Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must in justice be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster.

MAY AND DEATH.

I WISH that when you died last May, Charles, there had died along with you Three parts of Spring's delightful things; Ay, and for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
Moon's birth and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sake, prove May still May!

Let their new time, like mine of old,

Do all it did for me; I bid

Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

Only, one little sight, one plant
Woods have in May, that starts up green
Except a streak, which, so to speak,
Is Spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,

That, they might spare: a certain wood
Might lose the plant; their loss were small:
And I,—whene'er the plant is there
Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

UTTOXETER.*

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

T Lichfield, in St. Mary's Square, I saw a A statue of Dr. Johnson, elevated on a stone pedestal, some ten or twelve feet high. The statue is colossal (though perhaps not much more so than the mountainous Doctor), and sits in a chair, with a pile of big books underneath it, looking down upon the spectator with a broad, heavy, benignant countenance, very like Johnson's portraits. The figure is immensely massive—a vast ponderosity of stone, not finely spiritualized, nor, indeed, fully humanized, but rather resembling a great boulder than a man. On the pedestal are three bas-reliefs; in the first, Johnson is represented as a mere baby, seated on an old man's shoulders, resting his chin on the bald head which he embraces with his arms, and listening to the preaching of Dr. Sacheverell; in the second tablet he is seen riding to school on the backs of two of his comrades, while a third boy supports him in the The third bas-relief possesses, to my mind, a good deal of pathos. It shows Johnson in the market-place of Uttoxeter, doing penance for an act of disobedience to his father, committed fifty years before. He stands bare-headed, very sad and woe-begone, with the wind and rain driving hard against him; while some market-people and children gaze awe-stricken into his face, and an aged man and woman, with clasped hands are praying for him. These latter personages, I fancy (though, in

· "During the last visit which Doctor Johnson made to Lichfield, the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast-table. On inquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Lichfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper-hour, the door opened, and the Doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to inquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner: 'Madam,I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial plety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been axplated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to -, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy toward my father." -- Bossell's Johnson.



queer proximity, there are some living ducks and dead poultry), represent the spirits of Johnson's father and mother, lending what aid they can to lighten his half-century's burden of re-

I never heard of this statue before; it seems to have no reputation as a work of art, and very probably may deserve none. Yet I found it somewhat touching and effective, perhaps because my interest in the character of that sturdiest old Englishman has always been peculiarly strong; and especially the above-described basrelief freshened my sense of a wonderful beauty and pathos in the incident which it commemorates. So, the next day, I left Lichfield for Uttoxeter, on a purely sentimental pilgrimage (by railway, however), to see the spot where Johnson performed his penance. Boswell, I think, speaks of the town (its name is pronounced Yute-oxeter) as being about nine miles from Lichfield, but the map would indicate a greater distance; and by rail, passing from one line to another, it is as much as eighteen. I have always had an idea of old Michael Johnson journeying thither on foot, on the morning of market-days, selling books through the busy hours, and returning home at night. This could not well have been.

Arriving at Uttoxeter station, the first thing I saw, in a convenient vicinity, was the tower and tall gray spire of a church. It is but a very short walk from the station up into the town. It had been my previous impression that the market-place of Uttoxeter lay immediately round about the church; and, if I remember the narrative aright, Johnson describes his father's book-stall as standing in the market-place, close beside the sacred edifice. But the church has merely a street of ordinary width passing around it; while the market-place, though near at hand, is not really contiguous; nor would its throng and bustle be apt to overflow their bounds and surge against the church-yard and the old gray tower. Nevertheless, a walk of a minute or two would bring a person from the centre of the market-place to the church-door; and Michael Johnson might very well have placed his stall, and have laid out his literary ware in the corner at the tower's base, -better there, perhaps, than in the busy centre of an agricultural market. But the picturesqueness and full impressiveness of the story require that Johnson, doing his penance, should have been the very nucleus of the crowd—the midmost man of the market-place-a central figure of Memory and Remorse, contrasting with, and overpowering the sultry materialism around him. Iam resolved, therefore, that the true site of his penance was in the middle of the market-place.

This is a pretty, spacious, and irregular vacuity, surrounded by houses and shops, some of them old, with red-tiled roofs; others wearing a pretence of newness, but probably as old as the rest. In these ancient English towns you see many houses with modern fronts, but if you

tique arrangement-old rafters, intricate passages, balustraded staircases; and discover that the spruce exterior is but a patch on some stalwart remnant of days gone by. England never gives up any thing old, as long as it is possible to patch it. The people of Uttoxeter seemed very idle in the warm summer day, and stood in little groups about the market-place; leisurely chatting and staring at me, as they would not stare if strangers were more plentiful. I question if Uttoxeter ever saw an American before. And as an American, I was struck by the number of old persons tottering about, and leaning on sticks; old persons in knee-breeches, and all the other traditional costume of the last century. Old places seem to produce old people, as by a natural propriety; or perhaps the secret is, that old age has a tendency to hide itself when it might otherwise be brought into contact with new edifices and new things, but comes freely forth, and meets the eye of man, amidst the sympathies of a decaying town. The only other thing that greatly impressed me in Uttoxeter, was the abundance of public-houses, one at every step or two; Red Lions, White Harts, Bull's Heads, Mitres, Cross Keys, and I know not what besides. These are, probably, for the accommodation of the agricultural visitors on market-day. At any rate, I appeared to be the only guest in Uttoxeter, on the day of my visit, and had but an infinitesimal portion of patronage to distribute among so many inns.

I stepped into one of these rustic hostelries, and got my dinner-bacon and greens, and a chop, and a gooseberry pudding-enough for six yeomen, besides ale; all for a shilling and six-This hospitable inn was called the pence. Nag's Head, and, standing beside the marketplace, was as likely as any other to have entertained old Michael Johnson in the days when he used to come hither to sell books. He, perhaps, had eaten his bacon and greens, and drunk his ale and smoked his pipe, in the very room where I now sat; a low, ancient room, with a red-brick floor and a whitewashed ceiling, traversed by bare, rough beams; the whole in the rudest fashion, but extremely neat. Neither did the room lack ornament, the walls being hung with engravings of prize-oxen, and other pretty prints, and the mantle-piece adorned with earthenware figures of shepherdesses. But still, as I supped my ale, I glanced through the window into the sunny market-place, and wished that I could honestly fix on one spot rather than another as likely to have been the holy site where Johnson stood to do his penance.

How strange and stupid it is, that tradition should not have marked and kept in mind the very place! How shameful (nothing less than that) that there should be no local memorial of this incident, as beautiful and as touching a passage as can be cited out of any human life! no inscription of it, almost as sacred as a verse of Scripture, on the wall of the church! no statue of the venerable and illustrious penitent in the peep or penetrate inside, you often find an an- market-place, to throw a wholesome awe over



its traffic, its earthliness, its selfishness! Such a statue, if the piety of man did not raise it, might almost have been expected to grow up out of the pavement of its own accord, on the spot that had been watered by Johnson's remorseful tears, and by the rain that dripped from him.

Well, my pilgrimage had not turned out a very successful one. There being no train till late in the afternoon, I spent I know not how many hours in Uttoxeter, and, to say the truth, was heartily tired of it; my penance being a great deal longer than Dr. Johnson's. Moreover, I forgot, until it was too late, to snatch the opportunity to repent of some of my own While waiting at the station, I asked a boy who sat near me (a school-boy, some twelve or thirteen years old, whom I should take to be a clergyman's son)—I asked him whether he had ever heard the story of Dr. Johnson, how he stood an hour doing penance beside that church whose spire rose before us. The boy stared, and answered, "No." I inquired if no such story was known or talked about in Uttoxeter. "No," said the boy; "not that I ever heard of!" Just think of the absurd little town knowing nothing of its one memorable incident, which sanctifies it to the heart of a stranger from three thousand miles over the sea! Just think of the fathers and mothers of Uttoxeter never telling their children this sad and lovely story, which might have such a blessed influence on their young days, and spare them so many a pang hereafter!

But, personally, I had no right to find fault with these good people; for I myself had felt little or no impression from the scene; and my experience has been similar in many another spot, even of far deeper consecration than Uttoxeter. At Stratford-on-Avon-even at Westminster Abbey, on my first visit-I was as little moved as any stone on the pavement. These visits to the identical scenes of poetical or historic interest inevitably cause an encounter and a shock of the Actual with the Ideal, in which the latter-unless stronger than in my own case -is very apt to be overpowered. My emotions always come before, or afterward; and I can not help envying those happier tourists, who can time and tune themselves so accurately, that their raptures (as I presume from their printed descriptions) are sure to gush up just on the very spot, and precisely at the right moment.

THE MISER'S CURSE.

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY.

DISCLAIM it as we may, the night side of nature has a wild and mysterious attraction for every human soul. That mystic realm which lies beyond the present life, into which we must all plunge at some future period, must ever possess a thrilling interest for the imagination and the heart.

The story I am about to relate is one of facts which transpired years ago, but there are many yet living who can bear witness to the truth of the following incidents.

In a small, poorly-furnished room a miser lay dying. He had been a hard, grasping man of the world, a usurer, a trader in the miseries and wants of others, and by such means he had accumulated wealth which he hoarded with all the greed of his nature. But once in his life had he been known to act with liberality toward any human being, and terrible results to the favored one flowed from that act of paternal pride.

Look at the miscrable wreck that pants and struggles for breath on that bed. He is old, wasted, repulsive, and mean; but even such as he is, he was once loved by a gentle and good woman; but that was in his youth, when his step was elastic and free, while his face retained the impress of humanity and had not hardened into what it now is.

Fortunately for herself, his wife died in the morning of life, leaving three children to his care. The two youngest ones, a girl and boy, were left to do pretty much as they pleased, while the father gave all the heart nature had bestowed upon him to his eldest son-a handsome, high-spirited lad, who grew in willfulness as years crept on.

William Herbert soon learned to consider himself all-important to his father; the only smiles that were ever seen upon his face illumined it at his approach, and the only words of affection that fell from his lips were addressed to this beloved son. Even his daughter he treated with silent sternness, and repulsed her efforts to win a recognition of her right to a place in his cold heart.

Theirs was a curious household. It was in a Southern State, and a faithful negress presided over it as housekeeper after the decease of her mistress. The strictest economy prevailed in every department, and although her master was known to have accumulated wealth, no evidences of it were ever seen. Even in the expenditures of the darling son, the same parsimony was ob-To him Herbert was niggardly, under the pretext that a liberal allowance would tempt him to indulge in dissipated and extravagant

The most ordinary advantages of education were bestowed upon the children, and even these might have been withheld but for the importunity of their black "mammy," who insisted on their right to some "larnin'." As they advanced to maturity, the father kept the elder son in bounds by promising that, when he settled in life, he would act most liberally toward him. But, at the same time, he gave him to understand that he would tolerate no inferior marriage; he must choose a wife from the ranks of the wealthy, and then he would see what he would do for him.

Tired of the strict dependence in which he was kept, William Herbert, early in life, sought a bride possessing the requisite qualifications to please his father. A young girl from a neighboring county visited his native town, who possessed in her own right a handsome, unincumbered property. He sought her acquaintance,



found her sufficiently attractive to suit his own taste, and soon succeeded in winning her consent to become his wife.

The elder Herbert was delighted with the proposed match, and when his son reminded him of his oft-repeated promise to give him a portion of his fortune when he settled, he at once consented to double the wealth of the bride, thus placing his well-beloved son on an equality with her. The father was peculiarly pleased with the choice his son had made, from the fact that his daughter-in-law-elect not only brought wealth to her husband, but she was also a scion of one of the most aristocratic families in his native State. Conscious that he had lowered his own standard as a man by his miserly habits, and hard dealings with others, he felt a secret pride in the thought that his son's prospects had not suffered from the little esteem in which men held himself.

The marriage took place, but not before William Herbert had taken every precaution to secure absolutely in his own power, the property bestowed by his father. It was a marvel among the lawyers who drew the deeds that such a man as the miser should have opened his purse to such an extent; but he firmly believed that the training his son had received would prevent him from using his wealth with a lavish hand.

In bitterness of heart he soon saw his error; the check secured, the younger Herbert soon displayed his natural tastes; they were lavished to profusion, and the money he had never been taught to value justly was expended with the recklessness of one who thought he had suddenly acquired the purse of Fortunatus. He purchased a beautiful villa in the vicinity of the town, and furnished it extravagantly. All the appointments of the establishment were luxurious and elegant, and the newly-wedded couple commenced a style of housekeeping corresponding with them.

The young wife was thoughtless, fond of pleasure, and strongly attached to her husband; the two agreed perfectly in their tastes, and but for the violent displeasure of the elder Herbert, their life would have been without a cloud. He often darkened the sunshine in which they lived by his presence beneath their roof, when sneers, reproaches, and bitter gibes, ever formed the staple of his conversation.

Sometimes his temper would be aroused to a pitch of fury by the wasteful extravagance he beheld, and he would often anathematize himself audibly for having been so great a fool as to place any portion of his hard-earned wealth at the disposal of such a spendthrift as his son.

Violent scenes were at length of frequent occurrence, and William finally spoke boldly to his father and told him that his house was his own, and he intended to act as he pleased in it; that he would receive him as a guest so long as he chose to treat himself and his wife with the respect he considered due to them, but he would no longer tolerate insult under his own roof.

when the son ceased speaking his passion broke forth in words of bitter vehemence.

He ended with-" Your roof indeed; was it not bought with my money and that of old Roger Wilton? for you never earned a penny in your worthless life, and if all this foolish wastefulness goes on, how long will it be yours, do you think? Boy, you know that hard as men think me, I have always loved you; but from this hour you are to me as though you do not exist. I never will darken your threshold again, and if you come to the direst poverty, as I know you must, not another penny of mine shall you ever receive. It is enough to have played the fool once for such an ingrate as you have proved yourself. I shake the dust from my feet, and bid you never again to greet me as your father. I am no longer such to you, for henceforth I am your bitter and uncompromising enemy. I leave with you what you may smile at, the miser's curse, but it will fall, fall!" And as he repeated the ominous word, he stamped his feet violently upon the floor, and in a species of blind frenzy left the house never again to re-enter it.

From that day Herbert was harder and more grinding in his dealings than before. only soft feeling his heart had ever known became a source of bitterness, and a sort of maniacal hatred of his undutiful son took possession of him. He watched his extravagant career with malicious eagerness, and gloated over the evidences which came, year after year, that his prophecies were slowly fulfilling themselves.

With no habits of business, and a careless disregard of expenses, William Herbert soon found that even his ample resources did not save him from embarrassments. The fortune he thought inexhaustible wasted slowly away; he raised money as reckless men do, and his father employed an agent to furnish the funds he needed, until his utter ruin was consummated. No mercy was shown; he was stripped of every thing, and thrown helpless and penniless upon the world with a wife and four young children dependent upon him. Then the father

"Where is your roof now, William Herbert? Come not, undutiful ingrate, to appeal to me in behalf of those you have impoverished by your mad and unprincipled wastefulness. Beg, starve, steal, but from me you gain nothing; and that you may know how hopeless will be your cry for help, learn that I instigated Calder to close upon you; that I stood behind him and caused him to act for me; and in so doing I have regained the money I so madly gave to you, because I was fool enough to believe that you had some of my nature in you. I have again made it out of your necessities, with a fair percentage added to it, and I am satisfied.

"Go now where you belong, among the wretched and the outcast, and take with you the renewal of the miser's curse."

To the miserable, broken-down man this was The father listened with repressed fury; but the last bitter drop that caused his cup of an-



guish to overflow. The knowledge that his own father had precipitated his ruin, and now gloated over his unhappy condition, overcame the last remnant of fortitude, and he sank into a brain fever which threatened to destroy him. tender care of his wife saved his life, but the few resources left to the ruined family were exhausted by his long illness, and Herbert arose from his couch to face a world with which he was utterly unfitted to wrestle.

The sufferings, the hopelessness, the terrible struggles of the four following years, no pen may trace, though, alas! there are many who can comprehend them from actual experience, and know how the life-drops of the heart were turned to bitterness by the daily and hourly effort to find the means of sustaining bare existence. Oh! the struggle of poverty is dire enough to those born to it; but to the gently nurtured, accustomed to the careless ease of wealth, how much more bitter it is, who shall tell?

Poor Herbert could gain no employment that afforded a reliable remuneration; he had no business habits, no skill in any thing, and the little he could earn by his hardest efforts was quite insufficient to supply the wants of his family. His wife was not strong, but she sustained herself wonderfully, and helped to eke out their slender means by her needle, that common resource of her sex.

Amidst all their wretchedness, it was a great consolation to Mrs. Herbert that her husband never resorted to the stimulant of strong drink to drown his sorrows. Together they bore their fallen fortunes, and in their mutual affection found some consolation for the evils they both felt that ordinary prudence might have averted. Yet neither reproached the other with this, for tender and sincere affection formed a true bond of union between them, and the sad consolation of suffering together was at least theirs.

From the day the miser uttered his anathema against his eldest son, he had not permitted his younger children to hold any communion with him, and they dared not offer William assistance from the slender means allowed them, lest they, too, should be cast off by their stern pa-

Two more children were added to the suffering family during these terrible years—heirs of want and suffering; and bitter were the tears of self-reproach shed over their helplessness by the destitute parents, when they thought of what might have been, in contrast with the miserable reality before them.

Herbert made more than one effort to soften his father. He vainly appealed to that affection which had once existed, but alas! it was now turned to the most cruel enmity. His appeals were rejected with such bitter, stinging contempt—such overwhelming abuse, that he soon ceased to make them, and resigned himself to the lot he had incurred by his own recklessness.

At length the miser sickened; day by day he grew worse; he became aware of his own myself be what it may."

danger, and summoned a lawyer to make his will. Every legal technicality was brought in play to exclude his eldest son or his children from ever succeeding to the smallest fraction The property was bequeathed to of his estate. his younger children and their heirs, on the sole condition that they would never share the smallest portion of it with their discarded brother.

Herbert heard of the old man's dying condition. A kind friend informed him of the provisions of the will, and urged him to make a last effort to soften his heart in his favor, that, while life remained, he might cancel the deed, and permit him to share alike with his brother and sister.

The heart of the son yearned to behold once more the father who had loved him in his boyish days, and he went slowly toward the shabby old house in which his family dwelt. Twelve years had rolled away since he last stood beneath its roof, and now, with faltering steps, he drew near, and struck a faint and uncertain knock upon the door. He was forced to repeat it before any one came, and when it was at last opened by old Phillis, she uttered a shrick of surprise, and came very near shutting it upon him again.

"You here, Marse William! Here at dis berry door dat's bin shet upon you so long! Oh Lor', oh Lor'! an' I dare not let you in! He would kill me ef he knowed I even spoke to you!"

"But he can not hurt you now, Phillis," urged the poor son. "He is dying, and I must see him."

"Oh! chile, chile, you dunno how strong de ebesary is wi' de old man. Ef he was at his las' gasp, and found out that I'd spoke wi' you, he'd come back to life to strike at me. Oh, you'd best git away, Marse William, for you dunno how awful wicked he is-how he goes on when he even thinks 'bout you."

"And does he hate me so, even on his bed of death?" asked the pale man. "Oh! Phillis, I must see him; must ask pardon for myself, and help for my poor little children. Without them my life will become a miserable wreck."

"See him! blessed marster! what is de boy talkin' 'bout? Is it see sich a rampin' mad creeter as he gits to be ef any body even calls your name? De lawyer what wrote his will axed 'bout you, and put him in sich a fit I thought he was dying sure. O Lor'! and when he comed to, didn't he say dreffle things, and ax the blessed Marster up yonder to let 'em come to pass agin you? Don't go-don't go to him, Marse William!"

Her earnestness had some weight with Herbert, and, for a few moments, he hesitated; but the stern necessity of the case seemed to offer him no alternative; he remembered the entreaties of his friend to make this effort, and he nerved himself to resist the pleadings of his nurse. He put her aside, as he said,

"I must see him, Phillis, let the result to



He entered and drew near his father's room: when he reached the door he paused a moment to prepare himself for the dreaded interview; at length he ventured to unclose it gently and look in. The dving man lay apparently in a light slumber, and his daughter, pale and languid from long watching, sat beside the bed.

She raised her head at the slight rustle he made on entering, and she could scarcely have seemed more appalled had a spectre suddenly risen before her. She repressed the cry that arose to her lips, and motioned him back, as she pointed meaningly toward their father; but William heeded her not.

He rushed impetuously toward the bed, threw himself beside it, and thus kneeling he grasped the hand that lay upon the coverlet, already cold with the dews of approaching death. At that touch the spirit of the departing one struggled back to life; he who seemed scarcely breathing but a moment before was suddenly endued with terrible vitality. He started up in the bed, his glazing eyes glaring with evil passion, and his lips writhing with their efforts to utter the torrent of anger that surged within him.

He wrenched his hand from his son, and regarded him with an expression that half paralyzed him. William could only stammer-

"Pardon-pardon-remove the curse, O father! Let it not cling to me through my whole life."

The lips of the dying man moved, but for many moments they had no power to produce a sound. At length the iron will mastered even the benumbing influence of the stern conqueror, and a strange, unearthly voice, which sounded as that of some demon seeking utterance through his tongue, shrieked forth-

"You! you! how dare you approach me? Hence! I say; hence! before I spurn you from my sight!" and he attempted to spring from his bed.

His daughter clasped her arms around him and withheld him; but he shook her off, and sat perfectly erect, with raised finger, as he continued-

"Hear my last words, William Herbert, and know that they are the utterances of as deadly hate as ever sprang up between man and man. I have no pardon for you; and if my resentment can manifest itself beyond the grave, I will come back to you and make your life a bitterness to you. I have little faith in parsons or their cant; but I believe there is a demon-I have known him. I have felt his influence—and if he will give me the power to torment you, I will surrender myself to him body and soul. Now go, and take with you the renewed curse of him you would not suffer to die in peace."

Exhausted by the effort he sank back, and by the time his head touched the pillow he was

Horror-struck at the result of his effort at conciliation, Herbert left the house bewildered

streets toward his own abode, it seemed to him that a form flitted beside him, breathed coldly upon him, and even touched his person with icy fingers, but when he turned toward it, nothing was there.

He found his wife waiting for him; the children were in bed, and she sat beside her solitary candle plying her needle industriously. One glance at his face informed her that something unusual and distressing had occurred, and she apprehensively inquired-

"Where have you been, William? Has any new disaster befallen us, that you look so wild?"

"I have seen my father, and he is dead," he briefly responded. Mrs. Herbert started up with something like hope kindling in her eyes.

"And he forgave you? He could not die with bitter feeling toward his eldest born."

Herbert shuddered as that appalling scene arose before him; he gloomily replied-

"Hope for nothing for us, Mary, for an evil spell is upon us, and we may never escape from the miserable doom of poverty and suffering. The old man was inexorable, and my presence only exasperated him into an excess of fury that hastened his death."

He would not relate to her all the particulars of the scene through which he had just passed. for he knew they would only uselessly distress her, and, after a long and hopeless communion on their dismal prospects, they retired.

For many hours Herbert could not sleep, for the same weird consciousness of a presence that was strange and inimical to him made itself felt, though it was invisible. He attributed this to the excited state of his own nerves, and made every effort to calm himself. After long effort he slept, and in his sleep that awful death-scene was enacted again and again. When he awoke he felt even more jaded and worn-out than before slumber had fallen on him.

After breakfasting with his family he went out and sought his brother. They had not spoken for years, for the father had stood as an iron barrier between the children of the same mother; but he was gone now, and the fraternal hands might once more be clasped together. George Herbert received him gravely but affectionately, and after conversing a short time he informed him that, both from his sister and himself, the dead man had exacted a solemn promise that they would never seek to evade his will in any manner so far as to afford him any assistance.

"The property is large," he added, "but it is tied up in such a manner that if either Catherine or I should seek to aid you in an effectual manner, it must at once be discovered, and it goes to those who would lose no time in prosecuting their claims."

William asked to see his sister, but she was too ill from the agitation and excitement of the previous evening to receive him. He learned that the funeral would take place on the second and trembling. As he walked through the day from that, for the miser had a lively horror



his body should be kept until the third day.

The evening of the burial was cold, gloomy, and depressing. Herbert walked mechanically in the procession, looking self-absorbed, and slightly excited. When any one addressed him he started, looked wildly around, and a thrilling shudder would vibrate through his frame. Those who closely observed him thought he was trembling upon the verge of insanity, and the story of the last awful interview between the father and son was whispered among them.

The two brothers stood side by side at the head of the grave, and when the coffin was lowered the elder one was observed to lean over and peer into it with an expression that seemed to indicate an intense fear that the dead might again arise to mock him. He evidently listened eagerly when the clods rattled upon the coffin; and when the attendants were pressing down the earth into the full grave, he suddenly jumped upon it, and aided in stamping it down, while he muttered,

"Bury him deep-fasten him in, so he can not come back to torment me as he threatened!"

Scandalized at such conduct his friends endeavored to draw him away, but with a ghastly smile he resisted them, as he said,

"I tell you I must see that he is well buried, for he has been with me ever since the breath left his body. I can not see him, but I can feel his presence, and it suffocates me. Oh, men! pack down the clods well—pack them—pack them till they are as hard as the heart that rests beneath them."

"Poor fellow, he is mad. He must be taken care of!" was said by many; but Herbert quietly replied,

"No, I am not mad; I am only haunted by a demon into whom the spirit of my father has

Many present thought that even an evil spirit would be badly treated by having the hardness and meanness of the deceased imposed upon him, and the deepest sympathy was felt for the unfortunate son who had been so hardly used. They drew him away, and conducted him to his humble home; on the way he conversed rationally enough, and they left him in the hope that rest and quiet would restore his mind to its proper tone.

Mrs. Herbert saw that he was suffering much, and she endeavored to soothe his spirits, and beguile him from the predominant idea that filled his mind. The hours waned away, and the fire burned low upon the hearth. The two had sunk into moody silence, when suddenly Herbert started and exclaimed,

"What-what was that, Mary?"

"I saw nothing. Oh, William! you startled me so that I am all unnerved."

"No-I can see nothing either, but I hearoh, I hear deep, agonizing breathing close to my ear. It is as if a weight is pressing upon the

of being buried alive, and had requested that seems to clutchemy feet. Oh, my God! what can this be?"

> His wife arose pallid and trembling, for she too heard the sounds he described, though she did not feel the numbing pressure upon her feet. In a voice strained with agony, Herbert said,

> "You refused to believe me, Mary, when I told you that the old man haunted me; now you hear for yourself-Hark!"

> This exclamation was caused by a crash which came from the next room. It seemed as if some heavy article of furniture had fallen and broken in pieces. This was followed by an uproar which sounded as if the fragments were endued with life, and were carrying on a brisk warfare against each other.

> The children were in that apartment, and the mother seized the candle and rushed to see what had happened. The room was found in its usual condition, but its young occupants were all awake and frightened at the tumult around them. As the light streamed into the apartment the noise shifted to the attic; by this time Herbert had recovered sufficient self-control to follow his wife. They quieted the fears of the children as well as they could, and when they again slept, the two ascended to the upper rooms and examined them.

> The strange noises had partially died away while they were soothing the fears of the children, but as the two mounted the staircase, they again commenced; every nook was examined, but as they entered one room the sounds invariably flitted before them to the next.

> In this terrible watch passed the greater portion of the night, and when they retired, a perfect chorus of raps was kept up around the bed.

> The horror of those hours left their impress forever upon the unhappy man. He arose with hair partially blanched, and an expression of bewildered anguish upon his features which never again left them. It was many years before spiritualism came in vogue, and although hundreds heard these noises, no explanation was offered. The common opinion was, that the miser had indeed sold himself to the Evil One for the power to torment his unhappy son.

> It is an established fact, that William Herbert never remained three nights in any house without having, on the third one, the same inferno enacted beneath its roof.

> Many years after his father's death, the writer saw him in a Western city, whither he had come at the invitation of his brother, on his way to take possession of a farm belonging to the wife of the latter which had been offered him as an asylum for his premature old age. His wife was with him, a pale emaciated woman, who looked as if a weight of sorrow brooded ever upon her heart.

Before they came to C-, Mrs. John Herbert stipulated that they should not remain in her house over the third night, but William unfortunately was attacked with illness, and two weeks elapsed before he was sufficiently recovbreast of a suffocating man, and a giant hand ered to proceed to his new home. The usual



consequences followed, and for eighteen months it was impossible to sleep in peace in their house. The noises gradually subsided, but the evil spirit seemed to be omnipresent; for while they still made night terrible there, letters were received from the new home saying that even to the secluded spot they had sought the mysterious sounds had followed them, and to his dying hour William Herbert was haunted by the spirit of his father.

BROKEN-DOWN KINGS.

THE King never dies. When the herald in armor rides out among the people and shouts, "The King is dead!" he adds, "Long live the King!" The instant of dissolution for the defunct is the instant of accession for the successor, and though the name and person are changed, the King never ceases to live. Nor can he relinquish or be dispossessed of his authority. The law recognized a Louis XVII. in France, though the poor boy's experience of life was only a nursery and a prison; and the present ruler of the French is the Third Napoleon, though there never was a Second, out of Germany. Royal authority, in short, rises superior not only to the convulsions and whims of men, but to the laws of nature. Absent, sick, imprisoned, in exile, in a mad-house, a King never ceases to reign.

Such is the theory of royalty. In practice it differs materially. As this is a republican country, we will venture to mention, in strict confidence to our readers, that kings have been known to die like other men. That thrones have been vacant, and that it has happened in the most monarchical countries that there have been periods when no monarch held sway. That kings, unmindful of the "grace of God," have occasionally gone so far as to give countenance to the fallacy of the finiteness of royal authority by abdicating. These are daring assertions, and if Harper's Magazine should get into Russia, the present writer is aware that the knout would be his portion for uttering them. Nothing encourages him to persevere but the well-known vigor of the government in affording protection to United States citizens traveling abroad.

Pope Gregory the Seventh said that priests were ordained of God, and that their authority was coeval with creation; but that Nimrod was the first man who wore a crown. Monarchical writers retaliated by arguing that Adam was a king, whereas the clergy were comparatively a modern convenience. It is well known that the Egyptian records count a line of kings for twenty-four thousand years before the Exodus; being in this matter more modest than their neighbors, the Chaldeans, who have a line of kings some of whom reigned ten thousand years, and were yet spoken of as having met with untimely deaths.

There is dispute as to the first abdication. Uzziah, who was smitten with leprosy for taking on himself the office of priest-he was a great card for the popes in after times—is one claimant; but there are a score of others, Egypdate from periods long before the creation. may be safely assumed that the first king who relinquished power couldn't help himself; that is all that can be said upon the subject.

Classical history contains two memorable instances of the abolition of royal authority. The Athenians abolished royalty in consequence of the virtues of Codrus; the Romans did the same in consequence of the vices of Tarquin. Whence flows the moral, that, good kings or bad kings, they must all go to the wall.

Of all the Romans Diocletian was the only one who broke down gracefully. True, he was bullied into it; and the old man cried a good deal, being in bad health, and much care-worn, when his fierce tyrant Galerius compelled him to abdicate formally at Nicomedia in presence of the soldiers, and throw his cloak on the shoulders of Maximian. But the deed once done. Diocletian played out his game of life nobly and manfully. He had one thing in his favor: he stood in no need of money; he had a magnificent palace at Spalatro, in a lovely spot, commanding a view of the Adriatic, and begirt by rich vineyards and cornfields. A happy rural population surrounded him; from being an anxious emperor he became a jovial baron. Considering every thing-his age, his experience, and his opportunities of happiness, one can easily understand his reply to Maximian when he proposed to him to resume the crown:

"Would to God you saw the cabbages I am raising! You would never want me to be Emperor again!"

There are but few kings in history who have exhibited as much philosophy as Diocletian.

Charles the Fifth gave out that he took him as his model. But to say the least, the imitation was not servile. Diocletian would probably have held the sceptre till his death but for Galerius. When Charles married, he and his bride made a solemn vow that when their children grew up they would retire to religious houses, and consult only their spiritual welfare. Diocletian, in Dalmatia, was a manly old baron; Charles, at Yuste, was a crusty, cantankerous curmudgeon, who, without teeth, crippled by gout, enfeebled by fever, insisted on drinking half a gallon of beer at breakfast, and several quarts of wine at dinner, and eating more like Vitellius than Diocletian. The Roman grew cabbages; Charles diverted himself during the intervals of digestion with alternate fits of theology and toy-making. One day he spent in delightful study of little wooden soldiers, which Torriani made to march and charge each other on the dining-table; the next he was engrossed in austere offices of religion. "Ah! my fathers," he would say between the twinges of the gout, "to think that I once had Luther in my power, and did not burn him at the stake!" The recollection moved the pious ex-monarch to agonized tears. The only falling off in his orthodoxy was in regard to fasting. He would not fast. He had always been a monstrous eater; tians, Chaldeans, Chinese, Hindoos, etc., who in his old age the calls of appetite were per-



But the Church was complaisant, emptory. Special ordinances of the hierarchy decreed that, in the King's case, a change of diet should be equivalent to abstinence; so that when he ate roast pig instead of partridge he was esteemed, in a religious sense, to have eaten nothing at all. Poor old man! The pain of his inflamed legs was such that he slept with them uncovered, and frequently rose to plunge them into cold water; this, of course, brought on chills and fever. But any thing was better than the intolerable cutaneous irritation under which he labored. With the thermometer so low that the melons in his garden were killed by frost, he slept naked, with open windows, and poured flagons of cold beer into his heated stomach in the hope of extinguishing the fire that scorched

Charles never forgot that he had voluntarily relinquished the title of Emperor. At Yuste he was more despotic than ever. And in the midst of his sufferings, his devotions, and his gluttony, he found time to intermeddle in public affairs, and give his successor and his subjects no little annoyance.

A more honest abdication has been that of his successor, Ferdinand of Austria. It has never been accurately determined whether this poor man is absolutely non compos, or only weak on the subject of public affairs. On the one side, it is said that Metternich dry-nursed him so long that he never got out of his pinafores, and that the women of his court completed the spoiling of him. On the other hand, numerous anecdotes are in print, going to show his natural imbecility. Being asked what he thought of the theatre, he said, "I once very readily paid a visit to a theatre in the suburbs, but I never could make out whether they wanted me or no." He had a confused idea that he ought to have signed some paper there. For years and years he met at balls once or twice a week the same people, and always said the same thing to them. Thus he always asked Princess Lory Schwartzenburg whether she had got her cloak to go home in, and Princess Lobkovitz whether she remembered a certain storm to which they had been exposed together. It is certain he had no will at all, so far as his office was concerned.

When 1848 made it plain to Austrian statesmen that either the Emperor or the empire must be sacrificed, they went about the work of immolating the least valuable of the two with considerable skill. Having charged a battery of priests, and placed them so as to command the position, they went to the ladies of the court and told them that it was all over with the empire—nothing could now save it but the direct interposition of Heaven. To the imploring entreaties of the ladies, these courtiers had but one answer: "You must seek counsel of Heaven." Heaven, of course, meant the aforesaid priests, who accordingly opened fire with admirable precision. The result was, that the Archduchess Sophia and her friends told the King he had in his arm-chair as usual, after breakfast. Sud-

best abdicate in favor of his nephew; and poor Ferdinand, who had done as he had been bid all his life, did so still. He declared that he laid down the sceptre "from calm and sincere conviction, unswayed by any influence whatever," adding that long observation had "satisfied him of the maturity of his nephew's intel-

The deed once done, Ferdinand was tolerably happy. His nephew has behaved handsomely by him. He says he has more money at Prague than he ever had at Vienna; dines every day with a host of ladies, and makes his little jokes as regularly as possible, and always with the same success. A short while since, this queer old man asked a visitor how they got on at Vienna nowadays. Being answered, he added,

"Ah! we certainly did make our people happy, but it was a dog's life."

Allusions to Ferdinand will remind the reader of another German monarch who has also abdicated in our time-Louis, of Bavaria. He is really an amiable old gentleman, not very strong in the head, but with no other positive fault than a somewhat indiscriminate fondness for the sex. Ordinary rakes sow their wild oats pretty thoroughly by thirty-five or forty; poor old Louis committed his worst follies at sixty, after twenty-one years' peaceable and prosperous reign. Only fancy this wretched old fellow—when his daughter-in-law besought him on her knees to get rid of the shameless creature who degraded him—sitting down to his desk and writing a copy of verses to show that life was intolerable without his darling Lola! Rumor says that he has greatly improved since his abdication. He still writes verses—he is seventy now—and loves to talk on art and music; he is so well satisfied with his private condition, so good-tempered, and genial, and pleasant, that the Bavarians are beginning to be very fond of him, and rather to regret that he is gone.

Louis is not the only king of our time who, at an age when most men take a merely paternal interest in the sex, sacrificed his crown to a lady. The late King of Holland, William Frederick, after all sorts of vicissitudes, settled down in his old age to the enjoyment of two passions-money-making, and a romantic attachment to a Roman Catholic lady of Belgian fam-. ily. Scandal had been rife upon the subject before the Queen died. When that event took place, the Dutch, who would not have tolerated a Romanist queen on any conditions, consoled themselves with the recollection that the Countess D'Ougremont was well-stricken in years, and that the King himself was sixty-eight. Their calculation was erroneous. William Frederick consulted his family and his ministers; all agreed that the Countess could not be Queen; so on 7th October, 1840, the King formally abdicated, and married his lady-love. They retired to their estates with a pretty little fortune of about seventy millions of dollars. Four years afterward, the Countess left her husband sitting



the room he was dead.

Some other unsceptred kings in our own time have consoled themselves with less than seventy millions. Why Joseph Bonaparte should have gone out of the United States to settle in Jersey has never been thoroughly explained; but poor Joseph was always a blunderer. Kingly honors sat ungracefully on him. Bullied by his brother, bullied by his generals, bullied by the people of Spain, Joseph wrote more than once to beg for liberty and a farm; when he obtained the former, he went, as we said, to Jersey. But he was not so stupid as to be caught playing King again. When they offered him the Mexican crown, "No, no," said he. "I have been twice in the trap; let me go drain my fields."

Louis-Louis Napoleon's father-bore himself well in a private condition. Thrust upon a throne against his will, released from it only when it was apparent that neither menaces nor danger would keep him there, the ex-King of Holland is one of the most amiable characters of history. His whole life was one self-sacrifice to the selfishness of his brother. We have a touching picture of him at the Spas, to which he used to resort for his rheumatism; a gentle invalid, not ill-tempered, but melancholy and dreading the world; yet genial and pleasant in conversation, and full of learning. For thirtytwo years this souffre-douleur of the Bonaparte family lived in retirement in Italy, mostly at Rome. His health was never good; he suffered acutely at times; but his temper remained serene to the last. He steadily refused to participate in the schemes of his family. He never seemed to take the least interest in their movements till the affair of Boulogne, when he expressed a lively sympathy for his son's life; when the danger was past he returned to his books and his field sports, and once more forgot that he was a Bonaparte. He is well dead.

Jerome, too, had a poor experience of royalty. His brother used him like a sponge; his people like a towel. The former did not leave him a dollar or a man; the latter made him wipe away all their stains by exaggerating his own. Poor Jerome! he must have been glad when it was all over. Like Joseph, and unlike Louis, he had taken care to provide for the rainy day; he was probably quite as happy in his days of wanderings through Germany and Italy-despite the stories of his enormous leap-frog, and the fifty lovely Westphalians—as he is now at his nephew's court. It is doubtful whether he, any more than Joseph or Louis, would have raised a finger to obtain his restoration.

The general rule is the other way, as Dr. Doran has proved. Dethroned kings-however stripped of their crowns-always try to get back. Charles the Fifth would have done so, but for his gout.

On 3d September, 1730, the nobles and statescastle of Rivoli, to hear a solemn declaration ing chamber, and locked the door.

denly his bell rang violently; when she ran to | from King Victor Amadeus. He was going to abdicate. He was one of the best kings that ever reigned; wise, skillful as an administrator. upright, liberal; his people idolized him. Yet, at sixty-four, after a long and prosperous reign, he persisted in resigning the crown to his son. In spite of the most pressing entreaties, he carried out his wish; deposed himself, crowned his son, was the first to kiss his hand in token of allegiance, and married—another septuagenary lover-a lady in waiting to his son's wife. Never was any thing so beautiful as the demeanor of this unthroned monarch. When he went to Chambery, he said to the people, "Gentlemen, I come among you as a simple citizen; will you bid me welcome under that name?" He would not have a sentinel at his door. He would not permit an aid-de-camp to attend him. He would not talk politics. He would be a private, humble citizen, and nothing more. Poets and historians racked their brains for a parallel to such virtue.

> Twelve months afterward, while King Charles Emmanuel was in his first sleep, his prime minister appeared at his bedside and aroused him. "Your father," said the minister, "has sent to me to claim the deed of abdication." Up rose the King; a council of ministers was called; Charles was, or pretended to be, willing to resign. In the midst of the debate, a courier arrived with the startling intelligence that the ex-King had appeared before the citadel of Turin. and demanded the keys, which the commandant had refused to deliver. There was no time for delay; the ministers were urgent; Charles signed a warrant for the arrest of his father.

Now, old Victor slept as no man has slept since the seven sleepers. A park of artillery under his pillow wouldn't have made him wink. When the four colonels to whom the warrant had been intrusted entered the bedchamber of the ex-King, he was in so profound a slumber that if it had been necessary to perform upon him the operation to which we owe our first mother, it could have been done without disturbing his dreams. The colonels addressed him in a mild voice. They addressed him in a strong voice. They shouted to him. They shook him. They might as well have shaken Mont Cenis. Victor lay like a log. Not so his wife, the former lady in waiting. She was fifty-one, poor old lady! and past prudery; to tell the truth, she had played Eve the tempter to this old Adam of hers-but when she saw and heard the colonels, she screamed as though she feared for her virtue. She drew the bed clothes round her withered body, sat up in bed, and fired adjectives at them (the Italian is known to be a very available tongue for abusive purposes) till the men of war fairly quailed. At last one of them-a man of extraordinary nerve-collected his energies and prepared for action. He stripped the counterpane from the bed, wrapped the storming lady in it, carried men of Savoy were assembled in the hall of the her out in his arms, deposited her in an adjoin-



By dint of setting old Victor on his legs, and poking him up when he nodded and gave way, the colonels succeeded in partially awakening him. They tried to make him understand that he must go with them. He did not realize the fact for some minutes; when he did, he sprang into bed again, and swore he wouldn't stir. They took the blankets, wrapped him in them, and carried him off as they had his wife. Drums beat when they led the old monarch past the troops—a speech from Victor could not be risked -and the ex-monarch was safely lodged in a state prison.

The fury of the "simple private citizen" knew no bounds. He broke every thing in his room; his personal strength was such that with one blow of his fist he smashed a heavy marble table. His rage only caused his son to guard him more strictly. It was rumored throughout Europe that the good old King of Savov endured shameful hardships in his prison; and the kings of many nations remonstrated with Charles on his undutiful conduct. The King of Savoy published a pamphlet in his defense, but did not relax the closeness of his father's imprisonment. What grieved poor old Victor most of all was his separation from his wife. She was probably the only being he still loved: his unfeeling son would not allow her to see him. Confinement, chagrin, and perhaps privation, began to do their work. Old Victor's health gave way. He sent a respectful petition to his son to beg that his wife might be allowed to come to nurse him. The favor was refused. Victor sank lower and lower, and at last the physicians warned the King that the old man's death was not far distant. At that tardy moment Charles consented to the reunion of his father and his wife; but the poor old man was past nursing now. As his end approached a change came over him. He grew gentle, remorseful. He sent to beg his son's pardon for having given him so much trouble, and solicited, as a last favor, that he might see him before he died. To his eternal infamy Charles refused. He had the baseness to send polite messages to his dying father, but see his face he would not. The poor old man burst into tears when the news reached him, and died.

For a parallel to the general features of this story we must come down to a period much nearer our own, and travel from Savoy to Spain. Forty-nine years ago the Court of Spain was, as it is still, a public scandal. Isabella is tolerably virtuous if we judge her by the standard of Maria Louisa, wife of Carlos the Fourth. Decent society might possibly have winked at a Manuel Godoy had he taken the least pains to conceal his standing with the Queen; but when to him were added guardsmen, carabineers, diplomatists, and even mulcteers, Madrid turned away in disgust, and sighed even for Ferdinand. Of the whole city but one man was blind to the shame of the Court: that man was, of course, the King.

monarch, in a gossiping humor, to a friend, "are terrible creatures in these hot climates; but we crowned heads have one advantage over other husbands: our honor, as they call it, is safe; for, supposing that queens were as much bent on mischief as the rest of their sex, where would they find kings and emperors to flirt with -eh ?''

When the insurrection which Carlos had so largely helped to excite broke out at last, and the royal dotard found that he could not even escape to Mexico, he packed up what money and jewels he could, and abdicated in favor of his son Ferdinand. This was in March. In April, Carlos repented. Wrote to Napoleon that he had been bullied and cheated by his son. Ferdinand had offered to be Napoleon's friend; Carlos protested he would be his slave. Napoleon shrewdly resolved to let these wretched knaves fight it out.

There was a crowd of grandees and French officers present when the duel took place. Ferdinand in later years proved that he possessed a fair mastery of the vituperative vocabulary: he was a prodigious swearer. But his old father outswore him at Bayonne. Weak and helpless as Carlos always was, he was a match for his miserable son. Ferdinand reeled under paternal abuse. He was almost vanquished when his devilish mother charged him:

"Traitor!" said this old woman, "nothing but the vigilance of the Prince of Peace has prevented your murdering your father. I tell you to your face that you are my son, but not the son of the King."

Three days after Carlos had again formally resigned his rights on the crown to Napoleon, he repented. He wanted to be king again. He cried, and talked about the grace of God. He bewailed his "poor, dear, faithful, Spaniards." But we are not informed that Napoleon was much affected by these evidences of royal distress. He gave Carlos a palace and thirty million reals a year; he let the Queen have Godoy to live with her; for the rest, he forgot all about them. How Carlos lived during the six years of his honorable captivity, it were dull to say; he ate, drank, slept, and read the newspapers; if more, it is written in no chronicle. When Ferdinand was restored, he made no opposition. His penurious son cut down his allowance to three instead of thirty millions, and did not pay even this very regularly; and the Queen preserving her extravagant tastes, and Godov keeping up his station, poor Carlos, in exile at Rome, a pottering old man, was an unpleasant acquaintance. He had a way of asking people who visited him to lend him fifty dollars. Who could refuse a king so paltry a sum? But he never paid any body, and when he died a few days after his wife, he owed a handsome fortune to Americans, Englishmen and other foreigners.

Of kings whom revolution and popular discontent have driven from their thrones, the list is long. In English history the first of whom "Women, I confess," said this merry old we have authentic record is that Edward, whom



weakness and folly and debased favorites had ruined. He was deposed—the act being, according to English law, wholly illegal and unconstitutional. Parliament-representing more or less truly, people, nobles, and clergy-deliberately pronounced him dead. The Bishops told him so. Poor Edward had dressed in deep mourning for his own political funeral. His voice faltered, he begged for a reprieve; give him but a few months, and he would become a model king. The Bishops bluntly told him it was too late. Edward fainted. They brought him to, and made him stand by while the Judges renounced allegiance, and the Master of the Household broke his staff of office. The poor man was nearly dead when the ceremony was over, and he was remanded to prison. Of his subsequent sad story-of the dirty water they gave him to shave with—of the scraps from the servants' table which constituted his daily foodof the thousand-and-one petty annoyances he endured at the hands of his jailers, and of his last miserable end, we have all heard enough. Poor Edward's history was a terrible warning to his successors rather to die than abdicate.

If James the Second had had courage, he might, with all his dullness, have at least prolonged his struggle and his reign. But he was a moral coward as well as a blockhead. In exile he cut a very sorry figure. When he arrived at the palace of St. Germain, the great monarch awaited him. James approached Louis bending so low that his back was level with the horizontal line; he expected his host to bid him rise. But Louis, not to be overdone in formal civility, bent down to embrace his royal brother; the two kings kissed each other with the greatest difficulty, being almost on their hands and knees, and looking as though they were playing at leap-frog.

When the contest was quite over, and Louis made peace with England, James consoled himself with piety. He "kept up a good deal of devotion," says his biographer; whipped himself privately on Fridays; distributed controversial tracts among his Protestant followers, and when they were very obstinate, had them sent to the Bastile, all for the good of their souls. When Louis received the British Embassador, Lord Portland, James confided to the nuns that this was a device of Providence to soften his heart; but when Portland was actually allowed to hold the candle while the great monarch read the paper, "which," said the papers of the time, "is lookt upon as an honour as great as to give the King his Shirt at the Lever,' James confessed that he thought Providence was rather hard upon him. He achieved one or two petty triumphs over the British Embassador, which brightened his spirits; and then he would ride off to the nuns at Chaillot, tell them the story, and wind up, "But ah! my sisters, all such thoughts are vanity!"

What he missed most, at bottom, was money. It is first notable act was the rupture He had been followed by a band of hungry of his marriage with the beautiful grand-daughter Irishmen, who got drunk in his honor, and took of Catherine of Russia, Alexandra, whom he re-

to the road when he didn't provide them with funds. Louis allowed him 50,000 crowns a month; but poor James was always as poor as a parson. His son Berwick's vocation in life was to beg; his employment, traveling between St. Germain and Rome, to solicit a trifle from the Popes. It was a shabby thing after all, that the English did not allow their exiled king enough to live upon.

On Good Friday, 1701, the priest who read mass before James came to the passage in Lamentations, "Remember, O Lord what has come upon us! consider and behold our reproach; our inheritance is turned to strangers. our houses to aliens." The book fell from James's hand, and he sank to the ground in an apoplectic fit. In September of the same year he was hearing mass on a Friday. The priests were chanting; they came to this same verse, and before they had finished it James had fallen in a second fit, from which he never recovered. Living, he had been latterly insignificant enough; dead, he did wonders. His corpse cured the Bishop of Autun of fistula lachrymalis; a curé in Auvergne of palsy in the legs; a monk at Tours of quinsy; a country girl of deafness, and a dancing-master of rheumatism. So it can not be said that he died in vain.

As the French court had always called him King James, no objection was made when his son, whom English historians call "the Pretender," had himself proclaimed at St. Germain. But William was furious at the insult, and sent M. Poussin home directly. A curious accident befell the Embassador on the way. He was embarking on board a channel boat at a Kentish port, when a boy stopped him. The Embassador angrily demanded what he wanted?

"What I want," said the sturdy boy of Kent, "is my boots. When you landed here, you were without boots, and I lent you an old pair to ride to London. You never returned me my boots, nor sent me any money for the loan of them!"

"Boy," cried the Embassador, haughtily, here's half a crown, begone!"

"I won't take your half crown, and I won't begone," roared the boy; "I want my boots!"

A crowd had gathered round the boy, and public sympathy ran strongly against the "furriner." Mr. Poussin, apprehensive of a riot, requested a constable to take him before a magistrate. This worthy investigated the case, and duly condemned Poussin to pay five shillings for the boots, which being done, diplomatic intercourse between France and England was brought to an end.

Let us contrast James with another monarch whose character and fate bore some slight resemblance to his. Gustavus the Fourth, of Sweden, is supposed to have gone crazy by reading Revelations. It is certain that he was satisfied that many passages in that book referred to him. His first notable act was the rupture of his marriage with the beautiful grand-daughter of Catherine of Russia. Alexandra, whom he re-



jected, as is known, actually at the altar in presence of the wedding guests. He consoled himself with Frederica of Baden, whom, on the evening of their wedding-day, and in the solitude of their chamber, he initiated to married life by bidding her read aloud the first chapter of Esther. The poor frightened girl complied. When she had ended—

"Now," said he, "madam, let me tell you that if you follow the example of Vashti, you shall be punished as she was!"

A miserable life she led of it—this gay, frolicsome girl, yoked to a morose, whimsical churl like Gustavus. Perhaps he did not beat her; he did every thing else. When at last his follies and his crimes roused the Swedes against him, and Baron Adlerkrantz seized him, while Colonel Silverspor wrenched his sword out of his hand, he burst into tears and roared for pity. They assured him that no harm was intended him. He escaped out of the hands of his captors, knocked the chief conspirator down with a bunch of keys, dashed out of the palace, and, as he thought, ran a forester who tried to stop him, clean through the body. Luckily for the forester, the royal sword only went through his coat; his Majesty was secured and locked up. He consoled himself by drawing pictures of himself, seated on a white horse, trampling on "the Beast," and treating his wife worse than ever.

He sent to the Swedish chamber a paper stating that he abdicated the throne from conviction that his spiritual interests required it; but the Swedes returned the document, intimating to his Majesty that they differed with him on the facts of the case. Turned out of jail, freed from his wife, and sent adrift on the world with a pension of ten thousand a year and the title of Count Gottorp, Gustavus made the tour of Europe, and was much remarked. He went to England and fell in with some very high Calvinists who understood Revelations perfectly; they nearly finished him, and he trampled the Beast more strenuously than ever. Some verse which he applied to his own case induced him to decline offers of aid from Russia, and even to relinquish his pension. He retained about \$500 a year; dismissed his servant and a lady who had traveled with him as Countess Gottorp; and began to apply the visions of St. John to the study of the Aurora Borealis. Failing to throw light on the phenomenon, he wandered through Europe again, pitifully enough, in an old threadbare coat, and lodging at the worst hotels, and came to his end at last in a cottage provided for him at St. Gall.

The Scandinavian kings had small luck when they fell. The story of the maniac Eric the Fourteenth is a scandal to Swedish annals. He was undoubtedly crazy, as crazy as Caligula, and in the same way. Seven is the historical number of the ladies (including Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth) to whom he declared himself irrevocably plighted at one and the same time. But no one can tell the number of the brave men whom he foully murdered.

Just before his overthrow, he saw, in a street at Stockholm, a flower girl knocked down by a carriage. The guards were amazed to hear him order her to be conveyed to the palace. Next morning an aid-de-camp notified Catherine, who was none the worse for her accident, that she was appointed a maid of honor to one of the princesses. She said she had rather sell flowers. Eric waited upon her in person at noon, and commanded her to accept the offer. She had a lover, a sergeant. Eric found him at her feet: he had the poor fellow seized, and according to the chroniclers, effectually cured of matrimonial propensities. It was his marriage with Catherine which precipitated his downfall. Every body deserted him; Stockholm rose in arms.

In the first impulse of the moment Eric ran to his physician, and baring his arm, bade him open his veins. The physician declined extra professional homicide.

Caught by his brother John, he was thrust into a church and closely guarded. All night Catherine the flower girl sat on the steps of the church, crying, and piteously begging to be allowed to visit her husband. Next day he was formally imprisoned. The States directed that he should be treated humanely (on his surrender he had been promised a principality); John immured him like a felon, and chained him by the leg to a mass of iron which a strong man could hardly move. His jailers were the relatives of the men he had murdered; ingenuity was exhausted in devising torments for the broken-down King. He was deprived of books, for he liked reading. He was fond of music; no sounds were allowed to reach him but harsh voices and the clanking of fetters. Misfortune made him religious; he was denied a Bible. He loved his wife ardently; she was not allowed to visit him.

At the small barred window of his cell the faithful flower girl and her son were constantly to be seen, trying to catch a glimpse of the poor prisoner. But the sentinel had orders to keep them off. Occasionally a humane soldier would pretend not to see them; she could then exchange a few words of affection with her husband; but these happy moments were purchased by days of struggles. Even this was deemed too great a pleasure. One day when Catherine repaired as usual to the prison, she was sneeringly asked whom she came to see? Not her husband, surely; for he was gone. A whole year passed before she discovered that Eric was at Gripsholm.

The orders here were precise, and could not be evaded. Catherine was not to approach within speaking distance of her husband. She could, however, sit on the grass before the castle, and see him appear at his grated window; show him his child, and teach the little fellow to wave his handkerchief to his father, and blow him kisses. Sometimes the jailers chained Eric for days together to the corner of the room furthest from the window; when this happened



husband and wife thought death would have been a blessing.

But worse was to come. A conspiracy for the release of Eric was discovered, and he was removed to Orehybus. His chamber was a dark cell, with table, chair, and four planks for a bed, and shut out from light, fresh air, and the world. Fearing him even then, the monarch followed up this change by a humane sentence of death. Catherine heard of it. In mid-winter she set out for Orehybus; the country she had to traverse was wild and sparsely settled; she nearly died before she got there. A charitable peasant let her warm herself at his fire, and supplied her with food. She hastened to the prison, and discovered a grating which communicated with her husband's cell: "Eric," she cried, "can you hear me? Be on your guard! Beware of assassins! They seek to slay you. Eric, for the love of Heaven, if you can hear me, answer!"

Eric never answered. A short while before, an officer had entered his cell, and offered him the choice of dying by suffocation, by opening a vein, or by poison. He had chosen the latter, and had swallowed the fatal draught in a plate of soup. He was a cripple at the time.

Let us turn from Eric's dreary story to that of a broken-down King, about whom there was nothing doleful. Stanislaus Leczinski, after being forced on Poland twice, once by Charles XII., and again by his son-in-law, Louis XV., found himself at last a fugitive in Lorraine, very glad to have a head on his shoulders. He was given the Duchy of Lorraine to support his declining years; and though the revenues were so small that he dared not ask his grandchildren to come and see him till he had had a consultation with his treasurer, he contrived to keep a household consisting of five grand-officers, twenty-one gentlemen-in-waiting, seven chaplains, ten doctors, three maitres d'hôtel, twenty-four cooks, seven persons to roast, four confectioners, five butlers, seven waiters, and three hundred and fifty-six other attendants under various titles, independent of pensioners and soldiery. He led a truly jolly life. He kept the very best company. All the philosophers of France, with Voltaire at their head, were familiar with his mahogany, and many of the fairest and gayest ladies of France loved to spend a week under his hospitable roof.

Of these ladies Walpole tells a good story. In days of yore Madame de Craon had been in high favor with Stanislaus. At Nancy, her daughter, the Marchioness de Boufflers, reigned supreme, though the King's age was a sufficient guarantee against scandal, so far as he was concerned. Now Stanislaus, like the kings of France, had a Chancellor, and with this Chancellor rumor said that Madame de Boufflers was on very good terms. The old ex-King had often been at Paris; he had seen the kings, as was the practice in those days, enter Parliament, say a few words on a measure which they wished to have discussed, and then add, Mon Chancelier vous dira le reste. One evening, when a very

gay company was assembled in the drawing-room, the Marchioness, in passing from one seat to another, disclosed a remarkably pretty foot and ankle. Old Stanislaus smiled, and, turning to the company, gallantly remarked, "Mais voyez donc le jeli petit pied, et la belle jambe! Mon Chancelier vous dira le reste."

History declares that Stanislaus was a good ruler in Lorraine. He was undoubtedly an admirable cook. If you go to Nancy, you will still meet old people whose mouths will water when you allude to King Stanislaus and his dishes. He could dress a goose so that people took it for some very rare foreign bird; and his turkeys, served in a mass of strong-scented herbs, were always mistaken for cogs de bruyères. His confectionary was sublime, and history will remember him for his babas. In pies he may be said to have been rather jocose than artistic (the dwarf pie, out of which his jester leaped at table, is fresh in every one's memory); but Ude acknowledges his obligations to the King in respect of entremets, and he may be regarded as the inventor of raw sauer-kraut. Nor can it be denied that a man who, out of poor Burgundy, made rich Tokay, which, only a short while since, sold for forty-two francs a bottle, deserves the respectful admiration of posterity.

Louis had given him two millions a year for his daughter; he spent it, in advance, in building. What was left, his household squandered in gambling. Every night, at nine, when Stanislaus went to bed, the faro-table was spread, and the members of his family and his guests gathered round it. The servants came up from the kitchen, and stood round the table, outside the chairs, staking their pennies as eagerly as the players their louis. Daylight often surprised the gamblers at their game.

He was the oldest King in Europe. "I have endured," he used to say, "more hardships and accidents than most men. Except being burned, I do not know what I have not suffered. Of new mischances, there is really only some catastrophe by fire that could befall me." The idea was prophetic. His daughter, the Queen of France, noticing him in a shabby dressing-gown, sent him a new woolen one from Paris. On the morning of the 5th February, 1766, he had said his prayers, and went to the wood-fire to light his pipe. In leaning over the hearth, his dressinggown caught fire. He tried to extinguish it, but fell and stunned himself against one of the brass "dogs." The guard outside "smelt fire," but it was not allowable for him to enter the room. After a few moments' thought, the odor increasing, he shouted for a lacquey. Some minutes elapsed before the call was answered; when a lacquey entered the room, Stanislaus was half burned. "You thought, my love," he wrote to his daughter, "to keep me warm; but I have been much warmer than you intended." It was the end of him.

He left a volume of philosophical matter behind him, which has been published. Some of his reflections are good.



"Have the courage," says he, "to pay your debts at once; to do without what you do not need; to know when to speak and when to be silent; to set down every penny you spend, and look at the sum total weekly; to acknowledge you are poor; to keep to a resolution only when it is a good one; to make your will; to avoid accommodation bills; not to borrow money even from your dearest friend; to suspect projects promising large interest; to tell a man you won't, not you can't, lend him money; to wear old clothes till you can pay for new; and to keep your feet from getting damp, and make your wife and children do the same.'

Among broken-down kings, a place-though a mean ene-of right, belongs to Alphonso, of Portugal. In some points he reminds one of Eric and Caligula. He loved blood, and rapine, and vice; he liked mischief for mischief's sake. He robbed travelers when he was King of Portugal; got up gladiator fights among the youth of Lisbon; would have killed his own brother but for his mother's intercession. But the more heinous of his crimes escape denunciation from the mere fact that it is impossible to allude to them. When it was resolved to get rid of him, Schomberg wrote to the Queen, proposing a revolution, and suggesting that she and Pedro, Alphonso's brother, should be regents. She received the letter in bed. She had scarcely read it through when Alphonso entered the room, swearing at her for her laziness in being abed so late. She thrust the letter under her pillow, rose, dressed, and went to mass. During the service she bethought herself of the letter, and of the inevitable consequences of its discovery. Calling her confessor, she bade him haste to her room, and bring her the letter that was under her pillow.

"Madam," said the priest, "I would not put my hand into your Majesty's bed for a bishopric."

The Queen dispatched a waiting-woman for the precious document. The woman returned with the news that the King was sitting on the bed, and she dared not disturb him. Unable to bear the suspense, her Majesty ran to the palace, and pretexting a violent headache, threw herself on the bed, in presence of the King and a minister, felt for the letter, found it, and pretended to fall asleep. The conspirators were saved.

When the first outbreak took place, and the people, not clearly understanding the state of affairs, put it down, Alphonso appeared on his balcony before the victorious crowd, and announced that he forgave them; then seizing a flageolat, he began to play a triumphal air. Next time there was no misunderstanding. Alphonso was placed under arrest, the Queen and Pedro became joint regents, then man and wife; and the revolution was over. The Portuguese behaved handsomely by him. They told him he might choose what friends he liked to accompany him to retirement. He chose a | to the "Citizen King." Our English friends, boy, the keeper of his dog-kennel. He lived who never forgave him for getting the better of Vol. XIV.—No. 83.—T T

sixteen years in polite exile, "without any other exercise than that of taking snuff, eating, drinking, and sleeping."

Besides Napoleon, whose history after his downfall is familiar enough to the readers of this Magazine, France has seen three or four kings broken down and in exile.

There was John, the hapless antagonist of the Black Prince, who was many long years a prisoner in England. He was badly off, poor man! The nobles sent him lumps of silver from time to time, which he sold to the London silversmiths; but the supply was inadequate for his copious wants. His falconers alone cost a fortune. Happily, his faithful subjects in Languedoc, and some other wine-growing provinces, sent him a large supply of wine for his royal table, and this John sold at a handsome For many years he was the largest wine-merchant in England, and was the means of introducing a taste for French wines into parts of that island where they had never been tasted before.

Charles the Tenth was playing whist when the revolution of 1830 broke out; and when the Duchess of Berri saw, through a telescope, the tricolored flag hoisted at Paris, he still insisted on playing out his hand and marking the trick. The honors were with his adversaries. No sooner did he arrive in England, and find a friendly shelter under the roof of Mr. Weld. than he called for cards and made up a rubber. When he went to Holyrood he asked for two things only—a comfortable mass and a partner who didn't revoke. At Prague he was unfortunate. He had a pleasant family circle round him; his every wish was gratified; he indulged in the offices of his church twice a day; but he could not get a partner who understood his game; and the old monarch, who had lost a throne without repining, burst into paroxysms of rage and grief at losing five francs, because his partner trumped his trick.

Charles was true to himself at his last hour. He bore himself with real dignity when the priest brought him the sacrament—his sentence of death; he spoke eloquently to his family, and passed away like an old hero. His son and his friends were standing around his bed, when the surgeon whispered in the daughter's ear; Henry, with trembling hand, closed his father's eyelids; and the little assemblage burst into loud lamentations.

"Like Charles the Tenth! like Charles the Tenth!" was the exclamation of Louis Philippe, when M. Cremieux had "packed off royalty in a hackney coach." Orleans did himself injustice; he was very superior to his Bourbon cousin in all emergencies. Superior as a soldier, superior as a king, superior as a brokendown exile. No home in England was happier than Claremont during the brief period which intervened between Louis Philippe's retirement and his death. It is too soon yet to do justice



them in the Spanish marriage business, have defamed him living and defamed him dead. Some day his extraordinary merits will be recognized. At Claremont his household was a model. He did not like his children to dine out; he loved to have them around him. He carved for them, and piqued himself upon-his dexterity and economy. Temperate himself, he did not tolerate intemperance in his children. His temper was invariably serene and forgiving; his conversation genial, full of anecdote, and rich with information. When he fell ill, and the physician perceived that his hour had come, a dispute arose between him and the royal confessor; neither wished to communicate so unwelcome, yet so necessary a piece of intelligence to the old man. The Queen decided that the duty devolved upon the physician. He discharged it in a set speech.

"Oh! ch! yes, I understand," said Louis Philippe; "you mean that it is time to depart. The Queen sent you, didn't she?"

He took the sacrament, and prepared for death calmly. Soon afterward, he repented of his philosophy, and told the Doctor he had half a mind to prove him in error. Next morning, when the medical man visited him, and felt his pulse and shook his head, the ex-King exclaimed with vivacity.

"You must not judge so hastily, Doctor. This is not a fair trial. I have been coughing a good deal within the last hour, and coughing, as you know, accelerates the motion of the pulse."

Within an hour he was dead.

Near a dozen popes altogether have earned a claim to rank among broken-down kings.

When the French occupied Rome in 1798. poor Pius VI. was very badly used. He had been unjustly accused of countenancing a murder. His museums had been stripped. His city had been all but sacked. His authority had been usurped. But when the French General, Berthier, urged him to wear a tricolor cockade.

"I know no ensign," said the old Pope, "but that of the Church." And he would not put on the tricolor.

When they ransacked his dwelling, like very robbers in search of treasure, General Haller found a small chest locked. "What is this?" asked the Frenchman, eagerly. "Only Spanish snuff," replied the Pope. Haller tried it, liked it, and ordered the box to be conveyed to his quarters.

"Oh!" said the poor Pope, almost crying with vexation, "you will surely not deprive me of my snuff!"

"Didn't I say I liked it?" was the Frenchman's brutal answer.

A day or two afterward, this same Haller surprised the Pontiff at dinner, and demanded the immediate surrender of all the Papal treasures. Pius protested that he had given up every thing.

two very fine rings you wear; let me have

The old Pope begged hard to be allowed to remain at Rome. "I am bordering on fourscore years," he said; "I am broken down by old age and anxiety; let me die here."

"A man may die any where," was the calm reply. "If you will not go of your own accord I am to make you."

They dragged the old man from place to place, when he was too ill to get in or out of his carriage without help, and fairly killed him

"My only regret," said he to the cardinal who accompanied him in his exile, "is that I die out of my own country."

"Holy Father," replied the pious churchman, "the Pope of Rome is never out of his own

The seventh Pius was treated as harshly because he declined to become the slave of Napoleon. His journey to Fontainebleau was a series of hardships and petty indignities. For fear the people should see him and become excited, when his carriage arrived at a town he was not allowed to alight, but was wheeled, inside the coach, into the coach-house, and got out by stealth. His occupation during his confinement was curious. He was very penurious, and used every morning to count over some pieces of gold which he had in his desk and his clothes. He never looked into a book, but employed himself in patching and stitching his gowns, sewing buttons on his small-clothes, and washing the front of his robe which he used to stain with snuff. His interview with Napoleon shows him in another light.

The Emperor, who had destroyed several pieces of furniture in his impatience and excitement while waiting for his Holiness, addressed him in his most persuasive style. He conjured him to transfer the Papal chair from Rome to Paris, so that they might conjointly rule the world. He promised him twice as large a revenue as heretofore, and a large body-guard; and wound up with much emotion by entreating him to share his worldly dominion, power, and glory, as his partner.

The Holy Father had listened without moving a muscle. When the Imperial harangue was ended, he simply exclaimed: "Comediante!"

"What," roared the enraged Emperor; "I a comedian! Priest, our friendship is ended." Seizing a model of St. Peter's which stood on the table, he dashed it to the floor, breaking it into fragments, and cried: "Dost see? even so will I break thee, thy chair, thy Church, thy rule. The day of wrath (dies ira) is upon thee."

As calmly as before the Pope uttered the single word, "Tragediante!" and left the room.

When Pius was restored at last to his realms, he entered his old room at the Quirinal with feelings which can be imagined. His ecclesi-"Holy Father," said the robber, "those are astical companions were shocked to notice



nymuhs in a very light attire painted in fresco on the walls of the Papal chamber.

"Ha!" said the old Pope with a smile, "I see our French friends have left their mark. Frate, you will be so good as have these ladies transformed into Madonnas, and then we shall all have had our own way."

History holds record of two or three queens who resigned their crowns, and consoled themselves in dignified privacy. Zenobia found a solace, say the Latin scandal-mongers, in good Falernian, taken cold; Christina of Sweden was a teetotaller, but knew how to enjoy herself. She was a dragoon. So heartily did she despise effeminacy that she rarely washed, combed her hair but once a week, and wore linen that was ragged and spotted with ink. This last piece of information comes direct from a Jesuit father who was a great friend of hers. When she abdicated she dressed in male attire, and drove people distracted. Ladies were horrified at seeing a member of the sex in trowsers with frills; the monks, for whose society she showed a marked predilection, suffered much distress

She went to Rome, in both senses of the word, and on the night of her "conversion." the Archduke, her sponsor, "entertained her with a mask and dancing." Modest critics regret to say that, in the selection of the "mask," the gallant Archduke forgot that his guest was a lady; but Christina was above such trifles. "It is but proper," said she, "that you should give me a comedy to-night, as I gave you a farce this morning."

When she went to France she created a sensation, as might have been anticipated. But she was not prepared for the enthusiastic reception given her by the ladies. "I verily believe," said the female dragoon, "that they take me for a man, they kiss me so." At court, Louis the Fourteenth gave her precedence over his own wife, to his great remorse afterward; for the ex-Queen was at least eccentric in her conduct. Her best friend, of her own sex, was Ninon de l'Enclos; and Madame de Motteville recorded with a blush in her memoirs that, "in presence of the King, Queen, and the whole court, she flung her legs up on a chair as high as the one on which she was seated."

The barbarous murder of Monaldeschi and the scandalous career of the ex-Queen, at Paris and Rome, are matters of history. Nothing limited her extravagances but the old sorrow of broken-down monarchs - want of money. She was sometimes reduced to great straits. Once, when her purse was at a very low ebb, it was proposed to her to dispose of her collection of paintings. These were works of merit; but not exactly the sort of art which might be expected to be found in the boudoir of a lady. Christina preferred dunning the Swedes. It is very instructive to read her last compositions. She wrote, only a short while before her death, at a time when her life was no small scandal to the Pope her host, and to the Church of which was blowing." It disturbed and irritated her;

she was a zealous member: "I have no envy of those who possess fortune, vast dominions, or treasures. My sole desire is to raise myself above other mortals by merit and virtue; though death approaches and is necessarily inevitable, I accustom myself to it, and am not disquieted." She left by her will money for twenty thousand masses for her soul.

In this country, the spectacle of an uncrowned monarch-if such a title can be given to a republican President-is no rare sight. No less than three walk the streets at the present moment, without so much as a small boy to stare at them. But in Europe the phenomenon is rare, and a subject of much philosophic comment. It has been witnessed once, and once only, in England.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a country gentleman sat in the stranger's gallery of the House of Lords. Some foreigner who happened to be present asked the country gentleman to point him out this and that famous nobleman, and, gratified by his politeness, inquired if he had ever been there before.

"Never," said the country gentleman, "since I sat on yonder throne."

The speaker was Richard Cromwell.

A REMINISCENCE OF A FOREIGN CE-LEBRITY'S RECEPTION MORNING. 5

T was in the autumn of '49, I think (I do not I remember dates accurately), that I fortunately chanced to be in the city of - with Frederika Bremer. A gentleman who has the odd habit of liberalities of the sort, had, on going abroad, put his house and well-appointed household at her disposal. Miss Bremer had nothing of the temper of our valiant English cousins who know so well how to apply their common law and make their house a castle, or, if need be, an impregnable fortress. She was accessible at all points, and beset at all, from dawning day to "dewy eve;" till what with living on incense and luxuries of all sorts, with incessant visitors and tedious hospitalities she became ill and nervous. While at the worst, as she used to tell, in a confidential whisper and with a tragico-comic air, she was shown with importunate civility through one of our model insane asylums. Even the patients there had disturbed or composed their brains with her novels, and they received her as a personal friend. "When I came away," as she reported, "they begged me to come again. Oh! I was very sure I should go to that mad-house again-a patient; and the good doctor, too, when taking leave, said, 'Come again, Miss Bremer.' 'Oh! without question,' I said to myself, 'I shall come again to this place." This nervous susceptibility is the weakness of an artistic temperament.

I was once on a summer's day walking with this lady in a country part where the winds sweep over the beautiful hills at all seasons. "A southern breeze," I called it; she said "a gale



and when I chanced to remark that through life nature has been a source of the greatest enjoyment to me, "It is not so with me," she said; "I have been always harassed, angered with the disturbances in animated nature, with the warring, and suffering, and destruction there." "But," said I, "naturalists tell us that animals of prey inflict only inevitable pain-that they extinguish life with the least possible suffering." She stopped short. "It is a lie!" she said, "a dam-ned lie!" And then laughing at her own vehement expression (and it was in ludicrous contrast with the soft and pathetic voice that uttered it), she added, "You must excuse me; I am a Scandinavian, and I must swere when I am incen-sed!"

While the fever of national welcome was at its height, our distinguished visitor appointed one morning of each week for the reception of visitors, in the treacherous hope of keeping the other six to herself.

It was on a bright Wednesday that my friend Sylvia W--- came to me and said, "I hear that the 'Star of the North' is fixed in Mr. B---'s firmament for a few hours, will you introduce me? I do not go merely to stare at a celebrity."

"Nor to be stared at, my dear Sylvia," I replied; "to cater for your own vanity, to get a momentary recognition of your own existence from one of these foreign celebrities—the prevailing motive, as it seems to me, for being presented to them."

"No, indeed," replied my modest friend; "I long to see, with my bodily eye, one to whom I owe immeasurable gratitude. I read her books when I was but fifteen, and she first inspired me with an earnest desire to use life instead of wasting it. If I have done so, I owe it to the direction she gave to the fervors of my youth."

How much this still lovely young person had "done so" is known only to Him who seeth in secret. I sighed as I thought how much of that good seed had been lost on "thorny ground." Sylvia misinterpreted my sigh.

"Perhaps," she said, "you had rather not take me there? I am told that visitors swarm around her like the frogs of Egypt."

"Yes, they do; but as the plagued Egyptians would have welcomed one nightingale among the frogs, so I am sure she will welcome you. The dear little Lioness is patient-a miracle of patience under the frog visitation."

So having lulled my friend's scruples, we proceeded.

The Star was shining; the worshipers thronged; the drawing-rooms were filled; all the decent classes of the town had a full female representation, except, perhaps, the soi-disant "best." These are rarely lured by curiosity, or moved by enthusiasm to the violation of known conventional laws.

One must fancy a little woman about the height of the Medicean Venus (not quite so beautiful!). her figure slightly bent and contracted -not by time, for she was then scarcely past | tone-such a gentle grace that no amour-propre

her zenith, but as if she had shrunken from the rough handling of life-her coloring and features indicating the race which, according to late researches, bore a title from which we have derived the word Aristocracy-originally signifying a predominating intelligence. Our pretty rose-tinted young girls called her "dreadfully plain;" and plain she indisputably was, but it was a plainness one soon learned to love. Her voice had a killing sorrow in it, not her own, but expressive of a tender sympathy with every breathing creature that suffered. Not her own, certainly, for ever and anon there was a sparkle from her, a ripple of humor, and a brush of irony betokening any thing but a crushed spirit.

There is an instinct, a spiritual freemasonry by which minds akin recognize one another. She received Sylvia with distinguishing kindness, cordially giving her her little hand, so tiny as to seem almost uncannie. Poor Sylvia cowered like a timid dove in the clutch of a real lion, and afterward confessed to me that she approached Frederika as the impersonation of the heroes and heroines of twelve novels!

Her apartment was redolent with bouquets and baskets of flowers brought by her tributaries. Before her stood a silver waiter of mosses, prettily arranged in mosaic. I think they were presented by Professor G-, to whom she was translating their botanical names into the English of their Swedish domestic designations. She lingered over them as if their familiar aspects were a relief from our strange faces. She was just pointing out to me our gray moss, "which we," she said, called "friar's hair," when, feeling a nudge, I turned round and saw a certain quite-young lady, a type of that class of our young people who never conceived the idea of reverence, who are "self-poised" and saturated with self-complacency, and would face a drawing-room of notorieties as fearlessly as bold Dalgetty would confront a battalion of soldiers.

She repeated her nudge—a characteristic salntation.

"Please introduce me," she said.

I looked, as I honestly was, oblivious of her name. She prompted me.

"Anne Jane Smith. Why, I have been introduced to you three times," she said.

I had no choice, and I presented her; whereupon she presented a basket of flowers, stared her stare, and introduced, one after another, a train of young women as long as a Highland chieftain's tail.

Sylvia and I retained our post of quiet observation. "How do you like our country, Miss Bremer?" was the question most frequently propounded. The replies were couched in various terms, but always uniting the gentleness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent.

"America is too large a space for me yet to answer that question; America is a great romance-it takes time to read it." And with these cautious words there was such a friendly



was wounded, no national complacency disturbed. What sparks such unconscious but obtrusive impertinences would have struck out of English flint!

The young lady-usher I have mentioned was not to be detained on the frontier of an acquaint-ance.

"Which of your novels do you like best, Miss Bremer?" she asked.

I did not quite hear the answer; Miss Bremer's English is grammatical, idiomatical even, but obscured by her Scandinavian accent. I thought (perhaps because I myself prefer it) she replied, "Home." But authors are said, like parents, not always to love best their fairest offspring.

"Oh!" ejaculated a young Miss in her teens,
"'Bruno' is such a favorite of mine!"

"And of mine, too!" echoed her neighbor.

"We have a Bruno in our family," said a chirping girl, who probably comprehended as much of Bruno's gusty nature as a chimney-swallow does of a storm in the tropics.

"If I were to choose a character from all your delightful books, Miss Bremer," said another aspirant for her notice, "I should say Ma chere Mere is my favorite, she is so natural! such a living character! why, every body knows a Ma chere Mere!"

A smile hovered on Miss Bremer's lips. She may have thought that Ma chere Mere, the magisterial chatelaine—the imperious mother—the willful potentate of her rural domain, could scarcely be duplicated in the even lives of these unfledged critics.

The lively girls gave place to two men whom I did not know. They had the lugubrious, professional aspect of metaphysical writers. They entered into a pedantic discussion of the mode of existence in a future state. The lady deftly put an end to it by saying, in a deprecating tone, "Do you think there are bores there?" Dear Miss Bremer! She was not a match for that friend of Rousseau, of whom he boasted that he never bored another, nor suffered himself to be bored.

The tide continued to flow in—great the influx, small the reflux. The poor lady seemed infinitely wearied, but still she did not abate one jot of patience or benignity under a species of martyrdom to which the saints of old were never exposed.

There was one moment when she seemed on the verge of fainting. She sank into a chair quite exhausted. Just then a young woman —young? she may have been thirty—whom I had observed for some time to fix her glowing eye on the poor sinking celebrity with a pitiful gaze—advanced. I never saw an eye that seemed so to look out from a spiritual world. It was itself a spirit. Nor do I remember ever to have seen moving among living beings a form so attenuated and bloodless as this young woman's; one would not have been much surprised to see it rise and bear away the soul it so lightly invested. Still it had mortal attributes and uses, followers?"

for a voice spoke to Frederika and said, "You look very feeble, and yet I am told you are going to a large dinner-party. Shall I strengthen you?"

The good northern blood rushed to the Swede's cheek. She gazed at the shadowy being before her as if she were an enchantress whose spell hung over her.

"Shall I impart strength to you?" reiterated the voice. "I often impart strength to my friends; and you, madam, seem much to need it, and to you I shall be most happy to give it."

The Gospel sincerity of the offer was evident to Frederika, but what it proposed or portended she was at a loss to divine, till "Miss Anne-Jane Smith," the lady of "mass" introductions, bustled forward, and in a sonorous whisper said, "It's Miss ———, the mesmerizer. She only wants to make some passes."

"Oh! I thank you, I thank you!" exclaimed Frederika, as eagerly as if she were escaping from untried magic. "I have never made an experiment, and I had rather not now."

The mesmerizer returned to her post, not at all discomfited, but with a certain calm dignity, naturally resulting from a conviction of her own power, and an elevating sense of its source, as if she were mentally quoting, "I know thy strength; thou know'st not mine."

She sat down near me, and I heard the person next her say to her,

"I am glad she declined, sister; you would have been ill—"

"Of course I should," she replied; "and willing to be so, to impart bodily strength to one who has so nobly strengthened the infirm of mind."

By this time I felt the propriety of withdrawing, and beckoned to Sylvia. She started from her delightful trance. So it had been to her; for there are among our young people some yet capable of enthusiasm, the glow and glory of their dawn. Frederika had observed the pure homage, and selecting some of the loveliest flowers from "Miss Anne Jane's" basket, she gave them to my friend. They will be immortals! "I gave five dollars for that basket of flowers," whispered the donor as we passed her. The worth to Sylvia of her portion of them could not be reckoned in gold.

Professor G—— joined us, and we naturally talked of the reception.

"The old curse seems to me reversed," I said. "Humanity is no longer turned into the field, 'to eat grass as oxen;' but the 'inferior order,' so called—jackdaws, cockatoos, and monkeys—have crept into mortal moulds, and infest our drawing-rooms. Is it not sad to see that lady so 'crowded on?"

"Tiresome enough for her," replied Sylvia; "but delightful for her visitors."

I assured Sylvia I did not speak of such modest little adorers as she; "but what right," I asked of Professor G——, "have nine-tenths of those people to intrude on Miss Bremer; for instance, that 'Miss Anne Jane Smith,' with her dozen followers?"



- "No right, certainly," replied the Professor, "according to conventional laws. But our social condition is not strictly organized, and the deference, refinement, and reserve, of which those laws are the expression, belong to few. The herd obey their instincts, and rush to see a foreign celebrity."
- "Yes, to gratify their instinctive curiosity and instinctive vanity."
- "Perhaps so," said the philosophic Professor. "We are all, as our Western friends have it, 'a leetle mixed."
- "A little!" I exclaimed; "is not vanity the prevailing ingredient? Is it not our national quality, par excellence, as pride is the Englishman's?"
- "I am content it should be vanity rather than pride," replied Professor G---; "the most selfish, pharisaical, arrogant, indurating, inhuman of all qualities. Vanity, with its incessant obtrusions, its self-delusions, and self-exaggeration, is amiable in the comparison. Pride is the sin of devils; vanity the infirmity of mortals."
- "Amiable! my dear Professor; disgusting, rather. Could such a scene as this reception occur in England?"
- "Probably not. 'Every Englishman,' as some one has well said, 'is saturated in a repelling fluid.'"
- "The fluid loses its repelling virtue when they come here," I retorted. "The English notorieties who have come among us have failed in their most strenuous efforts to dike out the multitudinous wave. Dickens, for example, says that the only people in the United States who never intruded were the waiters at the hotels."
- "Dickens!" replied the Professor. "I love his name, and honor it; but I never think of him without wishing that all his relations to our country were blotted out. In these relations he has been treacherous to the highest mission of his genius. He embodied and demonstrated the claims and principles of democracy in his admirable books. There he is the humane · champion of the lower classes. He shows them off in brighter jewels than sparkle in a coronet. But when he came to the only country where the truths he vindicated are in social operation -where the people do not take their rights as boons from their superiors, but as theirs by divine charter—he was irritated and disgusted. He could stoop with gracious condescension, but he could not bear that his fellows should stand upright on an even platform with him, and perchance jostle him."
- "But surely," I said, "the admission of equal political privileges does not require the surrender of social rights. A man may turn the bolt of his sitting-room door, and refuse to open it to every 'greasy, unwashed citizen' that chooses to knock at it—if, indeed, he be civilized enough to knock before he enter."
- "You and the Professor," interposed Sylvia, modestly, "like most combatants, seem to me

- more eager to deal good blows than to get at the right. Does not the truth lie between you?"
- "It does, Miss Sylvia," answered the Professor. "The truth is, that modes of society naturally spring from the condition of a people. The English seem not to have the philosophy to perceive this, and expect ours to be fashioned after their pattern, which they honestly believe divine. Now, their modes would not suit us; and adopting them would be like wearing garments made for other people—a very poor fit they would be! We have a different civilization from the English."
- "An admission!" I cried. "But go on, my dear Professor."
- "A different, and, in some respects, an inferior civilization; much more humanity; and, I confess, a lower, though a much wider culture. Now I imagine there are not five hundred native families in New England where Dickens's name and Miss Bremer's are not as familiar as household words. Their readers fancy that these writers have all the virtues their fabulous characters so vividly embody. Therefore it is that, impelled by admiration, gratitude, curiosity-and, perhaps, by the harmless vanity of being seen, as well as seeing-they gather in herds around these lions. But our people are susceptible, and therefore teachable. They will learn that the time of those who turn time to account is their most precious possession, and not to be intruded on without due warrant, and that an introduction to those endued with God's best gifts is a higher honor than a presentation at court."
- "And is it only those, Mr. Professor, whom you esteem noble by divine gift who are to be secured from intrusion? Are we of the Commons to have no defenses?"
- "We of the Commons!" he replied, smiling; "some of us have a remarkable power of selfdefense."

Our long discussion had brought us to our point of separation.

- "I believe," said the Professor, "we have each been the champion of the class from which we sprung. Your father belonged to the old aristocratic 'Federal' school; my grandfather fought at Bunker Hill. You are of the Norman blood, and I the Saxon."
- "Then I," I rejoined, "personify pride, and vou-"
- "I," he replied, laughing, "with that happy old philosopher, Franklin, 'thank God for the comfortable thing called vanity."

So having had the last word, he shook hands with me, and we parted.

BARBARA'S COURTSHIP.

TIS just three months and eke a day, Since in the meadows raking hay On looking up I chanced to see The manor's lord, young Arnold Lee, With a loose hand on the rein, Riding slowly down the lane.



As I gazed with earnest look
On his face, as on a book,
As if conscious of the gaze
Suddenly he turned the rays
Of his brilliant eyes on me;
Then I looked down hastily,
While my heart, like caged bird,
Fluttered till it might be heard.
Foolish, foolish Barbara.

We had never met before,
He had been so long away,
Visiting some foreign shore,
I have heard my father say.
What in truth was he to me,
Rich and handsome Arnold Lee?
Fate had placed us far apart;
Why, then, did my restless heart
Flutter when his careless glance
Fell on me by merest chance?
Foolish, foolish Barbara.

There are faces—are there not?—
That can never be forgot;
Looks that, seen but once, impress
With peculiar vividness:
So it was with Arnold Lee.
Why it was I can not say
That through all the livelong day
He seemed ever near to me,
While I raked, as in a dream,
Now the same place o'er and o'er,
Till my little sister chid,
And with full eyes open wide,
Much in wonder, gently cried,
"Why, what ails thee, Barbara?"

I am in the fields again:
"Tis a pleasant day in June,
All the songsters are in tune,
Pouring out their matin hymn.
All at once a conscious thrill
Led me, half against my will,
To look up. Abashed I see
His dark eyes full fixed on me.
What he said I do not know,
But his voice was soft and low
As he spoke, in careless chat,
Now of this and now of that,
While the murmurous waves of sound
Wafted me a bliss profound.
Foolish, foolish Barbara.

Am I waking? Scarce I know
If I wake or if I dream,
So unreal all things seem;
Yet I could not well forego
This sweet dream, if dream it be,
That has brought such joy to me.
He has told me that he loves me,
He in rank so far above me;
And when I, with cheeks a-glow,
Told him that it was not meet
He should wed with one so low,
Then he said, in accents sweet,
"Far be thoughts of rank or pelf;
Dear, I love thee for thyself!"
Happy, happy Barbara.

THE THREE NUMBERS.

THE annals of the police of all countries present the darkest pictures. Take any civilized government—and the greater the civilization the greater the crime; examine its records—not forgetting those of dreadful acts which, though known to the authorities, have escaped the punishment of human laws—read and shudder. No one can long hold office which brings him face to face with crime without coming to the painful conclusion, however unwillingly, that there is nothing possible that man—ay, or woman either—will not do. If a passion be once permitted to take a firm hold of the human mind, there is no gulf, however deep, into which that passion's slave may not be dragged.

It has been truly said of the French police that its officers, not unfrequently, are better informed than even those who sit in the confessional. For the guilty, whether of vice, baseness, or crime, do not tell their own storywhich very few relate without adding, almost unconsciously, some favorable coloring—but have it told for them by agents of every rank of life, who are ever on the watch, and seem to have the receipt of fern-seed, and walk invisible. The French police was, and is, seldom at fault. der some of its chiefs it seemed omniscient. universal knowledge and precision of the police at Paris, under the lieutenancy of M. de Sartines, were exemplified by a story that made some impression at the time. A provincial magistrate of experience and talent, who was dining with the lieutenant, expressed his doubts as to the efficiency of the system, and declared his conviction that the machinery was far from being so complete as M. de Sartines believed it to be. His host assured him that he was mistaken; but, warmed by the good wine, he roundly asserted that he would be in the capital without the knowledge of M. de Sartines. The controversy ended by the guest backing his opinion with a wager, which M. de Sartines accepted: and the magistrate departed, saying, as he took leave of his host, that he was as sure of the louis which were staked as if he had them in his purse. "We shall see," said M. de Sartines.

The magistrate left the city soon afterward, and remained for some time in the country. He then took every precaution, disguised himself, and arrived alone, late at night, at an obscure hotel in the outskirts of Paris. After taking a slight refection he went to bed. Next morning, before he rose, he received from M. de Sartines a dinner invitation for that day.

But though the guilty seldom escaped, instances were not wanting of perpetrators of the most atrocious crimes eluding the grasp of the police, to whom they were sometimes, though very rarely, unknown, till after they were beyond the reach of any human tribunal. One of these rare instances we shall now narrate.

In the year 1807, a working shoemaker named Picaud lived at Paris. On a Sunday, and dressed in his best holiday suit, the young and very nearly handsome bachelor presented



himself to a small coffee-house keeper, his equal in rank and age, but richer, and unfavorably known for his envy of all who prospered around him.

Matthieu Loupian, like Picaud, was born at Nismes, like him had come to try his fortune in the great city, and had set up his establishment near the Place Saint-Opportune, where he had very good custom. He was a widower, and had two children—somehow or other few Frenchmen have more—left to him by his deceased wife. Three of his neighbors and friends, all from the Département du Gard, were with him.

"What's all this?" said the master of the house. "Eh, Picaud! How fine you are; one would declare that you were going to dance las treilhas."*

"I am going to do better, my Loupian; I am going to be married."

"And whom have you chosen to plant the matrimonial appendages on your head?" said one of the auditors, named Allut.

"Not the second daughter of your motherin-law, for in that family they do it so clumsily that yours have broken through your hat."

The rest looked, and beheld a considerable solution of the continuation of the front of the crown of the hat of Allut. The laugh was loud and long, and with the gay shoemaker. Truth wounds, and Allut did not laugh.

"Joking apart," said Loupian, "who is your intended, Picaud?"

"La de Vigouroux."

"What! the rich Margaret?"

"The same."

"But she has a hundred thousand francs," cried Loupian.

"I will pay her in love and happiness; and I invite you all, gentleman, to the mass, which will be said at St. Leu, and to the dance afterward, which will take place at the Bosquets de Vénus, rue aux Ours."

The four friends could hardly mutter their thanks, so confounded were they by the good fortune of their comrade.

"When are you to be married?" inquired Loupian.

"Next Tuesday."

"Tuesday?"

"Yes, I count upon you all—I am going to the mayoralty, and thence to the house of M. le Curé!" and away hurried Picaud. Those whom he had left looked after him, and then at each other.

"Is he lucky, this droll?"

"He is a sorcerer."

"Such a beautiful, such a rich girl!"

"To be married to a cobbler!"

"And Tuesday is to be the marriage-day."

"Yes, three days hence."

"I'll lay you a wager," said Loupin, with a black look, "that I will retard the fête."

"Why, what will you do?"

"Oh, a bit of sport."

"What, pray?"

"A charming pleasantry. The commissaire is coming this way. I'll tell him that I suspect Picaud of being an agent of the English; you understand. Upon this they will send for him, and interrogate him. He will be in a fright, and for eight days at least the marriage must wait."

"Loupian," said Allut, "this is beyond a joke; it is a bad game. You don't know Picaud—if he finds you out, he is capable of revenging himself severely."

"Bah! bah!" said the others; "one must have some amusement in the Carnival."

"As you please; but I warn you that I have nothing to do with it; every one to his taste."

"Oh," replied Loupian, sharply, "I don't wonder at thy head ornaments; thou art a capon."

"I am an honest man; thou art an envious one. I shall live peaceably; thou wilt die wretchedly. Good-night."

With this, Allut turned on his heel; and so soon as he was gone the trio encouraged each other not to abandon so pleasant an idea; and Loupian, the inventor of the proposition, promised his friends to make them laugh à ventre déboutonné. Two hours afterward the commissary of police, before whom Loupian had let his tongue run, did his duty like a vigilant officer. Out of the prattle of the cafetier he composed a superb report in true commissary style, and handed it in to his superior. The fatal note was taken to the Duc de Rovigo; it coincided with the revelations of the movements in La Vendée. No doubt Picaud was the go-between between the south and the west. He must be a person of importance, and his assumed trade only served as a mask to the gentleman of Languedoc. In short, in the night between Sunday and Monday, the unhappy Picaud was apprehended in his chamber with such mystery that no one saw him depart, but from that day all trace of him was completely lost. His relations, his friends, could not obtain any tidings of him, and at last ceased to inquire about him.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course;" 1814 arrives; the Imperial Government falls; and from the castle of Fenestrelle descends, about the 15th of April, a man bowed by suffering, and age-stricken, more by despair than by time. In seven years, one who knew him and looked upon him might say that he had lived half a century. But no one will know him; for he does not recognize himself when, for the first time since his incarceration, he views himself in a looking-glass at the wretched inn of Fenestrelle.

This man, who in his prison went by the name of Joseph Lucher, had served, more like a son than a servant, a rich Milanese ecclesiastic, who indignant at the conduct of his relatives, who had abandoned him in his affliction, in the hope that it would soon do its work and leave them in possession of his great fortune, had not trusted them with the credits which he possessed in the Bank of Hamburg, nor with those which he



A popular dance in Lower Languedoc.

had placed in the Bank of England. Moreover, he had disposed of the chief portion of his domains to one of the great dignitaries of Italy, and the annual rent was payable to a banker in Amsterdam, who was charged to transmit the money to the wealthy prisoner.

This noble Italian, who died on the 4th January, 1814, had made the poor Joseph Lucher the sole heir to about seven million francs of property, besides imparting to him the secret of a hidden treasure of about twelve hundred thousand francs in diamonds, and of at least three millions in specie, in the form of Milanese ducats, Venetian florins, Spanish pieces of eight, French louis, and English guineas.

Joseph Lucher, liberated at last, traveled rapidly toward Turin, and soon arrived at Milan. He acted with caution and prudence, and at the end of a few days found himself in possession of the treasure which he had come to seek, with the addition of antique gems and admirable cameos all of the highest value.

From Milan Joseph Lucher went to Amsterdam, Hamburg, and London in succession, and during this journey collected wealth sufficient for the coffers of a king. Moreover, Lucher, instructed by his master and benefactor with regard to the secret springs of speculation, knew so well how to dispose of his property that, after reserving his diamonds and a million, he created an income of six hundred thousand francs, payable partly by the Bank of England, partly by the German Bank, the Bank of France, and that of Italy.

This done, he turned his face toward Paris, where he arrived on the 15th of February, 1815, eight years, day for day, after the disappearance of the unfortunate Picaud.

Joseph Lucher, on the morning after his arrival at Paris, as he was without any following—without even a valet—caused himself to be taken to a maison de santé. On the return of Napoleon, Lucher was still sick, and so continued during the detention of the Emperor in the Isle of Elba. As long as Napoleon remained in France, the sick man postponed his convalescence; but when the second Restoration seemed definitely to have consolidated the monarchy—which appears to be as impossible in France as a republic—and to have firmly established Louis XVIII., the habitue of the maison de santé quitted it, and bent his steps to the quartier Saint-Opportune.

There he heard of the disappearance—in the month of February, 1807—of an honest young shoemaker, about to be most advantageously married; but that a pleasantry of three of his friends had marred his good fortune, and that the poor fellow had either fled or been carried off. Finally, that no one knew what had become of him—that his intended lamented him for two years—and then, fatigued with weeping, married the cafetier, Loupian, who having by this marriage added greatly to his property, now possessed on the Boulevards one of the best frequented cafés in Paris.

Joseph Lucher heard this story with no further show of interest than what might be expected from such a narrative; but he inquired naturally enough, what were the names of those pleasant people who were said to have caused the misfortune of the young shoemaker. His informants had forgotten the names of these persons.

"Nevertheless," added one of those whom the new-comer interrogated, "there is a certain Antoine Allut who boasted in my presence that he knew those of whom you speak."

"I knew a man named Allut, in Italy; he was a native of Nismes."

"He of whom we are talking is also a native of Nismes."

"This Allut lent me a hundred crowns, and begged me to repay them, as soon as it was convenient, to his cousin Antoine."

"You can send the sum to him at Nismes, for he has retired there."

Next morning a chaise de poste, preceded by a courier, who paid triple guides, flew rather than rolled on the road to Lyons. From Lyons, the carriage followed the Rhone by the Marseilles road, and quitted it at the bridge of the Holy Ghost. There an Italian Abbé descended from the carriage for the first time since the commencement of the journey. He hired a small vehicle, went down to Nismes, and alighted at the well-known Hôtel du Luxembourg, and at once inquired of the people what had become of Antoine Allut? This name, nearly as common in that country as "Smith" is infours, is there borne by many families differing in rank, fortune, and religion; and some time elapsed before the individual who was the object of the visit of the Abbé Baldini was ascertained. At last the Abbé found his man, was formally introduced, and, after certain preliminaries, informed Antoine that, being imprisoned at the Château de l'Œuf, at Naples, for a political offense, he, the Abbé, had become acquainted with an excellent companion, whose death, which took place in 1811, he deeply re-

"At this time," said the Abbé, "he was a bachelor of some thirty years of age; and he expired, still lamenting his country forever lost to him, but pardoning those of whom he had just right to complain. He was a native of Nismes; his name was Picaud."

Allut could not suppress a cry. The Abbé regarded him with an astonished look.

"You knew then this Picaud?" said he to Allut.

"He was one of my good friends. Poor fellow! and he died far from his country, and in misery! But do you know the cause of his arrest?"

"He did not know it himself, and he attested his ignorance with such oaths that I can not doubt that he knew it not."

Allut sighed heavily. The Abbé continued, "As long as he lived one sole idea occupied his mind. He would, he said, give up his hopes



of heaven to any one who would name the author or authors of his arrest. This fixed idea inspired Picaud with the thought which found expression in the singular testamentary disposition which he made. But first, I ought to tell you that in the prison Picaud had rendered remarkable services to an Englishman, a prisoner, as he was, who at his death left Picaud a diamond worth at least fifty thousand francs."

"He was lucky," interrupted Allut. "Fifty thousand francs! It is a fortune!"

"When l'icaud," continued the Abbé, "found himself on his death-bed, he caused me to be summoned, and said to me, 'My end will be tranquil, if you promise to accomplish my wishes-will you promise me?' 'I swear,' said I, 'to do so, persuaded that you will exact nothing contrary to honor and religion.' 'Nothing contrary to either,' said he: 'hear me, and you will judge for yourself. I never could discover the names of those who have plunged me in this place of torment; but I have had a revelation. A voice from heaven has declared to me that one of my compatriots, Antoine Allut, of Nismes, knows who denounced me. Go to him when your liberty shall be restored, and present him, on my behalf, with the diamond which I possess by the beneficence of Sir Herbert Newton; but I add one condition—it is, that on receiving the diamond from you, he will confide to you the names of those whom I regard as my assassins. When he shall have named them, you will return to Naples, and having inscribed their names on a plate of lead, you must place the plate in my tomb. Here are four thousand sequins for my burial in a church and in a separate vault; here, too, are sixteen hundred sequins more for the expenses of your journey to Nismes-all this I possess from the beneficence of my dear master, Sir Herbert Newton. Touched by pity, I solemnly swore to execute his wishes faithfully. He placed in my hands the diamond and the money, and died in peace. Prisoner though I was, I caused his desire to be fulfilled. He reposes at Naples in the church of the Holy Ghost; and as soon as my liberty was restored to me, I came to France to acquit myself with fidelity of the engagement into which I had entered with your poor compatriot. Here am I, and here is the diamond.'

As he uttered the last words, the Abbé Baldini waved his hand, and from his middle finger sparkled a solitaire whose water, size, and brilliancy announced its value. He had certainly not exaggerated when he spoke of this admirable stone being worth fifty thousand francs, for if sold in a good market it would have brought at least from eighty to ninety thousand francs. Antoine Allut contemplated the brilliant with the eyes of a falcon; a cold sweat stood upon his brow, his mouth was frightfully contracted; and as he made a gesture of rejection, the shudder which agitated his body showed what a combat between avarice and prudence raged in his heart.

At this moment his wife entered, with a visage that bore the unmistakable traces of recent and violent chagrin. She traversed the chamber with rapidity, and stopping short before her husband, who was still overwhelmed by the discourse of the Italian Abbé,

"My man," said she, "you had better go hide yourself; and I may as well never show my face in the town again. Your brother and sister will crush us with the insolence of their fortune; know that they have just received by the diligence a windfall of twenty thousand francs."

"Twenty thousand francs!" repeated her husband, in consternation; "and whence?"

"It is quite a history. Your brother, a year ago, saved from drowning a Dane who had come to see the Comte de Rantzau, at Avignon. The stranger, after thanking him, departed, and now this noble acknowledgment arrives all in the shape of beautiful louis d'or. Won't they be intolerable? Won't they look down upon us and crush us, your younger brother, my younger sister? Oh, I shall certainly die of grief!"

"And more especially, Madame, at the moment when Monsieur, your husband, refuses a legacy of fifty thousand francs at least, which a dying friend has left him," added the Abbé.

"What! does he refuse fifty thousand francs?" cried the wife, with such a look and gesture as subdued or guilty husbands only can appreciate.

"So at least, it seems to me," said the Abbé, quietly; and he recommenced the recital of the story which he had already told, not without displaying the ring, which, nevertheless, quitted not his finger.

It would have required a different character from that possessed by Antoine Allut to defend himself against the terrible assault which attacked him. Envious of others, like too many small and littleminded people, and also like too many great ones, the prosperity of his brother seemed to him an outrage on his poverty. His wife immediately ran to fetch a neighboring jeweler, who, having examined the stone, declared that he would give for it sixty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-nine francs eleven centimes, provided that they would take in deduction a charming ferme ornée producing an income of two thousand nine hundred and ninety francs, and which, to settle the affair, he would part with to them at a valuation of fifty-five thousand francs.

The man and his wife appeared to be absolutely crazy with joy; and Madame Allut especially, could not contain herself. She committed a thousand extravagances, and could not resist embracing the Abbé, who submitted to the operation with as good a grace as he could command. As for Antoine Allut, carried away by the unexpected flood of prosperity, he at once acknowledged that he knew and would declare the names required—not, however, without a cold fit of hesitation and a secret feeling of terror. But his wife was there—and at his dictation the Abbé wrote the following names—



GERVAIS CHAUBARD, GUILHEM SOLARI, MAT-THIEU LOUPIAN.

The ring was now handed to Allut, and, upon the terms proposed, became the property of the jeweler, who settled the business upon the spot; and four months afterward, to the eternal despair of Allut and his wife, sold the gem to a Turkish merchant for a hundred and two thousand francs.

Of all the malignant passions, revenge alone involves pleasurable sensations, short-lived and dearly purchased as they are. Envy, anger, hatred, and the rest, are all accompanied by pain; but it has passed into a proverb that revenge is sweet.

Difference of price in the mercantile world, especially if it be sudden, often occasions strange changes. One speculator rises upon the ruin of another. He who yesterday reveled in pomp and luxury becomes a pauper to-day. He who is unknown and despised one week-especially in bubble-time—shines a millionaire in the next. In the case before us, the difference caused a murder, and the ruin of Allut and his wife. The jeweler was found in his garden, stabbed to the heart, and when, on suspicion arising, Allut and his wife were sought for, they were nowhere to be found. Time wore on; the murderers of the jeweler were never brought to justice, and the last that was heard of Allut and his wife was that they were living in wretchedness in Greece.

An aged lady one day presented herself at the Café Loupian, and asked for the proprietor, to whom she confided that her family was deeply indebted for eminent services to a poor man ruined by the events of 1814, but so disinterested that he would receive no recompense, and only wished to enter as garçon into an establishment where he would be kindly treated. His name, she said, was Prospère; he was no longer young. and seemed some fifty years old; and if M. Loupian would take him, she would give to his master one hundred francs a month without the knowledge of the garçon.

Loupian accepted the offer. Shortly afterward a sufficiently ugly and ill-dressed man presented himself. Madame Loupian looked hard at him, and it seemed to her for an instant that she had seen this man somewhere before; but upon looking again she could recall no remembrance, and busied with her affairs soon forgot the momentary impression.

The two natives of Nismes regularly frequented this café. One day one of them did not make his appearance, and jokes passed at his absence. The next day came and passed, still he came not. Where could he be? What could he be doing? Guilhem Solari undertook to find out the cause of his absence. returned to the café about nine o'clock in the evening, pale as death, and could scarcely find words to relate that, on the Pont des Arts, at five o'clock on the previous morning, the body of the unfortunate Gervais Chaubard had been went to dinner, but without the amiable bride-

mained in the wound, and on the handle were engraved the words-Number One.

Conjectures were abundant enough; but still all was conjecture. The police moved heaven and earth, but the guilty person contrived to evade all their investigations. Some time after the shocking event, a pointer, a superb dog, belonging to the proprietor of the café, was poisoned, and a young waiter declared that he had seen a customer throw biscuits to the poor beast. This young man gave a description of the suspected customer, who proved to be Loupian's enemy, and who, to annoy him, was in the habit of coming to the café, where Loupian was, in a degree, under the customer's command. An action was brought against the malicious customer, but he satisfactorily proved his innocence by an alibi. He was a supernumerary courier, employed by the post-office, and on the day in question he was proved to be at Strasburg. fortnight afterward Madame Loupian's favorite parrakeet went the way of the poor dog; the bird had been poisoned by bitter almonds and parsley. Naturally enough searching inquiry was recommenced; but without result.

Loupian, by his former marriage, had a daughter, in whose eyes shone her sixteenth summer, and who was beautiful as an angel. A dashing personage saw and loved, and expended extravagant sums to gain to his interest the waiter of the café and the charming girl's bonne. By these means he obtained several interviews with the beauty, and the generous gallant so well plied his suit that the young lady, before she was aware, found herself in the way of becoming a mother before she was a wife. Sinking with shame, she had yet the good sense to avow to her parents the situation in which she found herself by listening to the winning tongue of one whom she represented as a marquis and a millionaire. Her parents were in despair at first; but they took heart, sought, and obtained an interview with monsieur. He did not attempt to deny the paternity; but, on the contrary, expressed his determination to marry their daughter, not without acknowledging his wealth, showing his family tree, and the titles to his estates. The joy and gratitude of the Loupians may be imagined. The marriage took place, and the bridegroom, who appeared anxious to repair the mischief he had done by the splendor and publicity of the ceremony, ordered for the evening a magnificent repast of one hundred and fifty covers at the Cadran-Bleu.

At the hour appointed the guests were assembled; but where was the marquis? Each regarded his neighbor with mute surprise-when a letter arrived. It announced that, in obedience to the commands of the King, the marquis had repaired to the chateau. He apologized for his absence, begged that the company would dine without waiting for him, and informed them that he would take his place by the side of his wife at ten o'clock. Accordingly they found, pierced by a poniard. The weapon re- groom. The bride did not look pleased, though



the guests felicitated her on the enviable position of her husband. The dinner was eaten; and at the dessert a waiter placed under the plate of each guest a letter. All expected an agreeable surprise—a surprise they had. The letters informed them that the husband was a convict escaped from the galleys, and that he had fled.

Fancy the frightful consternation of this wretched family. It appeared like a hideous dream, nor could they realize the situation. Four days after this heavy blow they went to spend their Sunday in the country, with the view of mitigating their grief by change of scene and amusement. During their absence an apartment immediately below the café was set on fire in nine several places. Under pretense of giving assistance, a mob of wretches absolutely gutted the place. The flames raged, and ceased not till the whole house was consumed. Loupian was completely ruined-all his money, credits, and furniture were destroyed or stolen, and nothing remained but a small property belonging to his wife.

Trite, but most true, is the saying, that prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them. The Loupians were not long in discovering the quality of those who had sworn to them eternal friendship. All their friends abandoned them; one alone was found faithful among the faithless-the old waiter, Prospère. He would not quit them; he declared that, as he had shared in their prosperity, he would participate in their adversity. He was admired and lauded as a rare example of fidelity and goodness. A new but very modest café was established, Rue St. Antoine. Thither Solari still repaired. One evening he was seized, on his return home, with excruciating pains; a physician was sent for. He declared that the patient was poisoned; and, notwithstanding every effort, the unfortunate man died in terrible convulsions.

Twelve hours afterward, when, according to custom, the bier was exposed under the entrance of the house where Solari had lodged, a paper was found attached to the black mort-cloth that covered the coffin. On this paper were inscribed the words—Number Two.

Besides the daughter, whose destiny had been so unfortunate, Loupian had a son. This youth, beset by men of bad character, struggled at first against their temptations, but the allurements of abandoned women did what the unaided example of the vicious of the other sex had failed to do, and he gave himself up to debauchery. One night his companions proposed a frolic; the fun was to consist in breaking into a liqueur store, carrying off a dozen bottles, drinking the contents, and paying next day. Eugène Loupian, already half intoxicated, clapped his hands at this proposal. The door of the store was prized open, the bottles were chosen, and each of the hopeful band had pocketed two, when the police, who had received information from a traitor in the camp, pounced upon the six culprits, who were tried, and the ruin-

avec effraction, was pronounced upon them. Royal pity saved the misguided young man from the infamy of the galleys, in spite of the incredible efforts and interest made by some unseen enemy to turn aside the clemency of the Sovereign; but Loupian's son had to undergo an imprisonment of twenty years.

This catastrophe all but completed the ruin and disaster of the Loupians. The wife, she who had been the cynosure of the quarter as la belle et riche Marguerite, died of grief, and without children. The remains of the fortune which she had brought passed from her husband's family, and Loupian and his daughter remained without any resources. Then the honest waiter, who had his savings, came forward and offered them to the young woman—but at what price? Suffice it to say that the wretched daughter, sunk in the extremity of misery, and in the hope of saving her father, accepted the shameful conditions, and became the mistress of Prospère.

Loupian could hardly be said to exist. His misfortunes had shaken his reason. He wandered about sad and solitary. One evening, while he was walking in a sombre alley in the garden of the Tuileries, a man in a mask suddenly presented himself before the distracted wanderer.

"Loupian," said he, "dost thou remember 1807?"

" Why?"

"Knowest thou the crime which thou didst then commit?"

"A crime!"

his NUMBER THREE!"

"An infamous crime! Out of envy thou didst consign thy friend Picaud to a dungeon—dost thou remember?"

"Ah, God has severely punished me for it."
"Not so—but Picaud himself! He, to sate his revenge, stabbed Chaubard on the Pont des Arts. He poisoned Solari. He gave thy daughter a convict for a husband. He laid the snare into which thy son fell. His hand even condescended to destroy the dog of which thou wert so fond, and the parrakeet on which thy wife doated. His hand set fire to thy house. He summoned the robbers to the spoil. He caused thy wife to die of grief—and thy daughter is his concubine. Yes—in thy servant Prospère know Picaud—but only at the moment when he plants

With the last words came a stab, so well aimed at the heart of the victim, and driven so home, that Loupian had only time to utter a feeble cry before he fell dead.

This last act of vengeance accomplished, Picaud turned to leave the garden, when a hand of iron, seizing him by the neck, hurled him to the earth beside the corpse, and before he could recover from his surprise, a man bound him hand and foot, gagged him completely, and then, wrapping him up in his own cloak, carried him hurriedly away.

tion from a traitor in the camp, pounced upon the six culprits, who were tried, and the ruin-ous sentence awarded by the law for vol de nuit giant, as his carrier seemed to him, may be im-



agined. Onward, still onward. Surely he could not have fallen into the power of the police. . . . A gendarme, if he had been complices were near. One summons would have sufficed to bring the sentinels in the neighwhat a singular robber! It could hardly be a piece of pleasantry. These thoughts passed rapidly and doubtfully through the perturbed was, that he had been watched, and had fallen into an ambush.

When the man upon whose shoulders he was thus borne stopped, Picaud calculated that his bearer had walked rapidly nearly half an hour. Enveloped in the cloak, he himself had seen none of the places on his route. When he was freed from his wrapper and the gag he found himself laid on a truckle-bed. The air was thick, and heavy, and stagnant, as if from long confinement, and as he cast his baleful eyes fearfully round him he perceived that he was in a cavern, belonging apparently to an abandoned quarry or mine. It was furnished in some sort; there was a stove, the smoke of which found its way upward through some crannies; an iron lamp threw a fitful and melancholy gleam around, and its lurid light fell full arms in front of Picaud. It was the man who had brought him there.

The murky state of the place, the agitation which shook the body and soul of Picaud, the change which ten years of misery and despair bring upon the human face, forbade the assassin of Loupian to recognize the individual who appeared to him like a phantom. He examined with fascinated stare, and in fearful silence, the withering features and flashing eyes that glared upon him, waiting in agonizing expectation for a word—one word—that might tell him his fate. Ten minutes (which seemed to Picaud hours) passed before either of these men exchanged a

"Well, Picaud," said the other, "what name would you prefer now? Shall it be that which you received from your father, that which you took when you were let out of Fenestrelle-will you be the Abbé Baldini, or the waiter Prospère? Or will your ingenuity furnish a fifth? To thee vengeance doubtless is mere sport. But no; thou shrinkest. Ay, dost thou begin to perceive that thou hast given thyself up to a furious mania, at which thou, thou thyself, wouldst have shuddered, if thou hadst not sold thyself to the demon? Ay, thou art rightthou hast sacrificed the last ten years of thy life in pursuing three wretched men whom thou mightest have spared. Thou canst shudder now. Thou hast committed horrible, most horrible crimes. Thou art lost for ever-and thou hast dragged me into the abyss!"

"Thee-thee! Who art thou?"

"I am thy accomplice—a wretch who, for gold, sold to thee the life of my friends. Thy alone, would not have taken these extraordinary gold hath been fatal to me. The cupidity lightprecautions, even if he had suspected that ac-jed up by thee in my soul has never been extinguished. The thirst of riches made me furious and guilty. I KILLED THE MAN WHO CHEATED borhood to his aid. Was it, then, a ME. I fled with my wife. She died in exile, robber who thus bore him away? But and I-I was arrested, judged-no matter for what-and condemned to the galleys. I underwent exposure, the scourge, and the brand. I know the weight of the chain and the bullet. mind of Picaud; but the only conclusion that At last, having escaped in my turn, it was my the assassin could at last satisfactorily realize will to find and punish this Abbé Baldini, who so well finds and punishes others. I hastened to Naples. He was not known there. I sought for the tomb of Picaud, and I learned that Picaud lived. How did I know this? Neither thou nor the Pope shall force that secret from me. Immediately I set forth in pursuit of this pretended corpse; but when I had found him two assassinations had already signalized his vengeance. The children of Loupian were ruined; his house burned; his fortune destroyed. This very evening I was going to that unfortunate to tell him all; but again thou hast been beforehand with me. The demon gave thee the precedence, and Loupian had fallen under thy blow before God, who conducted me, permitted me to snatch thy last victim from death. What does it signify after all? I HAVE THEE! In my turn I can render unto thee the evil thou upon a figure standing erect and with folded hast done unto me. I have been able to prove to thee that the men of our country have as good arms as they have memories. I AM. ANTOINE Allut l"

Picaud answered not. He took a deep breath, as if for the purpose of raising an outcry, but if he had any such intention it was immediately frustrated by Allut, who again gagged him. As he lay strange thoughts passed through his soul. Sustained up to this moment by the intoxication of vengeance he had in a great degree forgotten his immense fortune, and all the pleasures which it would command. But his revenge was now fed full; now it was time to think of living the life of the rich; and now he had fallen into the hands of a man as implacable as himself. These reflections shot through his brain with the rapidity of a galvanic spark; and in an agony of rage he convulsively bit the gag which Antoine had replaced.

"Nevertheless," thought he, "rich as I am, can not I with fair words, and in any case by making a real sacrifice, get rid of my enemy? I have given more than one hundred thousand francs to learn the names of my victims, can not I give as much, or twice as much, to escape from the peril in which I am?"

But HE to whom vengeance belongeth permitted the thick mist of avarice to obscure the brightness of this thought. The possessor of sixteen millions at least, shrank from giving up the sum which might be demanded. The love of gold, omnipotent in his miserly soul, stifled even the love of life and the voice of the flesh,



which cried for ransom at any price. Gold became his flesh, his blood, his whole existence.

"Oh," thought he in his secret soul, "the poorer I make myself to be, the sooner I shall get out of this hole. No one knows what I possess. I will feign to be on the verge of mendicity—he will let me go for a few crowns—and, once out of his hands, it will not be long before he falls into mine!"

Allut, who had watched him with the eye of a basilisk, an eye that, as it glittered malignantly, seemed to divine what was passing in the miser's mind, now slowly advanced toward him, removed the gag, and again restored his mouth to liberty.

"Where am I?" said he.

"What is that to thee? Thou art in a place where thou mayest look in vain for help or mercy. Thou art mine—mine only, understandest thou, and the slave of my will and of my caprice."

Picaud smiled disdainfully, but his friend said no more. He left him on the mattress where he had laid him, without untying him. Picaud remained silent, but he writhed so as nearly to break the cords which bound him. Allut, without a word, walked up to him, passed round his loins a wide and thick iron belt, and fixed it by three chains to three massive rings driven into the wall. This done, he sat down to his supper of chicken in savory jelly, cold veal, and a Bayonne ham, an Arles sausage, a loaf of the whitest bread, a piece of Gruyère cheese, and a large flask of Chambertin, which, when the cork was drawn, perfumed the cavern.

Allut went on leisurely eating; and as Picaud found that he offered him nothing from the well-spread table,

"I am hungry," said Picaud.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"I have no money."

"Thou hast sixteen millions."

"Thou dreamest," cried Picaud, with a shudder.

"And thou-dream that thou eatest."

Allut quietly fisched his supper. He then rose and departed, nor did he return all night.

About seven o'clock in the morning he again entered and prepared a most appetizing breakfast.

The sight and smell of the food redoubled in Picaud the tortures of hunger. "Give me something to eat," cried he.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"Nothing."

"Very well! We shall see who will be tired first."

Allut sat down and deliberately finished his breakfast. He then rose and went out.

At three in the afternoon he returned. Eight and twenty hours had now passed since Picaud had taken any nourishment. He implored his jailer for mercy, and offered him twenty sous for a pound of bread.

"Listen," said Allut; "these are my conditions. I will give thee two meals a day, and thou shalt pay me for each five and twenty thousand francs."

Picaud howled and writhed upon his mattress; the other remained impassible.

"That is my last word. Choose, take thy time. Thou hadst no mercy for thy friends; and it is my will to have no pity for thee." And again he sat at meat; and again, when he had finished, he rose and left the cavern.

The wretched prisoner passed the rest of the day and the following night in the agonies of hunger and despair: his moral anguish was complete; in his heart was hell. His mental and physical sufferings were so overwhelming that he was seized by tetanus in its most spasmodic form. Soon afterward his reason was affected; and the ray of intellect that animated his brain was all but quenched under the tide of extreme and contending passions and bodily suffering. Human organization can only support a certain amount of torture; and the pitiless Allut, when he returned on the following morning, soon discovered that he had pushed his torments beyond the power of man's endurance. The form that lay before him had become an inert machine, still sensible, indeed, of bodily pain, but incapable of resisting or even of averting it. He saw at once that Picaud was too far gone for him to hope to extract a reasonable word from the exhausted sufferer.

Despair now seized Allut in his turn. Picaud would die without affording any means by which his jailer could appropriate the immense fortune of his victim. Stung to the very soul, Allut lost all self-command. His breast and head resounded with the repeated blows of his own clenched hand, and in his agony he was on the point of dashing his skull against the rugged sides of the cavern, when he perceived, or thought he perceived, a diabolical smile on the livid face of Picaud, and a glance at once malignant and triumphant darting from his glasing eye. Turning his rage on his prisoner, he rushed on him like a wild beast, nor quitted his prey till he left-what had been a man, but was now a lifeless mangled mass.

The murderer then went forth into the murky night.

Not long afterward he passed into England. There he lived in obscurity and poverty, and there a mortal sickness seized him in 1828. He felt that the hand of death was upon him, and sent for a Roman Catholic priest. Awakened by the exhortations of his spiritual adviser to a sense of his condition, he confessed to the horror-stricken ecclesiastic his dreadful crimes, the details of which he dictated; and when the frightful history was written, signed it at the foot of each page, and died reconciled with God, according to the rites of his religion. After his death, the Abbé P—— forwarded to Paris the document wherein the facts narrated were recorded, accompanied by the following letter:



"MONSIEUR LE PRÉPET,-I have the honor to send you the narrative of a great but repentant criminal. He thought, and I agreed with him in that thought, that it might be useful to you to know the series of abominable acts of which this wretched man was cognizant, and in many of which he was both agent and patient. By following the indications furnished by the annexed plan, the subterranean cavern where the remains of the miserable and guilty Picaud lie mouldering may be found.

"God pardons. Men in their pride and hatred pardon not: they seek vengeance, and vengeance crushes them.

"Antoine Allut declared that he sought in vain for any instrument, voucher, or memorandum which might be produced where the funds of his last victim were said to be placed. Before he left Paris, he said, he penetrated by night into the secret apartments of Picaud; but found neither register, title, nor document. Below you will find the description and locality of the two lodgings which Picaud occupied at Paris under feigned names, as stated by Allut.

" Even on the bed of death, and with the full knowledge that he never should quit it alive, Antoine Allut, notwithstanding my urgent entreaties, would not tell me by what means he obtained information of those facts in his narrative of which he was not personally cognizant, or who had told him of the crimes and fortune of Picaud. Only one hour before his death he said to me, 'Mon Pèrc, no man's faith can be more lively than mine, for I have seen and spoken with a soul separated from its body.

"When he said this, there was nothing to indicate that he was suffering under delirium. He appeared to be simply making a confession of his faith, and to be in the full possession of his mental faculties."

The letter terminated with a few words improving the occasion, and the usual compliments; but it was said that the sagacious préfet, albeit a sufficiently good Catholic, dropped a few words significative of his thought that Allut might have picked up the stirring events that marked Picaud's misfortunes and crimes without the aid of a disembodied spirit.

THE LEONARDS.

A NNIE and I sat by the fire. We had extinguished the lamp, for our work being all done there was no longer need of it. We had lately come to regard such little economics. "There is the stage, Annie!"

We hastened through the back gate and the orchard, just as we had done every night for the last ten, Sunday excepted, and knocked at Mr. Colvin's kitchen door. Miss Colvin opened

it herself.

"I was sure it was you," she said, with a pleasant smile; "and here is the letter at last. Better late than never, Miss Annie!"

We just said "Thank you," and hurried back. The lamp was lighted; the letter, so nice-looking with its red waxen seal, was opened and read. The contents were just what we had been hoping for, but tears dimmed Annie's eyes, and her voice choked a little while she read it, and I had to try hard to keep from sobbing outright.

"I am so glad they are asleep," we said, eaning our father and mother. We went to meaning our father and mother. our own little room directly, and then, as we had often done before, we talked over the past and especially the future. In one year, if we should all live, and if Annie's health should and geometry lost their formidable knottiness. endure the change of climate—Annie laughed I have heard Aunt Effie say that my father then—the debt incurred by our father's long ill- was very quick-tempered when a boy. I know

ness would be paid; the dear old home-place would be freed from encumbrance, and then it would be an easy thing for two strong, welleducated girls like us to support two persons of so simple and easily satisfied habits as those of our father and mother, God bless them! and then six hundred dollars a year was really a magnificent salary for a girl of eighteen.

"But only think, Annie, I shall be doing nothing, only making expense, while you are

earning all this!"

"You must not look at it so, Milly; don't you see that I could not go away with half my present courage, if you were not to stay with them? and you will cheer them, and write me such long, dear letters; and you will be preparing to do a great deal more for them, perhaps, than I can. Oh, we have a great deal to be thankful for!"

And we knelt down in the little bedroom and prayed silently. And then, though we had been unusually excited, we soon fell asleep with our arms around each other.

Early the next morning Annie awoke me to the recollection that we were maids of all work that day, and that I was cook. So, dear reader, will it please you to sit down with us? This snowy table-linen I ironed myself. Are not the damask figures brought out finely? I have charge of the old-fashioned silver; is it not bright? And the fragrant coffee, and light, white bisouits, I made myself. In truth I am a little proud of my housekeeping, as people are apt to be of new acquirements; and besides I have so little else to be proud of!

This lady, so fair and so pale, is my mother; the kindest, gentlest, best mother that ever subdued a rampant romp to demure decorum. Pale and thin she was ever since my recollection; but her hair is not so dark as it was ten years ago, when I used to tangle it with pretty little thorny rose-buds. She says always that she is well; and well I believe she is as any one can be who lives, moves, and has her being in three other lives. Four years ago, my father—he who sits on the sofa, to which the breakfasttable has been drawn-was thrown from his gig, and hurt in some dreadful way, so that he has never since been able to ride or to walk without assistance. She then relinquished all occupations that would separate her from him, and since then has rarely been absent from him a single hour.

Annie was fourteen then, and I exactly a year younger. We did every thing in our power-I through Annie's influence-to give our mother perfect freedom from household cares. We left school, but our education was not, therefore, interrupted. After the first few months it seemed rather a pleasure than a toil to our father to instruct us himself. And how much better we got on than in school! Difficulties vanished, or were surmounted. Even algebra



that he was patient as an angel with us, and I to our wont was cheerful, I removed the breakknow that at least one of us must sometimes have tested his power of endurance. Our mother taught us what she knew herself of music and drawing. French and Italian we learned to read and write with ease, but there was no one to give us the right pronunciation.

When we had been our father's pupils for more than two years, there came a letter from Miss Strong, Principal of a school of high standing in one of the Eastern cities, claiming the right of discharging, in part, an old-time obligation by receiving one or both of us into her establishment for as long a time as we could be spared from home. After much consideration, the result was that Annie went for a year and a half. Before her return, I had begun to feel that we were poorer than we used to be, and my busy brain had already devised and rejected as impracticable a thousand schemes for improving our condition.

Annie came home. How lovely she seemed to me! how beautiful, with her clear hazel eyes, and her rich chestnut hair, that when she let it down fell in bright coils to her very feet. And her head sat so daintily on her neck-a little proudly, but she was not proud in the least—the sweet, earnest look of her eyes made you see

I had rather felt than seen clearly what was amiss in our little household. Mr. Wood, a lawyer, had been there several times, and there had come from the post-office some businesslooking letters. Once I heard my father say to my mother that he was no longer of any use. I did not hear her reply, but I could guess what it must be. These items I imparted to my sister soon after her return. However our conjectures were presently ended, for our mother unfolded to us the whole affair. A manufacturing company, at whose head was Mr. Dutton, a leading man in our village, had utterly failed. Mr. Dutton had borrowed money of every one who had it to lend, among others of my father, and now, when this money was required to meet other demands, it was not forthcoming. mortgage of the premises we lived upon had been effected, which averted the immediate pressure. But our mother told us, with a sad smile, that we must hold ourselves in readiness, if need were, to remove to the farm in Surrey. We would willingly live there, we said. We were young and strong, and we could and would earn money. And that same night, after we went to bed, our plan was formed. Annie would go South and teach; Miss Strong would aid her in obtaining a situation; I would stay at home, and with Hannah Wheeler's assistance would relieve my mother of domestic cares.

The very next day a letter was written to Miss Strong, and it was the final arranging of this affair which we so eagerly looked for on every arrival of the mail.

And this brings me back to our breakfast. Our father praised the coffee and the biscuits, and when the meal was over, which according ly obliged to Mr. Poole. And with the five

fast things, and left Annie to unfold her project. She came out half an hour afterward, looking happy, though a little tearful.

"Will they let you go?" I asked.

- "Yes, they will let me go. Miss Strong's letter has done us good service. She tells our mother to have no fears. She knows the people to whom I am to go, and altogether, Milly, I think Providence means me to go."
- "And now, Annie, there is still one thing more to wish for."
- "Yes, and I have a hope of providing for that even."
 - "Is it possible? and how, Annie?"
- "By-and-by, Milly, you shall go with me to Mr. Poole's."

I uttered an exclamation. I had not thought of that. Annie would sell her pretty watch and chain, Miss Strong's parting gift, to obtain for our father the means of procuring better medical advice. She had strong faith that his restoration to health was not impossible.

We went together to Mr. Poole, the watchmaker. Mr. Poole was a little man, old and shrewd, but not void of honesty or good feeling; vet a little close in a bargain.

"Good-morning, Miss Leonard! good-morning, Miss Milicent! what shall I have the pleasure of selling you this morning? a pretty bracelet? a cameo set in pearls? one of these newfashioned shawl-pins?"

No. Annie said. She came rather in the hope that Mr. Poole would himself be the purchaser. And she showed him the pretty enameled watch, with its delicate chain, and said she wanted him to buy them of her.

"You wish to sell me these? and so pretty and suitable as they are for yourself! And what do you expect me to give you for them?"

"I happen to know that they cost a hundred dollars. I want you to give me as near that as you can."

"That, of course, was when they were new," Mr. Poole said.

"They have been in my possession just three weeks, Mr. Poole. You may judge for yourself whether they have been injured at all.'

Mr. Poole wished to inquire if her father was aware. Annie informed him that, on the contrary, her father knew nothing whatever of it.

I had observed a gentleman standing at the other end of the counter, apparently occupied in reading a newspaper. I was sure, just at this juncture, that some telegraphing occurred between himself and Mr. Poole, for the latter, after looking at him a moment, excused himself to us, and approached the stranger. Presently he returned, and resumed his colloquy with Annie. "I think I will take the articles at your price," said he, "unless you would prefer that I should lend you the money on them."

"Oh no! not that," Annie said, with heightened color. She had never borrowed money. She would not like to do that. She was great-



twenty-dollar bills in her little portemonnaie, we recrossed the street and went home.

"Annie," said I, "I do believe it was that gentleman who made Mr. Poole give you the full price, for he was going to offer you less."

Annie thought it was a good thing, however it came about, since we two little misers had the money. "A hundred dollars! Oh Milly! what a world of comfort may come to us from that!"

The day approached when Annie was to go. What a lovely day was the Sunday preceding! There had been a light frost during the night, and the two maples which grew in the yard were changed, one of them to flaming crimson, and the other to a deep, rich orange hue. The firs were greener than ever, and clusters of scarlet berries were thick on the tall mountain-ash. The dahlias just outside the window had been sheltered from the frost, and were glorious; and a group of brilliant roses had burst into bloom within. And then how intensely blue and serene the sky was!

We went to church that morning, Annie and I. It was half a mile thither, so Annie would not wear the new gaiters. . She said her shoes must not wax old for a year to come; she would not treat herself even to a pair of gloves in that time. But how lady-like she looked! I fell behind her a little, on purpose to observe how nicely her brown-gray traveling-dress fitted her lithe figure. Every thing about her was so simple and elegant. Her hat was so light and pretty, so suitable for traveling too. But then it must indeed have been a very ugly hat which could spoil that sweet face, with the rich brown hair around it. Even after we were in church, I could not help secretly comparing her with the Misses Mellen, who were heiresses, and the acknowledged fashionables of our village; and though they were magnificently arrayed in gorgeous brocades, and no end of jewelry and embroidery, yet in my eyes Annie bore the undisputed palm of ladyhood.

There was a gentleman in Mr. Mellen's pew, a stranger, and very fine looking too. I wondered if he were not a suitor of one of the young ladies, and I wondered if he would not see Annie, and think her prettier than either of them. I caught his eye once—grand eyes they were—but he did not look around much, and indeed I began to think my own mind was wandering too far, and I tried a while to control it. In vain! Parson Emerson selected for his text the passage which commemorates the durability of the wearing apparel of the children of Israel, during their wanderings in the desert, and I remembered the text, but nothing else of the discourse.

When the services were finished, as we left the church, I saw the dark-eyed stranger assisting the Misses Mellen into their carriage. When we had come a little way toward home, I recollected that I had left my prayer-book in the pew, so I hastened back for it. In my hurry I almost ran against some one in the pew—the Vol. XIV.—No. 83.—U v

stranger gentleman! and what had he in his hand but my prayer-book, and open at the fly-leaf where my name was written! Then he had observed Annie, and had taken this way to ascertain her name! However, he did not seem at all disconcerted at being detected, but with a cool bow laid down the book, of which I immediately possessed myself, and came away again as hastily as I had entered.

At another time, I should have constructed from these abundant materials a superb chateau en Espagne, but this was Annie's last night at home for a year. Our evening hymn had never sounded so sweet nor so sad as it did that night. The sweetest voice of all would be missing henceforth! In spite of our efforts to be brave, the notes were a little tremulous, and so was our father's voice when he read the evening service. If there was weeping that night, it was all in secret; for each felt the necessity of upholding the others.

The next morning, while the stars were yet winking through the maples, with hasty, loving kisses, Annie said good-by to us, and entering the stage-coach which was to convey her to the railroad station at Keene, she was lost to our view.

I came near feeling desolate. My mother would have had me come and lie down on the sofa in her room, but I feared I should betray how sadly I was feeling, and went to our little bedroom instead. When I had knelt and prayed to God to unite us again in safety and happiness, I was comforted. It began to grow light. There, in a little crystal vase, was a bunch of late violets that Annie had gathered the night before. The room was full of their fragrance. There were the volumes of Mrs. Browning's poems, which Annie would leave, because, as she said, she knew them almost by heart, and I loved them so much. There was her prayerbook, which she had exchanged for mine; an l her writing-desk, prettier than my own, but which she would leave because it stood always in one particular place, and the room would look more natural with it there.

Sunrise brought with it Hannah Wheeler, our new servant; no flaunting young maiden, but a demure matron. Tidy, dexterous, and deft, she took so readily to the ways of the house, that my office was well-nigh a sinecure. In addition to her other excellent traits, she was an incomparable gossip. Arrivals, departures, weddings, funerals, quarrels, and reconciliations. Hannah was au fait to all; and being not chary of her treasures she kept me also very well informed.

A fortnight after Annie's departure two letters arrived, of which this is one:

"DEAR MADAM,—Circumstances require my presence in your vicinity early the ensuing week. The route through Claremont will be quite as convenient to me as any other. I will call at your residence on Tuesday er Wednesday, and will then make the necessary investigation.

Very respectfully,

"EDWARD TRIFFIR."

And this was the other:



"Dear ones at home, think of me as safe, well, and kindly cared for. Every thing, even to the umbrella, ar rived safely at its destination. Mr. Kinnaird was awaiting me in Charleston, so that I was not detained there at all. When we reached here Mrs. Kinnaird was at the door watching for us. She is very quiet and gentle, and wears habitually a patient, sorrowful look, which made me sure that some trouble lay at her heart. It is this: Her eldest child, a girl of fourteen, is incurably afflicted with spinal disease. I did not see her till the third day after I came, for she dreads to meet strangers. When at last I went to her bedside—she rarely sits up—there was so much suffering apparent in her white, emaciated face, and the pale lips which, in a paroxysm of pain, she had compressed with her teeth till they were bleeding, that I could not say a word. She looked at me a little while, and then said, 'You are sorry for me, are you not?' could only say 'Yes,' and kiss the thin little hand. My heart went over to her at once, and I am sure that she, too, is learning to love me. Her name is Lily, and it fits her well, so white she is and so fragile. The next two children are twins, May and Flora; and the other, a boy of seven, whose name is Temple. Mrs. Kinnaird tells me that the Dr. Temple, from whose skill we hope so much for you, dear father, is her half-brother. He is coming here in the spring to visit poor Lily. I shall not need to wait till then to know what he can do for you. God grant it may be all we hope! I think of you all so much it is hardly like being away from home. Courage, little Sister Milly! one week, two, are already gone. thousand blessings on you, dear ones all! ANNIE."

Now this letter from Annie gave me courage to present the other to my father. When he had read it he said:

"Do you know, Milly, that the opinion of a physician in Dr. Temple's standing is an expensive affair?"

I assured him that I was provided with abundant means, and then, of course, it came out all about the watch. I saw my father look at my mother with a tremulous kind of smile: one of those looks which I think the angels may sometimes give each other.

Well, the very next day was Tuesday. The whole day long I could scarcely withdraw myself from the window. However Dr. Temple did not come. The next morning, a little while after our late breakfast, there came a ring at the door. I opened it myself. It was the same gentleman—I knew him in a moment—whom I had met in the church. He gave me a card, and when I saw on it "Dr. EDWARD TEMPLE," I suppose I must have gone quite white, for, with the thought of how much was depending on this visit, the room darkened around me. But he—to put me at ease, I think—took no notice, only making some inquiries about my father, and presently, when all was ready, went into his room. I looked at the clock on the mantle-piece. It was ten. I would wait patiently half an hour, I said; and I walked the floor, for I could not keep still. In less than half an hour he came out. I had sat down then, for I could no longer stand. As well as I could, for I shook from head to foot, I asked him what he had told them.

"I am their daughter," I said, thinking he hesitated.

"I know it," he replied, with a smile that had a wonderful power, for it seemed to calm me. "I told them that there was hope of amendment. But, Miss Leonard," he added.

"I shall remain here several days, and unless you are careful I shall have two patients on my hands instead of one. Besides," he continued, "your father requires freedom from excitement."

The words fell on my sense distinctly enough, but I could not altogether take their meaning. I repeated to myself what he had said. He had seemed as if going, but again hesitated.

"Miss Leonard," said he, "will you get your bonnet and come out with me? I want to ask you some questions."

He made me give him, so far as I knew, all the particulars of my father's injuries, and spoke of his recovery even more confidently than before. This hope growing strong in my own mind carried away before it all my self-control. I burst into tears. He was there, a stranger, but I did not care. He was silent; I did not trouble myself about what he thought. I soon grew calm again, and then I tried a little to excuse myself.

"It is the best thing that could have huppened," said he, gently. "It has probably saved you a serious illness."

Until my heart was thus lightened I did not know what a weight had been on it.

What letters I could write to Annie now! In a few days it was evident that our father was improving under the new treatment.

Dr. Temple was the kindest, most assiduous of attendants. During the week or two that he remained in our neighborhood he came to the house several times each day. How grateful I felt to him for what he had done! His whole demeanor, too, took one's respect and confidence entirely. Before many days I had told him of Annie—how generous she was, how lovely every way. I had shown him her picture, and told him that even that had not a tithe of her actual beauty. I had shown him a tress of her hair, and made him remark its exceeding length and golden, wavy lustre. I told him of the books she best loved, and indeed did all in my power to make him acquainted with her, thereby to make good to him the loss he sustained in her absence.

Three times in the course of the winter, Dr. Temple was in our village again. My father continued to improve, and in the spring his amendment was complete. When he asked for his bill, its amount was so insignificant in comparison with what we had expected, that if we had not always most carefully kept our poverty to ourselves, we should have thought Dr. Temple had, perhaps, been aware of it. But then we recollected that he did not at first come to Claremont expressly to see my father. Perhaps he had never come expressly for that. I had seen him with those rich but commonplace Mellens. Was it possibly one of those young ladies that drew him here? I did not like this idea at all.

me. "I told them that there was hope of amendment. But, Miss Leonard," he added, evening in April, as I entered the house with



my hands full of snowdrops and white and Temple would go South. purple crocuses, "that Dr. Temple is come with him, and see Annie? again!" love to go! If Aunt Efficient

"Is he, indeed!" said I, with undisguised

pleasure. "I am glad of it."

"I don't see why you should be glad," rejoined Hannah, a little tartly. "They say he is going to be married to that red-haired Miss Mellen, or else the cross-eyed one. If I was such a wonderful doctor, I would cure her first. But he is going to marry one of them this summer."

"Oh, Hannah!" I exclaimed; "impossible!"

Further discussion of the question was precluded by the appearance at the front gate of Doctor Temple himself. I was glad it was a little dusk, for I dare say I should have looked confused. One always does when the person of whom one is speaking comes unexpectedly.

"My father and mother are gone away tonight," I said, by way of conversation, as, declining the chair I placed near the fire, he seated himself beside me on the sofa.

"I know it," he said. "I came to see you, Milly."

"Indeed! then you shall be rewarded." And I gave him the flowers I was still holding. He took them, and the hand that held them.

"I have been many times before to see you," he said. "What shall be my recompense for that?"

"Me?" I said, simply because I did not know what to say.

"Yourself, Milly; none other. Did you not know it?"

I answered honestly that I did not.

And then, in the pleasant spring evening, he told me how I had never been absent from his mind since the morning I saw him in the church. He had never had a thought of the Misses Mellen. His visit there had been altogether professional.

My life had always been a pleasant one, but I had never dreamed of such happiness as I felt that evening, when Doctor Temple, so good, so wise, so endeared as through his kindness he had become to us all, told me that he loved me, and asked me to be his little wife. And when I did not at first answer, because I could not, only I drew his hand to my lips and kissed it, he took me in his arms and held me close, close. He laid his cheek against my own, and told me of the quiet, bright future that, with God's help, lay before us.

And then I understood how it is possible to love another better than life, and yet be unaware of it. We talked of my father and mother; he had their entire consent to win me if he could. With health fully restored, my father was not likely to be straitened again.

We talked of Annie. Next week Doctor bor.

Temple would go South. Would I not go with him, and see Annie? I would dearly love to go! If Aunt Effie would come and stay with my mother during my absence. Only my wardrobe—but that was no matter. How long would he be away? Less than two weeks, he said. But did I understand?—it was as his wife I was to go.

And positively, then and there, Doctor Edward Temple made me see clearly how his life, which had been so poor and lonely, would be made rich and beautiful by my compliance; how inhuman and unlike myself it would be to withhold my consent; how much better, for a thousand reasons, it would be that I should yield an unhesitating acquiescence to any propositions whatever, and however preposterous, he might choose to lay before me, that I finally then, and ever after, allowed him to arrange all important points according to his own sovereign pleasure—a mode of procedure which, from its peaceful results, I would cordially recommend to all my married sisters.

The fairest and brightest of spring mornings shone on our wedding. As I tied on my traveling hat, little brown gipsy that I was, I could not see, not then nor ever since, what it was that won for me Edward Temple's love. I only know that it has been unfailing, unvarying, the glory of my life.

We did not take Annie by surprise so much as I had thought. She affirmed that my letters had prepared her for just such a dénouement! We would fain have taken her back with us, now that the necessity for her absence was removed, but she would not break faith with the kind Southerners. Especially she would not leave the poor sufferer, Lily, for whom, my husband said, was no earthly help. So we left her there, brave and cheerful as ever, and all the happier for our happiness.

Before the summer was through, poor Lily had gone to rest. She died blessing Annie, whose loving cares had lightened much of her pain, and whose gentle piety had led her to trust in God.

The autumn brought Annie home. Our birthday, the same for both of us, the last of September, we kept in the old homestead. And when Annie awoke in the morning, there, in its little morocco case on the bureau, lay her watch with its chain—once more a gift, and this time from my husband, who had been its real purchaser when Mr. Poole so won our gratitude. A happy day that was; sunny and calm out of doors and just so within. My mother, too—the dearest mother in all the world—happiness had brought increased strength to her.

Annie did not go South again, neither does she live at home any longer. She is the wife of my much respected brother-in-law, Frank Temple, Esq., and my own next-door neighbor.



LITTLE DORRIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LV. — THE STORMING OF THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

THE sun had gone down full four hours, and L it was later than most travelers would like it to be for finding themselves outside the walls of Rome, when Mr. Dorrit's carriage, still on its last wearisome stage, rattled over the solitary Campagna. The savage herdsmen and the fierce-looking peasants, who had checkered the way while the light lasted, had all gone down with the sun, and left the wilderness blank. At some turns of the road, a pale flare on the horizon, like an exhalation from the ruin-sown land, showed that the city was yet far off; but this poor relief was rare and short-lived. The carriage dipped down again into a hollow of the black'dry sea, and for a long time there was nothing visible save its petrified swell and the gloomy sky.

Mr. Dorrit, though he had his castle-building to engage his mind, could not be quite easy in that desolate place. He was far more curious, in every swerve of the carriage and every cry of the postillions, than he had been since he quitted London. The valet on the box evidently quaked. The courier in the rumble was not altogether comfortable in his mind. As often as Mr. Dorrit let down the glass, and looked back at him (which was very often), he saw him smoking John Chivery out, it is true, but still generally standing up the while and looking about him, like a man who had his suspicions, and kept upon his guard. Then would Mr. Dorrit, pulling up the glass again, reflect that those postillions were cut-throat looking fellows, and that he would have done better to have slept at Civita Vecchia, and have started betimes in the morning. But, for all this, he worked at his castle in the intervals.

And now, fragments of ruinous inclosure, yawning window-gap and crazy wall, deserted houses, leaking wells, broken water-tanks, spectral cypress-trees, patches of tangled vine, and the changing of the track to a long, irregular, disordered lane, where every thing was crumbling away, from the unsightly buildings to the jolting road—now, these objects showed that they were nearing Rome. And now, a sudden twist and stoppage of the carriage inspired Mr. Dorrit with the mistrust that the brigand moment was come for twisting him into a ditch and robbing him; until, letting down the glass again and looking out, he perceived himself assailed by nothing worse than a funeral procession, which came mechanically chaunting by, with an indistinct show of dirty vestments, lurid torches, swinging censers, and a great cross borne before a priest. He was an ugly priest by torch-light; of a lowering aspect, with an overhanging brow; and as his eyes met those of Mr. Dorrit, looking bareheaded out of the carriage, his lips, moving as they chaunted, seemed to threaten that im-

which was in fact his manner of returning the traveler's salutation, seemed to come in aid of that menace. So thought Mr. Dorrit, made fanciful by the weariness of building and traveling, as the priest drifted past him, and the procession straggled away, taking its dead along with it. Upon their so-different way went Mr. Dorrit's company too; and soon, with their coach-load of luxuries from the two great capitals of Europe, they were (like the Goths reversed) beating at the gates of Rome.

Mr. Dorrit was not expected by his own people that night. He had been; but, they had given him up until to-morrow, not doubting that it was later than he would care, in those parts, to be out. Thus, when his equipage stopped at his own gate, no one but the porter appeared to receive him. Was Miss Dorrit from home? he asked. No. She was within. Good, said Mr. Dorrit to the assembling servants; let them keep where they were; let them help to unload the carriage; he would find Miss Dorrit for himself.

So he went up his grand staircase, slowly, and tired, and looked into various chambers which were empty, until he saw a light in a small ante-room. It was a curtained nook, like a tent, within two other rooms; and it looked warm, and bright in color, as he approached it through the dark avenue they made.

There was a draped door-way, but no door; and as he stopped here, looking in unseen, he felt a pang. Surely not like jealousy? For why like jealousy? There were only his daughter and his brother there: he, with his chair drawn to the hearth, enjoying the warmth of the evening wood-fire; she, seated at a little table, busied with some embroidery-work. Allowing for the great difference in the still-life of the picture, the figures were much the same as of old; his brother being sufficiently like himself to represent himself, for a moment, in the composition. So had he sat many a night, over a coal-fire far away; so had she sat, devoted to him. Yet surely there was nothing to be jealous of in the old miserable poverty. Whence, then, the pang in his heart?

"Do you know, uncle, I think you are growing young again?"

Hor uncle shook his head, and said, "Since when, my dear; since when?"

"I think," returned Little Dorrit, plying her needlo, "that you have been growing younger for weeks past. So cheerful, uncle, and so ready, and so interested!"

- "My dear child-all you."
- "All me, uncle!"
- "Yes, yes. You have done me a world of good. You have been so considerate of me, and so tender with me, and so delicate in trying to hide your attentions from me, that I—well, well, well! It's treasured up, my darling, treasured up."

as they chaunted, seemed to threaten that important traveler; likewise the action of his hand, fancy, uncle," said Little Dorrit, cheerfully.



"Well, well, well!" murmured the old man. "Thank God!"

She paused for an instant in her work to look at him, and her look revived that former pain in her father's breast; in his poor weak breast, so full of contradictions, vacillations, inconsistencies, the little peevish perplexities of this ignorant life, mists which the morning without a night only can clear away.

"I have been freer with you, you see, my dove," said the old man, "since we have been alone. I say, alone, for I don't count Mrs. General; I don't care for her; she has nothing to do with me. But I know Fanny was impatient of me. And I don't wonder at it, or complain of it, for I am sensible that I must be in the way, though I try to keep out of it as well as I can. I know I am not fit company for our company. My brother William," said the old man, admiringly, "is fit company for monarchs; but not so your uncle, my dear. Frederick Dorrit is no credit to William Dorrit, and he knows it quite well. Ah! Why, here's your father, Amy! My dear William, welcome back! My beloved brother, I am rejoiced to see you!"

(Turning his head in speaking, he had caught sight of him as he stood in the doorway.)

Little Dorrit, with a cry of pleasure, put her arms about her father's neck, and kissed him again and again. Her father was a little impatient, and a little querulous. "I am glad to find you at last, Amy," he said. "Ha. Really I am glad to find—hum—any one to receive me at last. I appear to have been-ha-so little expected, that, upon my word, I began-ha hum -to think it might be right to offer an apology for-ha-taking the liberty of coming back at all."

"It was so late, my dear William," said his brother, "that we had given you up for tonight."

"I am stronger than you, dear Frederick," returned his brother, with an elaboration of fraternity in which there was severity; "and I hope I can travel without detriment at-haany hour I choose."

"Surely, surely," returned the other, with a misgiving that he had given offense. "Surely, William.'

"Thank you, Amy," pursued Mr. Dorrit, as she helped him to put off his wrappers. can do it without assistance. I-ha-need not trouble you, Amy. Could I have a morsel of bread and a glass of wine, or-hum-would it cause too much inconvenience?"

"Dear father, you shall have supper in a very few minutes."

"Thank you, my love," said Mr. Dorrit, with a reproachful frost upon him; "I-ha-am afraid I am causing inconvenience. Hum. Mrs. General pretty well?"

"Mrs. General complained of a headache, and of being fatigued; and so, when we gave you up, she went to bed, dear."

eral had done well in being overcome by the disappointment of his not arriving. At any rate, his face relaxed, and he said, with obvious satisfaction, "Extremely sorry to hear that Mrs. General is not well."

During this short dialogue, his daughter had been observant of him, with something more than her usual interest. It would seem as though he had a changed or worn appearance in her eyes, and he perceived and resented it; for he said, with renewed peevishness, when he had divested himself of his traveling cloak, and had come to the fire,

"Amy, what are you looking at? What do you see in me that causes you to-ha-concentrate your solicitude on me in that-hum-very particular manner?"

"I did not know it, father; I beg your pardon. It gladdens my eyes to see you again;

"Don't say that's all, because—ha—that's not all.. You-hum-you think," said Mr. Dorrit, with an accusatory emphasis, "that I am not looking well."

"I thought you looked a little tired, love."

"Then you are mistaken," said Mr. Dorrit. "Ha, I am not tired. Ha, hum. I am very much fresher than I was when I went away."

He was so inclined to be angry that she said nothing more in her justification, but remained quietly beside him, embracing his arm. As he stood thus, with his brother on the other side, he fell into a heavy doze of not a minute's duration, and awoke with a start.

"Frederick," he said, turning on his brother, "I recommend you to go to bed immediately."

"No, William. I'll wait and see you sup." "Frederick," he retorted, "I beg you to go to bed. I-ha-make it a personal request that you go to bed. You ought to have been in bed long ago. You are very feeble."

"Ha!" said the old man, who had no wish but to please him. "Well, well, well! I dare say I am."

"My dear Frederick," returned Mr. Dorrit, with an astonishing superiority to his brother's failing powers, "there can be no doubt of it. It is painful to me to see you so weak. Ha. It distresses me. Hum. I don't find you looking at all well. You are not fit for this sort of thing. You should be more careful, you should be very careful."

"Shall I go to bed?" asked Frederick.

"Dear Frederick," said Mr. Dorrit, "do, I adjure you! Good-night, brother. I hope you will be stronger to-morrow. I am not at all pleased with your looks. Good-night, dear fellow!" After dismissing his brother in this gracions way, he fell into a doze again, before the old man was well out of the room; and he would have stumbled forward upon the logs, but for his daughter's restraining hold.

"Your uncle wanders very much, Amy," he said, when he was thus roused. "He is less-Perhaps Mr. Dorrit thought that Mrs. Gen- ha-coherent, and his conversation is more-



hum—broken, than I have—ha hum—ever Merdle kept, and of the Court that bowed be-known. Has he had any illness since I have fore him, naturally brought him to Mrs. Merdle. So naturally indeed, that although there was an

"No, father."

"You—ha—see a great change in him, Amy?"

"I had not observed it, dear."

"Greatly broken," said Mr. Dorrit. "Greatly broken. My poor, affectionate, failing Frederick! Ha. Even taking into account what he was before, he is—hum—sadly broken!"

His supper, which was brought to him there, and spread upon the little table where he had seen her working, diverted his attention. She sat at his side as in the days that were gone, for the first time since those days ended. They were alone, and she helped him to his meat and poured out his drink for him, as she had been used to do in the prison. All this happened now for the first time since their accession to wealth. She was afraid to look at him much. after the offense he had taken; but she noticed two occasions in the course of his meal when he all of a sudden looked at her, and looked about him, as if the association were so strong that he needed assurance from his sense of sight that they were not in the old prison-room. Both times he put his hand to his head as if he missed his old black cap-though it had been ignominiously given away in the Marshalsea, and had never got free to that hour, but still hovered about the yards on the head of his successor.

He took very little supper, but was a long time over it, and often reverted to his brother's declining state. Though he expressed the greatest pity for him, he was almost bitter upon him. He said that poor Frederick—ha hum—driveled. There was no other word to express it; driveled. Poor fellow! It was melancholy to reflect what Amy must have undergone from the excessive tediousness of his society—wandering and babbling on, poor dear estimable creature! wandering and babbling on—if it had not been for the relief she had had in Mrs. General. Extremely sorry, he then repeated with his former satisfaction, that that—ha—superior woman was poorly.

Little Dorrit, in her watchful love, would have remembered the lightest thing he said or did that night, though she had had no subsequent reason to recall that night. She always remembered, that when he looked about him under the strong influence of the old association, he tried to keep it out of her mind, and perhaps out of his own too, by immediately expatiating on the great riches and great company that had encompassed him in his absence, and on the lofty position he and his family had to sustain. Nor did she fail to recall that there were two undercurrents, side by side, pervading all his discourse and all his manner; one, showing her how well he had got on without her, and how independent he was of her; the other, in a fitful and unintelligible way almost complaining of her, as if it had been possible that she had neglected him while he was away.

His telling her of the glorious state that Mr.

Merdle kept, and of the Court that bowed before him, naturally brought him to Mrs. Merdle. So naturally indeed, that although there was an unusual want of sequence in the greater part of his remarks, he passed to her at once, and asked how she was.

"She is very well. She is going away next week."

"Home?" asked Mr. Dorrit.

"After a few weeks' stay upon the toad."

"She will be a vast loss here," said Mr. Dorrit. "A vast—ha—acquisition at home. To Fanny, and to—hum—the rest of the—ha—great world."

Little Dorrit thought of the competition that was to be entered upon, and assented very softly.

"Mrs. Merdle is going to have a great farewell Assembly, dear, and a dinner before it. She has been expressing her anxiety that you should return in time. She has invited both you and me to her dinner."

"She is—ha—very kind. When is the day?"
"The day after to-morrow."

"Write round in the morning, and say that I have returned, and shall—hum—be delighted."
"May I walk with you up the stairs to your

room, dear?"

"No!" he answered, looking angrily round; for he was moving away, as if forgetful of leavetaking. "You may not, Amy. I want no help. I am your father, not your infirm uncle!" He checked himself, as abruptly as he had broken into this reply, and said, "You have not kissed me, Amy. Good-night, my dear! We must marry-ha-we must marry you, now." With that he went, more slowly and more tired, up the staircase to his rooms, and, almost as soon as he got there, dismissed his valet. His next care was to look about him for his Paris purchases, and, after opening their cases and carefully surveying them, to put them away under lock and key. After that, what with dozing and what with castle-building, he lost himself for a long time, so that there was a touch of morning on the eastward rim of the desolate Campagna when he crept to bed.

Mrs. General sent up her compliments in good time next day, and hoped he had rested well after his fatiguing journey. He sent down his compliments, and begged to inform Mrs. General that he had rested very well indeed, and was in high condition. Nevertheless, he did not come forth from his own rooms until late in the afternoon; and, although he then caused himself to be magnificently arrayed for a drive with Mrs. General and his daughter, his appearance was scarcely up to his description of himself.

As the family had no visitors that day, its four members dined alone together. He conducted Mrs. General to the seat at his right hand, with immense ceremony; and Little Dorrit could not but notice, as she followed with her uncle, both that he was again elaborately dressed, and that his manner toward Mrs. General was



very particular. The perfect formation of that accomplished lady's surface rendered it difficult to displace an atom of its genteel glaze, but Little Dorrit thought she descried a slight thaw of triumph in a corner of her frosty

Notwithstanding what may be called in these pages the Pruney and Prismatic nature of the family banquet, Mr. Dorrit several times fell asleep while it was in progress. His fits of dozing were as sudden as they had been overnight, and were as short and profound. When the first of these slumberings seized him, Mrs. General looked almost amazed: but, on each recurrence of the symptoms, she told her polite beads, Papa, Potatoes, Poultry, Prunes, and Prism; and, by dint of going through that infallible performance very slowly, appeared to finish her rosary at about the same time as Mr. Dorrit started from his sleep.

He was again painfully aware of a somnolent tendency in Frederick (which had no existence out of his own imagination), and after dinner, when Frederick had withdrawn, privately apologized to Mrs. General for the poor man. "The most estimable and affectionate of brothers," he said, "but-ha hum-broken up altogether. Unhappily, declining fast."

"Mr. Frederick, Sir," quoth Mrs. General, "is habitually absent and drooping, but let us

hope it is not so bad as that."

Mr. Dorrit, however, was determined not to let him off. "Fast declining, madam. A wreck. A ruin. Mouldering away, before our eyes. Hum. Good Frederick!"

"You left Mrs. Sparkler quite well and happy, I trust?" said Mrs. General, after heaving a cool

sigh for Frederick.

"Surrounded," replied Mr. Dorrit, "by-ha - all that can charm the taste, and-humelevate the mind. Happy, my dear madam, in a-hum-husband."

Mrs. General was a little fluttered; seeming delicately to put the word away with her gloves, as if there were no knowing what it might lead

"Fanny," Mr. Dorrit continued, "Fanny, Mrs. General, has high qualities. Ha! Ambitionhum-purpose, consciousness of-ha-position, determination to support that position—ha hum -grace, beauty, and native nobility."

"No doubt," said Mrs. General, with a little extra stiffness.

"Combined with these qualities, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "Fanny has-ha-manifested one blemish which has made me-hum-made me uneasy, and—ha—I must add, angry; but which, I trust, may now be considered at an end, even as to herself, and which is undoubtedly at an end as to-ha-others."

"To what, Mr. Dorrit," returned Mrs. General, with her gloves again somewhat excited, "can you allude? I am at a loss to-"

"Do not say that, my dear madam," interrupted Mr. Dorrit.

Mrs. General's voice, as it died away, pronounced the words, "at a loss to imagine."

After which, Mr. Dorrit was seized with a doze for about a minute, out of which he sprang with spasmodic nimbleness.

"I refer, Mrs. General, to that—ha—strong spirit of opposition, or-hum-I might say-ha -jealousy in Fanny, which has occasionally risen against the-ha-sense I entertain ofhum—the claims of—ha—the lady with whom I have now the honor of communing."

"Mr. Dorrit," returned Mrs. General, "is ever but too obliging, ever but too appreciative. If there have been moments when I have imagined that Miss Dorrit has indeed resented the favorable opinion Mr. Dorrit has formed of my services, I have found, in that only too high opinion, my consolation and recompense."

"Opinion of your services, madam?" said Mr. Dorrit.

"Of," Mrs. General repeated, in an elegantly impressive manner, "my services."

"Of your services alone, dear madam?" said Mr. Dorrit.

"I presume," retorted Mrs. General, in her former impressive manner, "of my services alone. For to what else," said Mrs. General, with a slightly interrogative action of her gloves, "could I impute-"

"To-ha-yourself, Mrs. General. Ha hum. To yourself and your merits," was Mr. Dorrit's

rejoinder.

"Mr. Dorrit will pardon me," said Mrs. General, "if I remark that this is not a time or place for the pursuit of the present conversation. Mr. Dorrit will excuse me if I remind him that Miss Dorrit is in the adjoining room, and is visible to myself while I utter her name. Mr. Dorrit will forgive me if I observe that I am agitated, and that I find there are moments when weaknesses I supposed myself to have subdued return with redoubled power. Mr. Dorrit will allow me to withdraw.'

"Hum. Perhaps we may resume this-hainteresting conversation," said Mr. Dorrit, "at another time; unless it should be, what I hope it is not-hum-in any way disagreeable toha-Mrs. General."

"Mr. Dorrit," said Mrs. General, casting down her eyes as she rose with a bend, "must ever claim my homage and obedience."

Mrs. General then took herself off in a stately way, and not with that amount of trepidation upon her which might have been expected in a less remarkable woman. Mr. Dorrit, who had conducted his part of the dialogue with a certain majestic and admiring condescensionmuch as some people may be seen to conduct themselves in church, and to perform their part in the service-appeared, on the whole, very well satisfied with himself and with Mrs. General too. On the return of that lady to tea, she had touched herself up with a little powder and pomatum, and was not without moral enhancement, likewise; the latter showing itself



in much sweet patronage of manner toward Miss Dorrit, and in an air of as tender interest in Mr. Dorrit as was consistent with rigid propriety. At the close of the evening, when she rose to retire, Mr. Dorrit took her by the hand, as if he were going to lead her out into the Piazza of the People to walk a minuet by moonlight, and with great solemnity conducted her to the room door, where he raised her knuckles to his lips. Having parted from her with what may be conjectured to have been a rather bony kiss, of a cosmetic flavor, he gave his daughter And having thus his blessing, graciously. hinted that there was something remarkable in the wind, he again went to bed.

He remained in the seclusion of his own chamber next morning; but, early in the afternoon, sent down his best compliments to Mrs. General, by Mr. Tinkler, and begged she would accompany Miss Dorrit on an airing without him. His daughter was dressed for Mrs. Merdle's dinner before he appeared. He then presented himself, in a refulgent condition as to his attire, but looking indefinably shrunken and old. However, as he was plainly determined to be angry with her if she so much as asked him how he was, she only ventured to kiss his cheek, before accompanying him to Mrs. Merdle's with an anxious heart.

The distance that they had to go was very short, but he was at his building work again before the carriage had half traversed it. Mrs. Mardle received him with great distinction; the bosom was in admirable preservation, and on the best terms with itself; the dinner was very choice; and the company was very select.

It was principally English, saving that it comprised the usual French Count and the usual Italian Marchese—decorative social milestones, always to be found in certain places, and varying very little in appearance. The table was long, and the dinner was long; and Little Dorrit, overshadowed by a large pair of black whiskers and a large white cravat, lost sight of her father altogether, until a servant put a scrap of paper in her hand, with a whispered request from Mrs. Merdle that she would read it directly. Mrs. Merdle had written on it in pencil, "Pray come and speak to Mr. Dorrit. I doubt if he is well."

She was hurrying to him, unobserved, when he got up out of his chair, and leaning over the table, called to her, supposing her to be still in her place:

"Amy, Amy, my child!"

The action was so unusual, to say nothing of his strange eager appearance and strange eager voice, that it instantaneously caused a profound silence.

"Amy, my dear," he repeated. "Will you go and see if Bob is on the lock!"

She was at his side, and touching him, but he still perversely supposed her to be in her seat, and called out, still leaning over the table, "Amy, Amy. I don't feel quite myself. Ha. I don't to uphold a Tone here—a Tone—I beg it to be

know what's the matter with me. I particularly wish to see Bob. Ha. Of all the turnkeys, he's as much my friend as yours. See if Bob is in the lodge, and beg him to come to me."

All the guests were now in consternation, and every body rose.

"Dear father, I am not there; I am here, by you."

"Oh! You are here, Amy! Good. Hum. Good. Ha. Call Bob. If he has been relieved, and is not on the lock, tell Mrs. Bangham to go and fetch him."

She was gently trying to get him away; but he resisted, and would not go.

"I tell you, child," he said, petulantly, "I can't be got up the narrow stairs without Bob. Ha. Send for Bob. Hum. Send for Bob—best of all the turnkeys—send for Bob!"

He looked confusedly about him, and, becoming conscious of the number of faces by which he was surrounded, addressed them:

Ladies and gentlemen, the duty—ha—devolves upon me of-hum-welcoming you to the Marshalsea. Welcome to the Marshalsea! The space is - ha-limited - limited - the parade might be wider; but you will find it apparently grow larger after a time—a time, ladies and gentlemen-and the air is, all things considered, very good. It blows over the-ha-Surrey hills. Blows over the Surrey hills. This is the Snuggery. Hum. Supported by a small subscription of the-ha-Collegiate body. In return for which—hot water—general kitchen—and little domestic advantages. Those who are habituated to the-ha-Marshalsea, are pleased to call me its Father. I am accustomed to be complimented by strangers as the-ha-Father of the Marshalsea. Certainly, if years of residence may establish a claim to so-ha-honorable a title, I may accept the-hum-conferred distinction. My child, ladies and gentlemen. My daughter. Born here!"

She was not ashamed of it, or ashamed of him. She was pale and frightened; but she had no other care than to soothe him and get him away, for his own dear sake. She was between him and the wondering faces, turned round upon his breast with her own face raised to his. He held her clasped in his left arm, and between whiles her low voice was heard tenderly imploring him to go away with her.

"Born here," he repeated, shedding tears.

"Bred here. Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter. Child of an unfortunate father, but—ha—always a gentleman. Poor, no doubt, but—hum—proud. Always proud. It has become a—hum—not infrequent custom for my—ha—personal admirers—personal admirers solely—to be pleased to express their desire to acknowledge my semi-official position here, by offering—ha—little tributes, which usually take the form of—ha—Testimonials—pecuniary Testimonials. In the acceptance of those—ha—voluntary recognitions of my humble endeavors to—hum—to uphold a Tone here—a Tone—I beg it to be



promised. Ha. Not compromised. Ha. Not a beggar. No; I repudiate the title! At the same time far be it from me to-hum-to put upon the fine feelings by which my partial friends are actuated the slight of scrupling to admit that those offerings are—hum—highly acceptable. On the contrary, they are most accepta- drawal of the greater part of the company into

ble. In my child's name, if not in my own, I make the admission in the fullest manner, at the same time reserving-ha-shall I say my personal dignity? Ladies and gentlemen, God bless you all!"

By this time, the exceeding mortification undergone by the Bosom had occasioned the with-



other rooms. The few who had lingered thus long followed the rest, and Little Dorrit and her father were left to the servants and themselves. Dearest and most precious to her, he would come with her now, would he not? He replied to her fervid entreaties, that he would never be able to get up the narrow stairs without Bob, where was Bob, would nobody fetch Bob! Under pretense of looking for Bob, she got him out against the stream of gay company now pouring in for the evening assembly, and got him into a coach that had just set down its load, and got him home.

The broad stairs of his Roman palace were contracted in his failing sight to the narrow stairs of his London prison; and he would suffer no one but her to touch him, his brother excepted. They got him up to his room without help, and laid him down on his bed. And from that hour his poor maimed spirit, only remembering the place where it had broken its wings, canceled the dream through which it had since groped, and knew of nothing beyond the Marshalsea. When he heard footsteps in the street, he took them for the old weary tread in the yards. When the hour came for locking up, he supposed all strangers to be excluded for the night. When the time for opening came again, he was so anxious to see Bob that they were fain to patch up a narrative how that Bobmany a year dead then, gentle turnkey-had taken cold, but hoped to be out to-morrow, or the next day, or the next at furthest.

He fell away into a weakness so extreme that he could not raise his hand. But he still protected his brother according to his long usage; and would say with some complacency, fifty times a day, when he saw him standing by his bed, "My good Frederick, sit down. You are very feeble indeed."

They tried him with Mrs. General, but he had not the faintest knowledge of her. Some injurious suspicion lodged itself in his brain, that she wanted to supplant Mrs. Bangham, and that she was given to drinking. He charged her with it in no measured terms; and was so urgent with his daughter to go round to the Marshal and entreat him to turn her out, that she was never reproduced after the first failure.

Saving that he once asked "If Tip had gone outside?" the remembrance of his two children not present, seemed to have departed from him. But the child who had done so much for him and had been so poorly repaid, was never out of his mind. Not that he spared her, or was fearful of her being spent by watching and fatigue; he was not more troubled on that score than he had usually been. No; he loved her in his old way. They were in the jail again, and she tended him, and he had constant need of her, and could not turn without her; and he even told her, sometimes, that he was content to have undergone a great deal for her sake. As to her, she bent over his bed with her quiet face against his, and would have laid down her own life to restore him.

When he had been sinking in this painless way for two or three days, she observed him to be troubled by the ticking of his watch—a pompous gold watch that made as great a to-do about its going, as if nothing else went but itself and Time. She suffered it to run down; but he was still uneasy, and showed that was not what he wanted. At length he roused himself to explain that he wanted money to be raised on this watch. He was quite pleased when she pretended to take it away for the purpose, and afterward had a relish for his little tastes of wine and jelly, that he had not had before.

He soon made it plain that this was so; for in another day or two he sent off his sleeve-buttons and finger-rings. He had an amazing satisfaction in intrusting her with these errands, and appeared to consider it equivalent to making the most methodical and provident arrangements. After his trinkets, or such of them as he had been able to see about him, were gone, his clothes engaged his attention; and it is as likely as not that he was kept alive for some days by the satisfaction of sending them, piece by piece, to an imaginary pawnbroker's.

Thus for ten days Little Dorrit bent over his pillow, laying her cheek against his. Sometimes she was so worn out that for a few minutes they would slumber together. Then she would awake; to recollect with fast-flowing silent tears what it was that touched her face, and to see, stealing over the cherished face upon the pillow, a deeper shadow than the shadow of the Marshalsea Wall.

Quietly, quietly, all the lines of the plan of the great Castle melted, one after another. Quietly, quietly, the ruled and cross-ruled countenance on which they were traced, became fair and blank. Quietly, quietly, the reflected marks of the prison bars and of the zig-zag iron on the wall-top, faded away. Quietly, quietly, the face subsided into a far younger likeness of her own than she had ever seen under the gray hair, and sank to rest.

At first her uncle was stark distracted. "Oh, my brother! Oh, William, William! You to go before me; you to go alone; you to go, and I to remain! You, so far superior, so distinguished, so noble; I, a poor useless creature fit for nothing, and whom no one would have missed!"

It did her, for the time, the good of having him to think of, and to succor. "Uncle, dear uncle, spare yourself, spare me!"

The old man was not deaf to the last words. When he did begin to restrain himself, it was that he might spare her. He had no care for himself; but, with all the remaining power of the honest heart, stunned so long and now awaking to be broken, he honored and blessed her.

"O God," he cried, before they left the room, with his wrinkled hands clasped over her. "Thou seest this daughter of my dear dead brother! All that I have looked upon, with my half-blind and sinful eyes, Thou hast discerned clearly, brightly. Not a hair of her head shall





be harmed before Thee. Thou wilt uphold her here, to her last hour. And I know Thou wilt in his own room, and she saw him lie down in his clothes upon his bed, and covered him with

They remained in a dim room near, until it was almost midnight, quiet and sad together. At times his grief would seek relief in a burst like that in which it had found its earliest expression; but, besides that his little strength would soon have been unequal to such strains, he never failed to recall her words, and to reproach himself and calm himself. The only utterance with which he indulged his sorrow, was the frequent exclamation that his brother was gone, alone; that they had been together in the outset of their lives, that they had fallen into misfortune together, that they had kept together through their many years of poverty, that they had remained together to that day; and that his brother was gone alone, alone!

They parted, heavy, and sorrowful. She

would not consent to leave him any where but in his own room, and she saw him lie down in his clothes upon his bed, and covered him with her own hands. Then she sank upon her own bed, and fell into a deep sleep: the sleep of exhaustion and rest, though not of complete release from a pervading consciousness of affliction. Sleep, good Little Dorrit. Sleep through the night!

It was a moonlight night; but the moon rose late, being long past the full. When it was high in the peaceful firmament, it shone through half-closed lattice blinds into the solemn room where the stumblings and wanderings of a life had so lately ended. Two quiet figures were within the room; two figures, equally still and impassive, equally removed by an untraversable distance from the teeming earth and all that it contains, though soon to lie in it.

One figure reposed upon the bed. The other,



kneeling on the floor, drooped over it; the arms was agreeable. He met new groups of his couneasily and peacefully resting on the coverlet; the face bowed down, so that the lips touched the hand over which with its last breath it had bent. The two brothers were before their Father; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world; high above its mists and obscurities.

CHAPTER LVI.—INTRODUCES THE NEXT.

The passengers were landing from the packet on the pier at Calais. A low-lying place and a low-spirited place Calais was, with the tide ebbing out toward low water-mark. There had been no more water on the bar than had sufficed to float the packet in; and now the bar itself, with a shallow break of sea over it, looked like a lazy marine monster just risen to the surface, whose form was indistinctly shown as it lay asleep. The meagre light-house all in white, haunting the sea-board, as if it were the ghost of an edifice that had once had color and rotundity, dripped melancholy tears after its late buffeting by the waves. The long rows of gaunt black piles, slimy and wet and weather-worn, with funeral garlands of sea-weed twisted about them by the late tide, might have represented an unsightly marine cemetery. Every wave-dashed, storm-beaten object, was so low and so little, under the broad gray sky, in the noise of the wind and sea, and before the curling lines of surf, making at it ferociously, that the wonder was there was any Calais left, and that its low gates and low wall and low roofs and low ditches and low sand-hills and low ramparts and flat streets, had not yielded long ago to the undermining and besieging sea, like the fortifications children make on the sea-shore.

After slipping among oozy piles and planks, stumbling up wet steps, and encountering many salt difficulties, the passengers entered on their comfortless peregrination along the pier, where all the French vagabonds and English outlaws in the town (half the population) attended to prevent their recovery from bewilderment. After being minutely inspected by all the English, and claimed and reclaimed and counter-claimed as prizes by all the French, in a hand-to-hand scuffle three quarters of a mile long, they were at last free to enter the streets, and to make off in their various directions, hotly pursued.

Clennam, harassed by more anxieties than one, was among this devoted band. Having rescued the most defenseless of his compatriots from situations of great extremity, he now went his way alone, or as nearly alone as he could be, with a native gentleman in a suit of grease, and a cap of the same material, giving chase at a distance of some fifty yards, and continually calling after him, "Hi! Ice-say! You! Seer! Ice-say! Nice Oatel!"

Even this hospitable person, however, being left behind at last, Clennam pursued his way, unmolested. There was a tranquil air in the town after the turbulence of the Channel and

trymen, who had all a straggling air of having at one time overblown themselves, like certain uncomfortable kinds of flowers, and of having become mere weeds. They had all an air, too, of lounging out a limited round, day after day, which strongly reminded him of the Marshalsea. But taking no further note of them than was sufficient to give birth to the reflection, he sought out a certain street and number, which he kept in his mind.

"So Pancks said," he murmured to himself, as he stopped before a dull house answering to the address. "I take his information to be correct, and his discovery, among Mr. Casby's loose papers, indisputable; but, without it, I should hardly have supposed this to be a likely place."

A dead sort of house, with a dead wall over the way and a dead gateway at the side, where a pendent bell-handle produced two dead tinkles, and a knocker produced a dead flat surface-tapping that seemed not to have depth enough in it to penetrate even the cracked door. However, the door jarred open on a dead sort of spring, and he closed it behind him as he entered a dull yard, soon brought to a close at the back by another dead wall, where an attempt had been made to train some creeping shrubs, which were dead; and to make a little fountain in a grotto, which was dry; and to deeorate that with a little statue, which was gone.

The entry to the house was on the left, and it was garnished, as the outer gateway was, with two printed bills in French and English. announcing Furnished Apartments to let, with immediate possession. A strong, cheerful peasant woman, all stocking, petticoat, white cap, and ear-ring, stood here in a dark doorway, and said, with a pleasant show of teeth, "Ice-say! Seer! Who?"

Clennam, replying in French, said the English lady; he wished to see the English ladv. "Enter, then, and ascend, if you please," returned the peasant woman, in French likewise. He did both, and followed her up a dark, bare staircase to a back room on the first floor. Hence there was a gloomy view of the yard that was dull, and of the shrubs that were dead, and of the fountain that was dry, and of the pedestal of the statue that was gone.

"Monsieur Blandois," said Clennam.

"With pleasure, Monsieur."

Thereupon the woman withdrew, and left him to look at the room. It was the pattern of room always to be found in such a house. Cool, dull, and dark. Waxed floor very slippery. A room not large enough to skate in; not adapted to the easy pursuit of any other occupation. Red and white curtained windows, little straw mat, little round table, with a tumultuous assemblage of legs underneath, clumsy rush-bottomed chairs; two great red velvet arm-chairs, affording plenty of space to be uncomfortable in; bureau; chimney-glass in several pieces, pretending to be in the beach, and its dullness in that comparison one piece; pair of gaudy vases of very artificial



flower:; between them a Greek warrior with his helmet off, sacrificing a clock to the Genius of France.

After some pause, a door of communication with another room was opened, and a lady entered. She manifested great surprise on seeing Clennam, and her glance went round the room in search of some one else.

- "Pardon me, Miss Wade. I am alone."
- "It was not your name that was brought to me."
- "No; I know that. Excuse me. I have already had experience that my name does not predispose you to an interview; and I ventured to mention the name of one I am in search of."
- "Pray," she returned, motioning him to a chair so coldly, that he remained standing, "what name was it that you gave?"
 - "I mentioned the name of Blandois."
 - "Blandois?"
 - "A name you are acquainted with."
- "It is strange," she said, frowning, "that you should still press an undesired interest in me and my acquaintances, in me and my affairs, Mr. Clennam. I don't know what you mean."
 - "Pardon me. You know the name?"
- "What can you have to do with the name? What can I have to do with the name? What can you have to do with my knowing or not not knowing any name? I know many names, and I have forgotten many more. This may be in the one class, or it may be in the other, or I may never have heard it. I am acquainted with no reason for examining myself, or for being examined, about it."
- "If you will allow me," said Clennam, "I will tell you my reason for pressing the subject. I admit that I do press it, and I must beg you to forgive me if I do so very earnestly. The reason is all mine. I do not insinuate that it is in any way yours."
- "Well, Sir," she returned, repeating, a little less haughtily than before, her former invitation to him to be seated; to which he now deferred, as she seated herself: "I am at least glad to know that this is not another bondswoman of some friend of yours, who is bereft of free choice, and whom I have spirited away. I will hear your reason, if you please."
- "First, to identify the person of whom we speak," said Clennam, "let me observe that it is the person you met in London some time back. You will remember meeting him near the river—in the Adelphi?"
- "You mix yourself most unaccountably with my business," she replied, looking full at him with stern displeasure. "How do you know that?"
- "I entreat you not to take it ill. By mere accident."
 - "What accident?"
- "Solely, the accident of coming upon you in the street and seeing the meeting."
- "Do you speak of yourself, or of some one else?"

"Of myself. I saw it."

"To be sure it was in the open street," she observed, after a few moments of less and less angry reflection. "Fifty people might have seen it. It would have signified nothing if they had."

"Nor do I make my having seen it of any moment, nor (otherwise than as an explanation of my coming here) do I connect my visit with it, or the favor that I have to ask."

"Oh! you have to ask a favor! It occurred to me," and the handsome face looked bitterly at him, "that your manner was softened, Mr. Clennam."

He was content to protest against this by a slight action without contesting it in words. He then referred to Blandois' disappearance, of which it was, probable she had heard? No. However probable it was to him, she had heard of no such thing. Let him look round him (she said), and judge for himself what general intelligence was likely to reach the ears of a woman who had been shut up there while it was rife, devouring her own heart. When she had uttered this denial, which he believed to be true, she asked him what he meant by disappearance? That led to his narrating the circumstances in detail, and expressing something of his anxiety to discover what had really become of the man, and to repel the dark suspicions that clouded about his mother's house. heard him with evident surprise, and with more marks of suppressed interest than he had before seen in her; still they did not overcome her distant, proud, and self-secluded manner. When he had finished, she said nothing but these words:

"You have not yet told me, Sir, what I have to do with it, or what the favor is. Will you be so good as come to that?"

"I assume," said Arthur, persevering in his endeavor to soften her scornful demeanor, "that being in communication—may I say, confidential communication?—with this person—"

"You may say, of course, whatever you like," she remarked; "but I do not subscribe to your assumptions, Mr. Clennam, or to any one's."

"—that being, at least, in personal communication with him," said Clennam, changing the form of his position, in the hope of making it unobjectionable, "you can tell me something of his antecedents, pursuits, habits, usual place of residence. Can give me some little clew by which to seek him out in the likeliest manner, and either produce him, or establish what has become of him. This is the favor I ask, and I ask it in a distress of mind for which I hope you will feel some consideration. If you should have any reason for imposing conditions upon me, I will respect it without asking what it is."

"You chanced to see me in the street with the man," she observed, after being, to his mortification, evidently more occupied with her own reflections on the matter than with his appeal. "Then you knew the man before?"

"Not before; afterward. I never saw him



before, but I saw him again on this very night | of his disappearance. In my mother's room, in fact. I left him there. You will read in this paper all that is known of him."

He handed her one of the printed bills, which she read with a steady and attentive face.

"This is more than I knew of him," she said, giving it back.

Clennam's looks expressed his heavy disappointment, perhaps his incredulity; for, she added in the same unsympathetic tone, "You don't believe it. Still, it is so. As to personal communication; it seems that there was personal communication between him and your mother. And yet you say you believe her declaration that she knows no more of him!"

A sufficiently expressive hint of suspicion was conveyed in these words, and in the smile by which they were accompanied, to bring the blood into Clennam's cheeks.

"Come, Sir," she said, with a cruel pleasure in repeating the stab, "I will be as open with you as you can desire. I will confess that if I cared for my credit (which I do not), or had a good name to preserve (which I have not, for I am utterly indifferent to its being considered good or bad), I should regard myself as heavily compromised by having had any thing to do with this fellow. Yet he never passed in at my door-never sat in colloquy with me until midnight."

She took her revenge for her old grudge in thus turning his subject against him. Hers was not the nature to spare him, and she had no compunction.

"That he is a low, mercenary wretch; that I first saw him prowling about Italy (where I was, not long ago), and that I hired him there, as the suitable instrument of a purpose I happened to have, I have no objection to tell you. In short, it was worth my while, for my own pleasurethe gratification of a strong feeling-to pay a spy who would fetch and carry for money. paid this creature. And I dare say that if I had wanted to make such a bargain, and if I could have paid him enough, and if he could have done it in the dark, free from all risk, he would have taken any life with as little scruple as he took my money. That, at least, is my opinion of him; and I see it is not very far removed from yours. Your mother's opinion of him, I am to assume (following your example of assuming this and that), was vastly different.'

"My mother, let me remind you," said Clennam, "was first brought into communication with him in the unlucky course of business."

"It appears to have been an unlucky course of business that last brought her into communication with him," returned Miss Wade; "and business hours on that occasion were late."

"You imply," said Arthur, smarting under these cool-handed thrusts, of which he had deeply felt the force already, "that there was some-

"recollect that I have not spoken by implication about the man. He is, I say again without disguise, a low mercenary wretch. I suppose such a creature goes where there is occasion for him. If I had not had occasion for him, you would not have seen him and me together.'

Wrung by her persistence in keeping that dark side of the case before him, of which there was a half-hidden shadow in his own breast, Clennam was silent.

"I have spoken of him as still living," she added, "but he may have been put out of the way for any thing I know. For any thing I care, also. I have no further occasion for him."

With a heavy sigh and a despondent air, Arthur Clennam slowly rose. She did not rise also, but said, having looked at him in the mean while with a fixed look of suspicion, and lips angrily compressed:

"He was the chosen associate of your dear friend, Mr. Gowan, was he not? Why don't you ask your dear friend to help you?"

The denial that he was a dear friend rose to Arthur's lips; but he repressed it, remembering his old struggles and resolutions, and said:

"Further than that he has never seen Blandois since Blandois set out for England, Mr. Gowan knows nothing additional about him. He was a chance acquaintance, made abroad."

"A chance acquaintence made abroad!" she repeated. "Yes. Your dear friend has need to divert himself with all the acquaintances he can make, seeing what a wife he has. I hate his wife, Sir."

The anger with which she said it, the more remarkable for being so much under her restraint, fixed Clennam's attention, and kept him on the spot. It flashed out of her fine dark eyes as they regarded him, quivered in her nostrils, and fired the very breath she exhaled; but her face was otherwise composed into a disdainful serenity, and her attitude was as calmly and haughtily graceful as if she had been in a mood of complete indifference.

"All I will say is, Miss Wade," he remarked, "that you can have received no provocation to a feeling in which I believe you have no sharer."

"You may ask your dear friend, if you choose," she returned, "for his opinion upon that subject."

"I am scarcely on those intimate terms with my dear friend," said Arthur, in spite of his resolutions, "that would render my approaching the subject very probable, Miss Wade."

"I hate him," she returned. "Worse than his wife, because I was once dupe enough, and false enough to myself, almost to love him. You have seen me, Sir, only on commonplace occasions, when I dare say you have thought me a commonplace woman, a little more self-willed than the generality. You don't know what I mean by hating, if you know me no better than that; you can't know, without knowing with what care I have studied myself, and people "Mr. Clennam," she composedly interrupted, about me. For this reason I have for some time



inclined to tell you what my life has been—not to propitiate your opinion, for I set no value on it; but that you may comprehend, when you think of your dear friend and his dear wife, what I mean by hating. Shall I give you a paper I have written and put by for your perusal, or shall I hold my hand?"

Arthur begged her to give it to him. She went to the bureau, unlocked it, and took from an inner drawer a few folded sheets of paper. Without any conciliation of him, scarcely addressing kim, rather speaking as if she were speaking to her own looking-glass for the justification of her own stubbornness, she said, as she gave them to him:

"Now you may know what I mean by hating! Enough of that. Sir, whether you find me temporarily and cheaply lodging in an empty London house or in a Calais apartment, you find Harriet with me. You may like to see her before you leave. Harriet, come in!" She called Harriet again. The second call produced Harriet, once Tattycoram.

"Here is Mr. Clennam," said Miss Wade; "not come for you; he has given you up. I suppose you have, by this time?"

"Having no authority or influence—yes," assented Clennam.

"Not come in search of you, you see; but still seeking some one. He wants to find out that Blandois man."

"With whom I saw you in the Strand in London," hinted Arthur.

"If you know any thing of him, Harriet, except that he came from Venice—which we all know—tell it to Mr. Clennam freely."

"I know nothing more about him," said the cirl.

"Are you satisfied?" Miss Wade inquired of Arthur.

He had no reason to disbelieve them; the girl's manner being so natural as to be almost convincing, if he had had any previous doubts. He replied, "I must seek for intelligence elsewhere."

He was not going in the same breath; but he had risen before the girl entered, and she evidently thought he was. She looked quickly at him, and said,

"Are they well, Sir?"

" Who?"

She stopped herself in saying what would have been "all of them;" glanced at Miss Wade; and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Meagles."

"They were, when I last heard of them. They are not at home. By-the-way, let me ask you. Is it true that you were seen there?"

"Where? Where does any one say I was seen?" returned the girl, sullenly casting down her eyes.

"Looking in at the garden gate of the cottage?"

"No," said Miss Wade. "She has never been near it."

"You are wrong, then," said the girl. "I has made me her dependent. And I know I

went down there, the last time we were in London. I went one afternoon when you left me alone. And I did look in."

"You poor-spirited girl," returned Miss Wade with infinite contempt; "does all our companionship, do all our conversations, do all your old complainings, tell for so little as that?"

"There was no harm in looking in at the gate for an instant," said the girl. "I saw by the windows that the family were not there."

"Why should you go near the place?"

"Because I wanted to see it. Because I felt that I should like to look at it again."

As each of the two handsome faces looked at the other, Clennam felt how each of the two natures must be constantly tearing the other to pieces.

"Oh!" said Miss Wade, coldly subduing and removing her glance; "if you had any desire to see the place where you led the life from which I rescued you because you had found out what it was, that is another thing. But is that your truth to me? Is that your fidelity to me? Is that the common cause I make with you? You are not worth the confidence I have placed in you. You are not worth the favor I have shown you. You are no higher than a spaniel, and had better go back to the people who did worse than whip you."

"If you speak so of them with any one else by to hear, you'll provoke me to take their part," said the girl.

"Go back to them," Miss Wade retorted. "Go back to them."

"You know very well," retorted Harriet in her turn, "that I won't go back to them. You know very well that I have thrown them off, and never can, never shall, never will, go back to them. Let them alone, then, Miss Wade."

"You prefer their plenty to your less fat living here," she rejoined. "You exalt them and slight me. What else should I have expected? I ought to have known it."

"It's not so," said the girl, flushing high, "and you don't say what you mean. I know what you mean. You are reproaching me, under-handed, with having nobody but you to look to. And because I have nobody but you to look to, you think you are to make me do, or not do, every thing you please, and are to put any affront upon me. You are as bad as they were, every bit. But I will not be quite tamed and made submissive. I will say again that I went to look at the house, because I had often thought that I should like to see it once more. I will ask again how they are, because I once liked them, and at times thought they were kind to me."

Hereupon Clennam said that he was sure they would still receive her kindly, if she should ever desire to return.

"Never!" said the girl, passionately. "I shall never do that. Nobody knows that better than Miss Wade, though she taunts me because she has made me her dependent. And I know I



nm so; and I know she is overjoyed when she can bring it to my mind."

"A good pretense!" said Miss Wade, with no less anger, haughtiness, and bitterness; "but too threadbare to cover what I plainly see in this. My poverty will not bear competition with their money. Better go back at once, better go back at once, and have done with it!"

Arthur Clennan looked at them, standing a little distance asunder in the dull confined room, each proudly cherishing her own anger; each, with a fixed determination, torturing her own breast, and torturing the other's. He said a word or two of leave-taking; but Miss Wade barely inclined her head, and Harriet, with the assumed humiliation of an abject dependent and serf (but not without defiance for all that), made as if she were too low to notice or to be noticed.

He came down the dark winding stairs into the yard, with an increased sense upon him of the gloom of the wall that was dead, and of the shrubs that were dead, and of the fountain that was dry, and of the statue that was gone. Pondering much on what he had seen and heard in that house, as well as on the failure of all his efforts to trace the suspicious character who was lost, he returned to London and to England by the packet that had taken him over. On the way he unfolded the sheets of paper, and read in them what is repeated in the next chapter.

CHAPTER LVII.—THE HISTORY OF A SELF-TORMENTOR.

I HAVE the misfortune of not being a fool. From a very early age I have detected what those about me thought they hid from me. If I could have been habitually imposed upon, instead of habitually discerning the truth, I might have lived as smoothly as most fools do.

My childhood was passed with a grandmother; that is to say, with a lady who represented that relative to me, and who took that title on herself. She had no claim to it, but I—being to that extent a little fool—had no suspicion of her. She had some children of her own family in her house, and some children of other people. All girls; ten in number, including me. We all lived together, and were educated together.

I must have been about twelve years old when I began to see how determinedly those girls patronized me. I was told I was an orphan. There was no other orphan among us; and I perceived (here was the first disadvantage of not being a fool) that they conciliated me in an insolent pity, and in a sense of superiority. did not set this down as a discovery, rashly. tried them often. I could hardly make them quarrel with me. When I succeeded with any of them, they were sure to come, after an hour or two, and begin a reconciliation. I tried them over and over again, and I never knew them wait for me to begin. They were always forgiving me, in their vanity and condescension. Little images of grown people!

One of them was my chosen friend. I loved that stupid mite in a passionate way, that she could no more deserve, than I can remember without feeling ashamed of, though I was but a child. She had what they called an amiable temper, an affectionate temper. She could distribute, and did distribute, pretty looks and smiles to every one among them. I believe there was not a soul in the place, except myself, who knew that she did it purposely to wound and gall me!

Nevertheless, I so loved that unworthy girl, that my life was made stormy by my fondness for her. I was constantly lectured and disgraced for what was called "trying her;" in other words, charging her with her little perfidy, and throwing her into tears by showing her that I read her heart. However, I loved her faithfully; and one time I went home with her for the holidays.

She was worse at home than she had been at school. She had a crowd of cousins and acquaintances, and we had dances at her house, and went out to dances at other houses; and, both at home and out, she tormented my love beyond endurance. Her plan was to make them all fond of her, and so drive me wild with jealousy; to be familiar and endearing with them all, and so make me mad with envying them. When we were left alone in our bedroom at night, I would reproach her with my perfect knowledge of her baseness; and then she would cry and cry, and say I was cruel, and then I would hold her in my arms till morning, loving her as much as ever, and often feeling as if, rather than suffer so, I could so hold her in my arms, and plunge to the bottom of a river -where I would still hold her after we were both dead.

It came to an end, and I was relieved. In the family there was an aunt, who was not fond of me. I doubt if any of the family liked me much; but I never wanted them to like me, being altogether bound up in the one girl. The aunt was a young woman, and she had a serious way with her eyes of watching me. She was an audacious woman, and openly looked compassionately at me. After one of the nights that I have spoken of, I came down into a green-house before breakfast. Charlotte (the name of my false young friend) had gone down before me, and I heard this aunt speaking to her about me as I entered. I stopped where I was, among the leaves, and listened.

The aunt said, "Charlotte, Miss Wade is wearing you to death, and this must not continue." I repeat the very words I heard.

Now, what did she answer? Did she say, "It is I who am wearing her to death—I who am keeping her on a rack, and am the executioner; yet she tells me every night that she loves me devotedly, though she knows what I make her undergo?" No; my first memorable experience was true to what I knew her to be, and to all my experience. She began sobbing



and weeping (to secure the aunt's sympathy to had secured their affections before I saw them. herself), and said, "Dear aunt, she has an unhappy temper; other girls at school besides I but for this woman. Her artful devices for try hard to make it better; we all try hard." keeping herself before the children in constant

Upon that the aunt fondled her, as if she had said something noble, instead of despicable and false, and kept up the infamous pretense by replying, "But there are reasonable limits, my dear love, to every thing; and I see that this poor, miserable girl causes you more constant and useless distress than even so good an effort justifies."

The poor, miserable girl came out of her concealment, as you may be prepared to hear, and said, "Send me home." I never said another word to either of them, or to any of them, but "Send me home, or I will walk home alone, night and day!"

When I got home, I told my supposed grandmother that unless I was sent away to finish my education somewhere else, before that girl came back, or before any one of them came back, I would burn my sight away, by throwing myself into the fire, rather than I would endure to look at their plotting faces.

I went among young women next, and I found them no better. Fair words and false pretenses; but I penetrated below those assertions of themselves and depreciations of me, and they were no better. Before I left them, I learned that I had no grandmother and no recognized relation. I carried the light of that information both into my past and into my future. It showed me many new occasions on which people triumphed over me, when they made a pretense of treating me with consideration or doing me a service.

A man of business had a small property in trust for me. I was to be a governess. I became a governess; and went into the family of a poor nobleman, where there were two daughters—little children, but the parents wished them to grow up, if possible, under one instructress. The mother was young and pretty. From the first, she made a show of behaving to me with great delicacy. I kept my resentment to myself; but I knew very well that it was her way of petting the knowledge that she was my mistress, and might have behaved differently to her servant if it had been her fancy.

I say I did not resent it, nor did I; but I showed her, by not gratifying her, that I understood her. When she pressed me to take wine, I took water. If there happened to be any thing choice at table, she always sent it to me; but I always declined it, and ate of the rejected dishes. These disappointments of her patronage were a sharp retort, and made me feel independent.

I liked the children. They were timid, but, on the whole, disposed to attach themselves to me. There was a nurse, however, in the house, a rosy-faced young woman, always making an obtrusive pretense of being gay and good-humored, who had nursed them both, and who

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I could almost have settled down to my fate but for this woman. Her artful devices for keeping herself before the children in constant competition with me might have blinded many in my place; but I saw through them from the first. On the pretext of arranging my rooms and waiting on me and taking care of my wardrobe (all of which she did, busily), she was never absent. The most crafty of her many subtleties was her feint of seeking to make the children fonder of me. She would lead them to me, and coax them to me. "Come to good Miss Wade, come to dear Miss Wade, come to pretty Miss Wade. She loves you very much. Miss Wade is a clever lady, who has read heaps of books, and can tell you far better and more interesting stories than I know. Come and hear Miss Wade!" How could I engage their attention, when my heart was burning against these ignorant designs? How could I wonder, when I saw their innocent faces shrinking away, and their arms twining round her neck instead of mine? Then she would look up at me, shaking their curls from her face, and say, "They'll come round soon, Miss Wade; they're very simple and loving, ma'am; don't be at all cast down about it, ma'am" - exulting over

There was another thing the woman did. At times, when she saw that she had safely plunged me into a black despondent brooding by these means, she would call the attention of the children to it, and would show them the difference between herself and me. "Hush! Poor Miss Wade is not well. Don't make a noise, my dears, her head aches. Come and comfort her. Come and ask her if she is better; come and ask her to lie down. I hope you have nothing on your mind, ma'am. Don't take on, ma'am, and be sorry!"

It became intolerable. Her ladyship my mistress coming in one day when I was alone, and at the height of feeling that I could support it no longer, I told her I must go. I could not bear the presence of that woman Dawes.

"Miss Wade! Poor Dawes is devoted to you; would do any thing for you!"

I knew beforehand she would say so; I was quite prepared for it; I only answered it was not for me to contradict my mistress; I must go.

"I hope, Miss Wade," she returned, instantly assuming the tone of superiority she had always so thinly concealed, "that nothing I have ever said or done since we have been together has justified your use of that disagreeable word, Mistress. It must have been wholly inadvertent on my part. Pray tell me what it is."

I replied that I had no complaint to make, either of my mistress or to my mistress; but, I must go.

a rosy-faced young woman, always making an obtrusive pretense of being gay and good-humored, who had nursed them both, and who that honor would obliterate any remembrance!



causes over which I have no influence."

I smiled, thinking of the experience the word awakened, and said, "I have an unhappy temper, I suppose.'

"I did not say that."

"It is an easy way of accounting for any thing," said L

"It may be: but I did not say so. What I wish to approach is something very different. My husband and I have exchanged some remarks upon the subject, when we have observed with pain that you have not been easy with us."

"Easy? Oh! You are such great people,

my lady," said I.

"I am unfortunate in using a word which may convey a meaning—and evidently does—quite opposite to my intention." (She had not expected my reply, and it shamed her.) "I only mean, not happy with us. It is a difficult topic to enter on; but, from one young woman to another, perhaps-in short, we have been apprehensive that you may allow some family circumstances of which no one can be more innocent than yourself, to prey upon your spirits. If so, let us entreat you not to make them a cause of grief. My husband himself, as is well known, formerly had a very dear sister who was not in law his sister, but who was universally beloved and respected-"

I saw directly that they had taken me in for the sake of the dead woman, whoever she was, and to have that boast of me and advantage of me; I saw, in the nurse's knowledge of it, an encouragement to goad me as she had done; and I saw, in the children's shrinking away, a vague impression that I was not like other people. I left that house that night.

After one or two short and very similar experiences, which are not to the present purpose, I entered another family where I had but one pupil: a girl of fifteen, who was the only daughter. The parents here were elderly people: people of station and rich. A nephew whom they had brought up, was a frequent visitor at the house, among many other visitors; and he began to pay me attention. I was resolute in repulsing him; for I had determined when I went there, that no one should pity me or condescend to me. But he wrote me a letter. It led to our being engaged.

He was a year younger than I, and younglooking even when that allowance was made. He was on absence from India, where he had a post that was soon to grow into a very good one. In six months we were to be married, and were to go to India. I was to stay in the house, and was to be married from the house. Nobody objected to any part of the plan.

I can not avoid saying he admired me; but if I could, I would. Vanity has nothing to do with the declaration, for his admiration worried me. He took no pains to hide it; and caused me to feel among the rich people as if he had little as he did for the innumerable distresses

"Miss Wade, I fear you are unhappy, through his purchase to justify himself. They appraised me in their own minds, I saw, and were curious to ascertain what my full value was. I resolved that they should not know. I was immovable and silent before them, and would have suffered any one of them to kill me, sooner than I would have laid myself out to bespeak their approval.

He told me I did not do myself justice. I told him I did, and it was because I did and meant to do so to the last that I would not stoop to propitiate any of them. He was concerned and even shocked when I added that I wished he would not parade his attachment before them; but he said he would sacrifice even the honest impulses of his affection to my peace.

Under that pretense, he began to retort upon me. By the hour together he would keep at a distance from me, talking to any one rather than to me. I have sat alone and unnoticed half an evening, while he conversed with his young cousin, my pupil. I have seen all the while, in people's eyes, that they thought the two looked nearer on an equality than he and I. I have sat, divining their thoughts, until I have felt that his young appearance made me ridiculous, and have raged against myself for ever loving

For I did love him once. Undeserving as he was, and little as he thought of all these agonies that it cost me-agonies which should have made him wholly and gratefully mine to his life's end-I loved him. I bore with his cousin's praising him to my face, and with her pretending to think that it pleased me, but full well knowing that it rankled in my breast-for his sake. While I have sat in his presence recalling all my slights and wrongs, and deliberating whether I should not fly from the house at once and never see him again—I have loved him.

His aunt (my mistress, you will please to remember) deliberately, willfully, added to my trials and vexations. It was her delight to expatiate on the style in which we were to live in India, and on the establishment we should keep, and the company we should entertain, when he got his advancement. My pride rose against this barefaced way of pointing out the contrast my married life was to present to my then dependent and inferior position. I suppressed my indignation; but I showed her that her intention was not lost upon me, and I repaid her annoyances by affecting humility. What she described would surely be a great deal too much honor for me, I would tell her. I was afraid I might not be able to support so great a change. Think of a mere governess, her daughter's governess, coming to that high distinction! It made her uneasy, and made them all uneasy, when I answered in this way. They knew that I fully understood her.

It was at the time when my troubles were at their highest, and when I was most incensed against my lover for his ingratitude in caring as bought me for my looks, and made a show of and mortifications I underwent on his account,



that your dear friend, Mr. Gowan, appeared at | the house. He had been intimate there for a long time, but had been abroad. He understood the state of things at a glance, and he under-

He was the first person I had ever seen in my life who had understood me. He was not in the house three times before I knew that he accompanied every movement of my mind. In his coldly easy way with all of them, and with me, and with the whole subject, I saw it clearly. In his light protestations of admiration of my future husband, in his enthusiasm regarding our engagement and our prospects, in his hopeful congratulations on our future wealth and his despondent references to his own poverty-all equally hollow, and jesting, and full of mockery-I saw it clearly. He made me feel more and more resentful, and more and more contemptible, by always presenting to me every thing that surrounded me, with some new hateful light upon it, while he pretended to exhibit it in its best aspect for my admiration and his own. He was like the dressed-up Death in the Dutch series; whatever figure he took upon his arm, whether it was youth or age, beauty or ugliness, whether he danced with it, sang with it, played with it, or prayed with it, he made it ghastly.

You will understand, then, that when your dear friend complimented me, he really condoled with me; that when he soothed me under my vexations, he laid bare every smarting wound I had; that when he declared my "faithful swain" to be "the most loving young fellow in of character; but—well, well! the world, with the tenderest heart that ever beat," he touched my old misgiving that I was made ridiculous. These were not great services, you may say. They were acceptable to me, because they echoed my own mind, and confirmed my own knowledge. I soon began to like the society of your dear friend better than any other.

When I perceived (which I did, almost as soon) that jealousy was growing out of this, I liked his society still better. Had I not been subjected to jealousy, and were the endurances to be all mine? No. Let him know what it was! I was delighted that he should know it; I was delighted that he should feel keenly, and I hoped he did. More than that. He was tame in comparison with Mr. Gowan, who knew how to address me on equal terms, and how to anatomize the wretched people around us.

This went on, until the aunt, my mistress, took it upon herself to speak to me. It was scarcely worth alluding to; she knew I meant nothing; but she suggested from herself, knowing it was only necessary to suggest, that it might be better, if I were a little less companionable with Mr. Gowan.

I asked her how she could answer for what I meant? She could always answer, she replied, for my meaning nothing wrong. I thanked her, but said I would prefer to answer for myself, | rising against swollen patronage and selfishness,

and to myself. Her other servants would probably be grateful for good characters, but I wanted none.

Other conversation followed, and induced me to ask her how she knew that it was only necessary for her to make a suggestion to me to have it obeyed? Did she presume on my birth, or on my hire? I was not bought, body and soul. She seemed to think that her distinguished nephew had gone into a slave-market and purchased a wife.

It would probably have come, sooner or later, to the end to which it did come, but she brought it to its issue at once. She told me, with assumed commiseration, that I had an unhappy temper. On this repetition of the old wicked injury, I withheld no longer, but exposed to her all I had known of her and seen in her, and all I had undergone within myself since I had occupied the despicable position of being engaged to her nephew. I told her that Mr. Gowan was the only relief I had had in my degradation; that I had borne it too long, and that I shook it off too late; but that I would see none of them more. And I never did.

Your dear friend followed me to my retreat, and was very droll on the severance of the connection; though he was sorry, too, for the excellent people (in their way the best he had ever met), and deplored the necessity of breaking mere house-flies on the wheel. He protested before long, and far more truly than I then supposed, that he was not worth acceptance by a woman of such endowments, and such power

Your dear friend amused me and amused himself as long as it suited his inclinations; and then reminded me that we were both people of the world, that we both understood mankind, that we both knew there was no such thing as romance, that we were both prepared for going different ways to seek our fortunes like people of sense, and that we both foresaw that whenever we encountered one another again we should meet as the best friends on earth. he said, and I did not contradict him.

It was not very long before I found that he was courting his present wife, and that she had been taken away to be out of his reach. I hated her then, quite as much as I hate her now; and naturally, therefore, could desire nothing better than that she should marry him. But I was restlessly curious to look at her-so curious that I felt it to be one of the few sources of entertainment left to me. I traveled a little; traveled until I found myself in her society, and in yours. Your dear friend, I think, was not known to you then, and had not given you those signal marks of his friendship which he afterward bestowed upon you.

In that company I found a girl, in some circumstances of whose position there was a singular likeness to my own, and in whose character I was interested and pleased to see much of the



calling themselves kindness, protection, benevolence, and other fine names, which I have described as inherent in my nature. I often heard it said, too, that she had "an unhappy temper." Well understanding what was meant by the convenient phrase, and wanting a companion with a knowledge of what I knew, I thought I would try to release the girl from her bondage and sense of injustice. I have no occasion to tell you that I succeeded.

We have been together ever since, sharing my small means.

CHAPTER LVIII.—WHO PASSES BY THIS ROAD SO LATE?

ARTHUR CLENNAM had made his unavailing expedition to Calais, in the midst of a great pressure of business. A certain barbaric Power with valuable possessions on the map of the world, had occasion for the services of one or two engineers, quick in invention and determined in execution: practical men, who could make the men and means their ingenuity perceived to the wanted out of the best materials they could find at hand; and who were as bold and fertile in the adaptation of such materials to their purpose as in the conception of their purpose itself. This Power, being a barbaric one, had no idea of stowing away a great national object in a Circumlocution Office, as strong wine is hidden from the light in a cellar until its fire and youth are gone, and the laborers who worked in the vineyard and pressed the grapes are dust. With characteristic ignorance, it acted on the most decided and energetic notions of How to do it; and never showed the least respect for, or gave any quarter to, the great political science How not to do it. Indeed it had a barbarous way of striking the latter art and mystery dead, in the person of any enlightened subject who practiced it.

Accordingly, the men who were wanted were sought out and found: which was in itself a most uncivilized and irregular way of proceeding. Being found, they were treated with great confidence and honor (which again showed dense political ignorance), and were invited to come at once and do what they had to do. In short, they were regarded as men who meant to do it, engaging with other men who meant it to be done.

Daniel Doyce was one of the chosen. There was no foreseeing at that time whether he would be absent months, or years. The preparations for his departure, and the conscientious arrangement for him of all the details and results of their joint business, had necessitated labor within a short compass of time, which had occupied Clennam day and night. He had slipped across the water in his first leisure, and had slipped as quickly back again for his farewell interview with Doyce.

Him Arthur nowshowed, with pains and care, the state of their gains and losses, responsibilities and prospects. Daniel went through it all

in his patient manner, and admired it all exceedingly. He audited the accounts as if they were a far more ingenious piece of mechanism than he had ever constructed, and afterward stood looking at them, weighing his hat over his head by the brims, as if he were absorbed in the contemplation of some wonderful engine.

"It's all beautiful, Clennam, in its regularity and order. Nothing can be plainer. Nothing can be better."

"I am glad you approve, Doyce. Now, as to the management of our capital while you are away, and as to the conversion of so much of it as the business may need from time to time—" His partner stopped him.

"As to that, and as to every thing else of that kind, all rests with you. You will continue in all such matters to act for both of us, as you have done hitherto, and to lighten my mind of a load it is much relieved from."

"Though, as I often tell you," returned Clennam, "you unreasonably depreciate your business qualities."

"Perhaps so," said Doyce, smiling. "And perhaps not. Anyhow, I have a calling that I have studied more than such matters, and that I am better fitted for. I have perfect confidence in my partner, and I am satisfied that he will do what is best. If I have a prejudice connected with money and money-figures," continued Doyce, laying that plastic workman's thumb of his on the lappel of his partner's coat, "it is against speculating. I don't think I have any other. I dare say I entertain that prejudice only because I have never given my mind fully to the subject."

"But you shouldn't call it a prejudice," said Clennam. "My dear Doyce, it is the soundest sense."

"I am glad you think so," returned Doyce, with his gray eye looking kind and bright.

"It so happens," said Clennam, "that just now, not half an hour before you came down, I was saying the same thing to Pancks, who looked in here. We both agreed, that to travel out of safe investments is one of the most dangerous, as it is one of the most common, of those follies which often deserve the name of vices."

"Pancks!" said Doyce, tilting up his hat at the back, and nodding with an air of confidence. "Ay, ay, ay! That's a cautious fellow!"

"He is a very cautious fellow indeed," returned Arthur. "Quite a specimen of caution."

They both appeared to derive a larger amount of satisfaction from the cautious character of Mr. Pancks than was quite intelligible, judged by the surface of their conversation.

"And now," said Daniel, looking at his watch, "as time and tide wait for no one, my trusty partner, and as I am ready for starting, bag and baggage, at the gate below, let me say a last word. I want you to grant a request of mine."

"Any request you can make—except," Clennam was quick with his exception, for his part-



ner's face was quick in suggesting it, "except | that I will abandon your invention."

"That's the request, and you know it is," said Doyce.

"I say, No, then. I say positively, No. Now that I have begun, I will have some definite reason, some responsible statement, something in the nature of a real answer, from those people."

"You will not," returned Doyce, shaking his head. "Take my word for it, you never will."

"At least, I'll try," said Clennam. "It will do me no harm to try."

"I am not certain of that," rejoined Doyce, laying his hand persuasively on his shoulder. "It has done me harm, my friend. It has aged me, tired me, vexed me, disappointed me. It does no man any good to have his patience worn out, and to think himself ill-used. I fancy, even already, that useless attendance on delays and evasions has made you something less elastic than you used to be."

"Private anxieties may have done that for the moment," said Clennam, "but not official harrying. Not yet. I am not hurt yet.'

"Then you won't grant my request?"

"Decidedly, No," said Clennam. "I should be ashamed if I submitted to be so soon driven out of the field, where a much older and a much more sensitively interested man contended with fortitude so long."

As there was no moving him, Daniel Doyce returned the grasp of his hand, and, casting a farewell look round the counting-house, went down stairs with him. Doyce was to go to Southampton to join the small staff of his tellow-travelers; and a coach was at the gate, well furnished and packed, and ready to take him there. The workmen were at the gate to see him off, and were mightily proud of him. "Good luck to you, Mr. Doyce!" said one of the number. "Wherever you go, they'll find as they've got a man among 'em, a man as knows his tools and his tools knows, a man as is willing and a man as is able, and if that's not a man, where is a man?" This oration from a gruff volunteer in the background, not previously suspected of any powers in that way, was received with three loud cheers; and the speaker became a distinguished character forever afterward. In the midst of the three loud cheers, Daniel gave them all a hearty "Good-by, men!" and the coach disappeared from sight, as if the concussion of the air had blown it out of Bleeding Heart Yard.

Mr. Baptist, as a grateful little fellow in a position of trust, was among the workmen, and had done as much toward the cheering as a mere foreigner could. In truth, no men on earth can cheer like Englishmen, who do so rally one another's blood and spirit when they cheer in earnest, that the stir is like the rush of their whole history, with all its standards waving at once, from Saxon Alfred's downward. Mr. Baptist had been in a manner whirled away before the

condition when Clennam beckoned him to follow up stairs, and return the books and papers to their places.

In the lull consequent on the departure—in that first vacuity which ensues on every separation, foreshadowing the great separation that is always overhanging all mankind-Arthur stood at his desk, looking dreamily out at a gleam of sun. But his liberated attention soon reverted to the theme that was foremost in his thoughts, and began, for the hundredth time, to dwell upon every circumstance that had impressed itself upon his mind, on the mysterious night when he had seen the man at his mother's. Again the man jostled him in the crooked street, again he followed the man and lost him, again he came upon the man in the court-yard looking at the house, again he followed the man and stood beside him on the door-steps.

> "Who passes by this road so late? Compagnon de la Majolaine; Who passes by this road so late? Always gay !"

It was not the first time, by many, that he had recalled the song of the child's game, of which the fellow had hummed this verse while they stood side by side; but he was so unconscious of having repeated it audibly, that he started to hear the next verse,

> "Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower, Compagnon de la Majolaine; Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower, Always gay!'

Cavalletto had deferentially suggested the words and tune, supposing him to have stopped short for want of more.

"Ah! You know the song, Cavalletto?"

"By Bacchus, yes, Sir! They all know it in France. I have heard it many times sung by the little children. The last time when it I have heard," said Mr. Baptist, formerly Cavalletto, who usually went back to his native construction of sentences when his memory went near home, "is from a sweet little voice. A little voice, very pretty, very innocent. Altro!"

"The last time I heard it," returned Arthur, "was in a voice quite the reverse of pretty, and quite the reverse of innocent." He said it more to himself than to his companion, and added to himself, repeating the man's next words. "Death of my life, Sir, it's my character to be impatient!"

"EH!" cried Cavalletto, astounded, and with all his color gone in a moment.

"What is the matter?"

"Sir! You know where I have heard that song the last time?"

With his rapid native action, his hands made the outline of a high hook nose, pushed his eyes near together, dishevelled his hair, puffed out his upper lip to represent a thick mustache, and threw the heavy end of an ideal cloak over his shoulder. While doing this, with a swiftonset, and was taking his breath in quite a scared ness incredible to one who has not watched an



Italian peasant, he indicated a very remarkable and sinister smile. The whole change passed over him like a flash of light, and he stood in the same instant, pale and astonished, before his patron.

"In the name of Fate and wonder," said Clennam, "what do you mean? Do you know a man of the name of Blandois?"

"No!" said Mr. Baptist, shaking his head.

- "You have just now described a man who was by, when you heard that song; have you not?"
 - "Yes!" said Mr. Baptist, nodding fifty times.

"And was he not called Blandois?"

- "No!" said Mr. Baptist. "Altro, Altro, Altro, Altro!" He could not reject the name sufficiently, with his head and his right forefinger going at once.
- "Stay!" cried Clennam, spreading out the handbill on his desk. "Was this the man? You can understand what I read aloud?"
 - "Altogether. Perfectly."
- "But look at it, too. Come here and look over me, while I read."

Mr. Baptist approached, followed every word with his quick eyes, saw and heard it all out with the greatest impatience, then clapped his two hands flat upon the bill as if he had fiercely caught some noxious creature, and cried, looking eagerly at Clennam, "It is the man! Behold him!"

"This is of far greater moment to me," said Clennam, in agitation, "than you can imagine. Tell me where you knew the man."

Mr. Baptist, releasing the paper very slowly, and with great discomfiture, and drawing himself back two or three paces, and making as though he dusted his hands, returned, very much against his will:

- "At Marsiglia-Marseilles."
- "What was he?"
- "A prisoner, and-Altro! I believe yes!an," Mr. Baptist crept closer again to whisper it, "Assassin!"

Clennam fell back as if the word had struck him a blow; so terrible did it make his mother's communication with the man appear. Cavalletto dropped on one knee, and implored him, with a redundancy of gesticulation, to hear what had brought himself into such foul company.

He told with perfect truth how it had come of a little contraband trading, and how he had in time been released from prison, and how he had gone away from those antecedents. How, at the house of entertainment called the Break of Day at Chalons on the Soane, he had been awakened in his bed at night, by the same assassin, then assuming the name of Lagnier, though his name had formerly been Rigard; how the assassin had proposed that they should join their fortunes together; how he held the assassin in such dread and aversion that he had on page 536, and ends on page 540.

fled from him at daylight, and how he had ever since been haunted by the fear of seeing the assassin again and being claimed by him as an acquaintance. When he had related this, with an emphasis and poise on the word peculiarly belonging to his own language, and which did not serve to render it less terrible to Clennam. he suddenly sprang to his feet, pounced upon the bill again, and with a vehemence that would have been absolute madness in any man of Northern origin, cried, "Behold the same assassin! Here he is!"

In his passionate raptures, he at first forgot the fact that he had lately seen the assassin in London. On his remembering it, it suggested hope to Clennam that the recognition might be of later date than the night of the visit at his mother's; but Cavalletto was too exact and clear about time and place, to leave any opening for doubt that it had preceded that occasion.

"Listen," said Arthur, very seriously. "This man, as we have read here, has wholly disappeared."

"Of it I am well content!" said Cavalletto, raising his eyes, piously. "A thousand thanks to Heaven! Accursed assassin!"

"Not so," returned Clennam; "for, until something more is heard of him, I can never know an hour's peace."

"Hold, Benefactor; that is quite another thing. A million of excuses!"

"Now, Cavalletto," said Clennam, gently turning him by the arm, so that they looked into each other's eyes. "I am certain that for the little I have been able to do for you, you are the most sincerely grateful of men.'

"I swear it!" cried the other.

- "I know it! If you could find this man, or discover what has become of him, or gain any later intelligence whatever of him, you would render me a service above any other service I could receive in the world, and would make me (with far greater reason) as grateful to you as you are to me."
- "I know not where to look," cried the little man, kissing Arthur's hand in a transport. "I know not where to begin. I know not where to go. But, courage! Enough! It matters not! I go, in this instant of time!"
- "Not a word to any one but me, Caval-
- "Al-tro!" cried Cavalletto; and was gone with great speed.

By an oversight of the Author's, which he did not observe until it was too late for correction in the number for last month, the name RIGAUD is used in the fifty-third chapter instead of Blandois. The personage in the story who assumed the latter name is habitually known to the Author by the former as his real one; and hence the mistake. It is set right, if the reader will have the goodness to substitute the word BLANDOIS for RIGAUD in that chapter when it occurs. The chapter commences



Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Thirty-Fourth Congress closed its regular session on the 3d of March. In the House, Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina, offered a resolution thanking Mr. Banks for the able and impartial manner in which he had performed the duties of Speaker. Mr. Aiken, it will be remembered, was the leading candidate opposed to Mr. Banks. In spite of the opposition of Mr. M'Mullen, of Virginia, and others, the resolution was passed by a vote of 119 to 35. — The new Tariff Bill was adopted as a compromise between the separate bills prepared by the House and the Senate respectively. principle upon which the bill is framed is to effect an adequate reduction in the revenue, and at the same time to discriminate as far as possible in favor of American products and manufactures. Under the tariff of 1846, all articles upon which duties are levied are divided into eight classes. The same classes are preserved in the main in the new tariff. The following table will show the general rate of reduction in the duties:

Class A, which now pays 100 per ct., will pay 80 per ct.

B, 40 80 ...

C, 80 24 ...

D, 25 19 ...

E, 20 15 ...

F, 15 12 ...

G, 15 12 ...

G, 15 18 ...

H, 10 8 ...

H, 10 8 ...

Class A, upon which a reduction of 60 per cent. is made, consists exclusively of distilled spirits and cordials. Class B, on which the reduction is 6 per cent., includes most manufactured articles of wool and iron. The free list is enlarged so as to include books and apparatus imported for schools and public institutions; fruits, spices, and dyestuffs; tea and coffee; unmanufactured brass and copper; and wool, costing not more than twenty cents per pound. This tariff, which it is estimated will effect a reduction of about twenty milions of dollars in the revenue, goes into effect on the 2d day of July next. It passed in the Senate by a vote of 33 to 8; and in the House by 124 to 71.-The Atlantic Telegraph Bill, as finally passed, provides that the sum to be paid to the Company may amount to \$70,000 per annum until the net profits reach six per cent. per annum, after which it shall not exceed \$50,000; that the tariff of prices shall be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury and the British Government: that the citizens and Government of the United States shall be put upon an equal footing with those of Great Britain; and that Congress may, at the expiration of ten years, terminate the contract by giving one year's notice .-The House Committee on Corruptions reported in effect that they find no evidence of any such general corrupt combination as has been affirmed to exist; that these charges originated from men who expected to make money by creating a belief in the existence of such combinations; they find, however, that William A. Gilbert, Francis S. Edwards, and Orsamus B. Mattison, all members of the House from New York, and William W. Welch, a member from Connecticut, had been guilty of corrupt practices, in connection with certain specified measures, and recommended their expulsion from the House. After considerable discussion, the House, by a large majority, decided that in the case of Mr. Welch the alleged corrupt practices were not | view of the subject—since a dissolution would put

proved; but that the others were guilty. While the resolutions for their expulsion were pending, these three members sent in their resignations, at the same time protesting their innocence of any crime. This put an end to the proceedings. In conformity with the report of the Committee, the House also expelled James W. Simonton and Francis F. C. Triplet from their seats as reporters on the floor of the House, on the ground that they had used corrupt means to secure the passage of certain bills.

The Inauguration of James Buchanan as President of the United States took place on the 4th of March. The President left his home at Wheatland on the morning of the 2d, and reached Washington early on the 3d. At noon on the 4th he proceeded from his hotel to the Senate Chamber, which had been filled by the members of the Government, the Diplomatic Corps, and others whose official position gave them the privilege of entrance. At 1 o'clock the President proceeded to the eastern portico of the Capitol, and delivered his inaugural address. He owed his election, he said, to the inherent love of the country and the Union, which still animates the heart of the American people, whose support he asked in sustaining all just measures calculated to perpetuate the political blessings which we enjoy. Having determined not to become a candidate for re-election, he should have no motive to influence his conduct except the desire ably and faithfully to serve his country, and to live in the grateful memory of his countrymen. He congratulates his countrymen upon the quiet submission of the minority to the will of the majority, after a political contest of such deep and vital importance. In this principle—the submission of the minority to the majority-lay the true solution of the question of domestic slavery in the Territories. There is a difference of opinion as to the time when the people of a Territory have the right to decide this question. The President's own opinion has always been that, according to the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the proper period is when the number of inhabitants in a Territory is such as to justify them in forming a Constitution, with a view to admission as a State into the Union. But, says Mr. Buchanan, this is properly a judicial question, the decision of which rests with the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and to their decision he shall cheerfully submit. It is, he adds, the duty of the government to secure to all citizens the right of expressing by their votes their opinion in the matter; and, this being accomplished, they should be left to decide their own destiny for themselves, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. This being decided, no other important point remains open for adjustment, since it is agreed by all that, under the Constitution, slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any power except that of the respective States themselves. He therefore trusts that the long agitation on this subject, which has produced no good, but much harm, is nearly at an end. Some, he says, have endeavored to calculate the value of the Union, presenting estimates of the pecuniary profits which would result to certain sections from its abolition. These are all erroneous-taking into account only this low and narrow



upon the great lines of internal communication of the country. But this sinks into insignificance when compared with the great evils, which he would not attempt to portray, in which a dissolution of the Union would involve every portion of the country. The President next refers to the unexampled fact that the Government is embarrassed by a revenue largely exceeding its wants, and to the extravagant legislation and corruption likely to arise therefrom. The surplus, he says, should be appropriated to great national objects, for which a clear warrant can be found in the Constitution; such as the extinguishment of the national debt, and the increase of the navy. To reduce the revenues to the required sum, it was necessary to modify the tariff, which has been done in such a manner as to do as little injury as possible to our own domestic manufactures. The public lands, he says, are an important trust, in the administration of which it may be wise to grant portions of them for the improvement of the remainder; our cardinal policy should be, to reserve as large a portion as possible, at a moderate price, for actual settlers, in order to secure homes for our descendants, as well as for those who seek our shores from abroad, who have done so much to promote the prosperity of the country. These, he says, have proved faithful both in peace and war, and are entitled, upon becoming citizens, to be placed on a perfect equality with native-born citizens. The President is in favor of a strict construction of the powers of the Government. Still, he believes that Congress, under the war-making power, may appropriate money toward the construction of a military road, when absolutely necessary for the defense of any State or Territory from foreign invasion; and on this ground he argues that Congress should aid in the construction of a military road to the Pacific, since, in the event of a war with a naval power stronger than our own, our present access to California and Oregon would be closed to us. He expresses no opinion as to the mode in which this aid should be rendered. In respect to our foreign relations, the President urges that we should cultivate peace, commerce, and friendship with all nations; that our diplomacy should be direct and frank; that we should never interfere in the domestic concerns of any unless required so to do by the law of self-preservation; and that we should avoid all entangling alliances. We have never, he says, acquired territory except by fair purchase, or, as in the case of Texas, by the determination of a brave, kindred, and independent people to unite their destiny with our own; and our past history forbids that we should in future acquire territory unless sanctioned by the laws of justice and honor; and all our acquisitions have resulted in the good of the territories acquired, and every commercial nation has shared in this benefit. -At the conclusion of this address, the oath of affice was administered to the President by Chief Justice Taney.

an end to the great internal commerce, now free,

The Cabinet is constituted as follows:

Sec. of State......Lewis Cass, of Michigan,
Sec. of the Treasury...Howell Cobb, of Georgia.
Sec. of War......John B. Floyd, of Virginia.
Sec. of the Navy.....Isaac Toucet, of Connecticut.
Sec. of the Interior...Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi.
Attorney-General...Jeremiah S. Black, of Penn.
Postmaster-General...Aaron V. Brown, of Tenn.

The Supreme Court of the United States has at length given its decision in the "Dred Scott Case."

Scott and Harriot his wife were slaves belonging to Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the United States army, by whose consent they resided for some time both in the Free State of Illinois, and at Fort Snelling, within the territory in which, by the ordinance of 1787, slavery and involuntary servitude are forever prohibited. In 1838 Scott and his wife were taken by their master to the State of Missouri, where they, as well as two children born to them, have ever since been held as slaves. They claim their freedom on the ground that by the act of their master they were brought into free territory. The Court decided against their claim. The opinion of the majority, prepared by Chief Justice Taney, decides the following important points: Negroes, whether slaves or free, are not, by the Constitution, citizens of the United States; The ordinance of 1787 had no effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and can not confer citizenship or freedom upon negroes; So much of the Compromise of 1820 as undertook to give freedom and citizenship to negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana purchase is void, as exceeding the powers of Congress; The rights of citizens emigrating to the Territories, and the power of Congress therein, depend on the general provisions of the Constitution; And Congress can not delegate to the Territorial Governments any powers which it does not itself possess under the Constitution; The legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri is not affected by his temporary sojourn in any other State, but on his return his condition depends on the laws of the State of Missouri. The main points in this decision were concurred in by six of the nine judges. Judges M'Lean and Curtis delivered opinions in favor of the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise, and affirming that Congress has power to prohibit slavery in the Territories.

The Legislature of Kansas adjourned after having passed a number of important acts. Among these is one defining and punishing the crimes of rebellion against the territorial laws; and another providing for a Convention to form a State Constitution. This latter Act directs that on the third Monday in June delegates shall be elected to a Convention to form a State Constitution; all citizens of the United States who have resided three months in the county may vote for delegates; and the Convention is to meet on the first Monday in September. Governor Geary vetoed this bill, mainly on the ground that it contained no provision for submitting the Constitution to be framed to the judgment of the people; and because he considered the time premature for the erection of Kansas into a State. The Legislature by a unanimous vote passed the bill over the veto of the Governor, so that it is now a law. It will be observed that by its provisions no person arriving in the Territory after the 15th of March can have any voice in forming the State Constitution.

Lord Napier, the new British Minister, arrived at New York on the 5th of March.—Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the famous Arctic Navigator, died at Havana on the 16th of February, aged only thirty-two years. His health had been impaired by the hardships endured during his last voyage, and he had visited Cuba in the hope of its restoration. After appropriate ceremonies at Havana, his remains were brought to this country for interment. Few men have acquired so much distinction at an age so early; and his loss will be deeply deplored throughout the whole civilized world.



SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From Mexico the intelligence still favors the prospect of the permanency of the present Administration. A treaty has been negotiated by our Minister, Mr. Forsyth, with the Government, of which the main provisions are stated to be, that in consideration of certain commercial advantages the United States are to loan to Mexico fifteen millions of dollars; of which three millions are to be reserved to meet claims of American citizens, while the remaining twelve are to be applied to the pressing requirements of Mexico. It is hoped, should this treaty be ratified, that President Comonfort will be able to carry on the government success-

In Peru the revolution seems likely to prove successful, though little of special importance has occurred since our last.

From Nicaragua the general tenor of the reports is decidedly adverse to Walker, though the accounts which reach us are unusually contradictory; and the closing of the Transit Route prevents any direct communication.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament opened February 3. The Royal speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, touches briefly upon the leading political transactions of the last three months, expressing a confident trust that the recent negotiations with the Governments of the United States and Honduras will be successful in removing all cause of misunderstanding with respect to Central America. In the course of the debate which arose in the Peers, on the Address to the Crown, the Earl of Derby objected to the shadowy nature of the Royal speech; said that Parliament would be wanting in its duty if it did not insist on the termination of the income tax in 1860; criticised the course of the Government in relation to the Persian and Chinese wars; said that, as regards Naples, the cause of liberty had been played with; closing, by confessing that he looked with distrust and misgiving upon the aspect of the foreign relations. The Earl of Clarendon defended the conduct of the Government. Earl Grey condemned the Persian war, as likely to throw the Shah into the arms of Russia; and moved an amendment to the Address to the effect that Parliament should have been summoned before the war was commenced. This was rejected by 45 to 12.—In the Commons, Mr. Disraeli criticised the course of the Government at great length; affirming, among other things, that negotiations had been carried on with Sardinia, while there was in existence a secret treaty, guaranteeing to Austria her whole possessions in Italy. Lord Palmerston denied the existence of any such treaty, and called the statement of Mr. Disraeli "a romance." Mr. Disraeli reiterated the charge, giving the date of the treaty, and offering to prove from the archives of the Foreign Office that the Government was aware of its existence. Lord Palmerston repeated his denial, and said that the only foundation for such a statement was the fact that early in the course of the war, when there was some probability that Austria would join the Allies against Russia, the French Government had agreed that in case the Austrian troops were removed from Italy, France would not encourage any risings in Italy. This Convention, which was only temporary, differed materially from a permanent treaty, and moreover, was a dead letter, since Austria failed to declare war against Rus-

was still in force, and taunted the Government with being obliged to admit the substantial accuracy of his statement. Lord Palmerston retorted bitterly. affirming that Mr. Disraeli was vainly trying to cover an ignominious retreat.-In the Commons the original Address having been slightly modified by words qualifying the approval of the proceedings in China, was unanimously agreed to.-A committee has been appointed to inquire into the transactions of the Hudson Bay Company, whose charter expires in 1859. Mr. Roebuck argued in favor of taking away the powers of the Company, which had been tyrannically used, and had prevented colonization in a very important part of British America. Mr. Gladstone doubted the legality of the Company's title, and thought it would be highly inexpedient to continue the monopoly, but hoped ample compensation would be made for the withdrawal of the exclusive privileges of the Company.

FRANCE.

The Legislative Chambers were opened on the 16th of February by a speech from the Emperor, in which he congratulates the country on the restoration of peace, and the removal of the obstacles which impeded the execution of the treaty of Paris. The attention of Government must now, he says, be directed to oppose the evils from which a progressive society is not exempt. Despite war and famine, the country is prosperous. Since the restoration of the empire the revenues have increased 210,000,000 francs. But so long as the harvests are insufficient, there must be much suffering. He trusts that science will prevent the recurrence of the inundations of last year. "In France, rivers, like revolutions, must return to their beds, or must not leave them." The expenses of the war will be met by loans already authorized, and no deficiency is anticipated for the coming year. Taxation is to be somewhat reduced. The annual contingent of the army is fixed at 100,000 men, which is 20,000 above the ordinary calls in time of peace. Twothirds of the conscripts will remain only two years in the ranks, and will then form a reserve which will furnish an army of 600,000 disciplined men on the first appearance of danger. On account of the dearness of provisions the pay of the lower ranks in the civil and military service is to be raised. Appropriations have been made to establish a line of transatlantic steamers. Algeria is prosperous, and a plan is under consideration to transfer thither the convict establishments now at Guiana. "It was a difficult task," says the Emperor, "to accustom the country to new institutions, to replace the license of the tribune, and the exciting contests which brought about the fall or the rise of ministries, by a free, yet calm and serious discussion, was a signal service rendered to the country, and even to liberty, for liberty has not more formidable enemies than the outbursts of passion and the violence of language. Strong in the support of the great bodies of the state and the devotion of the army-strong especially in the support of that people which knows that every instant of my life is devoted to it and its interests, I foresee for our country a future full of hope."

THE EAST.

At the latest official dates little of importance had taken place at Canton. The Chinese had contented themselves with destroying the foreign factories, and attempting unsuccessfully to burn the English vessels by means of fire-ships sent sia. Mr. Disraeli affirmed that the Convention down the river. The English fleet held undis-



puted possession of the stream, and the Admiral | was apparently waiting for the arrival of fresh troops. It is said that accounts have been received in London that hostilities have been recommenced, and that Canton has been totally destroyed. — Mr. Parker, the American Commissioner, has issued a circular to the American merchants and citizens, characterizing the reply made by the Governor to his own dispatch as manifesting the desire to evade obligations, misrepresent facts, and give a wrong interpretations to treaty stipulations, which have for years characterized the correspondence of the Imperial Commissioners. He discourages any attempt, under present circumstances, to revive trade; says that more ample means than are now at command will be required to meet the emergency of the public interests of the United States in China; and says that the satisfactory adjustment of the relations of the Five Ports is an event yet future.

Beyond the capture of Bushire, which was effected with a very trifling loss, no further hostilities have taken place in Persia. It was supposed that the Shah would submit to the demands of the English, and the preliminaries of a

treaty were generally believed to have been settled at Paris. But the tenor of the latest advices indicates that there is a prospect that the negotiations will fall through, and that the Shah, instigated by Russia, is disposed to try the fortunes of a war.

The French have been getting up an affair in Cochin China. The captain of the Corvette Catinat presented a letter to the authorities of Touranne, which was contemptuously rejected, and preparations were made to attack the vessel. The captain determined to anticipate these by attacking the city. The French landed, burst open the gates by a single shot, spiked the cannon, wetted the gunpowder, and returned to their vessel without loss. The natives were overawed, made humble apologies, received the letters with the utmost respect, sent on board an abundance of provisions, and were much surprised at the punctuality with which payment was made; expressing themselves greatly surprised that men so powerful should be so just.

The Russian Minister of war announces that the armistice concluded with the Circassians has expired, and that active hostilities in the Caucasus are about to be renewed.

Literary Wotices.

Stories of the Island World, by CHARLES NORD-HOFF. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Nordhoff is a young writer who has already attained a worthy reputation by his cordial and sincere narratives of maritime experiences. He has seen every variety of sea-life, from the artistic organization of a man-of-war to the rough-andtumble arrangements of a Nantucket whaler; and without assuming any of the airs of anthorship, has given a straightforward account of his adventures in several little volumes, which in their frank, confiding naturalness, are not without something of the secret charm which so bewilders all classes of readers in the perusal of works like Robinson Crusoe. Not that Mr. Nordhoff makes use of any imaginative touches to add to the piquancy of his autobiographical confessions, but he has the rare gift of investing every-day realities, with an atmosphere of human sympathy, which is more effective than the most dazzling colors of romance. His previous volumes, which have met with such a favorable reception in this country, have been reprinted in England, and welcomed with a more appreciative recognition than is usually accorded to American productions. The work before us is altogether in his peculiar line, though not the fruit of his personal observation. It consists of historical and descriptive sketches of some of the principal islands in various seas, drawn from the most authentic sources, and presented in a style of modest simplicity and beauty. In its copiousness of illustration, variety of instruction, and ease of expression, it is adapted not only to youthful readers, for whom it seems to have been primarily intended, but to all curious lovers of lively and faithful description.

Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The purpose of this work is to present the teachings of biography in a series of simple narratives, describing the history and character of several eminent persons, both in public

and private stations of life. It has taken its examples from a wide range of experience, commencing with John Wesley, the illustrious leader of the great religious revival, in the middle of the last century, and closing with Mary Ware, the wife of a prominent Unitarian clergyman in Massachusetts. Among the other subjects of the volume we find the names of Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Chief Justice Ellsworth, Bishop White, Hannah More, Martha Laurens Ramsay, and Mrs. Hemans. The work is stamped on every page with the pure moral tastes, the elevated religious sentiment, and the tranquil earnestness, which distinguish the character of the author.

The History of King Richard the First, by Jacob Abbott, is a continuation of the pictorial series of juvenile historical works published by Harper and Brothers, presenting a lively narrative of the fortunes of the lion-hearted monarch, and illustrated by numerous appropriate engravings.—

Learning about Right and Wrong, by the same author, completes the series of "Harper's Picture Books for the Nursery." It sets forth the first principles of practical ethics, in a form adapted to the youngest capacity, enlivening its lessons with a succession of spirited embellishments.

Songs and Ballads, by Sidney Dyer. The highest excellence in the art of lyric composition is of rare attainment, but any inferior success is apt to be more conspicuous than in other departments of poetry. Mr. Dyer has a musical ear, a susceptible organization, and an evident facility of versification—greater, no doubt, than is usually found in connection with the rarest poetic gifts. His songs are of a popular character, often showing a smooth rhythmical flow, and inspired by a tender and elevated sentiment. They do not, however, betray that exquisite felicity of thought and curious skill in expression which distinguish the acknowledged masters of song in our language. Still, as a whole, they are superior to most of the fuzitive produc-



tions of the day in this kind, and are not unworthy of the permanent form in which they now appear. (Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.)

The Days of My Life is an autobiographical novel by the author of "Margaret Maitland," relating a series of domestic vicissitudes in an easy, unconscious narrative, which, in spite of the improbable plot, has more the expression of real life than of a passage from romance. The interest of the story is chiefly concentrated on the heroine, whose frank and artless relation of her history secures a sympathy with her fortunes, and compels the reader to listen to her naïve recital as to an account of private experience. (Harper and Brothers.)

Dana and Co. have published an important work on ecclesiastical architecture, containing Designs for Parish Churches in the three styles of English Church Architecture, with an analysis of each style, and a review of the nomenclature of the periods of English Gothic Architecture. The author is J. Coleman Hart, who has made an intelligent use of the ample materials on the subject, which have been accumulated by previous writers, and has presented them in a systematic and convenient shape. The volume is liberally illustrated by more than a hundred lithographic engravings.

Sea Spray, by MARTHA WICKHAM, is a new novel of American domestic life, founded on incidents in the history of a village of Long Island. It contains several natural sketches of local scenery and manners, but the narrative is often diffuse, and encumbered by a superfluity of moral reflections. The plot, also, is far-fetched, and though composed of not impossible occurrences, is singularly incongruous with the character and position of the people among whom the scene is laid. (Derby and Jackson.)

Reading without Tears is the quaint title of a little volume purporting to set forth a "pleasant method of learning to read." The plan is an ingenious one, both in conception and execution, and deserves the attention of parents and teachers. The writer is favorably known on both sides the water as the author of "The Peep of Day," and other popular works of a religious cast for young people. (Harper and Brothers.)

Old Haun, the Pawnbroker, is the title of another of the stories of city life with which the press has recently swarmed to satiety, but, both in its literary execution and its moral tone, is superior to many that have fluttered into an ephemeral notoriety. The plot exhibits considerable ingenuity in its development, although it is neither original nor striking in its construction. The pawnbroker's character is prefigured by his ill-sounding name, and the interest of the story turns on his successive villainies, which are brought into effective contrast with the admirable qualities of other personages in the story. Without any unnatural or melodramatic situations, the narrative is animated, and, for the most part, is written in a neat and agreeable style. (Rudd and Carleton.)

Duties, Tests, and Comforts, by Rev. DAYTON
F. Reed. (Published by Higgins and Perkinpine, Philadelphia.) The leading idea which pervades this volume is the application of religious principle to the common, every-day concerns of life. It views Christianity mainly in its ethical bearings, dwelling more on the duties which it enjoins than the privileges which it proclaims, and enforcing the obligation of Christians to consecute their persons and their property, their time

and their talents, to the divine service. standard of action which it presents is of the most elevated character—too much so for general adoption, with the prevailingly low and selfish aims of society, which sacrifice the spirit of the Gospel to the love of the world; but the earnest and glowing appeals of the author administer a stirring rebuke to inconsistency in religion, and can not fail to make a deep impression on every reflecting mind. The author makes no pretension to literary culture; and it must be confessed that his rhetoric is often more energetic than refined. Nor does he always abstain from statements of uncertain authority, and which address the fancy more strongly than the reason. The volume is introduced by a well-written preface, from the pen of Dr. M'Clintock, highly commending its spirit and execution.

Morals for the Young, by EMMA WILLARD, is a tribute of affectionate counsel to the numerous pupils, in every part of the country, who have received their early education at the hands of the author. It sets forth the main principles of Christian morals in a systematic form, accompanied with a variety of illustrative anecdotes and incidents. The volume is executed with ability, and is well suited to the purpose for which it was designed. (A. S. Barnes and Co.)

Memorial Papers is the title of a volume containing the Circular and Questions of an Episcopal commission appointed by the General Convention, in 1853, to consider and report on "the posture of the Church in relation to the great moral and social necessities of the day." It also includes the Report of the commission, the individual contributions of its members, Bishops Doane, Potter, Burgess, and Williams, and various communications from eminent Episcopal divines and others. The subjects discussed in the work are of general interest to all Christians. They relate to the questions of religious education, of increasing the influence and attractiveness of public worship, and of securing the more active co-operation of the laity in the work of evangelizing the world. Although regarded in their immediate connection with the Episcopal Church, the principles involved concern all churches, and earnest men of every re-ligious persuasion. The volume is filled with impressive and valuable suggestions; but to the general reader its chief interest will be found in the illustrations which it presents of the condition of ecclesiastical polity in the United States at the present day. (E. H. Butler and Co., Philadelphia.)

The Science of Logic, by the Rev. Asa Mahan. Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.) In this work the subject of logic is considered in its most comprehensive sense, as involving an exposition of the universal laws of thought, and not merely an analysis of the principles of reasoning. According to Dr. Mahan it is the legitimate function of logic to furnish valid criteria for determining the soundness of the premises in a process of reasoning, no less than to pronounce upon the validity of the connection between the premises and the conclusion. In this view he is sustained by the eminent authority of Kant and of Sir William Hamilton, although it has a learned and able opponent in Archbishop Whately. The subject is treated with acuteness and force by Dr. Mahan, and in compactness of style, precision of statement, and dignity of illustration, we notice a marked improvement on his



Editar's Cable.

DESTINY OF THE MECHANIC ARTS.—The | its elements—that is, in chemistry—is combined Mechanic Arts have been constantly rising in power and importance, especially within the last half century; yet, with all our alleged utilitarianism, we are inclined to believe that their destiny is still inadequately estimated, and that the future is to open, within the machine-shop and the laboratory, wonders that shall throw the old magic into the shade. It is, indeed, common enough to consider the bearings of mechanism upon the wealth and comfort of our race, but not by any means so common to consider its bearings upon the social, and moral, and religious destiny of mankind. We propose now to carry out some previous thoughts on the subject of American Invention, and give some hints of the more ideal relations of the useful

I. Consider the arts in question as illustrating the mind of God. They are founded upon a science which explains the supreme wisdom shown in the architecture of the universe. What is mechanical science but the doctrine of forces—of forces in rest and in motion-or statics and dynamics, according to the language of the schools? Almost every structure combines the principles of both, for even the simplest lever must have a point of rest as well as an arm of motion. How much is comprehended in this simple definition, "Force in rest or in motion." Does it not bring the whole universe before us, in its balance and its movements—enable us to read the great plan of nature wisely—see the Maker's power alike in the repose and the activity of creation-and to rise, step by step, from the statical and dynamical arrangements of matter, to the contemplation of that Sovereign Mind who is at once the eternal rock and the all-pervading energy -and who has stamped his attributes of stability and force, in some measure, upon all created things? Sure it is, that the great philosophers of nature have been chief names in mechanical science; and thinkers like Newton and Galileo have seen in the starry heavens principles of motion and equilibrium that have given new and wonderful aids to the practical arts.

Look beyond the mere definition to the component parts of the science itself; and in these, by themselves and in their union, we find ever-in-creasing marks of the divine Word to which they belong. We enter at once the realm of ideasideas of pure number and relation, which pervade nature and become natural laws. The science of number and figure, or of mathematics, which measures the quantity and direction of forces, interprets the divine reason in declaring principles and processes, which would be none the less true although no particle of matter existed to test their correctness. The vast forces of the universe move and rest according to laws of number and figure. So nature answers to the ideas of pure mind given of God to man in the laws of calculation, as in the light she answers to the eye, and in sound to the ear. The science which men apply to their mechanism is in harmony with the external universe, and may be applied to its phenomena-whether to the rise of a drop of water in a capillary tube, or the swell of the ocean tides, the vibrations of a musical chord, or the oscillations of a planet.

of its masses—that is, in physics—or the affinities of | and mountains—in great armies and navies—in

with the science of number and figure, mechanical science is the result. Then it appears in what wonderful harmony the forces of the material world move by ideal laws; and art, when wise, only copies nature, as in her marches and her halts she follows the sublime music of the spheres. Does any one scoff at this idea, and treat the formulæ of science as mere theory or dull abstractions, and demand something practical, some actual effect, instead of ideal principles? Just as wisely might some illiterate clown enter the choir of any church, and, trampling on the musical score which guides the organist, call for music. The instrument illustrates the notation as art illustrates science. A skilled hand travels the keys, and lo! the strange ciphers of Beethoven or Haydn are sounds, and flood the air with melody. So the forces of nature and art interpret the rules and formulæ of science. The pages of our Bowditch, in his "Celestial Mechanics," are forbidding to the look, but the stars sing them as they shine. The formulæ of Poisson and Hamilton are Egyptian darkness to the unpracticed reader, but the facts of nature kindle them into light, and all forces move at their order, and pause at their command. So surely does mechanical science interpret nature and its Maker's mind. We hear the Amen of Nature to the creed of man: the outward world responds to mental laws; deep answers unto deep, as God through the universe answers to his oracles in man. To whatever material force we may appeal that response is still heard, whether in the simplest lever or the radius of the farthest planet, the path of a ship or the curve of an arch, the rotations of a balance-wheel or the movements of the worlds.

Pass from the science to the art, and consider a moment how this interprets the mind of God. The art has given the instruments which bring down the heavens to our gaze, and expand each atom of earth into a world; it has carried the written Word of God to every realm of the globe, and stands ready with its iron steeds and oarsmen to convey us to any beauty or sublimity of nature that bears most signally the Maker's mark. It has taught us new reverence for the mechanism of creation; to find new wonders in the architecture of rocks and trees; to see a divine wisdom in the structure of the ant and the bee. It has made man feel anew the mystery of his own mechanism-of that world in miniature, the microcosm of the human frame, that temple made to be the shrine of God. What a living miracle is the body! The head, the heart, the hand, the step, the rhythmic motion of each and all, the uniformity in variety, the adaptation of each part to the whole-such balance, such force! Anatomy itself becomes lyrical; and under such teachers as Harvey and Bell our pulses seem to beat like cymbals, and our nerves thrill like harpstrings in anthems to the Former of our bodies and the Father of our spirits.

II. Would we carry further these illustrations of the mind of God, pass to the second general consideration, and view these arts as enlarging the powers of man; for man has created nothing, but has only been using the materials given him by the Creator. We can not but be impressed by exhibi-When the science of nature, whether in relation | tions of vast power. There is sublimity in seas



bold enterprises and grand achievements. Is there | not grandeur in the results and processes of the useful arts? The plainest and most obvious facts rise into sublimity the moment we truly reflect upon them. What vast powers of production, and distribution, and adaptation, are starting up all around us! The history of the human race might be pretty well written by describing the past and present uses of a single material-that which makes sword and plow-share, spear and pruning-hook. Its history tells the whole tale of the progress from barbarism to civilization; and man is still writing with an iron pen the living epic of his destiny. He has learned now so to take it from the mine and fit it for the smith, that one man is at least as capable as thirty men ignorant of modern arts. Under the hands of the smith and mechanician he has worked this metal into such various and cunning forms that one arm is as a thousand, and any community of a thousand men can, in many respects, do the work of old done by millions-nay, can do many things which the whole population of the globe combined could not do a single century ago. Consider the offices of iron now, in tilling the soil, in weaving cloth, in transporting merchandise, persons, or thoughts; in providing new adaptations of power to the hands, senses, and mind of man-what a world of energy is opened to us at once-how mighty is the commentary furnished by the peaceful arts upon the ancient promise that the sword shall be turned into the plow-share, and the spear into the pruning-hook! That element which, of old, was but another name for the instrument of bloodshed, has become, in some way, the ally of every truth and the instrument of every blessing. In the magnet, it points out a safe path on the ocean; in the woodman's axe, it rings through the wilderness the reveille of an advancing civilization; in faithful channels it bears living water to our homes; and in trusty tubes holds light for every wayfarer's guidance in the city streets, and turns, in its benignant round, the revolving lamp that guides the storm-tossed vessel home; it smooths and floors the highways that almost annihilate distance, and gives us steeds and oarsmen who wait our bidding to bear us whither we will; it crushes rocks like snow, and thrills with music in the strings of harp and piano like a living soul; it points its finger heavenward, and disarms the storm of its terrors; it spreads its threads over the continent, and the dead earth becomes a sensorium of living thought. Does not this element glorify God while it enlarges the powers of man? Is not man now called to change the meaning of the phrase "iron age" and "iron hand?" The iron age should be one of beneficence, and the iron hand must be, and in a great measure now is, the almoner of the divine bounty-feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, enlightening the ignorant, lifting up the downcast, overthrowing walls of international jealousy, and teaching peace and unity to the nations. It looks very much as if this metal, wisely used in arts of peace, were to fulfill, on a grand scale, the office figuratively claimed for one of its uses in, perhaps, the most striking figure of modern oratory: "I conspire with the insurgents?" asked Lamartine. "Yes, I have done so as the electric rod conspires with the lightning.

We have used but a single illustration of the new powers that are secured to mankind by the mechanic arts. Illustrations without number might be given, showing their bearing upon the dreams of God and things spiritual! the age for

poetry as well as the prose of life; as ministering to beautiful tastes and elevated affections, as well as to homely utilities. It is needless to add any thing to the commonplaces now in every mouth and newspaper. We do better by thinking somewhat of the tendency of all this progress.

III. Must there not be some providential plan behind the vast array of forces thus developed by man? Surely grave memory steps forward at once as the sister of hope, and points to the past as the harbinger of the future. The arts have been, and are to be yet, more than ever providential agencies to bring men into truer relations with the kingdom of God. All history shows that mankind have always advanced by the instruments of power within their reach, and that the noblest ideas remain idle unless set to work through appropriate means. The Gospel itself seemed to wait for the Greek language and the Roman roads; the Reformation waited for the printing-press, while feudalism fell before the chemist and armorer, when castles and coats of mail were as clay beneath the shots of musket and cannon. Nay, stand at the com-Nay, stand at the commencement of modern history and mark the leading powers that have wrought such signal changes, and straightway plain facts kindle into prophecies. Before the gateway of that hall of historic wonders into which Christendom for three centuries has been passing, and where, as we press on, each year is adding some new marvel, and prompting the question, "What next?" "What next?" as the vail before some unexplored recess is beginning to quiver-before that gateway stand in our imagination three forms who have given the chief impulse to modern history. Central stands a stout figure that can not easily be mistaken; in his hand he holds an open Bible, and at his feet, among a pile of controversial folios, may be seen a scroll bearing the title, "Address to the Princes and Magistrates of Germany in Behalf of Common Schools." On one side of him stands a manly figure with a face blending the refinement of the gentleman with the daring of the sailor, and you hardly need look upon the compass and helm before him to fix his triumphs upon the sea. On the other side stands one with far less imposing air, yet with the inbred dignity characteristic of intelligent industry, as he rests his arm upon the lever of the printingpress. These are the three. You know them at once. Luther, Columbus, Guttemberg - heroes indeed-under God arbiters of modern historyrepresenting severally the opened Bible, the New World, the Printing-press - powers that have brought all progress in their train. Luther and Columbus have been named perhaps often enough as providential men. Every free thought seems to breathe the spirit of the great Reformer, and every ocean-wave to murmur the requiem of the daring Navigator. But the day of the inventor's honor is yet to come. Reverently we may pause before the statue of the hero of less stately mien, and then cross the threshold to trace, in the wonders of mechanism of which he was the pioneer, providential agencies which unite with religion and commerce to work out the future of mankind.

Is it not evident that He, whose is the earth and the fullness thereof, is preparing larger measure of health and plenty for mankind? We can not join with the atheistic cry of those who are proclaiming the doom of religion and the triumph of materialism-whose motto is, "Down with all



the rights of the body, the rehabilitation of the senses has come!" We can not do it, precisely because we look for the better welfare of the body and its interests through means given by God, and well used only when used in piety and charity, or religiously. What wonders of humanity may we not expect from the worthy directing of the most prosaic arts! The arts of building, draining, watering, lighting, ventilating, clothing, have done and are doing, for the wretched and miserable, the very deeds pronounced blessed by our Lord in his parable concerning the captive, the sick, the hungry, the naked, the stranger. "London," says Macaulay, "is now as much more healthy than London under Charles II. as London without the cholera than London with that pestilence." The baptism of water precedes the baptism of the Spirit, and cleanliness goes before godliness to prepare the way. The Health Committee, aided by the arts, have power to rebuke disease, and on both sides the ocean the Ashlevs and Morpeths of Sanitary Reform rival the Coopers and Bells renowned in the healing arts. A single enterprise makes an era in the strength and purity of cities, as the engineers of Croton or Cochituate repeat the miracle of the Lawgiver, and from the cleft rock living waters gush up in every street and home. The dreamer himself often finds the earth more hospitable to his ideal castles than the air, and one of the mathematicians of our age has dreamed himself into a poet, and some say into a madman, as he welcomes a new empire of industrial art, and, following the track of Constantine, pitches his tent on the shores of the Bosphorus, and there plans the central metropolis of a new and beneficent civilization that shall rebuke the eagles of war and emblazon the golden bees of industry upon the imperial purple that is to robe the Omniarch of peace-

Certain it is that the mind of man is to win new opportunity and power from the progress of the useful arts. Look around us, and see what cruel burdens are lifted from our shoulders and borne by arms that feel no weariness or pain. A race of Titans work for us whose limbs of adamant feel no lash, and whose hearts of iron and flame do not break at the severing of human ties. We who have no slaves have machines in place of them. These embody and carry every where the works of mind. With them go ever-new incentives to thought, new means and opportunities of knowledge and enterprise. One dark chapter, indeed, stands in their history, the chapter of pauperism, so closely connected with the introduction of the new powers and the monopoly of them by capital. But that dark chapter will end in light, for in time the good of every invention must reach the poorest classes. The products of mechanism are brought within the means of the humblest, and as the philosophy of accommodation is better understood, the mightiest engines of production can be owned by those who work them, and without any bloody socialisms liberty, knowledge, and industry will carry society onward beyond the theorist's dream, in the progressive order decreed by the God of ages.

The moral and spiritual interests of life can not be neglected in the result, common as it is to contrast what is mechanical with what is moral and spiritual. True relations with nature through art must bring new purity and freer life. Industry is the champion of freedom and order. The arts have always walked hand-in-hand with liberty and hand-in-hand-in

manity. They are messengers of reconciliation, bringing men and nations into closer and stronger relations, and arming peace itself, not with navies and armies, fortresses and cannon, but with mutual interests and agencies, which make war to be oppression and folly, murder and suicide.

True, indeed, it is that, in some poetical or devotional mood, we may mourn over an age of utilitarianism, and sigh for the old times of priesthood and chivalry-lament that many a baronial castle, once resounding with the song of troubadours, now rings with the clatter of spindles; and in many a deserted convent nimble-fingered weavers tend their looms where of old nuns counted their beads and lisped their prayers. Too true it is that men sometimes speak and act as if they had forgotten diviner force, and believed only in wood and stone, iron and fire. But the arts teach no atheistic doctrine. Mechanism is no deifier of matter or defier of God. Her triumphs have been won by the study of divine laws, and instead of materializing spirit, her true philosophy spiritualizes matter. Her statics lead the mind up to the rest of a divine faith, and her dynamics illustrate the energies of a divine love. In God is the ground of rest; from Him the arm of power.

It is not well to play the prophet now, and we will leave Isaiah's promise of peace to speak for itself in view of a single illustration of human progress. Whither tends the vast and converging movements of knowledge and power that have dated from Luther, Columbus, and Guttemberg, and which within half a century especially, have produced such startling results? The various forces have been drawing near each other-the different lines of discovery and invention have been converging toward common centres of co-operation. In a thousand ways the ideas and works of Bacon, Newton, Milton, of Arkwright, Watt, and Fulton meet and combine as they never could have thought. Their influences must at last join, as surely as all mountain rills must flow into the sea. Take any illustration, the most obvious. Franklin and Galvani pursued their researches wholly apart from each other's knowledge, yet, years after their decease, their inventions unite in the wonder of the age, which joins the metallic kite-string of the one to the battery of the other; and soon-strange comment on Berkeley's miracle of time—the clock that strikes at sunrise in summer on the headlands of Maine may the same instant ring a midnight alarm on the farthest cape of Oregon, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, like the twins of Siam. may soon feel the beatings of each other's hearts. The leaders in every department of science meet in great conventions, supplant the ancient ecumenical councils, and shame the sects by a grand and growing catholicity. The festivals of industry, which are now taking the place of the old tournaments, give promises far beyond their own present performance, and the powers there gathered hold in their hands keys of a mightier future than were grasped by the ghostly potentates of Trent or the mailed warriors of Agincourt. May the future justify the beautiful omen of our crystal palaces, with walls of crystal welcome Heaven's pleasant light, and call the tribes and nations to meet around the fountain of living water with pealing organs and voices of praise and prayer!

must bring new purity and freer life. Industry is the champion of freedom and order. The arts have every where in progress. Great powers are comalways walked hand-in-hand with liberty and hu
ing together, and the movements of industrial en-



terprise throw into the shade all that governments have done or can do. Nowhere in the world may greater wonders be expected than here in our land, and in this city, which holds now the empire of our national commerce, and grasps the peaceful empire of the seas. A strange union of arts and sciences is taking place and promising a greater. Shall the union be for good or ill? Certainly the various powers of art and science can not agree in wrong, though fragmentary and recreant portions may conspire to contrive a gin-palace instead of a school, a gambling-hell instead of the orphan asylum, a fight instead of a festival. But the whole can meet only around the true centre-in God who is the life of all truth, and in a civilization which copies his benignant kingdom. When the arts and sciences, with their strong hands and sage heads, meet together in a truer order, central among the vast hosts shall stand the symbols of religion-chief among the waving pennons shall float the snow-white banner of Him who is Prince of Peace and Lord of Men. Powers claimed solely by this world shall work for the divine kingdom, and names not in the churchman's breviary shall stand in the calendar of faith and humanity. The invention of Watt, the analysis of Newton and Leibnitz, the sagacity of Franklin, the science of Davy, the constructive genius of Michael Angelo, all shall be represented in concert with the faith of Luther, the daring of Columbus, the liberty of Milton, and the humanity of Penn. Thus guided, the arts shall obey a divine mandate. They shall build the walls that are Salvation, and the gates that are Praise. The iron hand of Christendom, outstretched in power, shall be uplifted in prayer, and opened in charity. Never more solemnly than now have we been called to listen to the mysterious voices from the laboratories of art and of nature that are whispering forth their majestic prophecies of the new future of the globe. Europe and America are now scheming an alliance, not of paper but of pulsatory life, and before the year closes the rival continents may be joined together by nerves of communication that storms can not break and wars will not sever. The age has surely come for a new order of humanity—a new answer to the anthem, "Peace on Earth." If the nations still follow their insane game, it will be in face of the solemn intervention of the heralds of God's truce, that speak in every voice of industry, and interpose with every arm of beneficent art.

Editor's Easy Chair.

TO err is human; but to be convicted of error so courteously that the vow of improvement is moistened by the tear of penitence, is the fortune of few even of those who sit in Easy Chairs, and discuss the world.

So, gentle Anonymous, whose letter follows, our first words this month—which will be lovely before it ends—are we to thank you for the reproof, which, if not all merited (what sinner ever really believed he ought to be condemned?), is yet so administered, that even a less obdurate offender than the Easy Chair might desire to go wrong a little, to be so persuasively set right. From the moment your letter was laid in the Chair, it has surveyed with a friendlier consideration—as it stumped up and down town upon its four legs—those Styliteses in old buffalo robes who dwell forever upon the summits of omnibuses; and, in penual first words this month—which will be lovely before it ends—are we to thank you for the reproof, with feelings and passions—a man with hopes and anxieties—a man who, in his humble way, not only respects himself, but is covetous of the good opinion of his fellow-men. No doubt there are omnibus-driver is a man! a man with hopes and anxieties—a man who, in his humble way, not only respects himself, but is covetous of the good opinion of his fellow-men. No doubt there are omnibus-driver is a man! a man with hopes and anxieties—a man who, in his humble way, not only respects himself, but is covetous of the good opinion of his fellow-men. No doubt there are omnibus-driver is a man! a man with hopes and anxieties—a man who, in his humble way, not only respects himself, but is covetous of the good opinion of his fellow-men. No doubt there are omnibus-drivers who are bad men, as there are bad men in every avocation of life—I have heard of even bad editors—but I had hoped better things of you. Your article is not characteristic of you. I can make all needful allowance for your indignation at the spectacle you witnessed (for I can not doubt your veracity). But then, I think you ever upon the summits of omnibuses; and, in pen-

sive moments, has even found itself murmuring indistinctly something of the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.

We confess the injustice of our indiscrimination. We confess that indignation with a specimen made us speak evil of a class. The proper penance we freely leave to Jehu, our correspondent. Shall it be to pay double fare for a month? Or always to give the driver a quarter, and get twelve cents in change? Or always to take the extra fat lady passenger in our lap? Or, to atone for the naughty wish that even pursued the unfortunate drivers beyond their terrestrial career, shall we be condemned, in some Dantean Inferno, to be driven fast—the thin ghost of a lame omnibus horse—in secula seculorum?

Seriously, we kindly thank you, O Anonymous! and fancy peers curiously among the thousands who stand around the Chair, and wonders who this friend may be. Shall not such a garrulous old Chair be indulged, also, in saying that the delicacy of the reproof indicates its value, as the edge of steel is tried by cutting hairs?

Therefore, good readers—you, revered Gunny-bags; you, Ganymede; you, Aquils Buzzard; and you, O'Blather MacBlather MacHeels, Esquire, behold the Easy Chair hung in white penitential sheet, and holding the candle of repentance, while you peruse the act of accusation, and receive the amen of confession:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,-Last Sunday, after dinner, the children having gone to Sunday-school, my wife cut the Magazine for February, and, as is her custom, commenced reading for my entertainment. I can not lose this opportunity of saying to you, confidentially, that the department of the 'Easy Chair' is my favorite portion of the Monthly, and that it is reserved for such quiet occasions as that alluded to, when I may enjoy it without interruption. I like, too, to have my wife read to me; for she has a very pleasant voice, and she graces the subject with a charm which is deficient when I read to myself. She opened to the 'Editor's Easy Chair,' and began reading the article on Omnibus-Drivers. She read it through, and turning round, looked at me in amazement. I asked, 'Is that all? No word of apology-no word of sympathy?' 'Nothing more,' she replied, and closed the book. Dear Easy Chair, let me tell you I too was astonished, and, moreover, greatly grieved. I at first doubted whether you could have written it. I took up the Number, and looked the article over again. It was so, sure enough. That same easy, charming style-those peculiarities that had so often pleased me by their funciful novelty-that earnestness, without stiffness, which I had so often admired-all were there. The authorship could not be doubted. I hardly knew how to repress my sorrow at the conviction that you wrote it. Good Easy Chair! an omnibus-driver is a man! a man with feelings and passions—a man with hopes and anxieties-a man who, in his humble way, not only respects himself, but is covetous of the good opinion of his fellow-men. No doubt there are omnibus-drivers who are bad men, as there are bad men in every avocation of life-I have heard of even bad editors-but I had hoped better things of you. Your article is not characteristic of you. I can make all needful allowance for your indignation at the spectacle you witnessed (for I can not doubt your veracity). But then, I think you



Gerard says, 'When the passions are aroused they master the judgment.' Because you saw a cruel and wicked act committed by one man, you denounce and stigmatize a whole class, denying them even the most common sentiments of humanity. Mrs. Partington said it was 'good to have a little fellow-feeling in the bosom;' and I think the sensation could do no one much harm. That noble Mandarin who came here in the Chinese junk, wrote to his sovereign that he had carefully noted the habits of the people in this country, and, in his observations on omnibus-drivers, uses the following language: 'These drivers have no human sympathy-no feeling for any thing but their horses-and that a vulturous affection: they only love them for their carryin(g).' Now Changfoue, with his limited information, procured on short notice, was vastly more generous—not to say just—than you are. You have lived among us long enough to know what we are; and yet, because one of our class is guilty of an outrage, you would, 'at one fell swoop,' consign us all to irretrievable perdition. Is this right? Does it conform to your views of equity between man and man? Where is your charity? I shall not fret you by reiterating your invective. It probably is still fresh in your memory. But I would ask you to revolve the matter in your mind, and, putting yourself into my position-accepting, for the occasion, my high seat, with all its discomforts, and allowing me to repose in your Easy Chair while you deliberate-ask yourself whether you have not been inconsiderate. Our way of life is full enough of misery, God knows! and it can not well bear the burden of imputed sin. But I will not discuss that now. I only ask for the amende honorable for a hasty error. More than one gentleman has said to me that he would rather trust himself to the tender mercies of an omnibusdriver, when attempting to cross blockaded Broadway, than to the driver of any other vehicle, because the omnibus-driver will give an inch of room, if there is one available. I do not wish to reflect on other drivers. I only seize at a straw to save myself and the good name of my class. Be assured, good Easy Chair, that 'the old buffalorobe and coat and bulgy mittens' has a man inside of it, after all; and that the cruelty and brutality which you lay to his charge are but the bugbears of your imagination.—Respectfully, JEHU."

BEFORE we can speak with our readers the long inquisition will be over, and the Coroner's verdict returned. The great horror will have been at least partially lifted from the public mind, by giving that mind a hint upon which to work. Another great crime will be in process of consideration; other great criminals will be confronted with justice; and the insatiable public eye will be glaring about for new horrors upon which to gorge.

It is curious that the discovery of one great crime always makes us (the Easy Chair) skeptical of others. When Huntington is condemned, this poor, old, fond Chair invariably supposes that all other Huntingtons will straightway turn from the error of their ways and flee. Crime so surely confesses itself. So few murders are concealed when the great multitude are considered. The criminal so inevitably betrays himself by the maddest folly.

It seems as if nature had outwitted crime by making the criminal foolish. He prepares every

irritation which disturbed your equanimity. Wise | omitted; the plan is complete; the perpetration successful; the result already touched, when lo! there was one key-hole he did not stop, and the whole world looked through and saw the deed; there was one drop of blood he did not wipe up, and he is lost in its ocean of damning evidence; there was only one foot-track he omitted to efface, and Justice trod in it, following to his chamber, and plucked him out of it to answer in the body for the crime to man, as in the soul he will answer for it to God.

> The Burdell murder does not point any moral against our unhappy city, because it was precisely the crime, and organized in precisely the way. that it would have been in the most sternly-supervised of all cities. Crime in its commission will always elude the most eagle-eved police, although it will probably expose itself boldly to the law. Verger strikes the Archbishop of Paris in the very act of worship. Perceval falls as ke passes out of Parliament. Lord William Russell, a peer, perishes mysteriously in his bed. The mere murder shows nothing against the police of New York, but since no police could have prevented it, it goes into the general account of human sin.

> The city is not terrible because men and women are murdered, but because they are ruined and made murderers. The tragedy, as it is called, of Bond Street, is not the death that happened in the house, but the life that was lived there. It is the disease, not the symptom, which is dreadful.

> Perhaps, before these lines can be read, a newer horror will have consumed the memory of this. But if it does so, it ought only to deepen its impression and make every man ask himself "What have I to do with this business?" You, Ganymede, dexterously gliding through the mazes of polite society, dining, supping, and dancing; correct in your habits, gentlemanly in your deportment, mild in your whole character, gentle, goodhumored, agreeable, you will not recognize your portrait; but have you nothing to do, can you be a man and not have a great deal to do with it?

> And our excellent Gunnybags, who regularly takes up his notes, pays his butcher and baker, and demurs at no pew taxes; who keeps his own garments free from stains, and drops liberally in the contribution-box at missionary and other meetings; has he nothing to do with the sin and squalor all around him at home? It is a good thing to help the benighted Cevlonese, but is it a bad thing to help the lost New Yorker? Great cities have always been bad; is Gunnybags, for that reason, content to let New York be submerged in the slough?

> Yes, it is very tiresome to hear about the immorality of cities; but he is a fool or knave who ceases to talk about it, and to do about it, until it is no longer the most conspicuous fact about them.

> But while thus over one arm of our Chair we have discussed a sin, over the other we have mourned for a shame. When boys mislehave at school and are soundly whipped, every body is delighted, and augurs well of the boy's future happiness and the security of the state. But when men behave like naughty boys, with all the venom and fury of maturer years, the world which can not lift its hand to strike, lifts its finger to point, and its sigh or its sneer are equally sad and sarcastic.

The fame of our illustrious men and the dignity thing perfectly; not a step is untaken; not a point of our great public officers are the property of every



Whoever harms the one or touches the citizen. other, injures the honor of the State. But if the men themselves are the culprits, and a soldier rages and a secretary sneers, what can we do but strive to hide the nakedness from the surprised and satiric glance of the world?

In truth, every day shows that men are only larger children; every day makes the difference between a boy and his grandfather only a difference of years. The child begins by looking out upon his elders as superiors; but there can surely be no such miserable disillusion as the discovery that they are only himself without his hope and enthusiasm, but with all his ungoverned fire.

Lost to decency, to dignity, to every sentiment of shame, the body that could have prevented, allowed a recent correspondence to be made public, and the newspapers have sedulously thrust it into every body's face. Nobody was the gainer by the proceeding; every body was the loser. No light was thrown upon any thing by the letters, except upon the comparative power of vituperation of the Secretary at War and the Commander-in-Chief. No question was settled, even had there been any in debate, except a question of personal ill-feeling. The correspondence was without occasion, yet unfortunately not without results; for while nobody knew what the dispute was, the conduct of the disputants covers them with shame.

We do not care to cast the balance of blame, but considering that we are the greatest, best, purest, most moral, most simple, most magnanimous, most patriotic, most intelligent, most civilized people in the world; considering that the vast experiment tried upon this continent has had such astonishing results, and that the heart of the true American dilates with proud satisfaction when he contemplates his goodly heritage, is it not flattering to that proud consciousness to know that two citizens, the one eminent by talent and services and the other by official position, have behaved before the world and history in a manner which would have caused the grandchildren of either of them, had they behaved so at school, to be incontinently spanked?

It is the fortune of some men to have good fortune, of some wood to be made into choice caskets to hold a Queen's jewels; of some water to bear the barge of Cleopatra; and of some Chairs to be Easy. It is also the fortune of certain "cycles" and "terms" of heat and cold to be noted by E. M.; but what shall be said of an aged veteran like ourselves who enjoys the fortune of noting E. M. in turn?

It has been always the reproach of philosophers that they were stranded upon systems and theories. Their speculations were dearer to them than their experiments. Talleyrand expressed the philosophic view of facts when he said, upon being told that the facts were against his theory, "So much the worse for the facts."

This want of coherency between the idea and the fact can never be asserted of the philosophic E. M. Thus: "Yesterday was Wednesday. At dawn commenced a great cycle of daylight, which was completed at dark, and a term of obscurity ensued. The phenomenon of noon was remarked at 12 m. precisely. Rain fell from clouds and consequent wetness was noticed. The water and dust combining, formed mud. The thermometer rose and fell during the day, apparently indicating va- | The eye has no overcost." Vol. XIV.—No. 83.—Y Y

ristions of temperature. Twice two are four; bats are blind; and day after to-morrow will be Saturday, unless something happens to prevent."

It is not easy to estimate the value of these observations. But when they are continued by the philosophic mind for fifty years, the philosophic body going out upon house-tops in limited linen and baize slippers every five minutes during the night, then it becomes not at all difficult to estimate the wisdom.

Now is he not a plain practical public benefactor who says without reservation at the beginning of winter: "It is possible that we may have a mild winter, in which case so much clothing will not be required as if the weather were cold; but as, on the other hand, it is impossible to foretell the weather, it will be the part of wisdom to provide warm Then if it be cold, we shall be ready for it, and if mild, we can be piously grateful."

This is science which every body can understand. This is learning made easy; or the Meriameter for telling what has happened. It seems to us as if no man could justly quarrel with such statements; for their admirable lucidity commends them to the simplest mind. They have also that air of probability which is so fascinating in the results of abstruser studies. They invite belief. They clothe the astutest observation in the most familiar garb, and have even the air of old acquaintances.

It has long been noticed that people like to see famous men; or, to express the sentiment in the intelligible phraseology of the Meriameter, "When there is a general public desire to see a man, people usually wish to look at him." We had in our own four-legged person an opportunity of verifying this axiom, when we were recently asked if we wished to see E. M. Wish to see E. M.? Would a man wish to see Dr. Primrose, or Polenius?

So our legs were rolled up to the philosopher, and we contemplated him for part of a cycle and for the whole of a heated term, as the interview took place by a fiery stove.

E. M. has a shock of long, white hair, frizzed, bushy, standing off from his head. He is deaf, and of mild, courteous manners. His eyes are small and his figure stout. He was dressed in ordinary winter garments, without an outer coat.

We asked him if he had enjoyed his jaunt among the winter mountains. He said that he certainly had done so, and, showing his thin summer shoes, remarked that he had made the entire tour clad as he was at that moment. Then, of course, we asked the question which was anticipated.

- "Did you not find it cold, Mr. E. M.?"
- "Not at all. It is an absurd mistake to suppose that heavy clothing keeps a man warm," responded the philosopher, surveying a fur collar that lay over our arm.
 - "Yes; but white bears-"
 - "White bears can suck their paws."

This remark certainly seems to lack the clearness which usually characterizes the observations of the philosopher; for, though it be true in itself, it seems to bear no especial relation to the discussion. The Easy Chair could therefore only respond,

- "True; and so can we."
- "Spiders now," continued the philosopher, "have no fur."
- "Granted."
- "Well, they live at the pole as well as bears.



"True."

"Well, the eye is the most sensitive part of the body. You see that window?"

"Yes."

"Well, that excludes the cold as well as the stone wall beside it."

At this point, borne down by superior science, the Easy Chair feebly retorted that, had the philosopher been housed in that room during the late protracted cold spell, and had that room been a pure and simple Crystal Palace, the good philosopher would have made no more pedestrian tours in thinnish clothing, with the mercury at zero, over the wild New England mountains.

But E. M. smiled loftily, with a kind of tender compassion for a world that would insist upon being cold, when thin coats and shoes were so plenty, and arctic apexes of mountains so perfectly accessible. The heedless Easy Chair asked if, during his wanderings, he still maintained his observations; and the Philosopher paused a moment, and then replied, in a tone of annihilating blandness, full of pity and wonder at such a thoughtless inquiry:

"For fifty years."

Peace be with thee, E.'est and M.'est of philosophers! Peace be upon thy house-top, and endless mercury in thy tubes! Still mayest thou feel and say, when the dog-star rages, that it is a heated term; and still discover, when the rain has fallen, that the grass is wet! Still, when water begins to congeal, mayest thou gravely say, "Look out for ice about this time!" and, when chimneys are toppled over, and trees wrenched up by the roots, announce that the wind is blowing! When stars are in the quiet skies, may the faithful Meriameter still indicate sunset, and, when apples are pressed, foretell cider! Long may our grateful ears attend the sound that water will run down hill and ignited charcoal burn, and our minds rejoice to know that the good old rule of three still works well, and the multiplication table is not suspended. Brooklyn! happy house-top! happy linen garments and baize slippers! Contumacious editors, themselves E. M.'s of the political and moral worlds, may revile thy sage simplicity; but will they dare to deny that, as thou averrest, when the heat begins to decline, its greatest fervor is diminishing?

HAVE we not always held that there is always a Curtius to leap into the gulf? and shall an Easy Chair of experience be surprised that another aspirant lately leased the Opera-house for a limited season?

Do you know the Piazza Navona in Rome? has two famous fountains, and there are fairs held upon its pavement, and the stump of the old statue of Pasquin is close by against the end wall of a palace, and Roman scarfs are to be found in greatest variety and perfection there, and Roman life is uncontaminated by the Saxon infusion; and whoever wishes to be economical, and shed his countrymen, and lose himself in Rome, dwells somewhere about the Piazza Navona. It has also palaces and churches. Rome is all palaces and churches, except where it is convents and hovels. Do you remember that picturesque Corso, with its sides of balconied palaces, long ranges of stately windows, high fronts of medieval pride? Do you recall those breaks in the palace lines made by the statued and arched façades of churches, with greasy

smells of incense, and streams of music, and girls in their white first-communion garments, Christ-brides, and monks, and priests, and friars, and monsignores, cardinals, and bishops, reeking with all kinds of fumes, and filth, and fat; all these sallow, dull, penetrant, gross, criminal, courteous, cringing, pale, pious, proud, splendid, and daintily stepping in silver-buckled shoes, with violet stockings, lost under lace gowns rich enough to tempt Eloise, and scarlet, gay enough to ransom an Ethiopian king—all these passing, swarming, crowding, bowing, kneeling, praying, blessing, and cursing—do you remember? Is it not Rome? Is it not Rome peculiarly? Is any thing else so much Rome to the eye, and ear, and nose?

Yes, this is Rome; and behold! how upon a little word even a well-regulated Easy Chair floats away from its four solid legs that cling to the good green earth, and sees and smells and hears old Rome once more! Says Browning,

"Open my heart, and you will see, Graved inside of it, Italy."

Now we will get down upon our four legs again, and yet leave at least two of them behind.

Upon the same Piazza Navona, quite at one end, is one of the gloomy Roman palaces that look—every one of them—as if they had their individual Cenci tragedy in their history. It is dingy and dull, and seems to be skulking in the little narrow, dark street, like a magnifico in reduced circumstances, taken now to the bravo's cloak and courses; for the palace is dreadfully shabby—a kind of dilapidated rattle-trap of splendor, with only an odor of departed grandeur and noble revelry about it, as a dilapidated trap smells of old cheese; the odor in both cases, this time, being singularly homogeneous.

This edifice clearly differs from the Academy of Music in the metropolis of Manhattan, which has such a passion for the divine art that it has built a temple worthy of it, and divides out of the chronic profits such copious semi-annual dividends. There is a difference between the white and gold Academy (pleasing and appropriate name!), with its airy exterior elegance and its elaborate Nuga interior (which is beautiful, but which is also in the style of highly ornate pound-cake frosted), and its glancing, glittering crowd of nobility and gentry; a very great difference between this and the solitary, grim Roman palace in a by-street, with a dirty and dark state staircase, and brown, old Roman beggars loitering about it. And yet to such a place, crossing the Piazza Narona, on a lovely spring day-and Rome in spring smells all of violets-did we repair, when this old Chair was new, and in that palace, in a small hall frescoed with dim old paintings, such as not even any house upon the Avenue rivals, we saw and heard for the first time the recent director of the Academy, M. Strakosch, who gave a matinee musicale and a taste of his quality.

It was not a circle of the select Roman nobility to which the young Chair went. It flatters our veteran vanity to think that you may have supposed for a moment that some reduced Prince of the pur sang had honored us with an invitation to his palace, and that you were about to be taken into our four-legged confidence, and enjoy a private view of Roman society. No, we paid; we disbursed shekels for that morning's pleasure.

statued and arched façades of churches, with greasy | For it was a pleasure. The music dripped in leathern curtains over the doors, forever open, and clear, crisp drops from the flying fingers of the



pianist; and a foreign audience, any foreign audience, is always picturesque. The young Pole -a Hebrew Pole-then crossed the sea, and began to play the Western Continent into admiration. At all events he played; he traversed the country; he led Parodi, and Ole Bull, and Paul Julien. and the little phenomenal Patti, up and down the land. Let us hope he made money. Hath not a musician a mouth? Hath he not pockets? Is he to play and play forever and himself pay the piper?

The pianist then met his inevitable fate; he undertook the opera. The elements conspired against him; his great novelty and success, De Wilhorst, fell ill; and in his extremity, some of

the newspapers fell upon him.

Civilized society lives in mingled horror and respect of the Press. It is always toasted at public dinners, and Epaminondas Swaggers, whose lowest terms are five dollars a puff, responds. It is always characterized as the great glory of civilization by all orators and lecturers in their more eloquent moments. It is lauded as the great exposer of infamies and deceptions. It holds up to scorn, says Swaggers, all kinds of public and private offenders. "See," says he, "how it scorched Harlequin the Crowner." Ah! yes, and where did Harlequin the Crowner get his education? "Well," replies Swaggers, "but do you condemn the institution for one individual's shortcomings?" Not at all, Swaggers, but a newspaper is not "the Press." A free press is undoubtedly the great bulwark of our national freedom; and the press in general, and in the idea, is quite worthy all its laudation. But particular newspapers are very silly, for all that. The Press is a glorious engine; but you, Epaminondas Swaggers, and your Daily Diluted Whey, are not the apples that swim so beautifully.

We are all so full of admiration of the Press that we forget any particular clique of newspapers is only the expression of as many individuals as write the particular articles. If a man writes something that clearly demonstrates him to be a zany, he only becomes eighty-three thousand five hundred and seven times a zany by that number of printed manifestoes of his foolishness. But, of course, the command of the manifesto for your own purposes is an immense advantage. For instance, here we sit in our Easy Chair, and chat with a million of readers. You-any one of those readers; let us suppose Solomon Gunnybags himself-may have a difference with us; it is preposterous, of course, revered Gunnybags, but still let us assume the absurdity. Now, Gunnybags may go out and say that he has doubts about that old Easy Chair down in Franklin Square. He is not at all sure that one of the castors is not off one of the hind-legs. Gunnybags says that to twenty people, perhaps, and then we begin to have our revenge. We quietly dip our steel in the gall that stands always upon editorial tables (always excepting our own "Editor's Table," as the sagacious reader already knows), and we proceed to stab with it the reputation of Solomon Gunnybags. "It is rumored that an eminent dealer in heavy goods, whose wisdom, we fear, is chiefly confined to his name, was seen in Muscle's oyster saloon. on Saturday evening, with a lady well known in certain circles. It is supposed, of course, that this lamentable lapse indicates a temporary aber-

we roar in the ear of our million of listeners, and then hurry off to the anniversary dinner of the Highcockalorum Relief Society, to be in time to respond to the toast of "The Press," prefaced with a few just and perspicacious eulogies of the great institution of progressive civilization by the youthful, but brilliant divine, the Rev. Cotton Dimity.

That is one way of doing it; with care, however, so as to leave the sting, but avoid an action for slander. But there is another quite as good:

Gunnybags has imported an immense quantity of eider-down, for instance, and has invested so much of his capital in it that he wishes to spend no money unnecessarily. He therefore advertises the goods in several papers which he selects, but not in the Daily Diluted Whey. It is surely his affair: perhaps an error of judgment; but if so, then the loss will be his. Gunnybags has no right to abuse any body for not buying his eider-down, not even the editor of the Whey. But the editor of the Whey turns upon him, let us suppose, and scores Gunnybags well for not buying publicity of the Whey. "This Gunnybags, whose appleand-candy stand is beneath contempt, undertakes to say what newspapers he will favor. This woolly vender of spurious feathers, forsooth, doesn't choose to put them into the Whey! We are happy to state that a discerning public already knows that his eider-down is simply refuse cotton-bagging, and that he has agents distributed through the city to pay perfectly well known parties a shilling for buying six cents' worth of his ridiculous wares. The man himself is a thing, an offscouring, a potato-paring, a hair of mould upon the under crust of an old sour-apple pie, an abject tool of that blear-eyed scullion, and creeping sucker of dish-water, and cormorant of offal, the be-kicked and be-spat-upon buzzard, the editor of the Daily Garbage.

This is the way in which Solomon Gunnybags might be treated by the great and glorious Press if he failed to advertise his wares in some newspaper. And the moral would be, if it should ever happen, which, of course, is impossible in this moral metropolis, that the Press is never to be confounded with a newspaper, because no newspaper which had any of the qualities that give the name of greatness and enlightenment to the Press could ever be guilty of such profound meanness.

WHEN the hunts and merry-makings of the French court were taking place, and the Emperor was still a bachelor, there came cantering over the Pyrenees a southern Die Vernon, bewitching the cavaliers of France with her horsemanship, and daintily hinting to the strongest and subtlest man in that country, who had just dexterously and remorselessly vaulted over every body's head into the height of absolute power, that there was one thing he could not do: that his most adroit coup could not compass his desires. The gay girl flashed about the court, and the famous forests, and gardens, and parks, and palaces of France; she glimmered in vague surmises through the press of the civilized world, and finally rode into the court of the Tuileries, and ascending the broad staircase of the palace to its state chamber, lay down there, with the eyes of all the world watching her, Empress of France and the most noted woman of the time. The lovely huntress dusted ration of mind." That pleasant little paragraph her hair with gold, and the beau monde showered



ture instinct led her to hide her form, and her sweet deformity became the fashion of the world. Again the pretty Spaniard changes her dress, and queens and duchesses, and all the royal republican ladies collapse into airier proportions. So blithe a tyranny history has not recorded—a realm so vast, yet so subservient, was never known be-

The whim of a woman is the fashion of the world. When the great bell of Nôtre Dame with musical clangor told France it had a mistress, a fairy might have whispered that mistress that her dominion stretched beyond the sea.

What the pretty Spanish girl will choose to give us next who is so wise as to foresee? Yet, as the reflective eye surveys the gay groups that throng the "select" matinees of Thalberg-displaying, in every variety, all the dainty devices of extreme fashion—and sees that many a woman in the room has a mien as imperial and a beauty as persuasive as that of the American consul's grand-daughter, how can the brain behind the reflective eye help wondering at the law which makes the wen on a king's neck or the maternity of a woman the occasion of a universal change of garment through the civilized world? The proudest beauty in the ball-room, and the most insolent at the concert, who would even laugh at their aunt's dress if it were not enough expansive, will view with dumb admiration the contracting skirt of Eugénie, and obey with humility the slightest caprice of the Spaniard in the Tuileries.

Ah! if some arbiter of heavenly modes and humane graces could ever be as surely enthroned in all our hearts as is the Spaniard in the following of fashion, it would not be a theme of an Easy Chair's gentle badinage, but a ray of the millennial dawn. In a thousand ways we see rehearsed the great drama we would all see played. In mean and indifferent things we see the glad obedience that, in great things, would make the world divine. The pretty belles sigh to dress like Eugénie—how many strive to do like Florence Nightingale? come and hoops may go-shall virtue and good sense be always out of fashion?

MANY of the belles, we hope, sometimes waste a moment upon these lines. Shall we betray a secret if we whisper that some of the loveliest of them have sometimes leaned for a moment upon the arm of this old Chair? Lean, then, upon its words for a moment, with listening ears, and answer, gentle and giddy girls! how can any one of you be so hopelessly, so extravagantly stupid as to answer anonymous letters?

You, for instance, "Virginia," in Boston; and you, "Mary," and you, "distrustful Annie," in New Britain, what wild absurdity, what forgetfulness of common sense has hurried you into such recklessness? Don't you know that an honorable man never conceals his conduct in what he prettily calls "mystery" and "romance?" Don't you know that any stranger who would write privately to you is, by all the chances, a scoundrel, who has selected you as his victim? And don't you see the greatness of the insult; for if he did not think you the weakest of women, and that he could control your weakness to his own purposes, he would never address you?

And yet, at brief intervals, the papers publish such stories of correspondence, disgrace, and ruin.

California upon its tresses. In due course of na- | It is an old adage that the fools are not yet all dead, but do you wish to be the verification of the proverb? You think it so fascinating to have a private romance; you think a man with black whiskers and red cheeks such an angel, that surely he can do nothing amiss-and so the old, old story is told again; the moth flies into the flame and perishes. Ariadne stands weeping, with outstretched, helpless hands upon the shore.

It is not at all unlikely that this very page will be read by some girl who is at the very moment involved in some such correspondence. Yes, YOU, young woman, who go privately, and drop and receive billets at the public post. Think what you are doing; think, if the man be an honorable man, what he is persuading you to; think, if he be an honorable man, and you mean honorably, that there can be no reason for this suspicious privacy; think that when men wish to ruin milliners'-girls. or whomever they can reach, they begin and continue with this delightful mystery-with quoted scraps of poetry, with ardent protestations, with silence, anonymous signatures, and perfumed paper. If your acquaintance has been made in this way, take good care to understand that every thing he says is true; make him explain to your friends and family: if he will not do it, you have every reason to believe that he is aiming at your peace and happiness.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BETWEEN the palaces—where we left our pen a month ago—we resume it now. Verger is dead. The murderer has gone to his account, quickly and miserably; but his crime takes away pity: deformulas exitus misericordiam abstulut.

The Archbishop had been loved for his charities his little, quiet, outflowing kindnesses of look and speech; and when the story ran through the streets, as it did on that fearful morning of the execution before the Roquette prison-house, that the assassin was screaming in his last hours for mercy—pleading with the sobs of a woman for an hour in which to petition again the Emperor to stay the punishment-there was no sympathy, but rather an increased conviction that a base and cowardly man was to suffer for a base and cowardly deed.

There can hardly be a doubt, however, that the poor wretch was condemned before his trial. Judge Lynch could not have shown more unseemly haste. He was cruelly baited, brow-beaten, hustled away to his cell and the death. Yet the man would never have been hung upon your side of the water; it is doubtful if, even in England, the plea of insanity would not have been made good. There were more tokens of it than belong to half of our home cases of acquittal. His strange, erratic life would of itself, upon your side of the water, have counted for lunacy. Medical testimony to that end would not have so shocked the sense of the community as in the matter of the Huntington forgery. The jury would have returned a "Not Guilty," the listeners in the court-room applauded, the judge mildly condemned the open approval, and the man would have been given up to the keeping of his friends.

And yet was he mad, or only madly vengeful? And is there any better cure for this mad propensity to crime (if we call it madness) than summary punishment? Is it not a cultivable and contagious madness, as our late annals show, which needs violent remedies, even to blood-letting? If the



execution of one mad assassin will cure ten madmen of their inclinations in that direction, can we not regard the curative process a humane one?

Observe now again, and in more detail, the difference between the popular mind of France and of America, in respect to this criminal and his execution. There, at home, you would have had your page-long reports of his examination, his attitude, his history; the illustrated sheets would have given you portraits of himself, his cell, his weapon—every thing connected with him that would have made subjects for illustration; reporters would have found their way to his dungeon, attended upon the final scene, and regaled you with studiously minute accounts of every action and word; and all this, printed by scores of thousands, would have made the tea-table topic in the farthest corners of the land.

How is it here? The trial is reported in brief; published in one or two of the prominent journals; the sentence scarce commented upon; the scene of execution condensed into a paragraph; and the next morning no mention made of him whatever.

Nor is this wholly owing to the police surveillance of the Press. The paper which gives us the fullest report of the final scene, has done so in the smallest type, and committed it to an obscure corner of a page which is lighted up with some heavily-leaded editorial upon the doctrinal tendencies of the probable successor to the vacant archbishopric, or, perhaps, a long disquisition upon ecclesiastic jurisdiction, and its restraints upon crime—viewed statistically.

We lean rather to the emotional side; we cling for days to the horror and the dread, weaving it into our gossip, and coining it for Saturday romances. Will this tendency of ours feed or stay crime? We put the question to the Doctors, and leave it there?

OTHER and quite different necrology belongs to the papers of the month. The Princess de Lieven—a rather splendid specimen of an old-time lady, whose name has belonged to a score of political cabals in the last forty years, and whose apartments once brought together the most active and intelligent leaders of French opinion through a whole dynasty—has at length dropped away from life "without our special wonder."

Her name and influence had indeed been long time in abeyance, and the stateliest, almost the only considerable, mourner at her death-bed, was that frail old gentleman, Guizot, bringing to her palsied ears echoes of the past glory in which she had lived, kissing the hand once more which so many dead courtiers had kissed, reviving, in the delirium that preceded death, all the illusions of a splendid life.

There is no country where the great are so soon outgrown as in France. She is even more prodigal of change than we.

For contrast, we may bring to mind now a late British death—that of the good old Duke of Rutland, in his eightieth year. Living very much time among his peasantry; endearing himself to them all; reading sermons to them on Sundays; looking after their sick; counting himself not so much master as chief partner of theirs; a man of large heart and purposes; not great, intellectually, but of great goodness: so great that more love than pomp was spent at his funeral, and the memories of him are every where kind and tearful.

This pleasant anecdote is given by one who shared the hospitality of the Duke:

"It happened that I and one other private friend spent the last day of the year 1848, which happened to be Sunday, with his Grace at a small old house of his in a very retired part of the Derbyshire hills. In the morning his Grace and his two guests walked a couple of miles to attend the nearest place of worship-a kind of school-house chapel on one of his estates-but at night the Duke himself read family prayers to his domestic congregation, consisting of his two friends, a few of his ordinary servants who accompanied him to the Woodhouse, as the little mansion was called, and a larger number of the inferior servants belonging to the locality. After the prayers, his Grace read a short sermon-I think one of Paley's-and after that he addressed them by the title of his 'kind friends,' praised them for the good order 'in which they had conducted their several duties in the last year,' expressed his satisfaction at having, as he hoped, contributed in return to their welfare and happiness, and hoped that the year which was just about to begin might be equally propitious and prosperous to the whole domestic circle and connection of which he was proud and happy to be, he would not say the master, but the chief partner—the responsible head and guiding hand. I never in my life heard a more appropriate and touching allocution. It was both simple and more in detail than I have been able to give it, though I made my note that evening; and it was followed by a respectful cordiality of assent from the little audience, and an affectionate murmur of 'God bless your Grace!' which was very affecting.

You know, perhaps, that Rossini is living the winter in Paris, in comparatively humble quarters of the Rue Basse du Rempart. The old avarice, which kept him the occupant of a garret in the days of his management of the Italian Opera, clings to him still. He receives few friends; he saunters out only on sunshiny days, shunning observation, and dreading encounter with the acquaintances of other days.

There is a story that the Empress-dowager of Russia met with him upon the Rhine last summer, and tempted the old gentleman with the finest of imperial coquetry, but all in vain. Rossini has bidden adieu to music.

Villemot tells us how he met him last season at Baden, on the occasion of the dibut of the French company at the Theatre de la Conversation. The most cultivated people of the Baden resort were present: Rossini was in the hall. The orchestra executed the overture of William Tell. With the first notes, the Duchess of Cambridge and her whole éntourage of ladies, as well as the greater part of the audience, rose to their feet, and turned in mute but strongly-expressed homage to the great composer.

He sat there, however, pale, leaning on his staff—imperturbable—accepting so much of glory as the penalty for his youthful follies; but seemingly no way gratified, and with no grateful enthusiasm kindled in him.

He has few visitors at his rooms in the Rue Bases du Rempart, and these not musical; or if musical, finding other topics for the entertainment of the great composer; who, if he has not outlived his genius, has forsworn any of its expression; and and will drop off some coming day with his hypo-



chondriac humors heaped upon him-a rich, feeble, old gentleman, who was afraid of railways, afraid of music, whose whole earnestness of life exuded twenty years before he was dead.

When his hour draws near, perhaps the old man will take back again the melodious memories of the past-perhaps warble once more, to his own

> Fac me cruce custodiri Morte Christi præmuniri, Confoveri gratia. Quando corpus morietur, Fac ut anima donetur, Paradisi gloria!

THERE is a spot in or about the centre of Paris, comparatively little known to Americans, where the new-comer may very profitably give an occa-sional glance. We allude to the great auction halls of the Rue Druot. In one you will find, perhaps, some rare cabinet of coins, just now sent hither from the estate of some veteran collector, who has just deceased in the midst of a provincial museum. Connoisseurs in long gray beards, dapper members of the Institute, agents of the Musée Imperiale, are examining with magniflers the different cases. Seedy Jews from the curiosity shops are watching their movements; a burly porter is distributing catalogues of the sale; and floneurs like ourselves are gliding in and out.

In another of these halls will be displayed some rare stock of furniture—half-worn Aubusson carpets, Sèvres vases, gilt-footed tables, and girandoles of the Louis Quatorze epoch; a tea-set of Faience, some huge painting after Le Gros, a clock in rich ormolu mounting-every thing, in short, which could delight a man fresh from the every-day newnesses of the warerooms of New York.

Yet otherwheres, in this great caravansery of salesmen, we shall find some gallery of paintings, crayons, sketches, just sent in from the apartments of an art-loving Bourse speculator, who has ventured at last, once too often, into the gulf of the Mobilier. And the crazy love which is borne to the representatives of Young France in art, will almost redeem the fortunes of the speculator.

Fifteen years ago, and he paid the merest trifle for that bit of forest from the pencil of Diaz, and now it will realize (if you stay to witness the sale) a matter of five hundred francs. An aquarelle of Barye (with not half the simplicity and fullness of a British water-color), will bring four-fold the price. Crayons of Dupré and Th. Rousseau will frighten you by their sales. A Millet will fetch half a thousand francs for what has cost the artist less than two hours of labor.

Indeed, long prices are just now the rage of Parisians; rents, dinners, pictures, bronzes, horses, all share the advance which has been growing since '51. A matter of five thousand francs, which used to be a fair support for a moderate bachelor who was not afraid of the quatrième, and contented with two theatre-nights in the week, is now the merest bagatelle. Those good old times, when a piece of forty sous would buy a bottle of fairish Beaune, and five francs a moulin à vent, are gone by. From having been the cheapest of the great capitals, it is doubtful if Paris has not now become the dearest.

More especially if we reckon the luxuries of silks and bronzes, which are becoming now the neces-saries of life in the gay capital. Your candlestick progress of the young Austrian Emperor through

is now a bit of artist-work-either some cherub of Pradier's, holding a flambeau, or one of Mene's storks, with a taper flaming from his bill. Your table-cover is a bit of brocade, with gold tasseling interwoven with the fringe; your clock-case is either of exquisitely-carved beech, with ferns so delicate they seem to rustle with the breath of the pendulum, or it is covered over with bronze basreliefs of naiads or battles.

It is quite extraordinary, indeed, how this branch of bronze industry has shot up within eight years past into a great national product and export. The exquisite tastefulness which has governed it from the beginning, has opened a straight road for it to the home of every man or woman who has a love for beauty. It has supplanted gold and silver trifles with the rich; it has emulated the best forms of old art, and brought Tuscan shapes and Pompeian graces, in the most enduring material, into our houses. Pradier and Mene have given even to its littlenesses the dignity of art; and gas-fixtures, taper-holders, and inkstands are nothing now if not artistic.

May we not welcome this new visitor to the household-not so much the bronze itself (which costs dearly), but the spirit which fashions it, and which is fast laying its colors on all our homecloths-decorating our home-books, and supplying classic models, with all their wealth of allusion, to the commonest utensils of our hearths, our mantles, and our tables?

We dip our pen into a fox's head to write this; and the true reynard look which some French artist has given to the eye whisks our thought away to the prairie-land where, in a month's time, this paper will be read.

SWITZERLAND and Prussia, with their quarrel, now in a fair way of settlement, may have interested you very little at home, and yet you would have been surprised to find how far that difference gave a color to the conversation of the Paris world.

First, the scene of conflict-if conflict was to come-was near by. Next, was the strong republican sympathy for the little band of democracies, shared in even by many supporters of imperialism. And, next again, was the feverish apprehension of what issues might grow out of any outbreak of hostilities so near to that old disputed border of the Rhine.

The querulous old Prudhomme came to light upon this topic, and flamed about the land of William Tell and the new Gessler. The action of our own Minister in the matter must be already familiar to you. There is a floating rumor here that the intervention of Mr. Fay, kindly as it may have been, was looked upon with very ill-concealed jealousy by the representatives of the Imperial houses. The time is not yet, but is on its way, when American opinion will have its place in the assertion of European rights. The telegraph and the big ship are bringing us into the family; the Imperial ushers (who, like the butlers of great houses, will be the last to yield to the parcent) will be compelled to announce "His Excellency Brother Jonathan!" We hope his entrée upon the diplomatic boards of Europe may be distinguishable, in that day, by something more than a black dress-suit.



his realms of Lombardy? Have you observed how signally even his full pardon for political offenses has fallen short of its aim? A crowd, indeed, came into Milan to witness his reception, but these were chiefly peasants, attracted by any royal or military pageant. Only a hundred of the Milanese were presented personally to the monarch, and of these not a fifth were ladies. The old Italian society, whose habit is broidered still with the traditions of Lombard dukes and Lombard independence, has never recognized or received the Austrian element. The highest military accomplishments, and the proudest Sclavic names, have not been able to break down the social barrier which the proud Milanese have built around their dependent and impoverished seclusion.

The Emperor is represented to have been silent and dejected. His youth craves popularity and applause; but no foreign monarch will win them in Italy until he comes, not as master, but visitor.

The matter has new and present interest from the recent altercation between Disraeli and Palmerston with reference to a stipulated—but, as would seem, ineffective—treaty between the allied powers, guaranteeing to Austria permanent possession of her Italian dependencies. We need not say, to those who have read the Parliamentary reports, that Palmerston has come ungraciously out of the discussion.

A BIT of scandal has just now been going the round of the Continental papers, to the effect that the old Republican poet Béranger has been enjoying latterly a secret pension from the Empress Eugénie. The publisher, and friend of the poet, M. Perrotin, refutes the story in this way:

"Last year, her Majesty the Empress, feeling uneasy about the health and the circumstances of Béranger, proposed to me, through a person in her confidence, her own secretary, under a promise of the strictest secrecy, that she should pay to my credit an annual sum, the amount of which was to be fixed by me, and which I myself was to give, in my own name, to Béranger. The proposal was indeed a royal one, and worthy of a noble heart; but I, for my part, had no right to accept it. It was only Beranger who could have a right to do so; and when I had obtained permission to inform him of the proposal which had been made, he entirely approved of my conduct, saying that he should not have understood my conduct if I had acted otherwise. He did more than this; he wrote me a letter in which he expressed, in excellent terms, the gratitude which at the bottom of his heart he felt for the kindness that had been shown him; and he added, that he had never been richer than he was at that momentthat he had never needed a larger income; and that his gratitude was the more sincere since he did not accept the benefits with the offer of which he had been honored. This is all that has taken place upon the subject."

Could any thing be more graceful than the delicate kindness of the Empress, and any thing more characteristic of the bluff, warm-hearted poet, than his earnest thanks and frank refusal?

Yet there can be little doubt that his income is a very slender one; and he doubtless stretched a point when he says "he never needed a larger income." It brings back his rollicking song of the "Little Brown Man:"

A little man we've here,
All in a suit of brown,
Upon town:
He's as brisk as bottled beer,
And, without a shilling rent,
Lives content;
For, d'ye see, says he, my plan—
D'ye see, says he, my plan—

My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that! Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!

When every mad grisette
He has toasted, till his score
Holds no more;
Then head and years in debt,
When the duns and bums abound
All around,
D'ye see, says he, my plan—
D'ye see, says he, my plan—

My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that!
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!
Béranger is an old man now, and very feeble.
Seventy-seven years ago he was born in a tailor's

"Dans ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère."

Few know him, but those who know him, revere him and love him.

ANOTHER distinguished illustration of the epoch passing away, we mean M. Berryer, is just now the object of very pointed sympathy. His son, some time an employé in connection with the exploded scheme of Paris "Docks," is resting under charge of embezzlement of funds, or, at the least, of mal-appropriation. "The affair" is still under process of investigation.

Doré—whom you must by this time surely know—the only effective illustrator of Rabelais's drollery, and a man whose genius has begun its blaze almost in boyhood, has just now appeared in a great, ghastly picture-story of the Wandering Jew. It may be regarded as the promise of what we are to expect in his greater pictorial exhibition of Bible History. For this larger work he has now been preparing himself for some years, by attentive study of Dürer, Rembrandt, and all the sacred pictorists of their day.

Of the "Wandering Jew" an admirable critic gives this digest:

"The first plate represents the sin and the sentence of the Jew. He stands working at his shoemaking craft upon a boot under the shop-sign, which, in true grotesque spirit, is just a French shop-sign of our own day, lettered, 'A la Botte Judaïque, par Laquedem,' with something about 'du vieux et du neuf.' In his hard-heartedness he has told Christ to 'get on' upon his way to Calvary; and the Saviour, turning round, denounces the doom-'I go, but you shall tarry until I return.' This figure is very deficient in elevation. The design swarms with brutalized, bloated Jewish faces, the tag-rag and bob-tail of a regular Tyburn procession 1800 years ago. The crowd presses in the wake of the condemned up the steep of Calvary, and young reprobates are climbing the crosses at its top. In the second plate, centuries have already passed, and the Jew is still on his ceaseless journey. His hand, here and elsewhere, grasps hard the money-bag with its inexhaustible five sous—a symbol probably of Hebrew avarice. The ground is sodden and the sky drenched with rain: he passes a road-side crucifix with dreadful thoughts. The sky, with its oblique drift of rain and lurid openings, as well as some other features of the background, are the fine thing here: the rest is a striking piece of black, gleamy effect, but of little worth otherwise. Plate III. is the Jew's legendary arrival, in the year 1774, at 'Bruxelles en Brabant,' as recorded in the 'Plainte du Juif Errant.' A brace of obtuse, pompous citizens accost the old man, wondering at the immense fleece of a beard,



the end of which a mule churns in his mouth as if it were a wisp of hay; a solumn circle of geese closes round; the street children peer; the old clothesman grins; the antique burgher guard, passing up a black alley, pause to look. The old street is a wonderful piece of design and effect. Its quaint Gothic corner-effigies thrill at the strange presence. The horns of a devil surmounting the central house seem to writhe, and a miniature angel has come down from its niche to prick on the wretched Jew to his penance. It is the real inexorable angel who points him forward in the next plate. The gossips huddle round him at a taverndoor, ranting for him to stay, pushing him back, tempting him with their 'pôt de biere fraiche:' a dog howls frightfully in chorus. It is all of no use; he is in torment till he gets on the accursed journey again. The Jew is here very fine; his despairing, itching eagerness to be off, when it were paradise might he but rest for even half an hour-the preternatural strength and determination in his feeble frame-are perfect. Indeed, in both this plate and the last the figures generally show little of the artist's wonted deficiencies. Now the Jew fords a river, its black-wooded banks castellated with feudal ruins, which gleam in twilight with strange fitfulness and visionary gray: the eddy beneath his charmed footstep takes shape of the Saviour fallen under his cruel cross, and the jeering, smiting executioners. Now he is in a modern French church-yard by the fire of early dawn: the same vision haunts him in his own shadow, and hurtles in the clouds; death is all round him; the bells are tolling for another grave; but there is none for him. Now he is in a mountain gorge: the scattered pines are alive with the same vision, and threaten him with their scraggy arms; the white denouncing angel, shining against the blackness, hovers over a roaring torrent. Now in a snowy Alpine pass: but the rocks sculpture themselves still into that vision; their peaks become saint and martyr; his own double frowns upon him; the mountain crucifix unnails its arm to denounce him. Now in a shipwreck: the insatiable rage of the sea has dashed the ship like a pebble against the rocks; her cordage and anchor fly madly about; a sea-monster swallows at a gulp one of the broken masts, with its half dozen of shricking, clinging wretches; other heads of the crew rise and fall with the engulfing billow, their eyes riveted upon the Jew. who, like Peter of old, walks from wave-crest to crest. Here, too, the vision pursues him in the clouds: 'You shall tarry until I return.' The swing, and rush, and heave of the sea, the torn and writhing surf bounding and clanging up the cliffs, are here truly astonishing. The repetition of the one vision, too, throughout so many designs and in so many forms, is very impressive; its monotony not chargeable, we think, to any poverty of invention, but to a right perception of the subject, and of the power of iteration. In another instance Laquedem stands invulnerable, amidst a medieval fortress-siege and battle, upon whose incidents M. Doró has lavished all the wealth of atrocity which a fertile imagination could suggest. Two trunkless heads still glare and clench their teeth; two lopped-off arms still gripe the swords; two hearts still smoke with hatred. A man, armless and legless, fights with sword between teeth; the upper half of a cross-bow man still plies the

a miserable wretch has his head stuck with seven arrows; a head-and-arms seems to be walking by itself. The intertangled confusion of the main battle is very grand, with the sword-blades glancing white, like needles; and the fortress, though exaggerated, is a very effective piece of medievalism; but the horrors of the foreground pall and disgust. Last scene but one: the Jew threads his way amidst the untrodden forests, perhaps, of undiscovered America, and through a legion of all things deadly—crocodile, boa, monstrous toad, nameless lizard, and lion. A hippopotamus snorts at him; an elephant protrudes tusks and proboscis through the close palm trunks. The lion starts to see, but will not grapple him; the boa wags a fiery tongue, but will not strike. At last it is the Day of Judgment; at last he sinks back to rest his aching spine against a stone, as the angel blows the trumpet of deliverance right into his ear. A delirious smile contends with utter exhaustion upon his features. The old, old boots, which have walked their millions of miles, the rags of black stockings, come off; the poor old, cramped, travel-sore feet are bare, never to journey again. Hell-flames glare up from a cleft in the ground; the multitudes of quick and dead, intermixed with elephant and camelopard, loom through the blackness; one fellow straddles in his pea-coat, and keeps his hat on, in perfect stupidity or impenetrable depravity; bones come together, devils flay and tear; a host of angels flicker in the rays darted from a flood of light. The Jew wanders no more forever."

Perhaps you remember poor Gerard de Nerval?—how he hung himself to the window bar of a miserable old lodging-house, in an obscure quarter of Paris? It must be now full three years gone.

We told the story of it, and of Nerval's strange, perplexed, disappointed lover-life. The friends of the wretched suicide—those who had seen and known the tender heart, and quick sensibilities, living under the filthy crust of his passions and vices, wanted some memento of his death—its place, manner, and of the man's genius.

Doré made the task a labor of love, and by a simple crayon sketch (never published) funded and preserved all the horrors of the scene and circumstances. The gaunt, bleak houses are there glimmering in the early light of a gray winter's dawn. The narrow alley between is dark and foul-looking; a raven is coming toward you from the step of a nearer house, with mouth wide open, crying at you. A something, mysteriously, like the wilted, limp figure of a dead man in a ragged coat, hangs from a window bar; and in a rift of the sky are visions of fair faces, sweet figures, waving snowy arms—all that cheated, and allured, and fed, and damned the poor victim of the suicide.

SPEAKING of art reminds us that Mr. Ruskin, by whom so many pin all their esthetic faith, has just now been startling friends and enemies more wildly than ever by a super-subtle critique upon the Turner Gallery of Marlborough House. Who could believe that the man who has labored more earnestly and effectively to make the name of Turner sacred almost in its fame should now open upon him in this style?

less and legless, fights with sword between teeth; the upper half of a cross-bow man still plies the bolts, while runnels of his blood clot round him; into depths of error proportioned exactly to the



extent of effort. His painting of an English town, or a Welsh hill, was magnificent and faultless; but all his idealism, mythology, romance, and composition in general, were more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason of all-his great discoveries. He erred in color; because not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of colored accessary until color was killed by color, and the blue skies and snowy mountains, which would have been lovely by themselves, were confused and vulgarized by the blue dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in refinement, because, not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealize even strong things into gentleness, until his architecture became transparent, and his ground ghostly: and he erred finally, and chiefly, in quantity because, in his enthusiastic perception of the fullness of nature he did not allow for the narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were many to reception; he thus spoiled his most careful works by the very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure."

Will those who have worshiped at the Ruskin shrine—where Turner was long ago sainted, and where his trophies have hung these many a year—forgive this?

Mr. London Athenaum, who has always to spy out the holes in Mr. Ruskin's elbows, says, sneeringly:

"Is this a guide and a king meet for us? Are we forever to be fed with these critical husks of mingled rhapsody, invective, panegyric, and sophistry—contradicting, explaining, softening, heightening, heaping nicknames on the old masters—and deifying Turner, a great painter who could not draw the figure, who invested all Europe with London fogs and London suns, who had Classical-Dictionary dreams, who at the best was vapory in outline, who could paint few trees but stone pines, and who, great as he was, had as many weaknesses as any painter who ever lived? Woo betide the pupils at a school where the master is still learning his own lesson, and has not yet settled on its corrections!"

We leave the matter between them; venturing, however, our opinion that a sneer will never kill Ruskin, or disarm that brilliant rhetoric we read so wonderingly, and love, and doubt, and swear by, and condemn, and wait for.

Look, for instance, at this tangled, wild simile about the "Polyphemus" picture, which he counts typical of the painter's destiny:

"He had been himself shut up by one-eyed people, in a cave 'darkened with laurels' (getting no good, but only evil, from all the fame of the great of long ago)—he had seen his companions eaten in the cave by the one-eyed people (many a painter of good promise had fallen by Turner's side in those early toils of his); at last, when his own time had like to have come, he thrust the rugged pine-trunk—all a-blaze—(rough nature, and the light of it)—into the faces of the one-eyed people, left them tearing their hair in the cloud-banks—got out of the cave in a humble way, under a sheep's belly—(helped by the lowliness and gentleness of nature, as well as by her ruggedness and flame)—and got away to open sea as the dawn broke over the Enchanted Islands."

And again, this other fragmentary sketch of things Alpine—a luscious, gorgeous handful and heartful of mountain blossoms, tied up with the always red ribbons of Mr. Ruskin's rhetoric:

"The moss arabesques of violet and silver; the delicate springing of the myrtille leaves along the clefts of shade, and blue bloom of their half-seen fruit; the rosy flashes of rhododendron-flame from among the pine roots, and their crests of crimson, sharp against the deep Alpine air, from the ridges of gray rock; the gentian's peace of pale, ineffable azure; as if strange stars had been made for earth out of the blue light of heaven; the soft spaces of mountain grass, forever young, over which the morning dew is dashed so deep that it looks, under the first long sun-rays, like a white vail falling folded upon the hills; wreathing itself soon away into silvery tresses of cloud, braided in and out among the pines, and leaving all the fair glades and hillocks warm with the pale green glow of grassy life, and whispering with lapse of everlasting springs. Infinite tenderness mingled with this infinite power, and the far-away summits, alternate pearl and purple, ruling it from their stainless rest."

A LATE edition of the works of Wordsworth is illustrated by very full annotations of the author, collected and published now, for the first time, under the superintendence of the dead poet's executors,

They add much to the interest of the books; but it is doubtful if they increase our respect for the man. His vanity was always harmless indeed, but most decided: so decided that it irks us in these fond notices of his pet poems, and makes us half wish that we had seen less to feed our curiosity, and to disabuse us of our respect.

He talks in this pleasant way about "The Excursion," and the "Peddler" character:

"My lamented friend Southey (for this is written a month after his decease) used to say that had he been born a Papist, the course of his life which would in a probability have been his was the one for which he was most fitted and most to his mind -that of a Benedictine monk in a convent, furnished, as many once were and some still are, with an inexhaustible library. Books, as appears from many passages in his writings, and as was evident to those who had opportunities of observing his daily life, were in fact his passion; and wandering, I can with truth affirm was mine; but this propensity in me was happily counteracted by inability from want of fortune to fulfill my wishes. But had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of what is called a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my Pedlar passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances. Nevertheless, much of what he says and does had an external existence that fell under my own youthful and subsequent observation. An individual named Patrick, by birth and education a Scotchman, followed this humble occupation for many years, and afterward settled in the town of Kendal. He married a kinswoman of my wife's, and her sister Sarah was brought up from her ninth year under this good man's roof. My own imaginations I was happy to find clothed in reality, and fresh ones suggested, by what she reported of this



agination, and his solid attainments in literature, chiefly religious, whether in prose or verse. At Hawkshead also, while I was a school-boy, there occasionally resided a Packman (the name then generally given to persons of this calling), with whom I had frequent conversations upon what had befallen him, and what he had observed, during his wandering life; and, as was natural, we took much to each other: and, upon the subject of Peddlerism in general, as then followed, and it's favorableness to an intimate knowledge of human concerns, not merely among the humbler classes of society, I need say nothing here in addition to what is to be found in 'The Excursion,' and a note attached to it. Now for the Solitary. Of him I have much less to say. Not long after we took up our abode at Grasmere, came to reside there, from what motive I either never knew or have forgotten, a Scotchman, a little past the middle of life, who had for many years been chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was in no respect, as far as I know, an interesting character, though in his appearance there was a good deal that attracted attention, as if he had been shattered in fortune and not happy in mind. Of his quondam position I availed myself, to connect with the Wanderer, also a Scotchman, a character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation during frequent residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution. The chief of these was, one may now say, a Mr. Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the old Jewry. It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation, through my connection with Mr. Nicholson of Cateaton Street, who at that time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, used often to invite me to dine with him on Sundays; and I took that opportunity (Mr. N. being a dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man. He published a poem on war, which had a good deal of merit and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done. But his Christianity was probably never very deeply rooted; and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much toward producing it, and far more in carrying it forward in its extremes. Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described; and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death."

man's tenderness of heart, his strong and pure im-

From the wilds by Rydal Mount it is a long step to the Hotel du Louvre; and between the Westmoreland peddler and the new Persian ambassador there is a wide remove; but just now, and as we are laying down our pen, the great Ferouk Khan, the Oriental diplomist, is driving under our window. Three Imperial carriages are filled by his family suite. He wears a magnificent robe of cashmere, ornamented with fur, and it is fastened with we know not how many diamond clasps. His flowing trowsers are of white cashmere with a golden band, and his cap the high pointed one of Astra-

There is a rush to see him; a jingle of the stirrupe of the guard; a light cloud of dust as he | Summer, Autumn, and Winter. They are all pleas-

passes under the archway of the palace of the Emperor, while we retire to ours.

HOTEL DU LOUVEE, PARIS, February &

Editor's Bramer.

T was in the midst of that coldest spell of last L winter, when the boatmen of Cincinnati had nothing to do but try to keep warm over the fire in the groggeries to which they did most resort, when a party of them were hugging the stove in a store near the Spencer House. In addition to bad liquor the store-man kept lamp-oil and other truck of the sort, and was drawing it into a half-gallon measure, as "stuttering Ben," who was toasting his shins, and observed that the oil-merchant did not more than half fill the measure, called out to him. "Jim, I can t-t-tell you how t-t-to sell t-t-twice as much oil as you do now."

"Well, how?" growled Jim. "F-f-fill your m-m-measure!"

MONTEITH gave miserable dinners, and Winton refused scores of his invitations; but at last, in an hour of weakness, he was induced to accept. The fare proved, as he expected, of the very worst, and as the cloth was removed, the host remarked, "Now the ice is broken, when will you invite me to dine with you?"

"To-day, if you please," replied the still hungry

Dr. Watson tells a very good story, in his recent book, of Sister Scrub, who was given to hospitality, and also to the very bad habit of running down every thing she had in the way of meat and drink, as if she would by this plan induce her guests to praise them the more. Elder Blunt had endured this fight of afflictions several times, and undertook to put an end to it. "Putting up" at Brother Scrub's one day, his horse was cared for, and he was shown into the best parlor, where every thing was nice as a new pin. Mrs. Scrub was sorry her house was upside down, and it wasn't fit for a minister to sit down in, but she was glad to see him, and would try to make him comfortable. The dinner came on, and Mrs. Scrub declared the dinner was so mean and miserable she was ashamed of it, and when she was in full blast with her deprecations, Elder Blunt jumped up, said he couldn't and wouldn't stay in a house where every thing was in such a state; he would go where he could find something fit to eat, and a decent place to eat In spite of all they could do, the Elder insisted on having his horse and quitting the house. Sister Scrub wept sore over her fault, and being heartily ashamed and cured, the Elder in due time returned, and ever afterward found a good home with Brother and Sister Scrub.

A DISTINGUISHED Georgian lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boys' school, and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a very peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

ON INDUSTRY.—It is bad for a man to be idol. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the site. The End.

Here is another:

ON THE SEASONS.—There is four seasons, Spring



Some people may like Spring best; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. The End.

In the last fall's political campaign Judge Hwas candidate for Attorney-General of Ohio. He was to address a public meeting. To the chair a very respectable old gentleman had been called, who was unfortunately quite hard of hearing. When the Judge came on the ground, he was conducted to the platform by a friend, and introduced to the President of the meeting as the candidate for Attorney-General of the State. The chairman shook hands with the Judge, and, turning to the audience, shouted at the top of his cracked voice,

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce Judge H-, of Cincinnati, the Eternal Gineral of the State of Ohio."

The audience were highly amused at the natural mistake of the deaf old gentleman, but the best of the joke was that the Judge lost his election, and so comes far short of fulfilling the extensive term of office predicted by the venerable chairman.

I was clerk in the Post-office, and for several days had noticed a woman coming to the window and asking in vain for a letter for Mary Martin. She was of middle age, and had an honest look; but when she was told, day after day, that no letter was there for her, she turned away with such a sad face, and sometimes with a tear, that I became deeply interested in her visits, and hoped to have a letter soon to lighten her heart. It came at last-indeed, it had been thrown by mistake among the dead letters, and I searched and found it there. I gave it to her, and she tore it open, read a few lines, screamed, and fell to the floor. I stepped out and aided her to rise, and soon learned the brief, sad story. Her only son had gone West to get work; a letter from him a few weeks ago had told her that he had found a place, and should send her money soon. This letter was in another hand, and to say that her son had sickened and died-in his last hours talking of his mother, and wishing that he might die on her breast. Her staff and stay was gone. But who can tell the anguish of the mother? He was her only son, and she was a widow.

Such scenes as these in the Post-office, in the midst of the business of every-day life and a heartless world, strike on the soul as if there is indeed another world than this of business, and there is but a step out of one into the other; indeed, they often come into contact, as when a mother weeps for a dead son on the floor where cent. per cent. and the price of flour are more thought of than death or love.

MR. MOORE, or Major Moore, as he is better known, was traveling through Texas, and leaving the main road, drove his sulky, to avoid the mud, by a side path that brought him out near a log cabin. Being in doubt as to his course, and seeing a youngster near, he called out to him, "I say, my son, can you tell me if this is the right road to Leona?"

"Your son!" said the urchin. "You're the second man that's called me his son to-day, and I should like to know which of them is my father!"

The Major was so much pleased with the boy's answer that he threw him a quarter. The lad picked it up and cried out, "I believe you're my ministry," and, like Jack Cade, would have laws

dad, for you're the first man that ever gave me a quarter. Won't you stop and see my mam?

The Major thought it time to be on his way, and waited for no further instructions.

HERE is a charming little "love song," come down to us from good old times, and quite as good as any they sing in days of the present tense:

> This is the birthday of my love, Then vanish care and sorrow; To-day shall mirth and pleasure reign Though grief should come to-morrow. My Love draws near with airy tread, And glances shy and sweet: Sing, little birds! above her head; Bloom, flowers! beneath her feet. The happy earth is once a year Drest out in Spring's array; But, when my lady walks abroad. With me 'tis ever Mav.

"SHON, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language. "Shon, mine Shon! come here, an' I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it pe a drue story or a make-pelieve?"

"Oh, a true story, of course," answered John. "Ferry vell, den. Dere vas once a goot, nice old shentleman (shoost like I), andt he had von liddle poy (shoost like you). Andt von day he heard him shwearing like a young fillin, and be vas. So he vent to der winkie (corner) and took out a cowhide (shoost as I am doing now), and he dook ter dirty little plackguard py de collar (dis vay, you see!), and valloped him (shoost so). And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears (dis way), and smack his face (dat way), and dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do this efening."

RESPECT for monarchy is not altogether extinct in Edinburgh. Thackeray's exposure of the Four Georges excited considerable opposition; and for one allusion to Mary Queen of Scots he was hissed. Aytoun, the son-in-law of Sir Christopher North, and an inheritor of the old tory cudgel in Blackwood, was asked what he thought of these "Georges" of Thackeray? "Think! why, he had much better have stuck to the Jeameses!"

THERE was a rumor at one time that Thackeray had leanings toward the Church of Rome, as he had toward a lady of that faith, from which the story had its rise. His tenderness for the lady was mentioned to Douglas Jerrold, with the fear that she would Romanize him. "I trust she will -his nose," was the reply of the caustic wit, in commiseration of a feature which it is well known was once smashed, accidentally or otherwise, by a brother school-boy.

THE princely robe and beggar's coat, The scythe and sword, the plume and plow, Are in the grave of equal note-Men live but in the eternal " Now.'

'Tis not the house that honor makes-True honor is a thing divine; It is the mind precedence takes It is the spirit makes the shrine.

THE Hard Shell Baptists still hate an "edicated



to hang all clerks that read and write. One of them recently being called to preach in Carroll County, in Missouri, rose and thus began:

"My brethering, I am gwine to preach you a very plain sarmon to-day - a sarmon what even women can understand. You will find my tex in the 5 varse of the two-eyed chapter of one-eyed John." It was some time before it was perceived that he meant 1 John, chapter ii.

HARPER for January last was enriched and adorned with cuts of a great variety of the dog tribe, and their shaggy necks and heads and curious contour amused a Boston boy who studied them attentively, and though he was only two years old, he learned to call them bow-wows, in which general term he embraced them all. In the course of the month a gentleman called at the house, whose beard and mustache enveloped the head and front of his offending, so as to make him decidedly formidable. "Do you know that gentleman?" asked the mother of the little boy.

"No," said the child; "but I know he's one of the bow-wows."

A WILLIAMSBURG (Long Island) bard perpetrated the following impromptu, on reading, in the morning papers, that Mr. Hugh Scott rescued a sailor, William H. Shower, from drowning, at the foot of Adams Street, Brooklyn:

Oh, no, Mr. Scott, the tale can not be true-If so, let the Chemists the palm yield to you; When from the salt water you boast of the power To restore in its freshness the new-fallen Shower. Yet hold, Incredulity | here we must stop, For he took out the Shower from his very last drop!

URI OSGOOD and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics last fall in Grundy County, and the fight between them-they were running for Congress-grew warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald and should therefore been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan and

"I think, Sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one; if it should swell it would burst it."

Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him?

"Say on," saith Uri.

"Well, I think you haven't one in your head, and never had; there's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off, but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.

THE Rev. Dr. Whedon, of the Methodist Quarterly Review, was formerly professor of Greek and Latin in the Wisconsin University. He was a backelor, as well as Master of Arts, and boarded in the Commons with the tutors and students. One evening at table, after most of the students had left, the conversation among the officers turned upon the trials of college officers in this country, where their incomes are so very small. Professor Whedon remarked that its respectability, as a profession, was something, if it did not pay very well. that the spell was broken, and in an instant he Another professor observed that he knew an ex- was recalled to all the realities of life. I watched

ception to that remark, in the case of an officer of college who lived a bachelor and died crazy!

"Well," replied Dr. Whedon, "you can not deny that he lived rationally, however he died!"

In the cars on the Illinois Central, a man was showing the life of a noted New York Editor, with a portrait of him when he was a youth just making his way into the city. "I declare," said he, "I wouldn't take half my farm for this book if I couldn't get another. What a man he is now! Look at him: wasn't he green when he came to York! Some folks thought he was a fool then!"

"And more think he is a fool now," quietly re-marked a stranger in the seat behind. The bookman resumed his reading and suspended his re-

ELDER CLARK, of Block Island, comes over to the main land, in the State of Connecticut, occasionally, and enlightens the people with his original views of Scripture and peculiar style of preaching. He always prays for the people that dwell in the uninhabited parts of the earth, and at one time, wishing to speak of the equinox, he called it the Esquimaux, to the great amusement of his hear-He follows the water for a living, and has a pair of hands hard enough and broad enough for the roughest service; so that we may imagine the sensation he produced in a large congregation when he threw himself forward upon the pulpit cushion, and thrusting out both hands in an earnest call to the youths, he exclaimed, "Pause, young men, I say Pause." It was impossible to think of any thing but paws so long as he stood in that suggestive attitude.

He is more honest than some more learned men who find it hard to make their own views chime in with those of Scripture, and he does not hesitate to avow his own whatever they may be. Thus, after announcing a text in Romans, he would say

"Now, my brethren, Paul was a great and good man, and generally a safe guide, for he was careful about what he said. But we must take into consideration that he lived a very long time ago, when the world was not as civilized, and people, even the best of them, did not have the opportunities of larning such as we have nowadays. And so it happens that Paul does not understand the subject as well as we do, and this is one of those places where Paul and I don't agree."

But with all his eccentricities the Elder was believed to be a good man, and to have used his gifts to the best of his abilities. The best of men can do no better.

"STIRRING up the people" is a very important operation betimes; but the religious assemblies in this country would hardly tolerate a practice described by a correspondent of one of the London papers, who writes respecting the measures in use in the parish of Dunchurch to keep the people awake in meeting:

"A respectable-looking man, who had very much the air of a church-warden, bearing a long, stout wand, with, I believe, a fork at the end of it, at intervals stepped stealthily up and down the nave and aisles of the church; and whenever he saw an individual whose senses were buried in oblivion he touched him with his wand so effectually



as he mounted with wary step into the galleries. At the end of one of them there sat in the front seat a young man who had very much the appearance of a farmer, with his mouth open, and his eyes closed, a perfect picture of repose. The official marked him for his own, and having fitted his fork to the nape of his neck, he gave him such a push that, had he not been used to such visitations. it would probably have produced an ejaculatory start highly inconvenient on such an occasion. But no; every one seemed quietly to acquiesce in the usage, and whatever else they might be dreaming of, they certainly did not dream of the infringement upon the liberties of the subject, nor did they think of applying for a summons on account of the assault.

A COUPLE of students of Williams College went over to North Adams on a bender. After indulging more freely than would probably be practicable in that well-regulated community in these days of reform, they set off to foot it back to Williamstown, a walk of some six or eight miles. This would have been a scrious matter under the best of circumstances, but with a brick in each of their hats, it was a performance not to be accomplished without great difficulty. To make matters worse it began to rain hard as they started, and soon they were soaked to the skin from without as before they had been from within.

Joe Bean had suffered most from the liquor, and, of course, felt very much concerned for his companion, who was comparatively sober. Gazing around him into the dark, and upward to the pouring heavens, he blurted out,

"I say, chum, I say, does it rain?"

"I should think it did, some," replied Ben.

Joe soon brought up all standing, and asked the same question with a rougher answer. Once more he repeated, and Ben brought him to partial consciousness by his reply, and Joe apologized with,

"You—may—think it queer, my asking you if, if, if, it rains, but fact is, Ben, I ain't much acquainted round here."

"Do you play, Sir?"

"No, I play on no musical instrument what-

"I am quite surprised at that. I should think you were the soul of music."

"Well, you see, to tell you the truth I became discouraged by a slight misconception when I was quite a young man. I wasn't appreciated, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"Ah, how was that? I should like to hear the circumstances."

"It was about twenty years ago, when I was studying law, and my brother was a medical student, and both of us fancied we had a wonderful talent for music. So John bought a flute, and I a fiddle, and turning one of the attics into a study, we practiced there half the night through. didn't want any body to know about it, especially my father, who had very strict notions as to the value of time and no taste for music; so to make him think we were hard at work, I had quantities of law-books heaped up, and John had a skull and lots of bones scattered about, to the horror of Betsey, the housekeeper, who slept in the attic. She was once our nurse, and was the only one who could hear us practicing, and we had no fears of her telling. One morning, a week or two after we

had begun our musical night-work, we were late at breakfast, and looking somewhat unrefreshed father said,

"' You musn't study too hard, boys,' "

"'No, Sir, not at all," we both answered smilingly. Just then Betsey appeared at the door, and looked mysteriously at mother.

"'Yes, what is it?' asked mother, surprised at the flurry Betsey seemed to be in.

"'Well, ma'am, I want to say, ma'am, that I'll have to leave you, ma'am."

"'Yes, ma'am, it's going on twenty-five years that I've lived with you, and it's the boys at last, ma'am. It's not Christian-like, ma'am. I can't stand it no-ways, ma'am.'

"'Why, Betsey, what have the boys been doing? do tell us at once.'

think Mister John, ma'am, and sometimes I think Mister Tom helps him. He's got some poor creetur up stairs, ma'am, and he torments him awful, ma'am, all night sometimes, ma'am, when you are all asleep. The poor creetur groans and screams, and a'most shrieks right out, and what it suffers I don't know, but it's dreadful. I know they say doctors must do such things when they're a-larning, but I can't stay where such things are going on. I never thought Mister John was the one to do so, but he does, and if it's all the same to you I'll go, ma'am.'

it, and telling Betsey she would talk to her again sent her from the room, when my brother and I were called on to explain. We never heard the last about that 'poor creetur up stairs,' but that was the end of my violin practice. I have never touched a musical instrument since."

PROBABLY one million of persons read the Drawer. If they skip the grave and read only the gay, they lose the best. We are about to make a temperance address. He that hath eyes to read, let him read; he that hath ears to hear, let him hear:

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatisms, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God,



and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin."

There, it does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend.

ANDERSON, the wizard, and a very poor wizard he was, met with a Yankee who stole a march on him after the following pattern: Enter Yankee,

"I say! you, Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, Sir, at your service."

"Wa'al you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick too, kinder cute teu you know."

"Ah, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, Sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Oh, that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick, I can do that too."

"No you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Well hold out your hand with a cent in it." Yankee stretched out his paw with a red lying

"This is your cent is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight-Presto! change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist; and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Wa'al, you did it I declare; much obleeged wyeou," and Jonathan turned to go out.

tew yeou," and Jonathan turned to go out.
"Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my ten dollars."

"Yourn! wan't it my cent; and didn't you turn it into this ere yaller thing, eh? Good-bye!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't any thing green about this child.

THE French gentleman who sends us the following learned and entertaining epistle, promises to be a very valuable contributor to the Drawer. As his knowledge of the English language enlarges, he will doubtless extend his researches still further into its interior, and we shall have pleasure in laying the result of his discoveries before our readers:

"Mon CHER FRIEND,-I ave been since two month read much historie, and learn the English tongue ver much. I have study with the great Rambut, who sall give me many books and much historie for different nation. I sall learn much etymology, and find the English tongue ver old, and plus grand. I sall try give you somethings I find as I sall exacly remember.

"I read of one man of much remark of the nation of Medes, by name Archibald, and of the foreign country, and they call him Archy Medes. He did the Romans much trouble when they besieged

from the harbor over the city walls, and also likewise to blow up their powder magazines with his burning glass. This man not before his death long, prophesied remarkable that one man ver great sall stand up named Pow Stow, who sall turn down side up this world. Now the great Rambut do say that Pow in that tongue signify wife—so the Dutch say Frow—and that Pow Stow is this great Frow Stow or Wife Stow, or in the Anglais Madam Stow, who is turned this side of the world over in her books, and now been cross the ocean to turn more over the other.

"I read also another great man of Alick Sander, which is old Anglais for Sandy, as he have sandy hair. He were ver fond to drink toast, and ride wild horses and run over many country, and his horse was of name Busy Fellow, because he went so much. He much subdued all the Old World, and is found to have sit on a rock of the ocean and cry for a ship to cross him to the New World with his horse to run over it too, likewise, he was once much traveled.

"I read, too, in one ver old historie of one woman who first discover Europe. She did ride across the ocean on a bull to fly from a ver old money lender, of name Jew Peter, who will take ber property all. I find not in my atlas of M. Michell from where she ave came. When she got near the shore of the land, the native threw to her a rope, to save her life from the sea, and so she call the land Eu-rope, which in that tongue sall mean a good rope. The bull have been turned for graze on to one little island, and was much pleasantly called John Bull by the native, and lived to old age and have many descendants.

"I now desire very much to be Professor in Historie et Etymologie in Universtie some, and much thing vat I do learn I sall to you write. Adiew."

MR. ARTHUR has made a book on the derivation of names, but he has only skimmed the surface of things. And he has said little or nothing of peculiar names. We have not many, in this country, perhaps. England, however, is rich in them. The Registrar-General supplies a list of upward of two thousand. Simple and compound, they are of every variety, some pleasing, some puzzling, many very neat. As specimens, we pick out a pleasant company for a marriage festival and wedding breakfast. We have the lovely Bride, with Mr. Younghusband, and the disappointed Killbride watching them to church. At the latter place, Priest and Surplice are waiting, and through the portal pass, as Sir George Etherege has it,

whole company of damsels In sky, and pink, and rose-colored taffetas:

and among them are Fullalove and Hope, Honey Hearty and Innocent, Lamb and Peace, Neat and Nutty, Please, Pleasant and Prime, Rose and Riper, Smiles and Smitten, Softly and Sugars, Sunshine and Sweetlove, Tulip and Turtle, Violet and Vonus, Wellbeloved, Witty, Patience, and Zeal. With these come Beutyman, a little loose in his orthography; Amour himself, with his Kentish cousin, Paramour; sighing Blight and joyful Bliss; Catchlove and Coo; Dove, Goodman and Jolly; Lovemaiden and Nice, Steddy and Smirk, and half a hundred more of general company of all sorts, good for mixing, including Flesh, Fury, Frown, Thunder, Body, Coffin, Dust, and Death (who, of course, make themselves disagreeable at table); Maggs, Startup and Hagg; Babylon, in making machines to lift their ships | Pigg, Hogg and Greedy, Buss (of course), and also



Buszey; Goose and Spooney (sighing like furnace), Chataway (a pleasant neighbor that Chataway, madam!) Gout, Godbehere, Cant, Clouts, and Cobbledick; Gaudy, Gander, and Ogle; Merryman, Rake, and "the agreeable Rattle." Names are not wanting indicative of sundry other matters, in affinity with the present scene or any imaginable future scene "at home." We leave the seeking of these to the lovers of funny names, concluding our wedding-breakfast nomenclature with the names of three bridesmaids who are not to be forgotten-Kiss, Paradise, and Hush.

Among the saints in the Romish calendar are some females of holy memory, whose bright example we would place on record for the imitation of the sex who are striving always to attain the graces that belong to angels. Thus we find the following records of the virtues of St. Phæbe and St. Sally:

"St. Phabe.—St. Phabe was married early to a willful, but withal a good-hearted husband. He was a merchant, and would come home sour and sullen from 'Change. Whereupon, after much pondering, St. Phœbe in her patience set to work, and praying the while, made of dyed lambs'-wool a door-mat. And it chanced from that time, that never did the husband touch that mat that it didn't clean his temper with his shoes, and he sat down by his Phœbe as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus gentleness may make miraculous door-mats!"

"St. Sally.—St. Sally, from her childhood, was known for her innermost love of truth. said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Now once when other women denied, or strove to hide, their age, St. Sally said, 'I am five-and-thirty!' Whereupon, next birthday, St. Sally's husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-andthirty opal beads; and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads mounted to fourscore-andone. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for St. Sally, wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such, in the olden time, was the reward of simplicity and truth."

THERE are several temperance people very much after the pattern of the man who figures in the sketch we present below. It was on one of the river steamers at dinner that an amiable, matronly lady remarked, in the midst of conversation with a very grave-looking gentleman, on the subject of temperance:

"Oh! I do despise of all things in this world a whisky drinker!'

The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, in the ardor of his feelings extended his hands and took hers within his own, and with emotion that threatened tears over the loss of ruined sons, he replied with faltering words:

"Madam, I respect your sentiments and the heart that dictated them. I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whisky drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy Captain's face. What, I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see welldressed, respectable, and virtuous-looking young men, whose mothers are probably even now praying that the tender instruction by which their youth was illuminated may bring forth precious room, and soon heard the voices of the parties to

fruit in their maturity-I say, to see young men step up to the bar of this boat, and without fear of observing eyes, boldly ask for whisky when they know there is in that very bar the best of old Cognac brandy?"

IT would be hard to match the following for truthfulness to Irish character, and to the unfortunate experience of some who have had Irish help. We are indebted for it to an Eastern correspondent.

Patrick had been recently hired to do the chores, but I was not altogether sure of his being able to do all he promised. He boasted so loudly of his universal knowledge of out-of-door work that I doubted of his knowing much of any thing. I said to him one day,

"Patrick, do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a warm mash this evening?

Pat stared for a minute or two without replying, and I repeated the question, when he broke silence and said.

"Is it a mash, Sir? Shure an' I'd like to be plazin' yer honor any way; that's no lie."

As he spoke, however, I fancied that I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his

"I beg yer pardon, Sir, but 'tis bothered intire-ly I am. Will I give her an Ould Country mash or an Ameriky mash?"

"Look here, Patrick Mulrooney," said I, impatiently, "I want you to put about two double handfulls of bran into a bucket of water, and after stirring it well give it to the black filly. Now, do you rightly understand me?"

"Good luck to yer honor," replied Patrick. looking very much relieved, for he had now got just the information he was fishing for, "good luck to yer honor; what would I be good for if I didn't? Sure it's the Ould Country mash after all."

"I thought as much," said I; "so now away with you, and be sure you make no mistake."

"It's not likely I'll do that, Sir," said he, looking very confident; "but about the warm wather, Sir?"

"There is plenty to be had in the kitchen."

"An' will I give her the full of the bucket, Sir?" "It will do her no harm," I said, and with that Patrick made his best bow, and left to do his work. It might have been ten minutes after this that my wife entered the room where I was sitting, and as she was somewhat of an invalid I laid down the book I had in my hand, and, leading her to the sofa, arranged the pillows to her liking, when she remarked.

"I wish you would go into the kitchen, George. I am afraid there is something wrong about that Irishman of yours and the old cook, Phillis. They seemed to be quarreling as I crossed the hall, and I heard him saying something about its being your

"Oh, it is nothing, my dear," I replied; "I understand it all. Pat requires some warm water, which Phillis, I presume, who bears him no good-will, has probably refused to give him."

My wife said nothing more, and I returned to my reading, looking for some passage that I thought would please her, when we were both startled by a crash of crockery, as if the end of the world had come, and then a suppressed shrick, which told us too plainly that something unusual was to pay in the kitchen. I hurried out of the



voice of Phillis, as if she could hardly speak for being choked.

"Hab done, I say! I won't hab nuffin to do

wid the nasty stuff, no way, so dar!"

"Ye ugly ould cuntrairy nagur, don't I tell ye 'tis the masther's orders," responded Patrick Mul-

"Tain't no such thing! Go way, you white, nasty Irisher. Who ebber heard of a coman's taken a mash afore?"

The truth flashed upon me at once, and the fun of the thing struck me so irresistibly that I hesitated for a while to break in upon the scene. Patrick proceeded:

"Arrah, be aisy, can't ye, and take it as ye're tould, like a dacent nagur."

"Go way, I tell you," screamed Phillis; "I'll call missus, dat I will."

"I say it's the masther's orders; he told me to give the bran mash to the black Phillis, and you've got to take it; so be alsy, and if yer can't be alsy be as aisy as you can."

This was enough. I stepped into the kitchen, seized the fellow as he stood over the frightened cook, and drove him out of doors; but as he went I heard him muttering that he didn't know what to make of it for the life of him-he was thrying to do as he was told.

THE proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration rejected.

At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual.

"Good-morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the storekeeper.

" No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

" No."

"Are you a farmer?"

" No.'

"Are you a merchant?"

" No.'

"Are you a lawyer?"

" No."

"Are you a doctor?"

''No.'

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger-hole."

That we take it, beats the king and the apple in the dumpling all hollow. Yet many a philosopher has puzzled his brains over easier matters but I'll pay the flip."

a desperate struggle. First came the squeaking than this. Witness Doctor Mitchell and the black sheep; or the savans and the jar of water with a fish in it.

> THE humors of the rural Press are exceedingly amusing, and the best of them that has recently fallen into the Drawer was the trap that the man of the Elmira Gazette laid for his brother typos, whom he suspected of stealing his items of news instead of making them for themselves. So the hero of the Gazette, on Saturday, embellished his columns with the following savory paragraph:

> "HORRIBLE.—We learn that a man named John E. Kake, an Indian, was, on Thursday, burned to a cinder in an oven in the town of Southport, near the State Line. How he came into the oven is unknown, but he is supposed to have been drunk, as he had alcohol about his person at the time of the occurrence."

> They took. Both the rival papers copied the item, and thereupon the Gazette man explains:

> "As both our contemporaries have copied the above item from us, it behooves us to say that the cannibals who live near the State Line actually ate the remains of Johnny-cake after they were taken from the oven. Like all New Englanders, we always loved Johnny, and hope he'll reappear en earth. He is a cousin of Mush."

> MAT OLMSTEAD was a day-laborer in Danbury, Connecticut, and has been immortalized by a brief biography in the "Life Time" of Peter Parley Goodrich. He was short and thick-set, with a long nose, a little bulbous in his latter days, with a ruddy complexion, and a mouth shutting like a pair of nippers. Mat had a turn for practical jokes, and was not very scrupulous about the means of making them.

> On a cold, bitter day in December a gentleman, a stranger, came into the bar-room of Keeler's tavern, where Mat and several of his companions were lounging. The man had on a new hat of the latest fashion, and still shining with the gloss of the shop. He seemed conscious of his dignity, and carried his head in such a manner as to invite attention to it. Mat's knowing eye immediately detected the weakness of the stranger, and approaching him careless-

ly, he said,
"What a very nice hat you've got on! Pray, who made it?"

"Oh, it came from New York," was the reply. "Will you let me take it?" asked Mat, as politely as he knew how.

The stranger took it off his head gingerly and handed it to him.

"It's a wonderful nice hat!" said Mat, "and I see it's a real salamander!"

"Salamander!" said the other. "What's that?"

"Why a real salamander hat won't burn!"

"No? I never heard of that before. I don't believe it's one of that kind."

"Sartain sure; I'll bet you a mug of flip of it."

"Well, I'll stand you!"

"Done!" said Mat; "now I'll just put it under the forestick."

It being thus arranged, Mat put the hat under the forestick into a glowing mass of coals. In an instant it took fire, collapsed, and rolled into a black, crumpled mass of cinders.

"I du declare!" cried Mat, affecting great astonishment, "it ain't a salamander hat arter all;



Che Inauguration.



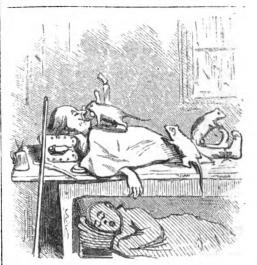
Mr. Shadblow, having voted for the successful candidate, resolves to be at the *Inauguration*.



Having reached Washington, he goes to the Hotel and asks for "A Nice Room, not too high up."



The "Gentlemanly Clerk" gives him his choice of the Roof or the Kitchen.—He prefers the latter.



Where he receives every attention from the former occupants of the Apartment.



In the morning he proceeds to the Barber's Shop for a "Wash and a Shave." He waits two hours for "his turn"—which does not come.

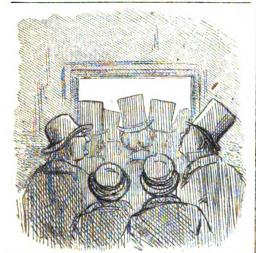
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He returns to his room, and performs his ablutions as well as circumstances admit.



The glorious moment arrives. Mr. Shadblow witnesses the Inauguration—at a distance.



He thinks he will "drop in on Old Buck." But does not succeed.



He falls in with a "Member of the House," who introduces him to a "Senator."



Having parted with his Honorable Friends, he finds that he has lost his Pocket-Book.



And is sure that it must have been taken by one of those "rascally Congressmen."

Mr. Shadblow is fully convinced that great corruption exists at Washington, and thinks another "Committee of Investigation" should be appointed. He says, "If they'll pick a man's pocket, they'll do any thing, and ain't fit to go to Congress."

Fashious for April.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—OUT-DOOR COSTUMES.

WE furnish on the preceding page illustrations of two very beautiful OUT-DOOR COSTUMES. Figure 1 consists of a basque of moire antique. This is deep, adjusting itself neatly to the person, and reaching to the top of the lower fall of wide guipure lace, with two of which it is ornamented, the upper one just allowing the edge of the basque to be visible. It may be of any favorite color, and is further trimmed with bugle gimp. Transverse folds of the stuff, of an inch in width, and graduated in length from one and a half to five inches, are placed upon the outside of the sleeve. These are set between descending folds, upon the face of which bugle tassels are placed on both sides. The lower portion of the sleeve, from the elbow to the wrist, is covered with a fall of lace, trimmed with bugles. The skirt, which is of taffeta of one color, and very full, is ornamented with velvet passamenterie. -Figure 2 is made of taffeta, with three flounces à disposition. The body is checked in a very minute manner, which is not represented in our illustration. The flounces are plaided in a larger pattern. It is made to fit high and close, with bretelles. The sleeves are laid in reversed plaits, ornamented with tassels. A light fringe completes the decoration.

The Mantilla (Figure 3) is so elaborately represented in the illustration as to supersede the necessity of description. It may be of any choice color.

If space permitted, we would gladly have given place to an illustration of another very beautiful Mantilla, which has excited much admiration. We must, however, content ourselves with a verbal description. It is scarf-shaped, with a berthe, which is cross-laced on the shoulders, terminating in tabs, crossing at the waist, over the broad points of the Mantilla. The berthe, and



FIGURE 3.-MANTILLA.

its two flounces, are trimmed with box-plaited frills, another row of which traverses the middle of the Mantilla. The front has likewise double frills. The flounces are laid on, at pleasure, either in reversed plaits, or are gathered full.

The Mourning Collars and Sleeves are of crape, laid on in folds or pipings.

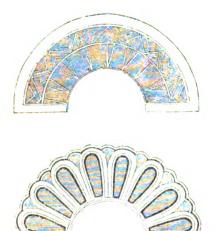


FIGURE 4.-MOURNING-COLLARS.

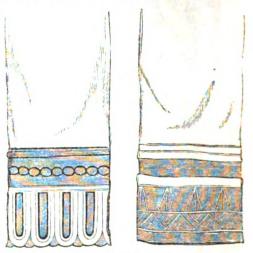


FIGURE 5 .- MOURNING-SLEEVES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXIV.—MAY, 1857.—Vol. XIV.



PICTURES IN SWITZERLAND.

THE waterfalls of Switzerland are among its L crowning glories; and of these the Falls of Schaffhausen are altogether the most imposing. The European, who has never worshiped at the foot of our own great cataract, looks down from the base of the Castle of Lauffen, after paying a franc for the privilege of getting to a standing-place; or he looks up from the opposite shore, where is reared the Castle of Worth, and he pronounces it magnificent. Mrs. Bull does not hesitate to declare it charming! Mr. Murray, in that everlasting Red book, without

admire any thing in art or nature, just as he swears only by the Times-Mr. Murray, in his never-to-be-dispensed-with Hand-book, informs him that this is "the finest cataract in Europe," and, of course, in his opinion, it is the finest in the world. He leads the trembling traveler to the verge of the awful precipice, where, covered with spray, he may enjoy the full grandeur of this "hell of waters," and then he adds, "It is only by this close proximity, amidst the tremendous roar and the uninterrupted rush of the river, that a true notion can be formed of the stupendous nature of this cataract!" The which no Englishman could do Europe—as this Rhine here leaps over the rocks into an abyss is the authority on which alone he ventures to of fifty feet. The river is cloven in twain by a

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the Discrict Court for the Southern District of New York. Vol. XIV.-No. 84.-Z z



tower of rock in the centre of the stream, and the spray rises from its base in an eternal cloud. Picturesque and beautiful the falls certainly are, but grandeur can hardly be affirmed of them.

It was my first day of travel in Switzerland when I reached them -a warm day in the summer of last year. A month of hot weather in Dresden and Munich had been too much for the restoring powers of the waters of Baden-Baden, and it was like waking up in a new world of beauty, with a new soul to love it, to find myself in the midst of this Swiss scenery-the breezes of its snow hills and glaciers fanning me, and its peaks pointing skyward, where there are temples and palaces whose every dome is a sun and every pinnacle a star. But I could not be satisfied till, with the aid of two stout fellows, I made my way through the boiling waters nearly to the foot of the central tower, and there, in the toppling skiff which threatened to tip over on very gentle occasions, I looked up at the mass of waters tumbling from above. The rocks were partially covered with green shrubbery, and a scraggy tree stretched its frightful arms into the spray; but I was not disposed to climb, as some have

done, to the top of the cliff, for the sake of enjoying the scene.

A curious old town is Schaffhausen, so named from the boat-houses, or skiff-houses, which were here erected, for the falls made this the great terminus of navigation on the Rhine. We had come by diligence from Basle, and after passing a night in Weber's excellent hotel at the falls, we came on in the morning, and spent an hour or two looking at the ancient architecture of the town, whose buildings are adorned with such fanciful and extravagant carvings as would hardly be deemed ornamental in the Fifth Avenue.

A very small specimen of a steamer received us now, and bore us up against a strong current. The banks on either side were green with vineyards, now loaded with unripe fruit, and in the midst of the vines the dressers were at their work. On the sloping hillsides the neat cottages of the Swiss peasantry were scattered, making a picture of constant beauty through which we were passing. Among our passengers were a dozen German students, with their knapsacks on their backs, making a tour of Switzerland, the most of which they would perform on foot, gathering health and strength



BERNESE PRASANTRY.



as they trudged on through the mountain passes, and studied the glacier theories on the spot.

It was noon when we arrived at Constance. on the lake of the same name, and a city to be forever associated with the trial and martyrdom of John Huss and Jerome of Prague-a city on which the curse of shedding innocent blood seems resting to this day. In the loft of a long building, now standing near the water's edge, was gathered a Council, in the year of our Lord 1414, over which the Emperor Sigismund presided, and attended by some five hundred princes, cardinals, bishops, archbishops, and professors, who deposed two popes and set up another, and crowned their four years' labor of love by condemning to the flames those martyr men of God, whose names are this day fragrant in the churches of a land that was not known when Huss was burning. In the midst of a cabbage garden outside of the gate, yet called the Huss Gate, we were led to the spot where he suffered; and returning, we called at the house in which he lodged before he was brought to trial. But the streets of the city had grass growing in them; for of the forty thousand inhabitants who once filled these houses but seven thousand remain! Tenements are now tenantless that once were thronged with life. It was sad to wander by daylight through the streets without meeting a living being; and this was my experience here, and afterward in the island city of Rhodes. A chain stretched across the street sustained a lantern in the centre—a very convenient substitute for lamp-posts, if there are no carriages to pass, but a very awkward arrangement for a city infested with omni-

Another day, and the diligence brought us to Zurich, on the lake of the same name—the most thriving town in Switzerland. Here the lion-hearted reformer, Zuingle-the soldier of the cross, who perished on the field of battlepreached in the Cathedral, and dwelt in a house which is still standing and known as his. Here Lavater, the physiognomist, had a home and found a grave, over which the flowers are blooming. His was a lovely and loving spirit. Switzerland, strange to say, has not given birth to poets, but she is the mother of many noble sons, and her scenery has inspired the souls of the sons of song from other climes, who have wandered here and meditated among her lakes and hills.

Coming into Zurich, as we descended into the vale that holds the city and the lake, I had been charmed with the view; and now, at the close of the next day, we were led to the height of one of the old ramparts, to behold a Swiss sunset, and certified to be "one of the finest scenes in Switzerland." The elevation, no longer needed for purposes of defense, has been tastefully transformed into a flower-garden. Enormous shade trees are crowning the summit, and on rude benches the romantically-disposed people, citizens and strangers, are seated. As we descended into one untimely, dreadful grave. Travelers, like ourselves, who were making their way among these romantic regions, were suddenly overwhelmed in the deluge of earth and stones, and the places of their burial are unknown to this day. This event happened fifty years ago; but the broad, bare strip on the mountain side, which no verdure has since clad, is an ever-present that are lying on the opposite side of the valley, and away up the Rhigi, are present witnesses of the messengers of death that came down in their we came to the top of the hill, the god of day

was coming down from the midst of a dense cloud, like a mass of molten gold distilled into a transparent globe. His liquid face was trembling; but the world below sent back a smile of gladness, as the king in his glory looked down upon it. The nearer summits seemed to catch the brightness first, and then in the distance others, invisible before, stood forth in their majesty, as if called into being by his quickening beams. At our feet was the lake, like a sea of glass. The spires of the city and the sloping hills were reflected from the mirror; and all over the country side, as far as the eye could reach, were thousands of white cottages and villas, the abodes of wealth and peace and loves-sweet Swiss homes, rejoicing in the sunshine as they send up their evening psalm of praise. It was a scene to make its impress on the memory, and to come up again and again in the far-off dreams of other lands and years.

To climb the Rhigi, to spend the night on the top, to see the sun go down and get up in the morning, these are among the things to be done in a tour of Switzerland, and all these we set off to do, taking the steamer at Zurich and touching at Horgen, crossing over to Zug, and by steamer again to the little village of Arth, which lies at the foot of the hill we are to ascend. As we were approaching the shore, the reflection of the Rhigi from the lake was so vivid and perfect that we could study the mountain in the water with as much satisfaction as a good-looking man contemplates his own person in a glass. Every particular cliff and crag, individual trees, and winding paths, and torrent beds, which we could see above, were defined with marvelous precision below. On landing, we dispatched a fleet mountain-boy ahead of us to engage beds at the house on the summit; for so many were with us on board the steamer, and so many more were doubtless climbing from the other side at the same time, that we were likely to have a bed on the floor unless we stole a march on our fellow-travelers. Most of them pushed upward from Arth, while we kept the plain for a mile or more to the village of Goldau, once the scene of a terrible catastrophe, the gloom of which still seems to be hanging over the ill-fated spot. The Rossberg Mountain is on the east of it, five thousand feet high, and in the year 1806 a mighty mass of it, some three miles long and a thousand feet thick, came sliding down into the valley, burying four hundred and fifty human beings in one untimely, dreadful grave. Travelers, like ourselves, who were making their way among these romantic regions, were suddenly overwhelmed in the deluge of earth and stones, and the places of their burial are unknown to this day. This event happened fifty years ago; but the broad, bare strip on the mountain side, which no verdure has since clad, is an ever-present record of the awful fall; and the great rocks that are lying on the opposite side of the valley, and away up the Rhigi, are present witnesses of the messengers of death that came down in their



been wont to frequent its courts, and nothing of it was ever found but the bell, which was carried a mile or more, and now hangs in the steeple of another little temple filled with memorials of the ancient calamity.

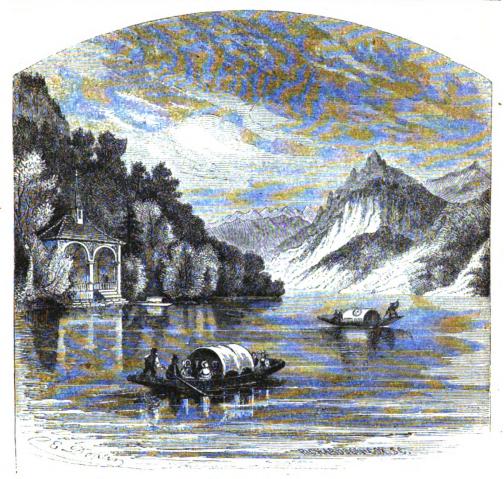
Here we began the ascent of the Rhigi. Some on horses, some on mules, more on foot, two or three ladies in sedan chairs, each borne by four stout men-a very lazy way of getting up hill, where health as well as pleasure is sought in travel; but every one choosing his own mode of ascent, and none having wings, we set off, as motley a party of mountain-climbers as ever undertook to scale a fortress. Four hours' steady travel, pausing only to look in occasionally at the chapels in which the Catholic pilgrims perform their prayers as they ascend to the church of "Mary in the Snow," which is about half-way up, brought us to the top, where as yet the sun was half an hour high. And now, for the first time, did we know that we were in Switzerland. Not because we are on a very lofty mountain top-for the Rhigi is not quite six thousand feet high—but we are on a mountain which stands so isolated that it affords us a better view than any other point, however elevated, of the mountains, the lakes, valleys, and villages,

church was then buried with the people who had | that make this land so peculiar for its beauty and grandeur. On the west, where we gazed with the deepest emotion as soon as we planted our feet on the summit, we saw the hoary Mount Pilatus, and at its base the Lake Lucerne, the most romantic of the Swiss lakes, and not exceeded by the scenery of any lake in the world. The city of Lucerne sends up its towers and battlements, and the whole canton of that name is spread out, with the River Reuss flowing over its bosom. At our feet, nestling under the Rhigi and on the borders of the lake, is the village of Kussnacht, and the chapel of William Tell, marking the spot where the intrepid patriot pierced the tyrant's heart with his unerring arrow. And now the descending sun is pouring a flood of golden glory over all this broad expanse of lake and forest, plain and towering hills, whose peaks are touching the blue skies, gilded with the last rays of declining day. For, southward, we look away upon the mountains of Unterwalden, of Berne, and of Uri, whose snowclad summits and blue glaciers are in full view, the beautiful Jungfrau rising, queen-like, in the midst of the magnificent group of sisters in white raiment. The eastern horizon is supported by the snowy peaks of the Sentis, the Glarnisch, and the Dodi; and the two Mitres start up



COMING DOWN.





CHAPEL OF WILLIAM TELL.

from the midst of that region where Tell and seemed to be glowing in the crown of the mounthis compatriots conspired to give liberty to their native land. All around us are lakes, so strangely nestled among the mountains that they seem to be innumerable, peeping from behind the hills and forests. And now the sound of the village bells, and the Alpine horn, and the evening psalm, comes stealing up the rugged sides of the Rhigi, and we are assured that, in this world of ice, and snow, and eternal rocks, there are human hearts all warm and musical with the love of Him whose is the strength of the hills.

We had a short night's sleep, for what with a late supper and a crowd of people who had no beds, our rest was broken; and just as the dawn began a monster, with a long wooden horn, marched through the halls, startling the sleepers with its blast, and forbidding sleep to come again. We had been warned over night that, at this signal, we must wrap up and run if we would see the sun rise; and as a posted notice in French forbade the use of the bed-blankets, we hurried on our clothes, and in a few moments stood, with a hundred others, like the Persian fire-worshipers, gazing eastward to catch the first glimpse of the coming king! Not long had we to wait. Another blast of the wooden trump gave notice

ain directly in front of us. It grew till the whole peak was ruddy with the glow, and then the great globe rose and rested on the summit! From this, as from a fount of light new-created and rejoicing in the first morning of its being, the streams of glory were poured out upon the world below and around us. Peak after peak, and long mountain ranges and ridges, domes and sky-piercing needles, and fields of fresh snow, and forests of living green, began to smile in the sunlight. Gorges in the hillsides were lying in deep shadow, and bosoms of virgin snow would blush as the king of day looked in upon them. In the space of a brief half hour the world was lighted up for the business of another day, and when we had had a cup of wretched coffee and a bit of sour bread, we "marched down again."

The steamer from Lucerne, on its daily trip from that city, touches at Weggis, where we awaited its coming, and were soon in the midst of the most romantic scenery in Europe. From the water's edge the mountains rise perpendicularly. Broken into ridges, clothed with green forests or smooth pastures, and now and then sheltering a hamlet in the openings, the mountof his approach, and presently a coal of fire aims stand around this lake with a majesty too

lake are like the life-blood of martyrs. This little village of Gersau, on a sloping hillside, shut out from the rest of the world by these mountain ramparts, was an independent democracy for four hundred years, though its domains were only three miles by two! Here, at Brunnen, are painted, on the outer walls of a building on the waterside, the effigies of the three great men who, with William Tell, achieved the independence of Switzerland in 1315. Across the lake, away up among the ledges of the rocks, there lies a little plain, an oasis in the wilderness, where, in the dead of night, the three confederates met and laid their plans for the deliverance of their country from the yoke of a foreign oppressor. That spot is Grutli. It is a holy place, for liberty was there conceived, and every patriot, from whatever land he comes, is thrilled when his eye looks on it. Yet not so sacred is Grutli as the land upon the opposite side of the lake, where the steamer slackens its speed as we are passing a little chapel that is built upon the margin of the lake. This chapel marks the spot where William Tell escaped from the boat in which he was a prisoner on his way to Gessler's prison at Kussnacht. It does savage violence to one's better feelings to be told that no such man as Tell was ever living in this land we are now exploring. He has been our ideal of a patriot chieftain from childhood, and we are not to be cheated out of him without a struggle. Skeptical critics may tell us, as they do, that Tell is a myth; but we have history for our faith to lean upon, and tradition tells us that this chapel was built in 1388, thirty-one years after the hero's death, and in presence of one hundred and fourteen persons who had known him when he was living. Such is our faith, and as we are passing by the chapel, to which, even unto this day, the Swiss make an annual pilgrimage and have a solemn mass performed within its narrow walls, and a sermon preached, we will tell the story of Tell.

When the year 1300 was coming in, Albert of Austria was ruling with a rod of iron over the dwellers in these mountains. He sent magistrates among them who exacted heavy taxes which they were unable to pay, and imposed arbitrary and cruel punishments upon them on slight occasions. Arnold, a peasant of Unterwalden, was condemned for some insignificant offense to give up a yoke of fine oxen, and the servant of the bailiff seized them while Arnold was plowing with them, and said, as he drove them off, "Peasants may draw the plow themselves." Arnold smote the servant, breaking two of his fingers, and fled. The tyrant seized the father of Arnold and put out both his eyes! Such cruelties became too many and too grievous to be borne. Even the women—brave souls! refused to submit, and the wife of Werner Stauffacher said to her husband: "Shall foreigners be masters of this soil and of our prop-

impressive for words. We have come into the | for? Must we mothers nurse beggars at our heart of a land of heroes. The waters of this breasts, and bring up our daughters to be maidservants to foreign lords? We must put an end to this!" Her husband was roused, and and went to Arnold, whose father's eyes had been put out, and Walter Furst. These three held their meetings for counsel at Grutli. Afterward each of them brought ten men there, who bound themselves by a great oath to deliver their land from the oppressor. This oath was taken in the night of November 17, 1307. Not long afterward the bailiff, Herman Gessler, when he saw the people more restless and bold, resolved to humble them. He placed the ducal hat of Austria upon a pole, and ordered every one who passed by to bow down in reverence before it. William Tell, one of the men who had taken the oath at Grutli, held his head proudly erect as he passed, and when warned of the danger of such disobedience stoutly refused to bow. He was seized and carried before the bailiff, who was told that Tell, the most skillful archer of Uri, had refused to pay homage to the emblem of Austrian power. Enraged at Tell's audacity, Gessler exclaimed,

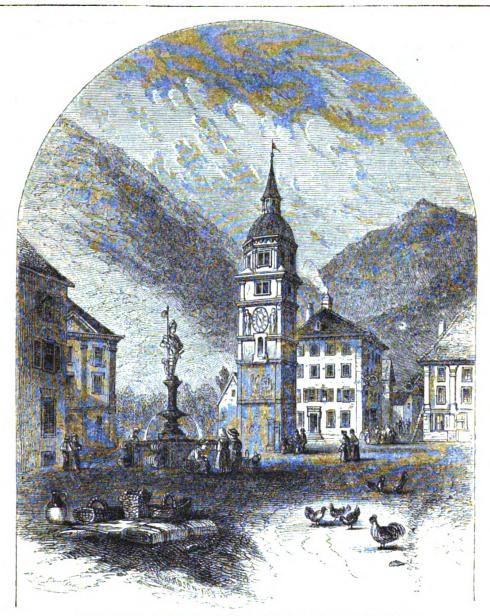
> "Presumptuous archer, I will humble thee by the display of thine own skill. I will put an apple on the top of the head of thy little son; shoot it off, and you shall be pardoned!"

In vain did the wretched father plead against such cruelty. He could pierce the eagle on the wing and bring down the fleet chamois from the lofty rocks, but his arm would tremble and his eyesight fail him when he took aim at the head of his noble boy. But his remonstrances were all in vain. The boy was bound to a tree and the apple set upon his head. The stronghearted father took leave of his son, scarce hoping that he could spare him, and rather believing that his arrow would in another moment be rushing through his brain. With a prayer for help from Him who holds the stars in his hand, and without whose providence not a sparrow falls, the wretched father drew his bow. The unerring arrow pierced the apple, and the child was saved. Another arrow fell from underneath the garment of the archer as the shout of the people proclaimed the father's triumph.

"What means this?" demanded the tyrant. "To pierce thy heart," replied Tell, "if the other had slain my son!"

Gessler ordered the man to be seized and bound, and hurried off to the dungeon he had built at Kussnacht. Fearing to trust the guards with their prisoner-for he knew not how far the spirit of rebellion might have spread-Gessler embarked in the boat with them, and hastened off lest the people should rise to the rescue of their countryman. The lake was subject then, as it is now, to sudden and fearful tempests. The wind rose and swept the waves over the boat, defying the skill of the boatmen, and threatening their speedy destruction. Tell was known for his skill with a boat as well as with erty? What are the men of the mountain good a bow. Tyrants are always cowards, and when





ALTORY, - SCENE OF TELL SHOOTING THE APPLE FROM THE HEAD OF HIS SON.

the tyrant saw that his own men were not to die. able to manage the craft, he ordered Tell's bonds to be removed that he might take the helm in his hand. Steering the boat as near to the projecting rock of Axenberg as she could run, he suddenly leaped from it to the ledge, and the force of his leap sent the boat backward upon the lake. The prisoner was free. Pursuit was hopeless. He was at home among the mountains. Every path was familiar to him. But vengeance would be taken on those dearer than his own life. He resolved to preserve them by the death of the monster who had sought to make him slay his own son. With the speed of the chamois he sped his way across the mountains to the very place where he was to have been carried in chains, and there waited

The arrow of the patriot drank his heart's blood. Then the inhabitants of the mountain fastnesses flew to arms. The minions of Austria were seized, and with a wonderful forbearance were not slain, but sent out of the country under an oath never to return. The King Albert came to subdue the rebels. On his way he was murdered by his nephew and a band of conspirators, whom he had thought his friends. He expired at the wayside, his head being supported by a peasant woman who found him lying in his blood. The children of the murdered man and his widow, and Agnes the Queen of Hungary, took terrible vengeance on the murderers, and, confounding the innocent with the guilty, shed blood like water. Agnes was a woman-fiend. As the blood of the coming of Gessler. The tyrant came but sixty-three guiltless knights was flowing at her feet, she said, "See, now I am bathing in May-dew!" One of the most distinguished of the enemies of the King, the knight Rudolf, was, at her orders, broken on the rack, and while yet living was exposed to the birds of prey. While dying, he consoled his faithful wife, who alone knelt near him, and had in vain prostrated herself in the dust at the feet of Agnes, imploring her husband's pardon. But the war of oppression went on. An army marched into Switzerland, and to the many thousands of their invaders the men of Grutli could oppose only thirteen hundred. But they were all true men, and at Morgarten, on a rosy morning in 1315, they met the enemy and routed them utterly, after such deeds of valor as history scarcely elsewhere has recorded. This gave freedom to Switzerland. Of that struggle the first blow was struck by William Tell when he smote Gessler to the earth.

At the head of the Lake of Lucerne, and a few miles above the Chapel of Tell, is the village of Fluelen, at which we rest only long enough to get away, for the low grounds, where the River Reuss comes down into the lake, breeds pestilence, and the inhabitants give proofs of the unhealthiness of the place by the number of cretins and goitred cases that are found among them. Two miles beyond is the old town of Altorf. Lapped in the midst of rugged mountains, which shut down closely on every side, it is secluded from the world that is familiar with its name. Here, on this village green, in front of the old tower, a fountain, surmounted by a statue, marks the spot where William Tell shot the apple from the head of his son. The tree on which the ducal hat was hung by Gessler, and the same to which the boy was bound, is said to have remained there three hundred years after the event. The tower dates back of that time, as records still in existence prove it to be more than five hundred and fifty years old. To this day the hunters of Uri come down to Altorf to try their skill with the rifle, which has now taken the place of the bow and arrow. I walked out behind the village under the frowning brow of one of the mountains, and found the targets standing where they meet for this yearly contest. And after having visited the battle-fields of Europe, from Bannockburn to Austerlitz and Waterloo, I can say with truth that I was more moved by the associations with Altorf than any other.

A few miles farther on we came to the River Reuss, in which William Tell was drowned while attempting to save the life of a boy. The places were pointed out to us where he was born, and where he perished. There was something sublime in the thought that a man, whose name is now identified with the patriots and heroes of the world, should finally lose his life in the performance of a deed that requires more of the self-sacrificing spirit than to scale the walls of a fortress and perish in the midst of a nation's praise.

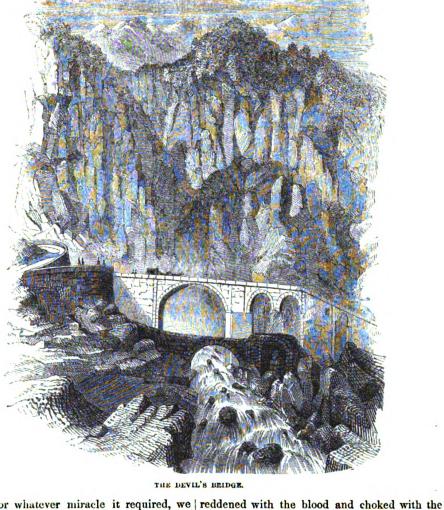
finest race in Switzerland. We had no reason to think them remarkable; but the women, who were making hay in the meadows while the men were off hunting, were certainly very good-looking for women who work in the fields in all weathers, braving the storms of rain and snow, tending the sheep and cattle on the hillsides, and carrying the hay on their backs to the barns.

As we pressed our way up the great St. Gothard road, we encountered an old woman standing on a bridge, one of the many we cross over the same River Reuss, which leaps back and forth through the ravine. She is holding a large stone on the parapet of the bridge, and offers to hurl it into the abyss for the amusement of the traveler. This bridge spans the Pfaffensprung, or Priest's Leap; and the story is that a monk once leaped across the gulf with a maiden in his arms; and, unless a monk can leap a long way farther with such a burden than without it, the story is fabulous or the deed was miraculous. The reader may accept whichever explanation pleases him.

On either side of us, as we pursue the zigzag, toilsome, upward path, frowning precipices rise a thousand feet high, black, jagged rocks, almost bare of vegetation, shutting out the sunlight, and making a solitude fearful and solemn, its silence rarely disturbed but by the passing traveler and the ceaseless dashing of the river, which, instead of flowing, tumbles from ledge to ledge. In the spring of the year, the avalanches make the passage still more fearful.

Twenty or thirty thousand persons travel over this pass every year; and to keep the current in this direction, the cantons of Uri and Tessin built this splendid carriage-path, as smooth as a floor, and so firm in its substructures as to resist the violence of the storms and the swollen torrents that so often rush frightfully down these gorges. Twice was the work swept away before this road was completed, which, it is believed, will stand while the mountains stand. So rapid is the ascent, that the road often doubles upon itself, and we are going half the time backward on our route. Sometimes the road is hewn out of the solid rock in the side of the precipice, which hangs over it as a roof, and again it is carried over the roaring stream that is boiling in a gulf four hundred feet below. Toiling up the gorge, with the savage wildness of the scenery becoming every moment more savage still, we reach the Devil's Bridge. More than five hundred years ago, an old abbot of Einsiedeln built a bridge over an awful chasm here; but such is the fury of the descending stream, the whole mass of waters being beater into foam among the rocks that lift their heads through the cataracts—such is the horrid ruggedness of the surrounding scenery, and so unlikely does it appear that human power could ever have reared a bridge over such a fearful chasm, it has been called, from time immemorial, the Devil's Bridge. A Christian traveler would The men of this region are spoken of as the much prefer to ascribe its origin to a better





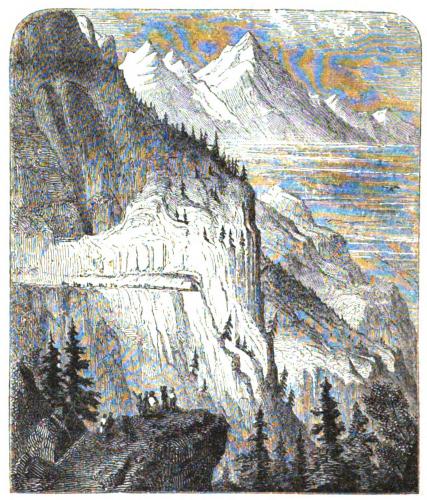
source; for whatever miracle it required, we might refer it to the skill and goodness of Him who hung the earth upon nothing, and holds the stars in his hand. We were quite cold when we reached the bridge, and, quitting the carriage, walked over it to study its structure, and enjoy the grandeur of a scene that has hardly an equal even in this land of the sublime and terrible. At this spot the River Reuss makes a tremendous plunge at the very moment that it bends nearly in a semicircle, and a world of rocks has been hurled and heaped in the midst of the torrent, to increase the rage and roar of the waters, arrested for a moment only to gather strength for a more terrific rush into the abysses below. We approach the parapet, and look calmly over, and there, far below us, is another bridge, which, becoming useless by age and the violence of the elements, was superseded by this new and costly structure. The old one is a striking feature in the picture, and we thank the engineers for leaving it there, though it answers no other purpose than to gratify the eye of the traveler.

It is scarcely credible that this defile has been the scene of mortal struggle between contending foot, compelled the French, in their turn, to rearmies; that this mountain torrent has been tire before him. The progress of the Russians

corpses of men who have been slain in this fearful pass! In the year 1799, the French pursued the Austrians up this gorge "as far as this bridge, which, having been converted into an intrenched position, was defended by them for some time. The bridge was approached from the lower part of the valley by a terrace abutting against the precipice, interrupted in one place by a chasm. The road was continued over this upon an arch of masonry, which supported a sort of causeway. At last, even this was carried by the French, who, in their impetuous pursuit, followed their enemies across the arch. In a moment, while a crowd of combatants were upon it, it was blown into the air, and hundreds were precipitated into the abyss below. During the night, the Austrians, alarmed by the appearance of another French force in their rear, evacuated altogether the valley of the Reuss. On the 24th of the following month the tide of war took an opposite turn. Suwarrow, pouring down from the summit of the St. Gothard, at the head of 5000 horse and 18,000 the road broken up, the pass above filled with rocks, and the passage down the valley interrupted by the gap in the causeway beyond the bridge, caused by the blowing up of the arch. A murderous fire from the French swept away all who approached the edge of the chasm; but the Russian columns, eager for advance, pushed the foremost ranks into the foaming Reuss. The impediments in the road were soon removed; an extemporaneous bridge was constructed by binding together beams of wood with officers' scarfs; and over this the Russian army passed, pursuing the enemy as far as Altorf." now we stood on this bridge, with the mighty ramparts of rocks rising to the skies on either side of us, and the torrent roaring madly under us. It seemed incredible that it could have ever been a battle-field, where thousands had rushed upon their own destruction, and wrought deeds of valor and blood, the recital of which on the ground is enough to make one start with horror.

We crossed the bridge and soon entered the long Gallery of Uri-a tunnel cut through the solid rock—a hard but the only passage,

was arrested here for a short time, as they found as the torrent usurps the whole of the gorge, and the precipice above admits no possible path overhead. A hundred and fifty years ago this hole was bored, and before that time the only passage was made on a shelf supported by chains let down from above, on which a single traveler could creep, if he had the nerve, in the midst of the roar and the spray of the torrent in the yawning gulf below him. To add to the gloom and terror of the scene about us a storm, with thunder and lightning, broke upon us as we emerged from this den, and night speedily set in while as yet we had no shelter. We had come into an upper valley, a vale five thousand feet above the level of the sea, where no corn grows, though the land flows with milk and honey. The cows and goats find pasture at the foot of the glaciers, and the bees, who find flowers even in these realms of eternal snow, make their nests in the stunted trees and the holes of the rocks. At Andermatt, a village among the mountains, we come upon an inn whose many lighted windows invited us to seek refuge from the increasing storm, and we entered a room already thronged with travelers who had reached it before us, many of them coming down, and



CROSSING THE ALPS



they were now rejoicing over a smoking supper. They made us welcome, and in the good cheer we soon forgot the fatigues and the perils of the most exciting and exhausting day we had had in Switzerland.

"Blessed be he who first invented sleep," the weary traveler says, with Sancho, whenever night comes, and wherever, if he is so happy as to have a place wherein and on to lay his head. Sleep, that will not come for wooing to him who wastes his hours in idleness at home, now folds her soft arms lovingly about him, kisses his eyelids, whispers gentle memories in his soul, and dreams of the loved and the distant are his as the swift night-hours steal away. The nights are not long enough; for when the first nap is past the sun of another day is struggling to get over the hill-top and look down into the vale of Andermatt!

We might pursue this St. Gothard highway over into Italy, but we have not yet seen Switzerland. Hitherto we have been traversing only the great roads of travel. Now we will strike off into the regions where wheel carriages have never yet been seen. The Furca-Pass leads off from the St. Gothard road, and, with a guide o pilot us, we struck into a narrow defile. Away above us the blue glacier of St. Anne was shining in the morning sun, and now we are at the foot of a beautiful waterfall that leaps from its bosom into the vale below. Here are the remains of an awful avalanche of rocks and earth that came down, a few years since, on a little hamlet clustering on the hillside. The inhabitants fled as they heard it coming, but a maiden, tending a babe, refused to leave her precious charge, and could not fly with it as rapidly as the rest. She perished with it in her arms. Soon we came to a mountain stream which crossed our path, and the bridge had been swept away by an avalanche only the very night before. There were no signs of danger now, and we could scarcely believe the stories that were told us of the sudden destruction wrought by these thunder-bolts of snow, and ice, and earth, which are the terror of these regions. The village we slept in last night is protected by a forest of trees so arranged as to receive and ward off the slides; but they come at times with such force as to cut off the trees, and bury every thing in undistinguished ruin.

This pedestrianism is very well to boast of at home, and for those who are used to it, and fond of it, it may be a very agreeable mode of travel; I confess I was tired of it the first day, and took to the horse as decidedly a better, as it certainly is an easier, method of transit. It was just about as much as I could do to walk and think of the number of miles we had gone and had yet to go, with scarcely any spirit to enjoy the romance of the scenery, the glaciers and waterfalls, the precipices and snowy summits that were around me; while, like Gray's plowman, I had "to plod my weary way." It was another thing altogether to sit on a horse, and, folding one's arms, to look upward and around,

rejoicing in the wonders of God's world, and breathing in, with the mountain air, the rich inspirations of the scene.

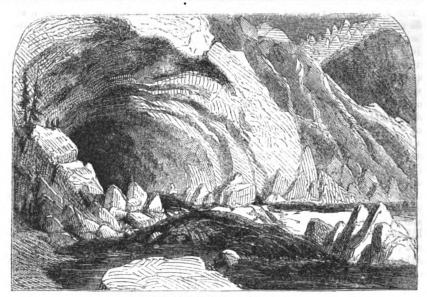
We are now so far up in the world that the snow, though the month of August is closing, is lying in banks by the side of the pathway, while the wild flowers, in bright and beautiful colors, are blooming in the sun, and close to the edges of these chilling banks. On our right hand the Galenstoch glacier lies among the peaks of naked rock that, like the battlements of some thunder-riven castle, shoot upward 11,000 feet into the clear blue sky. We are among the ice-palaces of the earth. I hug my great-coat closely, as the cold winds from these eternal icebergs search me. Urging on my horse, I overtook an English lady who had been left behind by her party and was now in great trouble. Her saddle had turned with her, and she was on the ground in a fit of passion, which found some alleviation when I came up, and she broke out,

"Oh, Sir, my guide is such a brute, he can not understand a word of English, and I do not speak the German—what shall I do?"

Perceiving the nature of her difficulties, I set my servant at the task of adjusting her saddle, and when she was mounted again we rode on together, crossing a wide tract of ice and snow, and in a few minutes reached the inn at the summit of the Furca Pass. Here we found her husband and friends regaling themselves with cold beef and beer, and apparently quite at their ease respecting the fate of the lady whom I had aided in bringing up the hill.

The view from this point is very fine, and I preferred it greatly above the entertainment to be had within doors. Snow-clad summits of distant mountains glistened in the noonday sun, and blue glaciers wound along and down the gorges, and so far above the valleys were we now that it seemed like a world without inhabitants, desolate, cold, and majestic, in its solitude and icy splendor. The descent was too rapid for safe riding, and, giving the horse to the guide, who would lead him around, I leaped down the steep declivity, and soon found myself in a lovely vale. Turning suddenly around a promontory, a scene of such grandeur and beauty burst upon our sight as we had not vet encountered, even in this land of wonders. An ocean lashed into ridges and covered with foam, then suddenly congealed, would not be the spectacle! Freeze the cataract of Niagara and the rapids above it, and let them rise a thousand feet into the air; congeal the clouds of spray, the falling jewelry; pile up pyramids and minarets, and columns, and battlements of ice, and then, at each side of this magnificent scene, set a tall mountain, with green pasturage on its sides, and its head crowned with everlasting snow, and you have some faint image of the Glacier of the Rhone! Travelers have called it the Frozen Ocean of Switzerland. But it is more than this. And yet out of its bosom, its cold but melting heart, the River Rhone is flow-





BIVER ISSUING FROM A GLACIER.

turer may follow it up, beneath the blue arches once the grave of a multitude of soldiers who and between the polished walls, till he finds himself far away in these eaverns of ice, where no living thing abides. And here he learns the great design of a beneficent Creator in forming these glaciers. The snows of winter are here stored up, and, instead of being suddenly melted in the spring, and then sent down in torrents to devastate the lands through which the overwhelming currents would be borne, they are melted by degrees, and led by channels through these mountain passes into the river beds that water all the countries of Europe! For this great purpose Switzerland was built! It has been lightly said that this Swiss country looks as if it had been the leavings of the world when creation was finished, and the refuse material that could not be conveniently worked in had been thrown in dire confusion, heaps on heaps, into this wilderness of jagged rocks, and shapeless mountains, and disordered ranges of hill and vale-impracticable for man or beast -a rude, wild land, doomed to perpetual poverty, and existing only to be an object of curiosity to the traveler. But we find it to be the great fountain of living waters, pouring its inexhaustible streams into the wide and many lands below, carrying fertility and beauty over millions of acres, and food and gladness to countless homes.

A hard hill to climb was the Grimsell. Sometimes I rode, but more frequently I was content to toil upward on my own feet, without taxing the jaded horse with my weight to be added to his own. But when we reached the summit, and overtook other parties who were before us, and were overtaken by yet others coming up behind, we formed a long and picturesque procession of some forty or fifty pilgrims, who wound slowly along the banks of the Dead Sea-a lake that lies away up among these frozen heights, and derives its name from the fact that it was

perished in fight in these mountain fastnesses.

The vale of the Grimsell is beneath us, and just before the sun sets we reach the Hospice, and eagerly seek for lodgings. On the borders of a little lake, in the bottom of a narrow valley, surrounded by almost perpendicular rocks, stands this solitary house, in former years inhabited by friendly monks who made it their pious care to entertain the traveler and furnish free hospitality to the poor. Now it is a hotel, and a very poor one at that, where you may get a supper, and a bed, and a large bill in the morning. This is a dreary spot now, and in the winter more fearful it must be. The hills rise so suddenly that the house can not be placed so as to make it safe from the "thunder-bolts of snow," and once it was crushed with its inmates.

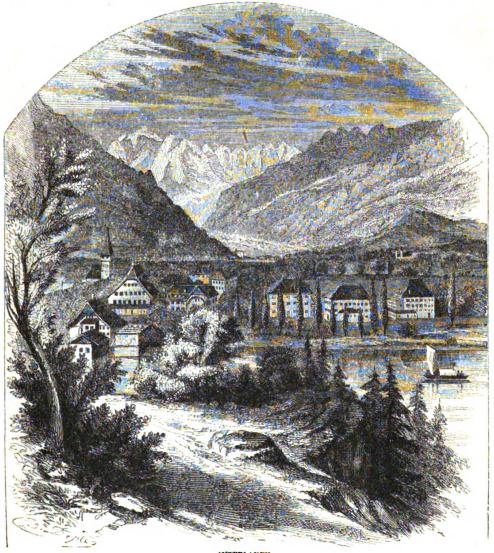
In the morning we found the path that led us out of the valley to the Glaciers of the Aar. The mountain of earth, rocks, ice, and snow that we encountered put to flight all ideas we had formed of a glacier. We seemed to have come to a vast heap of sand, or to the debris brought down by an avalanche, but from the base of it a torrent was rushing of a dirty milky hue, and out of its front we could see rocks of blue ice projecting. Now and then a mass of earth or a huge boulder would be hurled along down the precipice. Then, with incredible toil and in the midst of not a little danger, we climbed up the hill by the side of the glacier till we finally gained its summit. The naturalist Hugo is said to have traversed it on horseback, and Agassiz spent whole winters here in a hut still standing, studying the wonderful operations of nature in these laboratories of ice. We made no very extensive tours. The wide fissures were far from inviting, and we found a man who entertained us with the story of his having fallen into one of them, and cut his way up, some seventy feet along the perpendicular wall, with his hatchet,



might have been a fiction; but there are well authenticated cases of persons losing their lives by falling into them. It would be more interesting to descend, as Hugo did, following the inclined plane of a stream that, under the melting influence of the sun, works its way down. There he traveled a mile, underneath magnificent domes through which the sunlight was penetrating, and among crystal columns which had been left standing as if to support the superincumbent mass. The water trickles through the roofs of these silent halls, and freezes in beautiful stalactites, unseen except by that eye to which darkness and light are both alike. And this mighty mass of ice, decaying at the front and pressed down from above, is slowly moving onward at the rate of some twelve inches a day. If a stream of water running across it cuts a wide seam, so that the mass is suddenly brought down, the shock will throw up the ice in ridges, and in various fantastic shapes,

which he always carried in his hand. This might have been a fiction; but there are well authenticated cases of persons losing their lives by falling into them. It would be more interesting to descend, as Hugo did, following the inclined plane of a stream that, under the melting influence of the sun, works its way down. There he traveled a mile, underneath magnificent domes through which the sunlight was

Right glad we were to make our way out of the valley of the Grimsell, having spent two nights at the Hospice, and not wishing to make it three. So we pushed on by the falls of the Handek, where two rivers, from opposite directions, rush into each other's embrace, and then, like frantic lovers, leap together into an abyss of a hundred feet deep. My guide through these portions of Switzerland was a very intelligent man, for one of his class, and gave me much information of the social and moral condition of the people. Their poverty, ignorance, and vice were even more deplorable than I had



INTERLAKEN



supposed from what had met my eyes in wandering among them. The contrast between the Swiss of imagination and history, and the Swiss of the present time, is so great and so sad that one wishes these valleys were without inhabitant rather than that they should be the abodes of so much disease and degradation. But we were not visiting Switzerland to see the people, and we left them as we found them, with no prospect of being speedily improved. There is a field for missionary labor, however, in the midst of these mountains, that ought not to be overlooked by those who are anxious about India and China.

Nestled charmingly among the hills is the sweet village of Interlaken. The plain which it adorns stretches from Lake Thun to Lake Brienz, and the quiet retreat it furnishes is improved by hundreds of English people, who make it a summer residence. It combines two advantages, very rarely blended in this world-it is cheap and genteel. A large number of neat boardinghouses, some of them aspiring to the rank of first-class hotels, are scattered along the main street of the village; and at the Hôtel des Alpen, the largest establishment and admirably kept, the traveler may find good rooms and board for a dollar a day, and at even less than that if he is disposed to be very economical. had crossed the Wengern Alp and passed the vale of Grindlewald; had seen an avalanche come down from the side of the Jungfrau, and been amused with the little cascade called the Staubbach, about which poets and painters have gone into ecstasies; and we were glad to find so quiet, beautiful, and civilized a spot in which to sit down for a few days and rest.

That avalanche was a great affair, and worth a day's climb to see. We were crossing the Wengern Alp, and were on the verge of the ravine that divides it from the Jungfrau. At an inn where we stopped for dinner-for a man must dine, and never does he have a stronger sense of this necessity than when he is traveling in Switzerland-we were seated at table with a score or more, who, like ourselves, were sharpset. The little tavern has been planted in full view of the Jungfrau that travelers may pause here and watch for an avalanche, the roar of their fall being heard every few moments, though, for the most part, they rush into depths where no human footstep ever treads, and all unseen by mortal eye. But at noonday the sun has exerted some power upon this side of the mountain, and if yonder toppling crag of snow would but relax its icy hold just now and come "rushing amain down," it would be a great accommodation to us who have crossed the ocean to see the wonders, and would be pleased, on our return, to say that we had seen an avalanche. But the more we look the more it would not come. We had therefore given it up, and were in the midst of the enjoyment of our dinner, when a great cry was raised, "Lawinen! Lawinen!" or, in plain English, the Avalanche! Instantly every knife and fork were dropped, and to the doors and windows, as

if the house were tumbling, the party rushed, each struggling to get the first and best place from which to see the fall. "There it comes!"

"Where?"

"There! there! You see that stream, like powdered marble pouring from one of the gullies far up the Jungfrau's side, and lighting on a projecting ledge?"

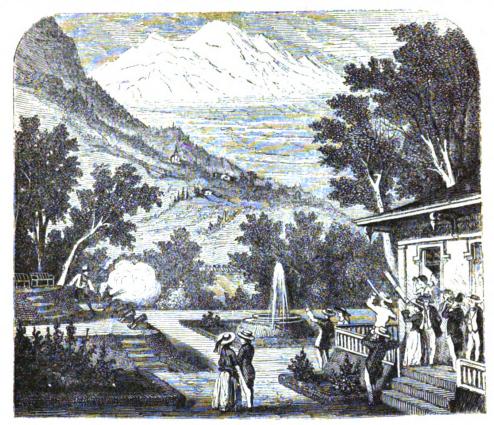
Thus directed, and guided by the sound that now came like the roar of a cataract to the ear, I saw the stream of snow, which was pouring like a fall of water from the mountain; resting now for a moment on a lower ridge, and soon surging over it and coming on with a majestic and resistless flow. We are some three or four miles distant from the avalanche; but the air is so very pure that we seem to be much nearer, and it is difficult to believe that the stream is composed of vast blocks of ice weighing several tons, which are dashing fearfully upon one another, and sufficient to overwhelm with ruin the hapless village that may be in its awful path.

When the last reverberations had died away among the mountains we returned and finished our dinner, and then pushed on by the Staubbach Fall to the vale of Lauterbrunnen. The mountains that shut in this valley are so precipitous and lofty that in winter the sun does not climb over the eastern side till noon, and so cold is it through the summer that only the hardiest fruits can be raised in it. I counted between twenty and thirty cascades leaping from the brow of these cliffs, and falling into the green valley at their base.



THE GIESBACH FALL.





WATCHING AN ASCENSION.

this vale, is the locality said to have suggested the wildest scenes in Byron's Manfred, and the story of the brother's murder has given a gloomy notoriety to the scenery.

While we were at Interlaken we made a beautiful excursion on Lake Brienz to the Giesbach Fall; and the cut on the preceding page will give a clearer idea than any description of this picturesque and remarkable cataract. It has some peculiarities that claim for it the very first rank among the falls of Switzerland. the little stream that issues as from a cleft in the rock, nearly a thousand feet above the waters of the lake. Then among the dark evergreens the white flood comes swelling and plunging into secret abysses where the eye can not search its hidings, but it rises again with a widened torrent, and now spreads a broad bosom of waters over a mighty precipice; and here a bridge has been thrown across in front of the falls, and a gallery cut away behind it, so that it may be circumvented by the visitor who is provided with an overcoat of India rubber, or is willing to take a thorough sponging for the sake of the submarine excursion. When I had completed the circuit, a lady was regretting that she could not venture on the tour, but her scruples were instantly removed when I offered her my water-proof, and in a few minutes she insensible of the glories around them, and to be returned "charmed" with her trip. Once more below the average standard even of European

The Castle of Unspunnen, which we pass in rocks and shoots out into the lake, in one of the most romantic and beautiful regions that is to be found in this wildly beautiful land.

From the piazza of our Alpine hotel we could look out at all times on the snow-white sides and summit of the Jungfrau, the most admired of all the Swiss mountains. In the bright sunlight the "Maiden" stands there like a bride adorned for her husband. Few of the mountains are higher than this, and none of them have so rarely been ascended. It has a fascination about it too that holds the traveler within sight of it. The very name suggests its charms, and seems to have been given to it from the purity and distance in which it is protected and enshrined.

Our route did not lead us to Berne, but we ran out there from Interlaken by the way of Thun, through some of the finest scenery in the world. Thun stands on the Aar near its confluence with the lake, and is one of the most important towns in the Bernese Oberland. I lingered here with a strange mixture of sadness and delight; emotions, by-the-way, that were contending for the mastery of each other all the way through Switzerland. These glorious hills were constantly singing great psalms of praise; but the people, even the best of them, as we passed them on the highways, seemed to be the swollen mass of waters plunges over the attainment. Why has Switzerland never had a

poet? I mean a poet of her own. From other lands they have come and nestled on the banks of her lovely lakes, and wandered over her vales and hills, quaffing the waters of inspiration from her cleft rocks and ever-flowing fountains, and have made Switzerland familiar, every foot of it, to the readers of their song in distant lands and climes. But Switzerland is the mother of no poet; though her sky, and her land, and her water are all surcharged with poetry, so that one is amazed her children are not all the sons and daughters of song. Italy is full of poetry, but Italy is not half so poetical as Switzerland.

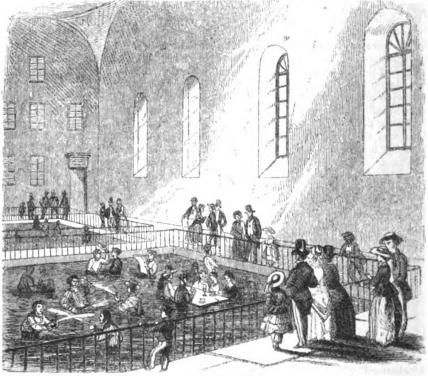
The bears of Berne are the lions of Switzerland, and after we had been established in fine apartments in the Hôtel de la Couronne, of which I am constrained to speak a good word, we crossed the Aar, which here, like the Iser at Munich, is "rolling rapidly," and sallied out in pursuit of this game. The very name of Berne in the old German, or rather in the Suabian dialect, we are told, means bear; and it is evident that the animal is the tutelar divinity of the city. Two immense Bruins, of solid stone, and larger than life, stand age after age, on either side of one of the gates of the town; and one of the principal fountains holds up a bear in armor, a sword at his side and a banner in his paw. Then the Bernese boast a very respectable museum, where the bear in all its varieties is exhibited—quite harmless, however, being well stuffed, and not likely to eat the visitor. If he would find real live bears, he must go with us, indeed all visitors do so, and see them in a stone

pit outside of the town, where for hundreds of years successive specimens have been maintained, at public expense, for the amusement of the people, who are always looking at their gambols and feeding them with apples and cakes. But let not the innocent reader imagine that the good city of Berne has any thing outre or savage in its appearance. It is one of the fairest places in this country; and from the old fortifications of the town, now turned into a promenade, a glorious view of the Bernese Alps may be enjoyed -a view that no pencil can justly draw, no pen describe. It was under the inspiration of this view that one of our own poets, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, produced those lines, which, for sublime conception and true feeling have not been excelled by any who have attempted this high theme:

Eternal pyramids, built not with hands,
From linked foundations that deep-hidden lie,
Ye rise apart, and each a wonder stands!
Your marble peaks, that pierce the clouds so high,
Seem holding up the curtain of the sky.
And there, sublime and solemn, have ye stood
While crumbling Time, o'erawed, passed reverent
by—

Since Nature's resurrection from the flood, Since earth, new-born, again received God's plaudit, 'Good!'

"Vast as mysterious, beautiful as grand!
Forever looking into Heaven's clear face,
Types of sublimest Faith, unmoved ye stand,
While tortured torrents rave along your base;
Silent yourselves, while, loosed from its high place,
Headlong the avalanche loud thundering leaps!
Like a foul spirit, maddened by disgrace,
That in its fall the souls of thousands sweeps
Into perdition's gulf, down ruin's slippery steeps.



THE BATHESS AT LECK





THE CHAR À BANC.

" Dread monuments of your Creator's power! When Egypt's pyramids shall mouldering fall, In undiminished glory ye shall tower, And still the reverent heart to worship call, Yourselves a hymn of praise perpetual; And if at last, when rent is Law's great chain, Ye with material things must perish all, Thoughts which ye have inspired, not born in vain, In immaterial minds for aye shall live again.'

If we are going over the mountains into Italy, the worst road we can take is the famous pass of St. Bernard, memorable by the noble daring and success of Napoleon who made his way over; and even more noted for its Hospice and the hospitality of its monks.

We crossed the Gemmi, and soaked ourselves in the baths of Leukenbad. By the great Simplon road we come down to Martigny. To make a pilgrimage to the Hospice and return, would take but two days, and it must be done. The morning was far from being such an one as prudent travelers would select for an excursion into the mountains, especially beyond the route of carriage paths, and over the most terrible of all the winter passes in Switzerland. Though we were now in the early part of September, and had not begun to think of winter, even in this world of ice, there were some unmistakable signs of a storm; and even the guides, who are not apt to suggest a postponement, said frankly we had better wait a day or two. But the pass of St. Bernard was associated with snow-storms, and the rescue of perishing travelers by dogs and the kindness of self-sacrificing monks; and the very prospect of a storm seemed to excite the party to go, and to go now. And so we went. First we set out in a char à banc, a little narrow car, in which four persons could ride, though two made it full enough. Our must have been a giant mind to conceive the Vol. XIV.-No. 84.-3 A

path lay by the side of the torrent Dranse, and through the vale that had once been swept into awful desolation by the stoppage of this stream and its bursting its barriers of ice, carrying dismay and death into hundreds of the cottages of the dwellers below. The road is impracticable for wheels above the village of Liddes, where we made the worst dinner we had in all Europe, and I am willing to throw in Asia and Africa besides. But a poor dinner is soon forgotten by a wise man; and we were all very wise. So, mounting the mules that had been brought on from Martigny, we pushed along, in the more haste now, for the rain had begun to fall, and frequent flakes of snow intimated that we might have a touch of winter before we touched the warm hands of the monks of St. Bernard. Indeed, it was so cold now that we had to wrap ourselves up with all the clothing. we had, and even to hire some blankets of the rascally people who had imposed upon us about the dinner. And even then, we had often to dismount and climb up on foot that we might start the blood into quicker circulation. In the village of St. Pierre we encountered a Roman Catholic procession, and were ordered to take off our hats; but the reasonableness of the requirement was not very obvious, and we knew very well there was no law to require it, and we declined to do on compulsion what any well-disposed man would be willing to do out of civility. And now the road was improved, as we found that a narrow path had1 been lately cut along the verge of a frightful abyss, which we looked across, and saw the route where Napoleon encountered the greatest difficulties in dragging his artillery. To us the undertaking seemed more than Herculean. It

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steps-and gigantic powers alone could have taken them-by which the great Captain overcame every obstacle, and made the most formidable difficulties the elements of his success. We had left our quarters at Martigny at eight in the morning and Liddes at one, and the whole journey was but twenty-seven miles, and the sun was now far down in the west. We had yet six or eight of these miles to overcome, and it was snowing hard. Along the path were set up poles some twenty feet high, which are guides to the poor traveler in the depth of winter, who finds their tops just peeping out from underneath the snow. He is walking with snow-shoes; and so long as the main route is kept, he may reach the summit and a shelter. Now we have come to the upper pastures, where there are numerous chalets of shepherds; and then we pass into the regions of perpetual sterility. A house of refuge, four or five miles from the Hospice, has been erected, where a weary pilgrim may be taken in. Strange to say that, even in this barren and frozen region, I found here and there some delicate flowers; and under the ledges of the rocks, by brushing away the snow, I discovered others blooming in the midst of dreariness and death.

In the midst of a driving snow-storm, wearied and chilled, we reached the Hospice just

have seen our way. At the door, a young Father, one of the monks, bade us welcome; and leading us up a flight of stone steps into the office, and then to the fire in the receptionroom, he left us while he made arrangements for our lodging. Forty or fifty strangers were already here; yet was there room for more. We were now in a large stone building, reared, with immense labor, to defy the tremendous storms it must encounter on the very height of this pass, 8200 feet above the sea-the highest dwelling-house in Europe. As many as 500 people have here found shelter in a single day. Just after us came up another party; and as they were led into the hall, one of the ladies, overcome with fatigue and cold, fell senseless to the floor. She was kindly cared for, and soon restored. Our friendly host now returned and conducted us up stairs to our lodgingsassigning to us, for one of our rooms, the chamber and the bed in which Napoleon the Great had slept!

Dinner-or supper it should be called-was served in the refectory, and the monks girded themselves with towels, and waited upon us as servants-a condescension that was probably very meritorious in their eyes, but not pleasant to us. They were educated, intelligent gentlemen, and we would much have preferred to wait on them or ourselves. After supper, and we had a at dusk; half an hour later, and we could not capital supper, the wines of the Hospice are fa-



HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.



mous and abundant—the guests gathered in the servants, muleteers, and others who had come chief parlor, and one of the monks took his seat at a miserable piano and played by the hour, while two Swiss girls, who had come up on a visit, stood at his side and sung with great glee. Sometimes the company would join in the choruses, and a right merry time we had with the monks of St. Bernard. It quite shook out of a man's head the ideas he had grown up with, that these people lead a dreary, wretched life, with no taste or opportunity for the pleasures that the rest of the world enjoy. But theirs is a life of self-denial, and even of selfsacrifice; for the severity of the climate breaks; down the strongest constitutions; and after ten years of service here, they are usually compelled to leave, and seek an extension of life in a more genial field.

I formed a pleasing acquaintance with one of the monks, who gave me many interesting particulars of life in these mountains. Their errand is to keep this Hospice for the shelter of travelers in the winter. The commerce of the valleys requires that, even in that terrible season of the year, the peasants should often make this pass, and as they are often exposed to the terrible calamity of being buried up in the snows, and no man would keep a hotel on the pass and undertake to provide for the rescue and preservation of the travelers, these monks have devoted themselves to the heroic work. Provided with a company of noble dogs, well trained to the work, they make frequent excursions down the mountain to search for any poor wayfarers who may require their aid, and the dogs, with a basket of bread and wine under their necks, will pursue their way, guided by the sense of smell, and find a sufferer when human sagacity and perseverance would have failed. Scarcely a winter passes without some perishing in these drifts, and many would be added to the number of victims if it were not for the devotion of these monks, their servants, and dogs. A melancholy witness and memorial of the frightful work of the icy monster is to be found in the Dead-house, which stands a short distance back from the Hospice, as seen in the illustration. Here are deposited the bodies of those who have perished in the snow. But the heap and host of grim skeletons, standing around the walls, are but a part only of the army who have been frozen here. They are exposed to be recognized by their friends, who may come to claim them, and if not claimed they are suffered to remain. No graves are dug in the frozen soil, and the weather is so cold that the flesh does not corrupt, but it dries up and wastes away. I counted thirty skulls in the midst of the bones on the floor, while as many skeletons were standing up-a ghastly company. Among them was a mother with a babe in her bony arms; she was found in the snow hugging her dead child to her bosom, and it was never removed.

At daylight the next morning I was roused by the bell of the chapel, and hastening there

with the travelers, on their knees upon the cold stone floor, saying their prayers. The chapel contained many votive offerings, and a treasury into which the visitor was expected to cast whatever he was willing to bestow for the entertainment he has received. The theory is, that the brethren receive nothing for their hospitality; but the practice is, to give at least as much as the traveler would pay at a Swiss hotel for the same service. I fear that some travelers are willing to take the monks at their word, and to pay nothing, as they are charged nothing. So delicate is the sense of propriety, however, on the part of the monks, that the brother who was walking with me in the chapel after the service retired the moment he saw me approaching the treasury, that he might not be any constraint upon my freedom in the matter of a contribution. All my intercourse with these religioux, as they are called, strengthened the impression that whatever errors of doctrine they have embraced, they are noble Christian philanthropists, devoting their lives to saving the lives of their fellow-men. And so, when we were ready to set off on our downward tour, to re-enter the world from which these men are voluntary exiles, I was glad to bear away with me the kiss which one of them pressed upon my cheek in token of his love. And then we came back to Martigny.

And on the next day we were mounted again, and struck off for the vale of Chamouni. We follow the valley down which the Arve comes raving madly, cross the Forclaz, and then plunge into the vale of Trient, where the warmth of the sun, and the green pastures and still waters, were in such strange contrast with the dreary winter-scenes of yesterday that we seemed to have changed zones of a sudden, and to have entered the tropics. These transitions are rapid and surprising, but seldom so great and so beautiful as this. Here is sheltered a little hamlet, which, under the bright sun of to-day, is rejoicing in the midst of smiling meadows, the abode of health and peace! Alas! if we could know the hearts and the hearths of these Swiss homes, we should doubtless find them like all others in this world, and not a bit to choose.

We had the choice of two routes; but to get the beauties of both, we diverged from the path we selected, and went a couple of hours out of the way to see the Black Head, or Tête Noire, with its wonderful gallery cut in the side of the solid rock.

This was a détour from which we soon returned, and resumed our march through the lovely valley.

On the side of it, and in view of the traveler as he lingers here, are the frightful precipices of the Aiguille, where Escher de Berg was dashed headlong in 1791, in a foolish attempt to leap across a chasm, in spite of the advice of his guides. And never, in my Switzer climbing, did I encounter a more toilsome ascent than up found the whole fraternity, with all the guides, the mountain which we must conquer after leav-





MONT BLANC AND THE MER DE GLACE.

ing the valley of Trient. Sometimes we must pull ourselves along by roots and shrubs, and let the mules have the comfort of taking themselves up without a load. Yet even in this ascent there was a strife among us to see who should gain the summit first, for there a monarch with a crown upon his head was soon to be revealed to our eyes-the monarch of the Swiss mountains. But when the steep acclivity had been overcome, we had a race of a mile or two over a heath ascending gently, but terminating at length in the Col de Balm.

Mont Blanc is in sight! Not a faint and doubtful view of a peak among a hundred peaks, but the monarch of the Alps stands there-a king in his glory, revealed from his summit to the base. A cloud is gathered like a halo on his head; but it rises and vanishes as we look upon it with silent admiration and awe. Around him are the Aiguilles or Needles, bare pinnacles of rock stretching up like guards into the heavens, and between are the glaciers-reflecting now the rays of the noonday sun, and among them the Mer de Glace, literally a "sea of ice" -winding along down the gorges, and resting their cold feet in the vale below.

Afterward I saw Mont Blanc from its base, and sought other heights from which it might be stands, towering 15,810 feet toward the sky, the beauty.

loftiest summit in Europe, with thirty-four glaciers around it; and as I gazed, it was a strange question to discuss-but one that might well be argued till sundown-is old Ocean, or even Niagara, a sublimer sight?

It seems so near the sky that the blue firmament kisses its brow. It is so far off, yet so near, so bright and pure, that the angels might be sporting on its summit and be safe from the intrusion of men. It is a solemn mountain. Even the hills of Syria and Palestine, on which I afterward gazed, Lebanon and Hermon, Carmel and Horeb, with their hallowed memories clustering on them, were not more impressive than this hoary hill-forever clothed in white raiment, standing there like an ivory throne for the King of kings!

We went down into the vale of Chamouni. and at evening saw the stars like diamonds sparkling in the crown of the monarch, and then the moonbeams fell all cold upon his crest. We rose the next morning early, and saw the summit of Mont Blanc in a blaze of glory long before the dwellers in the vale had seen the rays of the rising sun.

And then we left Switzerland. Mont Blane is the climax. It should be reserved to the last, as the crowning spectacle, the sublimest sight surveyed, but I could find nothing comparable in a land where every summit is sublime, and to the view from the Col de Balm. There it every step reveals new scenes of grandeur or of





NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

II.-THE PINY WOODS.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound, Whose soft dominion o'er this country sways, And all the widely silent places round, ad all the widely silent places round, Forgive me if my trembling pen displays What never yet was sung in mortal lays. Thomson.

NEARLY the whole of the eastern part of North Carolina is covered with pine forests, extending from the swampy country bordering the sea-board as far back as Raleigh, the capital of the State. This section is sparsely populated, but little improved, and although it furnishes the greater portion of all the resinous matter used in ship-building in the United States, it has hitherto been little known. It is called by the Carolinians "The Piny Woods," and we must prepare to follow our persevering traveler, Porte Crayon, in his wanderings through this primitive and lonely region.

At Plymouth we find him seated on the porch, at Enoch Jones's Hotel, looking as lazy and listless as if he were a citizen of the place. Plymouth, we believe, is the county town of Washington, situated on the opposite side of the Sound from Edenton, a short distance up the Roanoke, and contains a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants.

It is the successful commercial rival of Edenton, and plumes itself on its business activity, not without reason, for Crayon reports that its wharves were crowded with six or seven sloops; and during the day he staid there, no less than three vessels loaded with lumber hauled up to take in grog and then passed on their way. The shores of the Roanoke in the vicinity are low and swampy, and although the vil- | thirst never quenched-what though his bliss is lage is not unpleasing to the eye, it contains | fleeting as the gilding of a morning cloud—tell

nothing of sufficient interest to detain the traveler long. How Porte Crayon came to remain here for thirty-six hours, happened in this wise.

He had been extremely desirous to obtain a passage to Roanoke Island, and having failed to do so on the other side of the Sound, had hopes of being able here to find a vessel outward-bound. Accompanied by his obliging landlord, he visited several taverns and doggeries near the river, and at length found the commander of a lumber sloop, whose vessel was to sail seaward at early dawn next morn-Crayon felicitated himself on this fortunate rencontre, and the captain cheerfully agreed to take a passenger, at the same time dropping a modest hint about rough fare. A Roanoke Islander, who was returning home by the same vessel, also volunteered to attend at the appointed hour with his canoe at the steamboat landing, to take our hero aboard the vessel, which lay out in the stream. This was most satisfactory. The agreement was forthwith sealed with a glass of "something all round," and Crayon returned to his quarters in a state of pleasurable excitement. That night he dreamed of taking a glass of grog with Captains Barlow and Amidas. Then the bronzed and weather-beaten faces of these worthies faded away, and still wandering in dreams, he was in an extensive grove of live-oaks.

"I delight in dreams," quoth Crayon. "In dreams only can the soul realize its full capacity for feeling. When cold, tyrannical reason sleeps, fancy may revel unchidden and unchecked, like a joyous child when a captious, repressing step-mother is away. What though the dreamer's hunger is never satisfied, and his



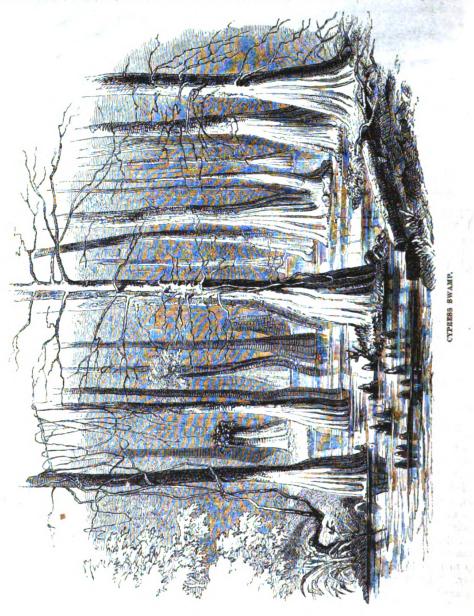
me, ye that know, wherein our waking life is ing of a chieftain. As I gazed in dreamy wonbetter?

der the grass-woven screen which served as a

"But to return to my dream: straying through this grove of live-oaks for some distance, I at length came upon an open space where stood an Indian encampment. All seemed to be filled with life, yet all was silence. As I passed along in the midst, apparently unnoticed, I saw groups of grim-painted warriors leaning on their bows and war-clubs; others reclined in front of their lodges, smoking; while others were employed in sharpening their spears and feathering their bone-pointed arrows. Copper-colored children rolled and tumbled over the grass, and leather-faced squaws were variously occupied in all the domestic drudgeries of the camp.

"I paused at length before a lodge whose superior size and decorations proclaimed the dwellof dazzling whiteness, and her dimpled cheek

der the grass-woven screen which served as a door was pushed aside, and a maiden of exquisite beauty came forth. As she stood for a time in thoughtful silence, I had opportunity to consider the matchless beauty of her face, and the faultless symmetry of her form, which, if it could not be improved, was but little marred by the barbaric splendor of her costume. Her tunic was of woven bark tissue, white as paper and light as silk, curiously and beautifully wrought with many-colored shells. Her dainty feet were half hidden in embroidered moccasins, her wrists and ankles clasped by bands of shining gold. A richly-ornamented sash bound her delicate waist, and a necklace of gold and white coral hung about her neck. Though her attire was that of an Indian princess, her skin was



flushed with the freshest rose. Her round, wondering eyes were of a tender blue, and the plumy circlet on her head rested on a luxuriant mass of flaxen hair, that fell in wild ringlets over her graceful shoulders, and downward until it became entangled with the shell-wrought fringe of her girdle.

"At the appearance of this bright vision there was a general movement in the camp, and the warriors approached her with looks of mingled love and reverence. More than one young brave, of tall and goodly person, gallantly betrophied with eagles' feathers and bears' claws, advanced tremblingly as if to proffer service, but a gentle wave of her white hand sent them crestfallen and disappointed back.

"Then a more aged man approached, who, by his dress, might have been a priest or prophet. He was profusely decked with golden ornaments; a broad gold ring hung in his nose, and in the wide slits in his enormous ears were twined two living green snakes, whose loathsome beauty seemed fitly to decorate the hideous head that bore them. As he advanced with more

audacity than the rest, the maiden's childlike face changed its expression of thoughtful dignity to one of disgust, and half of terror. Yet, as if unused to fear, she stamped her little foot like an angered fawn, and waved him off with quick and imperious gesture. Sullen and vengeful was the scowl that darkened his face as he retired; but neither respect for the great brave, nor awe of the mighty necromancer, could repress the gleam of satisfaction that lighted the faces of the younger warriors at this discomfit-

"The beautiful princess went her way alone, by a path which led to the forest shade. Unseen and unregarded as a spirit in the land of the living, I followed her springing footstepshalf wondering, half worshiping. When she had gone a long way from the camp, and reached a secluded spot in the forest, she paused and stood in an attitude of anxious expectation. Her suspense was of short duration, for presently an arrow, bound with flowers, fell at her feet. She started, a flush of pleasure overspread her face, and ere she could stoop to take up the messenger of joy, a princely youth came bounding through the woodland and knelt at her feet. With a look full of idolatrous love, he bowed himself; but she raised him up, and ere long her flaxen tresses were nestled lovingly upon that manly breast.



VIRGINIA DARE.

gleam of sunshine in a shady dell. 'It is, it is! it must be she! she did not perish with the rest! She was saved-saved, sweet, exotic flower! to bloom so gloriously in the far wilderness amidst these savage weeds of humanity -to reign a queen over these rude beasts-to be worshiped, perhaps idolized! Ah me! with such a divinity it would not be very hard to turn idolator. Could I but speak now, to claim kindred with her-first-born of English blood upon this mighty continent-Virginia Dare-to hear, mayhap, from her sweet lips, something of the fate of that lost colony; something to fill that mournfulest blank in the pages of history.'

"Too late; for suddenly a yell broke on my ear,

> As all the fiends from heaven that fell, Had pealed the banner-cry of hell."

A hundred shadowy forms came rushing through the forest, and foremost of all the ring-nosed prophet, with snaky eyes bent on the youthful lovers. 'Accursed juggler!' I cried, 'this is your villainy. But your blasting eyes shall never see their capture!' With superhuman energy I leaped upon him, and as we fell he uttered a frantic scream-which woke me.

"I found myself standing in the middle of my room at Enoch Jones's, and became aware that an obstreperous shanghai in a tree hard by was crowing for day. If I could but have "Then a thought flashed upon me like a spoken to her," continued Crayon, "I should



have been content to die, and have been a happier man for the rest of my life."

Hurrying on his clothes, and slinging his knapsack, our hero hastened to the place of rendezvous on the banks of the river. He arrived a little before the appointed hour, and finding no one to meet him, shouted, called, and signaled in vain, until the time was past. He then visited the half dozen tenantless sloops lying at the wharves, thinking it possible that the Empire might have changed her position during the night; and, finally, wearied with the fruitless search, he lay down upon a bale of cotton and slept. About sunrise the wharf-master came down, and informed him that the faithless skipper had weighed anchor about midnight, and by this time was probably far out on the Sound. Sloth and philosophy are said to be near akin, but it required the assistance of both to enable Crayon to keep cool on the reception of this intelligence. To his honor be it said, that he succeeded in his efforts. He only shrugged his shoulders, and mildly expressed a hope that the sloop with her commander might sink to the bottom of the sea, and then, feeling amiable as Uncle Toby, returned to the hotel.

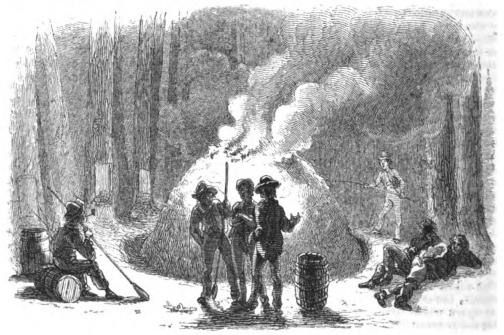
The attempt to get off by this line having proved a failure, Crayon ascertained that the stage-coach for Washington started early on the following morning. Here was a chance, but what was he to do in the mean time. loungers on the tavern porch spent the morning in discussing the merits of a dispute between Williamston, a little place up the Roanoke, and the proprietors of the steamboat line. The Williamstonians desired the extension of the line to their city. The boats thought it wouldn't pay; hence the controversy. As there was not from?' 'From hell,' says he, giving his hoss much in the subject, it died out about the heat | the whip.

of the day, and then followed a dead calm. This was disturbed at intervals by a dog-fight; a negro brat tumbling down the steps; and, finally, about twelve o'clock, by a drunken fellow who called for "licker." The request was negatived. Boosey obstreperously insisted. The landlord stood firm, and there was great hope of a row. But just at the crisis of the dispute, Boosey basely yielded and retired-so completely does drunkenness undermine a man's high moral nature.

After dinner, Crayon repaired to the wharf and sat upon the cotton bales again, from whence he watched two boys fishing. They caught nothing, and our hero sunk to sleep.

Toward evening the tavern porch got more lively. Some one had set a negro boy to trying the speed of a trotter up and down the level street, and this entertainment collected all the available idlers and horse-fanciers in the vicin-

"That hoss," said the stage-driver, addressing himself to Mr. Crayon, "that hoss reminds me of a hoss that old Major Bulbous used to drive in that old stick gig of his'n. I see him once," continued the narrator, "atwixt G—and E—, where I druv a coach for a while, a-coming up through the Piny Woods, in sich a pickle as I never see a man before or sence. At fust I thought it was one of these steam-engines tearing along the road by itself, but as he come alongside I see it was the Major in his gig. His skin was pretty full, he was driving like thunder, and his gig all afire. 'Halloo, Major,' says I, 'stop!' But he only cussed me black and blue. Then one of the passengers cried out, 'Halloo, old fellow, whar did you come 'Well, I should have thought so



TAB-KILN.



from appearances,' said the passenger. By this time the Major was out of sight, leaving a streak of smoke behind him, perhaps a quarter of a mile long. No doubt the gig caught fire from a cigar, for he was much in the habit of smoking as he traveled."

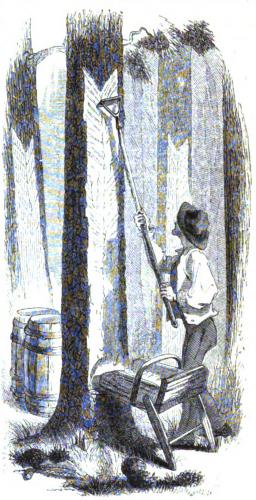
"And what became of him?"

"Why, they say, in passing through the swamp near his house, the wheel struck a cypress-knee and flung him out into the water. The horse run home with the gig in a blaze, and made straight for the barn-yard. By good luck the gate was shut, or he might have set the whole premises on fire. They say the Major didn't get drunk for well-nigh a month arterward."

From Plymouth to Washington the road is generally good, and the coaches make very fair speed. Nevertheless, the leisurely habits of the people during the necessary stoppages for watering and changing teams, give ample time to note the peculiarities of the country. Its features are monotonous in the extreme, varied only by alternate swamp and piny woods; the former bordering the water-courses, the latter covering the sandy ridges between.

These forests are of the long-leafed pine, the Pinus palustris of the Southern States. From them is gathered one of the great staples of North Carolina—the turpentine. And although this product and its derivatives are, in our country, almost in as common use as bread and meat, very little is known of the manner of procuring them. We will therefore endeavor to describe it accurately, relying upon such sketches and observations as Crayon was enabled to make during his tour.

These trees at maturity are seventy or eighty feet high, and their trunks eighteen or twenty inches in diameter near the base. They grow close together, very straight, and without branches to two-thirds of their height. Overhead, their interlocking crowns form a continuous shady canopy; while beneath, the ground is covered with a thick, yellow matting of pinestraw, clean, dry, level, and unbroken by undergrowth. The privilege of tapping the trees is generally farmed out by the landowner, at a stated price per thousand, say from twenty to thirty dollars. Under this privilege the laborer commences his operations. During the winter he chops deep notches in the base of the tree, a few inches from the ground, and slanting inward. Above, to the height of two or three feet, the surface is scarified by chipping off the bark and outer wood. From this surface the resinous sap begins to flow about the middle of March, at first very slowly, but more rapidly during the heat of summer, and slowly again as winter approaches. The liquid turpentine runs into the notches, or boxes, as they are technically called, each holding from a quart to half a gallon. This, as it gathers, is dipped out with a wooden spoon, barreled, and carried to market, where it commands the highest price. That



SCRAPING TUBPENTINE.

surface of the tree is scraped down with an iron instrument into a sort of hod, and is sold at an inferior price. Every year the process of scarifying is carried two or three feet higher up the trunk, until it reaches the height of twelve or fifteen feet—as high as a man can conveniently reach with his long-handled cutter. When this ceases to yield, the same process is commenced on the opposite side of the trunk. An average yield is about twenty-five barrels of turpentine from a thousand trees, and it is estimated that one man will dip ten thousand boxes.

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mound. Upon this foundation the split sticks | are stacked to the height of ten or twelve feet.

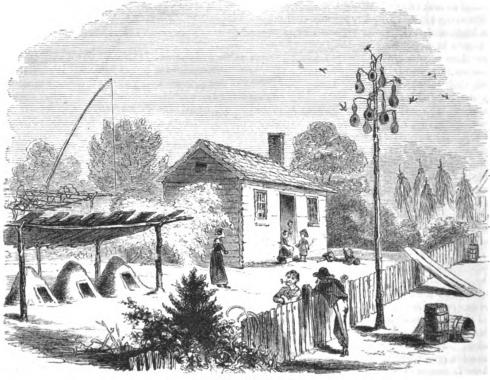
The stack is then covered with earth as in making charcoal, and the fire applied through an opening in the top. As this continues to burn with a smouldering heat, the wood is charred, and the tar flows into the cavity in the centre, and thence by the conduit into the ditch, or into vessels sunk to receive it.

In a country endowed by nature with such unlimited plantations, yielding their valuable products for so small an amount of labor, one might expect to see some signs of wealth and prosperity; yet here all appearances seem to indicate the reverse. Human habitations are few and far between; and when found, are but little better in appearance than the huts of our Western borderers. An accurate observer, however, may see about the dwellings in the Piny Woods many little peculiarities indicative of an older civilization. They almost always have fruit trees about them, and a trellis supporting an extensive scuppernong grape-vine. There are besides four characteristic indispensables to every cottage: a well-sweep with a cypress-knee bucket, in shape and size like a slouched hat; a group of slim fodder-stacks, made of cornblades tied to high stakes; three sweet potato hills, carefully protected, and a tall pole hung with empty gourds to entertain the martins. This unfailing care to provide for the comfort of these social chattering little sojourners impresses the stranger favorably in regard to the inhabitants of this region, and if circumstances | seeing a clump of gourds towering over the trees.

should throw him upon their simple hospitality he will not be disappointed.

After traveling some twelve miles by the coach Crayon resolved to see more of the country than could conveniently be viewed from his seat beside the driver; consequently he shouldered his knapsack and thenceforth pursued his journey on foot. Turning from the main road into the first bypath that presented itself, he was soon wandering ad libitum among the turpentine-trees. It is impossible to resist the feeling of loneliness that creeps over one on entering these silent forests, or to repress a sentiment of superstitious dread as you glance through the sombre manycolumned aisles, stretching away on every side in interminable perspective. Where the trees have been recently blazed, the square-cut markings, white on the black trunks, strikingly resemble marble grave-stones, and the traveler may imagine himself in a vast cemetery. In the older workings, if he should pass near the hour of twilight, he may see misty white, horned ghosts, starting and staring from every tree-silence and monotony, like two evil spirits following every where, suggesting uncouth and dreary fancies.

Our hero at length came to an old milldam, grown up with cypresses, presenting altogether so unique a picture that he tarried to sketch it. His drawing was nearly completed when he remarked the slanting rays of the sun upon the trees, and not without some feeling of uneasiness he hastily put up his work and resumed his journey. He had not walked more than a quarter of a mile, however, before he had the pleasure of



PINY WOODS COTTAGE







The house which our hero approached had a lonely, dilapidated look, and even the gourds on the martin pole appeared to be tenantless.

His doubt as to whether the place was inhabited was soon resolved by the appearance of a small man, who rushed from the front door pursued by a tall virago with a broomstick in her hand. The high-toned clatter of the woman's tongue and the rapid thwacks of the stick, with which she belabored him over the head and shoulders, completely drowned the man's voice in any prayers or remonstrances he might have attempted. His principal defense, therefore, was confined to dodging, at which he seemed well practiced.

Porte Crayon, being naturally of a chivalrous temper, was on the point of rushing forward to espouse the cause of the weaker party, but in gling in domestic feuds, and the particular manner in which the woman handled the broomstick, he restrained the generous impulse, and withdrawing himself from sight behind a tree, remained a quiet spectator of the scene. As the couple made the circuit of the inclosure in front of the house he was also enabled to understand the cause of the difficulty.

It seemed that the man having got through the proceeds of the last sale of turpentine, instead of gathering more, as he was ordered, had robbed two of madam's sitting hens and sold the eggs, the proceeds whereof he had invested in whisky. This last charge was denied at first, and only admitted when a second tour of the yard was nearly completed. The broomstick was then discontinued, and the Amazon retired into the house, whence issued at intervals consideration of the general impropriety of min- a smothered blast from her yet unsatisfied tongue.

The little man, with a dejected countenance, I seated himself upon a lame wood-horse, appearing upon the whole, however, as if he was rather pleased that it was all over. Just then a solitary martin perched himself upon the pole, and after some consideration entered one of the gourds. A moment after there was a furious chattering that might have been heard a hundred yards off, and the gourd began to swing to and fro. At length two birds, with a cloud of dried twigs and feathers, tumbled out of the opening and fell fluttering to the ground. So fierce was the combat that they had nearly fallen a prey to a hungry-looking gray cat that was watching near. At this the little man began to laugh, when the woman reappeared at the door, and, in a loud voice, ordered him to go to his work. Without looking up he rose, and entering a log building hard by that looked like a turkey pen, he commenced pegging away merrily at a pair of shoes.

From motives of delicacy Porte Crayon did not wish to remain longer a witness to these family differences, and as soon as he could do so unperceived, made his escape. But where was he to go? That was a serious question. What he had just seen was rather calculated to mar the prospect of a night's repose. But Crayon was an old stager. "A calm," said he, "generally succeeds a storm; I will return to the old milldam, finish my drawing, and then come back to claim their hospitality. In the course of half an hour the clouds will have rolled away." Carrying out the resolve, he returned to the gate a second time just as the sun was setting. No sooner had the proprietor laid eyes on him than he threw down his lap-stone and hurried to meet him, with a countenance beaming with delight.

Scarcely allowing the traveler time to tell his needs, he overwhelmed him with proffers of hospitality. Pleased with the free cordiality of this welcome, our hero still entertained some unproprietatory word.

happy forebodings, which the next moment sufficiently justified. The heroine of the broomstick, armed this time with a large wooden spoon, and wearing an awful scowl on her countenance, came forward.

"No man can't stay here to-night," said she, in a voice that rang like the shriek of a Pythoness. "You nasty, good-for-nothing, sneaking creeter, have you the drotted impudence to ask a stranger to stay in your house when your own family is starving? You hain't had a mouthful of meat for a week. Let the man go to Squire Smith's, where he can get something to eat."

Crayon hesitated, and then humbly taking off his cap, inquired how far it was to Squire Smith's.

"It don't make any difference how far it is, you can't stay here."

"For God's sake, stranger, don't go," whispered the cobbler. "It's good five mile, and you'll git lost in the swamp sure as you're born."

Crayon winked at the cobbler.

"Madam," said he, respectfully, "if I am to go on, will you have the goodness to give me a drink of water?"

"Water's plenty, at least sich as it is," said she, pointing to the bucket in which floated a gourd. Crayon crossed the threshold, helped himself to a drink, and then took his seat on a three-legged stool. The matron cast a furious look at him, and with three consecutive kicks sent as many dogs howling out of the cabin.

Our hero rose—"Madam, I am a stranger in this country, and don't know the paths. It is now nearly dark, and I expect to lose myself in the swamp; but rather than put a lady to any inconvenience, I will even run that risk. I bid you good-evening."

Here he offered his hand, which was rather reluctantly accepted, and, on withdrawing it, managed to leave half a dollar sticking to the lady's palm. The cobbler, who had stood aloof during this scene, now ventured to put in a proprietatory word.

"Perhaps," said he, "if the gentleman must go, I might go with him as far as the Squire's."

"Go mend them shoes, you mean, sneaking brute. Didn't you promise 'em for to-morrow morning—you sorry onreliable pretense of a man? If the gentleman can't go without you to show him the way he had better stay, that's all; and if he can make up his mind to put up with our poor entertainment, I reckon it's rather late for him to go, any-how."

During this speech Crayon unslung his knapsack, hung it on the bed-post, and made himself generally at home. Several cottonheaded urchins had now gathered in, and stood staring at the newcomer with all their eyes. Attracted to the door by the sound of



JUSTICE,

horses' hoofs, our hero next saw a strapping girl, about sixteen, astride of a gray pony without saddle or bridle, driving up a couple of cows. A profusion of coal-black hair hung in elf locks about her neck and face, and her great black eyes danced like a rabbit's. In fact, she was pretty-a softened image of her mother without the broomstick.

"Sal! Sal! you abominable hussy, git off that hoss. Don't you see the strange gentleman?"

Sal's countenance fell; she bounced from her seat, stuck her finger in her mouth, and, by a circuitous path, gained the back part of the house.

Presently Crayon observed the cobbler very earnestly making signs to him from his workshop; he accordingly entered, and took a seat opposite him on a roll of sole leather.

mind to pass the night with us. It goes agin me to see a stranger turn from my door; but Lord bless you, Sir, you know women—they will talk." Here the speaker gave Mr. Crayon a facetious and significant wink. "P'r'aps there's no meat, but I'm goin' to town to-morrow to lay in a supply. The fact is, I'm 'mazin' fond of talkin' when I meet a friendly, sociable gentleman. I should judge you've been round some; 'pears you know a thing or two. So do I. I've been in pretty nigh every State in this Union. I traveled round when I was a jour'; then I served in the army a while. I was with the volunteers in Mexico. I was in all them battles, and entered the city of Mexico with General Taylor."

"Scott, you mean," suggested Crayon.

Sence Taylor was 'lected "Scott it was. President I got 'em mixed. And so, afterward, I fou't at Buena Vista under Scott or Taylor, one or t'other, but I disremember which. I never was any great scollard, but I've smelt powder in my time."

"I don't doubt it," said Crayon, dryly.

Just then there was a blast from the housea demand if he "was finishing them shoes," preluded by the ordinary string of epithets. Whack! whack! went the hammer, spasmodically.

"Never mind-pretty nigh done!" he cried. Then repeating his facetious wink, he continued, in a lower tone, "You know women, Sir. Pshaw! I never mind 'em; they will talk, and to stop 'em is onpossible. But I do like to talk myself with a sociable, friendly man, when I get a chance. But when I was with the armywe was then before Rackinsack la Palma-the Colonel says to me, says he, 'Squibs, I've got great reliance on you, and there's a certain



"I am mighty glad, Sir, you've made up your | stranger, this here's gittin' dry. Wait a min-

Having reconnoitred the house, he slyly took out a pint bottle which had been deftly hidden in the leg of an old boot, and, drawing the corncob stopper, handed the liquor to his guest. He merely wet his mustaches, and returned it.

"Here's luck!" said the cobbler, as he threw his head back, half closed his eyes, and stuck the bottle neck into his mouth. With a spasmodic jerk he suddenly withdrew it; his eyes stared horribly, the whisky gurgled in his throat and trickled from the corners of his mouth. The hand of the Amazon reached in and took the bottle. Crayon expected to hear it crash against the house, but he only heard a string of some ten or fifteen disrespectful adjectives, followed by the noun "Hog." The presence of the stranger probably prevented any overt breach of the peace and dignity of the household. As soon as she was gone, Squibs made a ghastly effort at a wink.

"Hang the woman, she's got it! Mister, you should have kept a better look-out, and give me warnin'. Not that I mind her-pshaw! I don't care that; but she has a prejudice against licker, as if what little I drink would hurt a man. But we don't care. They must have their say, or they'll bust."

"Dad, come to supper," said a cotton-headed boy.

The supper of corn bread, sweet potatoes, and yeopou tea was enlivened by a continuous stream of animadversion upon the character and conduct of the master of the house, setting forth his nastiness, meanness, good-for-nothingness, and other similar qualities, in the clearest light. His wife, who had been deceived into marriage under the impression that he was an industrious, thriving person, had thing I want to have done-' But maybe, been cruelly awakened from her dream of



felicity to find herself an abused, starved, and barefooted mother of five barefooted children. He would neither mend shoes for the neighbors nor for his own family. He would scrape a couple of barrels of turpentine now and then, carry them to town, waste half the proceeds before he got back home with his scanty supply of meat and groceries. As long as these lasted he would never lift a hand to any thing.

The only defense made by Squibs was confined to a few miserable winks at his guest. He at length ventured to remark that turpentine was very low now-scarcely worth scraping.

"Low!" said she, with flashing eyes. "Low! What's the price of eggs?"

After the bursting of this shell there was comparative quiet. The ample chimney blazed with pine-knots. Pallets were laid in a dark corner for Sal and the children; another was placed in front of the fire for the stranger, to which, minus his coat and boots, he speedily retired. The elders sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking their pipes. The pine-knots threw a cheerful light over the room, and a cricket ventured from beneath the hearth-stone, and tuned his tiny pipe for a song.

Squibs at length took up one of the traveler's boots, and studying it with the air of a connoisseur, remarked, "This here is a citymade boot."

The matron gave a contemptuous recognition of the remark; and then glancing at the article in question, observed, "Them boots is too long for the gentleman" (pointing with her pipe to a wrinkle in the leather); "his big toe only comes to thar."

"No," said the cobbler, "you're mistaken, mammy. His toe comes to this pint."

"No sich thing," replied she, positively; "for it's plain to see whar the eend of his toe humps up the leather."

Strong in the consciousness of truth and professional knowledge, the cobbler sustained his point. "Why, dad burn me, woman, have I made shoes for twenty years not to know where a man's foot comes to in his boot?"

The matron seized an iron-shod poker, and sent forty thousand sparks roaring up the chimney. "And a mighty deal of good it has done your family, hasn't it? But come, I'll leave it to the gentleman himself if I ain't right."

Thus appealed to, Crayon rose on his elbow, feigned to examine the boot, and unhesitatingly decided in favor of the lady.

"There, now-didn't I know it! A pretty shoemaker you are, to be sure! - an ignorant, lazy vermin!"

Squibs winked, and heaved a deep sigh. "I used to think once that I knowed something about a boot," he faintly persisted.

"And you've at last found out you know nothing," said she.

"The last tag is pizen," rejoined he, winking.

Her concluding snarl was lost as they retired

to sing again; and Sleep spread his peaceful mantle over the troubled world.

Crayon arose next morning refreshed and strengthened. As he took leave of the family his host proposed to accompany him for a short distance to put him in the right road to Washington. When they were about to separate, the traveler thanked him for his kind entertainment, and delicately offered pecuniary remuneration. This the little shoemaker nobly declined.

"Sir," said he, "I'm always proud to see a gentleman at my house, and always give him the best I've got; and I do love a good talk."

"But, my friend," said Crayon, offering a dollar, "I must insist that you take something.'

"Stranger, it makes me feel bad to have money forced on me this way." Crayon dropped his hand. "But," continued his host, "if you should force a trifle on me for the women thar, I couldn't be so uncivil as to refuse."

The dollar was transferred. Squibs eyed the coin with satisfaction, and then cast a foreboding glance toward the house. "Sir," said he, "couldn't you change this gold dollar into two halves for me?"

The request was complied with, and they parted; our traveler taking the road to Washington.

Washington, the county town of Beaufort, is situated on the head of the Pamlico Sound, at the mouth of the Tar River. It is a flourishing place of four thousand inhabitants, and drives a smart trade in the staples of the State - turpentine, cotton, and lumber. It has several extensive establishments for sawing and planing lumber, and for converting the brute turpentine into its various derivatives. An exterior view of the town presents nothing but a few steeples, peering out from a thick grove of trees, and the street views only continuous archways of verdure. In fact, its modest white wooden houses are completely buried in trees; and when the weather is hot the effect is highly pleasing. The only sketchable object here is a private residence, at the end of the main street, with beautifully-improved grounds: and at the principal hotel, the only item deserving particular commendation was John, the head servant. Pope says,

"Honor and fame from no condition rise; Act well your part-there all the honor lies."

By this rule, John should have both fame and Next morning early, our traveler embarked

in the steamer Governor, Morehead, a small boat, of rather queer build, which navigates the Tar River to Greenville, twenty-five miles distant. There were but seven or eight passengers on board. The morning was delightful, and Captain Quinn gave Crayon a breakfast that seems to have won his heart completely. In fact, he never alludes to it without complito the bed in the far corner. The cricket began | menting the Captain in the warmest terms.





RESIDENCE OF J. GRIST, ESQ.

The Tar River, as far as they traveled, presented the dark-colored water, and low, swampy shores common to all the streams in the lower country. But few traces of improvement or population were visible in passing, and the evidences of trade were confined to a few flats loaded with lumber and cotton, and propelled with poles. The river is narrow, crooked, shoaly, and only navigable for flat-bottomed boats.

At Greenville our traveler again took to the road, on foot. In its general features this country resembles that over which Crayon had passed. There are the same interminable pine forests, boxed and scarified by the turpentinegatherers, with the barrels standing about in couples among the trees, and frequent tar-kilns in process of erection, or smoking and smouldering toward completion.

As you approach the line of railroad, running from Weldon to Wilmington, across this portion of the State, signs of life and improvement begin to be manifest. The groups of fodder-stacks about the barns are larger, the old dwellings are in better repair, there are many new ones of a more modern and more pleasing style of architecture, and one more frequently meets the native going to or from market, on his two-barreled cart, drawn by the long-tailed, shoeless horse.

Having arrived at a village about four o'clock in the afternoon, our hero determined to tarry for the night. As he lounged upon the tavern porch his curiosity was excited by seeing a crowd of shabby-looking white men and negroes collected in an open space behind the stable. He presently joined them, and soon perceived there was a cock-fight-on the tapis. Two of

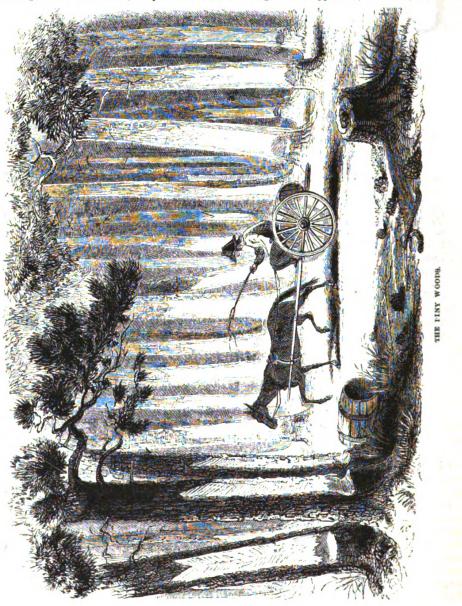
the negroes, who carried meal-bags, had just liberated a pair of cocks therefrom, which they placed in the hands of the two gentlemen who were to play a principal part in the affair. Number One of the parties was remarkable for his bad clothes and an indomitable shock of carroty hair. His appearance was rather improved by taking off his coat, which he did preparatory to handling his fowl. This was a large spangle—a noisy, robustious fellow, whom it took two to hold while the trimming was going on.

His proposed antagonist, a keen-looking black, on the contrary, sat perfectly quiet upon the hand of a sallow, long-nosed covey with sleek black hair, and rather flashily dressed in a green coat with brass buttons. As there is an absurd prejudice existing at the present day against this elegant sport, it is more than probable that many are ignorant of the manner of conducting it. We may be pardoned, therefore, for entering somewhat into detail in describing the preliminaries. The cocks are generally matched by weight. This being ascertained, the pitter takes him in hand, and with a pair of shears trims all the superfluous feathers from his neck, tail, and back, thereby rendering him lighter and more active, but effectually destroying his beauty. The spurs are sawed off near the leg, and upon the stumps a pair of sharppointed steel gaffs, about three inches long, are carefully tied. To dispose these artificial spurs so as more surely to strike the adversary and to prevent self-inflicted wounds, is one of the delicacies of the art only to be acquired by long practice and profound study. It was delightful to see the air of professional gravity with which these worthies went through the business of miration elicited by their skill from the assistant by-standers, including negroes.

All preliminaries having been satisfactorily adjusted, Green-coat called upon the spectators to set their bets. This was accordingly done, the amounts ranging from a dime to a quarter, although several desperate characters went as high as a dollar.

The pitters entered a circle formed of plank staked up, the spectators ranged themselves around outside. The cocks were held up together, to see if they were ready for the combat; they answered, "Ready!" by pecking fiercely at each other's eyes. The seconds then retired to opposite limits of the circle, and set their principals upon the ground. These strutted about for a moment; eying each other askance, and then, flapping their wings, poured forth clarion notes of mutual defiance. This was the signal for the onset; they advanced,

squared themselves, and incontinently pitched into each other. For a moment they struck rapidly, hitting and dodging like practiced boxers; but becoming entangled, they presently tumbled over together, the black above. "Hung!" exclaimed Woodpecker; "handle 'em." "Stand back!" shouted Green-coat, "he's in the feathers." "You're in my wing," persisted Woodpecker, attempting to seize the combatants. He was resolutely grappled by Green-coat; while the black, taking advantage of the delay, was endeavoring to pick the spangle's eyes out. The excitement at this moment was so intense that a hatless lackey, who had a quarter on the spangle, broke into the ring. He was jerked out in a trice, and order restored. The combatants were separated, and it was discovered that no damage had been done; but blood was rising, and before pitting a second time, Woodpecker nodded fiercely across the ring to his opponent, and said, in a voice







husky with suppressed passion, "I'll go ye another dollar!"

"Done!"

There was no preliminary strutting this time. As soon as they touched the ground the eager duelists rushed to the combat. After some smart rapping without apparent result, the cocks seemed to be getting a little blown. The spangle got his head under the black's wing, and they both stood panting for some minutes in this position. The spangle appeared to be seriously revolving something in his mind, and it was perceived that blood was dripping from his neck. At the third round the result of the spangle's back into the 1 it, proclaimed his victory, as it Vol. XIV.-No 84.-3 B

cogitations transpired. Instead of meeting the black's advance, he took to his heels. black pursued him to the barrier, giving him a rap behind which helped him over, and away he went, pursued by half a dozen boys and negroes, with mingled shouts of derision and merriment. "Kill him!" "Cut his head off!" "Dunghill!" "Used up!" were the expressions which followed the ignominious bird. The victor behaved much like a gentleman. Leaping upon the barrier, he saw his recreant adversary in full flight. Disdaining to pursue-for the truly brave is never truculent—he hopped



was his bounden duty to do, and then quietly suffered himself to be taken and disarmed.

The losers were either vituperative or calmly philosophic under their misfortunes, reasoning curiously upon causes and effects. The winners were loud and unconfined in their joy.

Woodpecker stood for several minutes lost in thought, then stepping up to his successful opponent, he drew out two ragged one-dollar bills on the Bank of Cape Fear and forked them over. Making an effort to swallow the lump in his throat, he said,

"Adam, I've been deceived. That spangle winned his fight last year at Gaston, when Jones fit Faulcon — Virginia agin North Carolina—a thousand on the odd. True, he wasn't cut nary time, and so I gin two dollars for him arterward, and kep him on a walk ever sence; but I'll break every darned egg, and kill every chicken of the breed, I will!"

Jack the horse-boy won a quarter from that old dogmatical despot, Uncle Jonas, the chief waiter at the tavern. Jack screamed and turned somersets on the straw. So elated was he that he forgot his condition, and

as Woodpecker passed, Jack hazarded a joke. "I say, Massa, dat rooster of yourn run like

first dip."

The defeated rolled his eyes vengefully upon the grinning ebony. "Look'ee here, boy, I've ben deceived in that 'are chicke... I've lost my



fight. But I'm not a-goin to be made game of for all that, especially by a nigger."

Jack hastily took himself elsewhere.

We ventured, in a civil and somewhat covert manner, to rebuke Crayon for having assisted at so cruel and disreputable an amusement.

"I do not see," he replied,
"why it is considered more cruel
than angling or partridge-shooting; and the people one meets at
such places are, in all respects, the
same as those who, under our admirable system, play the most
prominent part in the government
of the country. For example,
would it not be difficult to tell
whether the originals of this sketch
were the heroes of a cock-pit or
an election day?"

Crayon arrived at Goldsborough about midnight, and shortly after took the Central Railroad for Raleigh, about fifty miles distant. He went to sleep when the train started, and when he awoke, about sunrise, was just entering the elegant capital of North Carolina. A comfortable 'bus transferred him from the dépôt to Guion's Hotel, where, with a little warm water and an alkali, he proceeded to wash his



FRAUD AND FORCE.

hands of tar, pitch, and turpentine. We will now leave him to repose for a short time in the famous City of Oaks.

remain forever suspended in the place where you first had beheld them. These latter you know at once, from their beautiful bright-green



LITTLE STICKS AND THEIR KINDRED.

S in matters of faith we see, as yet, but A "through a glass darkly," so also in the tangible world that surrounds us we can not count the stars in heaven, nor the hosts of living creatures that dwell in our midst, even at our feet. Nay, when we have counted millions of plants and animals, which we have slowly and painfully learned to know, we have spoken as yet but of a small part of creation. There is another world yet at our side, of which, for thousands of years, man knew nothing and suspected nothing, and which even now is to most of us as unknown as this Continent was of old to our fathers in Europe. Take but a drop of water from a stagnant pool or a muddy ditch, upon which the bright sun of July has poured its burning rays, and place it under the microscope. You start back in amazement, for you behold a new world, full of wonders unheard of and unperceived. In this marvelous realm of nature, the very existence of which was so long unsuspected, strange sights without end, and beings endowed with astonishing gifts, soon enchain your attention. Whole hosts of tiny but gracefully-shaped creatures are merrily rolling and rollicking about; larger denizens of the liquid, resembling now a boat and now a bottle, and at times adorned with ever-moving cilia, sail in majestic dignity through the crowd, and mind not, apparently, the playful sport of their smaller companions. While you are still looking with wonder and awe, an odd-looking being, rowing itself along with a hundred diminutive oars, suddenly shoots forth from some dark corner, and whirls in wild fury its long arms around-all the time swallowing fast incredible numbers of still smaller victims, whom you can follow as they enter the transparent stomach, and there still continue to move and to frolic. Others sail slowly and solemnly about, as if in dark

you first had beheld them. These latter you know at once, from their beautiful bright-green color, to be citizens of the vegetable kingdom, though their form is different from all you have ever seen among plants. They look for all the world like toys and ornaments, cut out of soft, glowing emerald. Among those that move so briskly about, you recognize, again, many as animals; for you perceive their oars and their arms, a mouth, and in some who shine in beautiful, transparent colors, a tiny stomach and intestines within. Nor can you long doubt, as you watch their determined motions with an unmistakable purpose, that they move at their own free-will, and are not bound to the spot, nor dependent on wind or waves. But there is still another class of quaint beings, looking marvelously like little boats or bundles of staves, which swim in a peculiar manner amidst their diminutive friends, and leave you long unable to decide whether they move by themselves or are impelled by a foreign force. Their fair green color claims their allegiance for the world of plants; their restless and regular motions would give them admission into the animal kingdom. Thus your eye discerns, at a glance, three numerous classes of living beings-so-called Infusoria-genuine animals, and minute and very imperfect plants; and besides them, certain creatures that stand, as it were, on the boundary line between the two kingdoms, and have long been a subject of eager contention among the learned of the world.

The least perfect, or, perhaps, only the most enigmatical of these latter dwarf children of the watery world, are called Diatomæ. The naturalists who first discovered these strange beings were forcibly struck by the surprising facility with which most of them, when growing in larger masses together, may be cut or broken through, and hence gave them this Greek name, which represents the good Saxon "brittle worts." They belong to the smallest of their small kind. The naked eye can see them only when piled up in millions; and 3600 would alone be required to form a still invisible line of the length of an inch! When seen in vast masses, they appear like a tiny heap of very fine dust, resembling flour, and commonly wear a modest, sad-colored hue. And yet what a wondrous variety and beauty is found, by the aid of the microscope, in such an unsightly, apparently utterly shapeless grain of dust! Some of the forms are so odd and so strange-most of them so very different one from another - that we can hardly conceive how all this endless diversity should, after all, but result in a uniform mass of whitish powder. Their very minuteness, however, which leaves them still invisible when magnified twenty times their natural size, reduces them all before our blind eye to one and the same shape.

slowly and solemnly about, as if in dark All these mysterious beings, whose very nadreams, now forward, now backward; or they ture and allegiance is still an enigma, live in



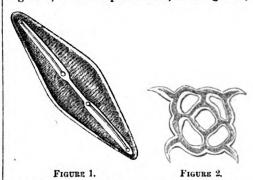
or for salt water. The merry brook and the briny ocean abound with them alike. They seem to be utterly insensible to any influence of climate or geographical position. Most of them are scattered, apparently at random, here and there. Some may be said to be, like man himself, true cosmopolitans. They are found in every pinch of soil, whether it adhere with touching affection to rocks in the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, or luxuriate in the shade of an exuberant, tropical vegetation; they dwell amidst eternal frost above the snow line of Alps and Andes, and under the burning sun of the African desert; between the tiny roots of a pot-plant in our parlor, and high upon the ornaments of a cathedral's magnificent pillar. Nor'is the supposition improbable, that on these minute beings depends ultimately for its existence the whole of the animal world that swarms in the waters of the Antarctic Ocean. Truly, a most striking evidence of those eternal bonds by which the Most High binds all things earthly to each other, and here connects the microscopic plant with the most gigantic forms of animal life.

Small as these tiny beings are, a drop of water is, of course, already a large lake for whole hosts of their puny race; and while the whale requires an ocean for his home, they are content if they find a dew-pearl, or a mere film of moisture between the interstices of humid soil. A single cubic inch of moist clay is, therefore, an earth for millions; and the scanty amount of water it may contain suffices for one generation after another.

Their structure is extremely simple. Each consists of a shell, formed of two halves, which close upon each other like the two valves of a mussel or common shell. These plates are pure siliceous earth, and correspond in admirable symmetry. Within is found the living part, the perishable contents of the tiny cell. But thanks to the solid material of the latter, the house long survives the owner, as flint is almost insoluble in air and water, and for ages resists all attempts at decomposition. This is, perhaps, the only point that yet separates these quaint, tiny beings from genuine plants; no such pure flint in the shape of shell or armor having been found in any province of the great vegetable kingdom. It is true and well known that almost all grasses contain a large proportion of flinty earth, so that the gigantic bamboo often shows well-sized lumps of glass, called tabashir, in its huge reeds, and that even the smallest of our Northern grasses, when burned under favorable circumstances, will leave behind them considerable masses of glass. But this flint appears, during life, only in the cells of the surface, in the form of scales and crystals. Here, however, flint is not merely an excrescence and a superfluous part of the substance, which nature seems to be anxious to throw out. but the very sum and substance of the whole

water, and show no preference either for sweet or for salt water. The merry brook and the briny ocean abound with them alike. They seem to be utterly insensible to any influence of climate or geographical position. Most of them are scattered, apparently at random,

The so-called armor or flinty shell is often forcibly compressed and marked with elaborate patterns on the two opposite sides. These sometimes assume the form of delicate stripes, as in Figure 1; of net-shaped meshes, as in Figure 2;



or of little facettes of great elegance and most delicate workmanship. Such is the triangular specimen, found in large numbers of fossils in the infusorial earth of Petersburg, in our own Virginia, and alive in the mud and water of various estuaries on the coast of Great Britain. It is called the "Three Horned," the Triceratium fivus of the learned (Figure 3). The extreme-



FIGURE 3.

ly delicate lines with which their outer house is adorned are a favorite test for the accuracy of the best of microscopes. To an ordinary instrument the surface appears quite smooth, but under higher powers first one pattern is seen and then a whole host of lines and graceful curves. In other cases the shells are round, like the bucklers of the ancients, with long rays emanating from a common centre, and here and there adorned in beautiful lines, with little knobs and protuberances (Figures 4 and 5).

this flint appears, during life, only in the cells of the surface, in the form of scales and crystals. Here, however, flint is not merely an excrescence and a superfluous part of the substance, which nature seems to be auxious to throw out, but the very sum and substance of the whole being. It assumes, moreover, a beautiful and



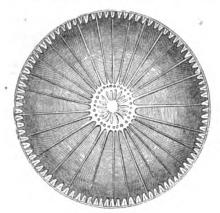


FIGURE 4.

as the whole armor is transparent, appears to the eye at first sight as an opening. Ehrenberg, as a matter of course, calls one of them the mouth, while others, and among them the

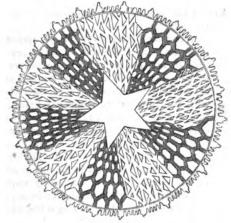


FIGURE 5.

great botanist Schleiden, see in them only such little apertures, used for breathing, as are found in almost all plants. This is very distinctly seen in the so-called "Green Boat" (Navicula

> viridio), a common inhabitant of our waters (Figure 6).

> The oddest members of this singular race appear but very rarely alone and unprotected; they have the form of round little disks, and are fond of press-

ing their larger surfaces close upon each other, until they form long, slender staves, and then pass, bound together we know not how, with strange joint action through their diminutive ocean. Such is the fossil form (Figure 7), found in chalky marl in greatest abundance. It is this tiny family that has first FIGURE 6. obtained the name of FIGURE 7.



"Little Sticks" (Bacillaria), which is now very commonly given to the whole race. They are one of the most widely-spread tribes of the microscopic kingdom; even in putrid water, where no other life can exist, there dwells a variety of these indestructible beings, fungus-shaped and

They are most partial, however, to the slime and mire of stagnant waters, and there often dwell in such astounding masses that the ground seems to be covered with a dark-brown substance almost an inch thick, which consists of incalculable millions. Moist humus, also, such as we find in swamps, ditches, and gardens, abounds with the tiny beings, and each variety of soil is apt to produce its own kind of "Sticks." They frolic about between the delicate white roots of fibres, and hide in the tiny grains of soil that adhere to the forests of mosses or to mould-covered stones. Their shells may be literally said to be ubiquitous, for as no element has the power to destroy them, their armor may still be found where the inhabitants have long since ceased to exist. Naturally compelled to live in water as their appropriate home, these microscopic creatures possess the almost miraculous power to be dried into nearly impalpable dust and yet not to die. They seem only to slumber for a while, and to suspend all functions of life; for, years or centuries later, when in a cloud of dust they fall upon water or moist soil, they suddenly awake once more, and continue to live and to enjoy life just as before. Thus they also travel about on the wings of the wind, and dwell on lofty towers and high beetling rocks, where the earth could not have been carried except by a tempest or a whirlwind.

Other members of the same family arrange themselves in more artistic lines. Such is the beautiful, circular form of a Diatom (Figure 8), which luxuriates in the clear waters of the mountain brooks near West Point. It is of them that Professor Bailey-than whom few naturalists have taught us more of the wondrous world of the microscope-says: "The bottoms are literally covered in the first warm days of spring with a ferruginous-colored mucus matter about a quarter of an inch thick, which, on examination, proves to be filled with millions and millions of these exquisitely-beautiful siliceous

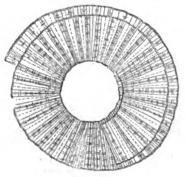


FIGURE 8.



bodies. Every submerged stone, twig, and spear of grass is enveloped by them, and the waving, plume-like appearance of a filamentous body covered in this way is often very elegant." Sometimes they spread out in fan-like extensions (Figure 9), or unfold themselves in almost gorgeous beauty. Most members of this family lead the life of parasites; and as mosses and fringes cover the bark of our forest trees, so the Little Sticks grow on the outer surface of microscopic plants. They live, however, not at the expense of their hospitable friends, but merely prefer lodging in their merry houses. Some of the humbler aquatic plants, Confervæ especially, are so completely covered with these tiny sycophants, that their original color can no longer be seen; upon others we notice long colorless stems of jelly-like matter divided into many branches, so that they form a wide-

spreading tree (Figure 10), which bears at the beautiful Bacillaria. It is the mistletoe again end of each branch, instead of a blossom, a upon his oak-tree.

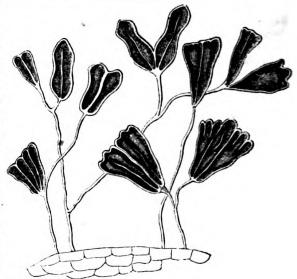
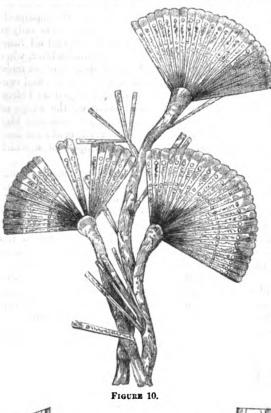
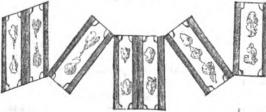


FIGURE 9.

When they are thus living in company, they are generally seen to wave gracefully to and fro, but they move not as if by an act of volition. Their motions are, of course, much hampered by their close and strange connection, and can hardly be said to be the result of their own free-will, except when they succeed in freeing themselves for a time from their attached companions. To do this, one of the Diatoms, which is very abundant in all our gentlyrunning streams, makes apparently desperate efforts, and the single members part with a rapidity and energy as if the whole had been shivered to pieces. Being one of the first-discovered tribes, they also first obtained the name of "brittle worts" or Diatomæ. They separate only in part, however, and remain connected in one point, so as to form long zigzag chains of peculiar appearance (Figure 11). The most frequent of these strict socialists are found in the light-green network with which incredible numbers of these little parasites cover at times all aquatic plants, and give them a soft, slimy surface.

The more lengthy members of this family live, on the contrary, like perfect hermits, although they also please us by an inexhaustible variety of forms, as their armor assumes the shape of a sword, a bow, or a crescent. On this account their motions are best known and their forms most familiar to the general observer, like the tiny "Little Boat," which appears sometimes straight and sometimes curved (Figs. 6 and 12). They swim very oddly about, living as they do in unrestrained freedom, and not being settled, like most of their race, upon a permanent basis. At times they indulge in a most quaint and









pedantic manner of taking exercise. Like the pendulum of a clock, the tiny boats go forward and backward once every six or eight seconds, and so on, without ceasing, until the moment of death. Then again the motion is smooth and even, and all the tiny parts of a Bacillaria will slide over each other in one direction, until they look as if they were all to break into

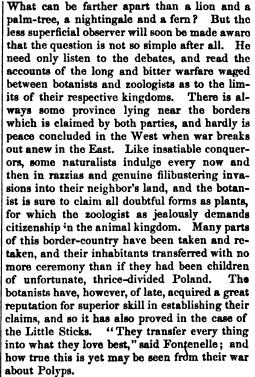
FIGURE 12. pieces, and then they slide slowly back again, repeating this alternate movement at regular in-

grains of sand, hardly perceptible even to the well-armed eye, are in like manner attracted by these magic boats, and then may be seen racing up and down their smooth sides, as if they were life-endowed.

The body, or substance, within the transparent armor consists of a clear, colorless fluid, which only at times assumes a brownish, greenish, or reddish tinge. In it are generally found swimming numerous tiny grains of Chlorophyll —the substance which gives to all plants their green color-a few drops of red oil, and a small quantity of dissolved iron. Those who consider the Little Sticks animals, look upon the bright marks of the oil as the openings of their favorites, and discern, besides, feet and a stomach-in some even an ovarium. But no trace of tervals (Fig. 13). At other times, thousands of an inner organization has, as yet, been discov-

> ered, which causes the reluctance of most naturalists to admit them within the higher regions of the animal kingdom.

> To the naked eye nothing appears simpler than to distinguish a plant from an animal. The two have apparently nothing in common.



Little more than a hundred years ago, the impression was almost universal, that the three great kingdoms—the animal, vegetable, and mineral-all met together in the world of Polyps. Soon after, they were driven out of the mention, in support of their theory, that tiny they were found to possess roots, stems, branch-

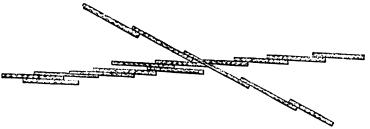


FIGURE 13.

these tiny vessels may be seen down in the depth of a drop of water, slowly steering in all directions of the compass. After a while they turn to the right or the left, or making, without difficulty, their bow the stern, they retrace their steps. Like the haunted spectreship of the Flying Dutchman, they show neither sail nor rudder, and yet they glide along in the clear fluid with steady progress. Their motions are slow but energetic, and often a diminutive boat is seen to strand upon a hardly visible grain of sand. But the brave ship is not wrecked upon the formidable reef; another effort, and it sails onward majestically, dragging the whole little sand bank in its wake. Their motive power is yet unknown, and has so far defied the most careful researches of the best instruments. Even to float thus only on the surface of the water would seem to require no inconsiderable power, as they consist almost entirely of stone; and surely it would puzzle human ingenuity not a little to float a heavy millstone down a river! That they possess, however, mysterious, marvelous powers has long been acknowledged. The Little Sticks, especially, attract each other by some inexplicable affinity from afar. When they approach each other, one comes gliding gently down, and lies snugly alongside of the other. Thus they sail for a while, in sweet communion, and with slow, solemn motion, to and fro, and then, as with an effort, they part again and know each other no more. What strange and wonderful dramas are yet in store for us in a single drop of water! Some naturalists call this power magnetic, and first and admitted as genuine plants, because es, and flowers! But when the celebrated Carolini discovered that the so-called blossoms of the corals were nothing less than living animals, whose skeleton was the mineral substance of the Polyp, the great Réaumur thought it both prudent and charitable to withhold the name of the author of this daring assertion in his official report to the Academy of Sciences. He feared to devote it forever to scorn and derision! Since the Polyps have been irrevocably naturalized as living animals, this would be the fate of the skeptic.

The war has, however, only ceased there to recommence in the microscopic world of Infusoriæ and Algæ; where it has lately broken out with increased violence. Now the great battle is fought, like many a war among men, for a cause so small that it escapes altogether the eye of the multitude. The size of these "Little Sticks" is so minute, their nature so extraordinary, and their habits are so very eccentric, that they can hardly be judged and classified according to ordinary standards. While the fact of their receiving nutriment is violently contested, all disputants acknowledge without contest the presence of Chlorophyll, a substance which as yet has been found nowhere on earth except in plants. Hence the greater weight of the opinion of those who consider these tiny citizens of a drop of water as simple Alga. There is nothing in their whole structure, all beautiful and varied as it is, that distinguishes them from the simplest plants; they have no mouths, they have not been seen to take food. The little grains which Ehrenberg thought movable feet, have since been discovered to be only bubbles of water, as they are formed in all vegetable cells from the thicker sap. In being thus reduced to the humbler position of plants, they lose by no means the right to move about as merrily as they choose, for certain parts of plants also, it is now well known, enjoy this high privilege. Mosses especially, ferns, and other flowerless plants, have vagabond sporules and seed-vessels, which roam about with apparent zeal and zest. An arbitrary power of motion is, therefore, no longer claimed as an exclusive right enjoyed by the animal kingdom only. Countless $A \log \alpha$, also, when exposed to the influence of air and light, move in like arbitrary manner; and some of the lower forms above mentioned even love to creep up, without visible cause, the sides of glass jars in which they have been preserved.

Nor can the peculiar mode of propagation—or rather multiplication—of these Diatoms be adduced as an argument against their vegetable nature. They divide, it is true, like other genuine Infusoria; but precisely the same process is found also in a large variety of lower Alga. Each individual splits, at the proper time, into two halves, of which each is capable of being transformed into the full and complete shape of the mother. Their childhood lasts but a few minutes; then they are full-grown, and able by the same magic charm to change each half of their body into a whole. Hence the increase

of these tiny atoms is truly prodigious, and soon surpasses all calculation. At the twentieth division, the progeny of a single individual amounts already to half a million, and as each hour may witness at least one such division, he will, in forty-eight hours, count his children by billions!

Thus only was it possible for such invisible beings, when their hosts had died in an instant, to form layers of twenty feet depth on our own continent, and masses of far more gigantic proportions in Europe. Tiny, microscopic beings as they are, these "Little Sticks" have diminished, year after year, the depth of important channels, and blocked up many a harbor. The outlawed plants have formed the foundation on which many a great city is resting. Such is the case with the capital of Prussia. For years and for ages its citizens had lived in fancied security and careless confidence, when at last the slow sinking of houses and of whole rows of buildings excited their serious fears. Men of science were appealed to; they examined the strange phenomenon, and, to the utter amazement of all, it was found that the reputed solid earth and gravel were but an accumulation of vegetable remnants-the bones of myriads of "Little Sticks."

THE ASSASSIN OF SOCIETY.

"Fear not them which kill the body."

AM not going to preach a sermon, though I might with a good grace, but only to tell a story—a story that will possibly find more than one echo in the consciousness or the memory of my readers. I was looking over the newspaper yesterday, and I read three murders, arrayed in due horror one after another, and at the end of the catalogue a few moral remarks from the editor, on the "increasing crime of our beloved country." Hollingsworth took the paper from my hand, his brow beetled more heavily at the black record.

"When will there be an end to murder?" said he, in a deep, indignant tone; and far away, from the depths of a haunted river, the voice of Zenobia echoed "Murder." I heard is

We are all well read on the subject of assassins; every man among us has thrilled with horror at the tale of their cold, creeping deathgrasp, and the horrible dread of the victim, who knows not what power that is which blinds before it strangles him. The very pinafored lad at school slinks to bed with the grim visage of a Thug at his elbow, and dreams of Indian monsters and a Madras-cloth, till he wakes struggling.

But it is not till life has opened its dark and unprophesied tracks, and evolved its fearful mysteries with relentless progress to the growing soul of manhood, that we learn to recognize the assassin of Oriental history reproduced in Occidental reality; the Thug without his turban and girdle, made respectable and gentlemanly with broadcloth and satin, his murderous eye soften-



ed to feline loveliness, his thin lip curled with or the hearts of women to give him amusement. the honeyed sarcasm of society, or the tender deceit of affected affection; his subtle hands used for more felonious purpose than those expressive pressures and lingering touches that bribe the warder of many a maiden fortress to betray trust; and his whole exterior an embellishment and amplification of his prototype, the black and slippery Indian; possibly more vailed, none the less murderous.

It may be suggested by those who are disposed to discover the æsthetic side of every thing, that it is pleasanter to be killed scientifically; to be assured that the grip of the long, cold fingers upon one's vital breath is only a love-grasp; that the dagger is gold, and a pen at that. But I am one of those literalists who hold that murder is murder, whether the club of Cain or the sugared poisons of Brinvilliers be the overt actor therein. I think the same chill and rebellious horror assailed both victims; the same plunge into eternity shuddered on the brain of the first and last dead man; there is no evading the deadliness of death, nor any anæsthetic agent that arrests the mad flight of a soul forever rent from its dear habitation. And for those who are also literalists I propose to draw out here a little etching, as it were, of a Thug in the nineteenth century; a highly respectable and charming person, very well known to Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, an ornament to society, an excellent young man, and a faithful friend, Mrs. Grundy says. I see him with other eyes-sable, slippery, cruel; and so shall you, amiable literalist, if you will have patience.

But he has no Eastern name, expressive of palm-trees, pagodas, and the country fence. His fathers before him were citizens of a thriving town; and when I say that his name was George Fanning, I take no more liberty with the truth than to have concealed it under a synonym as respectable as his own, and as uncharacteris-

I do not know what there was in Mr. Fanning to make him noticeable, and yet every body noticed him. He had no personal attractions beyond a good figure and a peculiarly expressive face; but, to borrow a phrase from our modern mystics, his magnetism was exceeding powerful; he could not enter a room without infusing into the dullest circle a sense of present personality; he could not speak without drawing aside the attention of all who came within his sphere of sound from their own occupation, however absorbing; he could not express an opinion without its falling, as if by a superior weight of its own, deep into the mind of the hearer, thereafter, perhaps, to be rejected, but on its reception never superficially entertained. Nor could he fix his deep-set eyes long upon any one, that they did not turn and regard him as if he had uttered their name. With all this peculiar aura, he possessed an infinite self-love and a concentred will that bent circumstances like reeds to his pleasure. What he wanted he would

Utterly unscrupulous in his selfishness, utterly thoughtless in his desires, had not God in mercy exalted his intellectual over his physical nature, his life might have been a record of headlong brutality, meriting that characterization of the eighth Henry, too well known for repetition here.

As it was, that portion of society who met him only in social existence styled him peculiar; his friends took polite oaths to the effect that he was underrated; the mass of women feared and flattered him, a few adored him, and fewer still despised him.

Perhaps it is due to justice, a virtue not unessential even in a sketch, to detail a few of the circumstances which in some measure form every man, unless a curiously rare power of nature moulds them to itself. George Fanning was an orphan, had been an only child, had lived till his majority alone with his grandfather-a haughty, high-minded, but indulgent guardian, and a man of wealth, with but this one legal heir. So George had expectations, and having studied as much as he chose, thereafter divided his time between reading, traveling, playing at business, and flirting; all of which he did with a temporary energy at once victorious and suggestive.

If he had a favorite pursuit in the world, it was the study of character, in which he considered himself skilled, to which he devoted himself with the gout of a medical student for the grosser experimentalities of dissection.

This pursuit, so fashionable of late years, has, strange to say, a most perilous effect upon the human mind; it is as if the mere fact of dabbling, with shameless curiosity, in the precious secrets of other souls, hardened and made cruel the experimenter. So Nero went from killing flies to frying Christians. "Facile descensus!"

However this may be, George Fanning brought his penchant into society, and indulged in it with no remorse, till it became a systematic excitement, and one he would no more dispense with than will the drunkard with his morning dram.

Singularly enough men rarely care to know the characters of men except for some definite gain, to achieve some political or financial purpose; it is the traits of women into which they pry with that unrelenting inquisitiveness symbolized and made immortal by Peeping Tom of Coventry; it is the vailed and sacred cloister into which they steal, too often lighting a match "to see the better with," whose sulphurous vapors stifle the odor of incense, whose red glare extinguishes the holy taper; and then, having opened the shrine, and sat down in it to see how it feels when one is an idol, they walk away and the altar is dark! Heaven may forgive them the sacrilege, but we doubt it. However, they forgive themselves.

The first experiment of this kind that Mr. have, were it the souls of men to do him service, Fanning attempted was followed by no results



that led to the Thug revelation of after years; it was but an unsuccessful experiment that piqued him into profounder efforts. In that point of view it has its place here.

In the next town to his own temporary abode, lived a brilliant and gay young girl, called Lavinia Ford. Captivated by her pretty and brightly-tinted face, Mr. Fanning, whose business brought him to Ayton frequently, made her acquaintance, devoted himself to her service, drove her in his carriage to pic-nics, or took tête-à-tête excursions by sun and moonlight. He brought her music, and went shopping with her, sent her bouquets, and played chess with her by the hour, but never sank the plummet of his observations down below a certain depth. For the best of reasons-no depth was there. Lavinia was a gay, good, healthy girl, caring no more for him than for ten other young men in her circle. Utterly insensitive, his magnetism never affected her; equally unsuspicious, she had no care nor thought about his attentions, beyond his useful companionship; and one day told him very coolly of her recent engagement to a young merchant of Ayton, continued still to receive and laugh with him, and in due time, something to his surprise at her cool carelessness, asked him to her wedding.

All this was but a prelude. A host of transient, watering-place, and ball-room flirtations ripened his experience before the next and first serious exploit.

Mary Andrews was a girl of very different character from Miss Ford; naturally energetic, proud, impulsive, the entire life of her parents daily devoted to her will and pleasure, only the strenuous and even pressure of New England social forms kept her in proper bounds, checked her quick will to do and dare, and nursed her self-reliance into a mighty growth, dangerous, because undisciplined, and hidden deep in her character, beyond the sight of any love-blind eyes to discern. But all this the practiced eye of George Fanning did discover. And in pursuance of a certain subtle theory, he set himself to work, on a plan of his own, to develop and strengthen her more feminine traits, and see if they would overbalance the growth already so rank and deadly.

Was this, then, so evil an intention? Pause a moment kind literalist! Have you a right to open my desk and read my secret papers, in order to evolve a certain view of yours about my personal experience? What is it to you if I have loved and suffered? Were either love or suffering yours? George Fanning experimented on this girl—had he a right to do it? Did he mean to educate and marry her? Never! he was only a philosophic inquirer. So he approached her with a seeming delicacy and respect that carried the outworks of her pride at the first charge. Then began a series of drives, walks, and twilight conversations, carried on with consummate skill; conversations chiefly turning upon herself, fascinating her by a sense of appreciation and admiration that in due time arts—too artless for that name—to bring her

softened into affection and tenderness-shall I sav more?

It was inexpressibly sweet to this spirited and courageous girl to be understood as she thought she understood herself; to be admired for those traits she did not obtrude and only half believed she possessed. It is said, not untruly, that he who praises a woman for what she is not, and would yet like to be, gains his point. This George Fanning well knew; and by the time Mary found or imagined that he believed her to be the tenderest and most gently feminine of women, she found that she had become so-to him. This stage of affairs was not disagreeable to George; he had not committed himself, nor did he mean to. But it was pleasant to be all in all to a proud and beautiful girl like Mary Andrews; sweet to hear the haughty voice soften for him alone; the clear hawk's eye droop and glisten at his look; the eager step hesitate, and the untamed will bend itself like a willow-wand before a glance or a sound, apprehended by her as only love apprehends.

Now Mary Andrews had no atom of this world's wisdom. She accepted in the most infantile simpleness all the devotion daily offered to her by Mr. Fanning, taking it for a bona fide love affair; trembling with fond timidity at every word he uttered, lest it should be the word she dreaded yet longed to hear, and giving her soul into his hands as quietly as if he had been an honest man. Where were her parents? Blessed American parents! They let their child alone; they let her have her way. This strength and experience of seventeen years!—this cool and clear judgment of an impulsive school-girl!-this diplomatiste, who had so much knowledge of the world, gathered in six months of society!—was left to fight her way, aided by no wise and tender mother, no shadow of matronly presence and guidance, no father to perceive and repress her wild will, to resent her injuries and defend her weakness. One was busy with her household, the other with his merchandise; and it is not the custom of America for parents to bore their daughters, or their daughters' friends with their society and supervision. We never do such things in the "best society"-never!

So the matter went on, till people began to talk of Miss Andrews and Mr. Fanning in a way rather compromising to the latter's intentions, and very far indeed from his liking. He began, too, to tire of his long studies, and at length to perceive that he might have been a little incautious. He must cool off. So the rides and drives intermitted, the conversations flagged, his business down town flourished and engrossed him. And Mary? She doubted nothing at first, but only waited in tender patience for a better day. Ah! day that never comes -halcyon to-morrow!

After a time she knew it was in vain, and her whole soul rebelled. No one knew if she suffered. She was more gay than ever, except that for many weeks she tried all her little



lover to his old place; and tried of course with was all plain. He helped her in the most diffino results.

At last, maddened by the coolness of this student, who, having learnt his lesson, threw the book away, she determined in an evil hour to sting the cold love, as you pierce a dead body to see if it be in truth dead. She began to flirt with Dr. Waters—a fool, and a boy. But Mary was a sad bungler at flirting; it was not her vocation; and the desperate passion that impelled her recoiled without her concurrence upon the poor object she chose for her experiment; he offered himself to her in so brief a time that she was for a moment dumb with surprise as well as terror, and said "Yes," from a frenzied impulse to rouse George Fanning by the acutest test of a lover's truth. Poor Mary! poor, bruised little bird! flying so vainly against that inexorable sheet of glass! Better have died quietly! Mr. Fanning called at an early day to congratulate her on her engagement, to renew the assurances of his profound friendship, and to shake hands with Dr. Waters, who beamed upon him from his fool's paradise like a happy calf. Mary's face and heart hardened. She married the man she accepted and hated, and the man she loved was her groomsman.

The good people of Harrington pointed complacently to this as a triumph of Platonic friendship, and all the young ladies admired George Fanning more than ever.

Mary Waters went to the West with her husband. Her utterly undisciplined mind and wretched heart bore in themselves the elements of tragedy. When, in two brief years, her story ended in shame and sin, a forsaken infant, and a deceived husband—when the relentless after-years brought a sequel to the story of deeper degradation, and a death of misery and despair, did George Fanning hear a small voice that said "Where is thy brother?" Not he! pleasanter sounds filled his ear; he put on a serious face and said, "Ah! poor girl! she was always sadly impulsive; but she had fine traits."

After this affair was off his hands, our Thug went on his way with new skill, and in a few months was utterly devoted to a little fairhaired beauty of fifteen. Julia Clay was a child in mind and years—a simple, loving, grateful shild; her extreme loveliness of person; the fragile grace of her delicate figure; the arch of her pure brow, above the heaven-blue eyes; her calm, infantile mouth; her passionless, sculpture-like contour, all had a new and inexpressible charm for George Fanning, so lately ennuye of his wild brunette and her fiery traits. To approach Julia Clay was also a matter of no difficulty-it was but to obtain an introduction, to carry her books from school, to drop one in a hopelessly-deep gutter, and ask leave to replace it in time for her studies; that implied a call the same evening, and that first step cost only, in dollars and cents, the price

was all plain. He helped her in the most difficult of her lessons with an ease incredible; he taught her a thousand things, lent her books, inspired her with a love of literature in its lighter and more graceful walks, and fed her dreams with tender and imaginative poetry, till she regarded him as the essence of all manliness and nobility. And when, by degrees quite imperceptible, he laid aside the preceptive tone and became more and more devoted and earnest when she learnt to receive from him the gifts and caresses of affection, the change in her heart was, even to her half-conscious perception, a real pang of joy, to find her angel a human lover.

Yet he had not spoken one smallest word of love; he frequented the house on pretext of giving her German lessons, and cautiously avoided showing her the least affection or intimacy before a third person. Our friend was a man of great caution; he never committed himself; his notes of inquiry and advice to Julia were sedulously friendly and cool; his manner to her in society of the same nature; the keenest observer could discern nothing beyond. And if people of experience smiled a little at George Fanning's devotion to his openly-avowed theory of Platonic friendship, the greater number admired the goodness and integrity of a young man who could be so safely trusted, so calmly loved, so surely confided in. Behind the scenes, alone with Julia, he wore another face - tender, demonstrative, gentle; the looks, the manner, the action, even the language of a lover, fed with angels' food her simple, happy heart. She developed like a summer flower in the sunshine: a faint tinge of rose illumined her cheek; a tiny dimple deepened there day by day; her lips wore the crimson of higher health; and her pure eyes darkened and drooped their long brown lashes with a sweet and touching consciousness. All this Mr. Fanning watched with the eye of a keen anatomist. It was getting near time to stifle the unwary victim; he must find means for the deed.

Gradually he led their conversations to the subject of friendship—somewhat tame to us who know the world and have weighed its friendliness, but the most fascinating of all subjects to the apprehensive, sensitive mind of a young girl who knows nothing. But Julia Clay's preceptor was a skillful diplomatist; he painted friendship to her as she wished to believe in it—a vailed Cupid; and then, by a thousand subtle allusions and illustrations, conveyed to her the idea he intended. Without going through the precise terms—without saying "I am your friend, but I am not in love with you, nor ever shall be"—he printed that meaning in branded letters upon her heart.

one in a hopelessly-deep gutter, and ask leave to replace it in time for her studies; that implied a call the same evening, and that first step cost only, in dollars and cents, the price of an Italian grammar. After this his course of the description of the de



any strength of character-if genius, talent, even strong sense had been hers, she would have recovered or recoiled from this shock. But she was only a child, literally grieved to death, broken-spirited, despairing. Nor were her physical powers of any reactive aid; for now the disease that had written its fatal beauty on her transparent face, her dreamy blue eyes, her abundant fair hair, silky but lustreless-the hidden disorganization that made her manner so exquisitely gentle, and spread such calmness and languor about every motion—all this, controlled no more by the quenched power of her will, and the vivid arterial influence of happiness, developed itself in a hopeless form. She had taken cold, her mother said, and the cold matured rapidly into New England's pestilence, a consumption. Through two months of summer, day after day, she grew wan, lovely, spiritual, till it seemed as if a soft wind might have lifted her

"---As a leaf, a wave, a cloud," and bore her, unchanged, to the angels.

At last her death, like all deaths, was sudden. She had not asked to see Mr. Fanning; she did not care now. Her patient nurses, her mother and aunts, spoke of her with quiet tears as the most unselfish, unexacting of all invalids; she wanted nothing, expected nothing, but hour after hour lay by the open window and looked at the sky; till one hot August day, rising from her pillow in a restless effort to find the ease that now no position gave her, the scarlet tide of life poured fast from her lips, she drooped her head softly, and went to Heaven with a smile.

George Fanning sent a wreath of stainless roses the next morning, which they bound about her purer brow; also he went to her funeral, and standing by the grave, wore an expression of profound melancholy that was becoming, and in good taste. The next day he betook himself to a fashionable watering-place, made himself popular by his attention to old ladies, and solaced himself by tête-à-tête walks and drives with the three prettiest girls there, till he found out they were none of them any thing more than pretty. And being somewhat weary of that style, he went back to Harrington and cast his eyes about for another "friend."

Time and patience would alike fail were I to enumerate all who drooped and suffered under his experiments. Fanny Seaton, the laughing, sweet-tempered, capricious, country girl, on whose steps he danced attendance till she was light-hearted no more; but impelled by that profound principle that turns the heart of flesh to stone in pursuance of duty, she saw in time the influence Mr. Fanning was gaining over her, and curbed her own emotions to a forced quiet, strengthening them by giving herself into the care of a true and noble man, whom she loved more calmly than George Fanning, and not so blindly. For once, love came more truly after marriage, and she put Mr. Fanning out of her

stroying knowledge. If Julia Clay had possessed | thoughts as one sets aside a broken mould of any strength of character—if genius, talent, even | clay—"This also is vanity."

After her came a pensive widow, who being herself no novice in the gentle art of heart-breaking, tried her strength against our friend and broke her lance in the trial; but avenged herself thereafter on the race of men in general, and won for herself an Alexandrian reputation. She had conquered this world, and it is not to "ears polite" that even the duped and jilted lover dare mention another. But to her succeeded a more serious affair. One day at a quiet picnic party, Mr. Fanning was introduced to Miss Clarke. Nobody wondered at his asking the introduction, for Esther Clarke was a young lady of no common order; not beautiful, but more attractive than most beauties, her fine head, her soft yet keen eyes, her noble brow, and intellectual expression, a certain wild yet simple grace of manner, added to an exquisitely modulated voice, attracted our friend the Thug, and induced him to ask her acquaintance. Little speech on his part was needed to continue the conversation his approach had interrupted. Sparkling with wit, flushed with the exhibaration of summer air and genial society, Esther Clarke shone as she could shine. But in all the words that dropped from her lips a few of utterly different tenor from the general vein attracted Mr. Fanning, and led him to believe there were yet unfathomed depths of love and devotion in the heart of this woman, who passed socially for a diamond, bright, but hard and cold. Could he see so fascinating a vista open before him and decline to tread it? Yet he felt that it demanded unusual tact to effect any advance in the good graces of a woman neither utterly undisciplined, nor yet a girl, and he mused so profoundly that for once his features expressed something of the thoughts within, only to a passing eye the expression was one of sadness rather than perplexity. Some light speech at last was flung at him by an old acquaintance, and looking up he discerned Miss Clarke's eyes fixed upon him with a look of surprise, and a lurking gleam of pity. Now the problem was solved! he knew his ground, and after seeming to recover himself from a painful abstraction, joined in the conversation quietly, and before long contrived to plan a walk up the mountain, whose shadow overlooked the oak grove where the party had assembled. Once among rocks and trees, where there was room for no more than two abreast on the rough path, it was easy to attach himself to Miss Clarke. Easy to let her see apparent depths of reserve, grief, and distrust, that awoke in her true and sympathetic nature an answer of pure appreciation and pity. Esther Clarke, unconsciously to herself, was cursed or blessed as the case may be, with genius, and while she gave her whole sympathy to others, it was yet a gift far exceeding their need. For she judged their pain by her own power, interpreted their expressions by her own feelings, and wasted a



her acquaintance with Mr. Fanning after that | ive enough to our experimental philosopher, and first day progressed in the usual fashion of his friendships, she said daily to herself that now she had found a man who needed her, who knew her, who felt as she did. Inexpressibly sweet discovery! so long she had lived, careless and cold to all men, simply because they were below her level, now to find one, not indeed of her ideal type, but still a worshiper at the same altars, and-irresistible plea to a woman's heart! -a lonely and unhappy man. She would create a new life for him in her care and friendship; she would teach him faith in man and in God; she would vindicate to him the truth and unselfishness of woman, and carry out nobly and fully her ideal of a "double-natured" friendship—that fair Platonic wild-fire that illumines and lures so many wanderers into "dark places and habitations of cruelty," or weeks the guileless voyager on the rocks of his own ignorant simplicity and nobleness!

So thinking of all this day after day, listening for his step, watching or recalling the changes of his expressive face for some proof that her self-instituted mission should succeed, she loved him as such women love-once and forever-with all the depth and fervor of her soul, the lavish tenderness and humility of her heart. Mr. Fanning was for a time more fascinated than ever he had been in the like pursuit: to his great surprise he found himself on the verge of some troubled and unwonted state -almost in love! The man recoiled and considered. He did not want to marry Esther Clarke—he was not ready to marry. Besides, these superior women are such bores, always expecting one to be on their own level, making one uncomfortable with their devotion and extra goodness. He could never endure that-neither the exertion nor the inevitable comparison were to his taste: yet she interested him excessively. He did not care to give up the study. A bright idea came to his aid—he had heard of "the expulsive power of a new affection," though it is doubtful if he had read enough of that dear divine's works to receive the application. But he could apply for himself. Now there was a lady in his vicinity, who possessed the extra merit of being Esther Clarke's friend-a little West Indian belle, proud, fiery, impatient, passionate, not too good to trouble Mr. Fanning's conscience, and far more beautiful than Esther.

Louise Etoile was lovely, after the Spanish manner; her black eyes sometimes, though rarely, languid and loveful, were yet full of repressed fire and craft; delicately-modeled features, lips where pride woke and passion slept, a cheek and brow of stainless and translucent white, expressive of an organization strong and subtle, and a profusion of black hair, glossy as carved ebony in its massive waves and thick curls; all these, united with that instinctive knowledge of the world that makes the inexperience of some women more than able to cope with the knowledge of a practiced belle, made Louise Etoile attract-

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would have ensnared him sooner had he not been fully occupied with exploring Esther Clarke's mind and heart, and thereby, as we have seen, perilously affecting his own comfort. at least for a time.

The new exploration was quite another affair. Mr. Fanning's first advances were received with cool politeness and ill-concealed reluctance, yet both coldness and reluctance were so well managed as to convince him that they proceeded from any thing but dislike. She knew men of his stamp profoundly enough to know that a gift they receive counts for nothing beside any thing they conquer or earn; that for them the purest love, the most unselfish devotion, becomes worthless from the hour its passionate generosity is shown in giving, not in receiving; she was wise in her generation. truly!

As her acquaintance with Mr. Fanning progressed, from time to time this girl, who showed herself usually proud as was ever unfallen Lucifer, let her friend perceive glimpses of tenderness, pity, passion, and pure nobleness of nature, which excited his curiosity to its height, and at once tormented and bewitched him by the beautiful mockery of all sentiment, and gay denial of any sensitiveness, which invariably closed the casket that tantalized him, so soon as he had perceived the jewels within.

Louise Etoile no more believed in Platonic friendship than does any common-sense man or woman of this nineteenth century; it took rank in her rational mind with chivalry, Count Cagliostro, Puritanism, and astrology. Of course men and women are meant to be men and women, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers. It is not according to the ordinations of Providence or the conventions of society that people should forget their sex and their proprieties, and act such a miracle-play as this nonsensical idea of a semi-angelic friendship implies. Besides, who ever saw such a compact turn out well? One or the other always falls in love, one or the other marries somebody else, and there goes your friendship! There was no disputing Mademoiselle Etoile's arguments; yet some lurking consciousness that they were not all feminine and spiritual prevented her from obtruding them upon Mr. Fanning. But she kept him well assured, through all his devotion and her caprice, that though she accepted him as a friend, she never felt sure he might not become a lover, and a dangerous one. Goethe says somewhere, that "there is no habit so strong that it can hold out in the long run against the representations of a man of talent in whom we have confidence:" and assuredly, in this case as in a thousand others, Goethe was right, even substituting "opinion" for "habit." The idea so skillfully kept alive in Mr. Fanning's mind at length rooted itself there permanently, and by dint of hearing that he was in danger of loving Louise Etoile he learned that he did love her, yet with so gradual a de-



scent from his philosophy that others knew it before he did, and it came to him in the way best calculated to rivet such bonds-through the tortured heart of a woman.

In the mean time Esther Clarke, as innocently unconscious of her heart-beats as a child, went on loving George Fanning with an intensity proportioned to her nature. She knew that she loved him, she thought he could not help loving her; and with a sweet, half-regretful sigh for the lonely, theoretical friendship that had struck its colors before the living, rapturous summons of a warm, human love, she gave herself up to the delight of ministering to his comfort in the thousand ways love knows-waiting shyly, but securely, for the few dear words only needed to assure her right to those tender speeches, those fond looks, those incessant caresses, that justified her love to her own consciousness, and would justly have done so had the words never been spoken that never were!

Now, when first her friend Louise Etoile began to know and like Mr. Fanning, Esther was glad, truly and frankly glad. Blinded by her own devotion to both, she saw nothing to fear. Further helpless by reason of the warped judgment that tested both these common and crafty people by her own rare and true nature, she drew them together time after time; and when at last the result of her simplicity was apparent, that little but old serpent, jealousy, stung her to the heart. Here was a new development for our assassin's study, and for a time a singularly interesting one. He had underrated Esther Clarke's emotional power; he did not know what tragic life slept in those passions yet unroused. Now he was edified with a spectacle; and as one may, beside the whispering surges of the Mediteranean, at a safe distance inspect Vesuvius with a lorgnette and pronounce it "Very fine, really!"—so a man may look at a woman who writhes and contends with the deepest anguish of her heart, and smilingly remark to himself that he "didn't think it was in her." There is much said by a certain class of metaphysical speculators about the low and selfish nature of jealousy, and there are no doubt persons to whom every passion that infringes or ever has infringed upon their personal quiet and self-content seems low and selfish. Like the Grand Turk in the opera, who, rejecting one favorite Sultana for another, exhorts the desolate fair one,

" Dissimuler vos peines, Respecter mes plaisirs!"

But jealousy is a rage inseparable from any but a "vapid, vegetable love," an instinct human or fiendish as its sufferer shall permit, but an integral part of every healthy nature. However cold, however practical, however pure may man or woman be, that love which changes the soul more utterly than any other mortal power signs it also with the fiery cross of jealousy, sooner or later—like the aspic that did Egypt good service—to sting deeply, if not always

Esther Clarke. She loved with her whole heart, and suffered as entirely. She saw with that painfully-acute insight which only jealousy gives exactly how the case stood between Mr. Fanning and Mademoiselle Etoile; and though he, for once moved by her bitter pain even through his egotism to a touch of pity, essayed to quiet her doubts with depreciations of Louise Etoile, and caresses more lavish than ever for herself-still, though her mind believed him, her heart ached with prophetic consciousness of the truth. In this painful and false position for Esther, this game of chess between her two friends, months passed away. Still fascinated by Louise, yet retaining self-possession enough to know that in marrying her he must give up, not only his place and importance in female society, but also the love of Esther Clarke, which had grown necessary to his pleasure and amusement, Mr. Fanning vibrated uneasily between the two-Esther growing paler and more wretched day by day, Louise more capricious and exacting. At the lucky moment stepped in a circumstance, most blessed or most hateful thing as the case may be, in this sufficiently opportune. Mr. Fanning's grandfather died, and left a will, constituting George his heir, on condition that he married before he was thirty, and took his beautiful country seat as a place of residence. Just at this propitious moment, in some of those inexplicable ways known to such women, and by the aid of that social pest, "a mutual friend," Louise Etoile contrived, without the least outward compromise of her delicacy, to convince Mr. Fanning that she was fatally enamored of him! What man has not a weak spot? His was vanity so subtle as to be unrecognized by the world or himself, yet as inordinate as ever disfigured the weakest woman; and what sweeter food could vanity ask than the adoration of a proud, spoiled, capricious beauty? The incense recoiling upon the acolyte, the giver became the receiver.

Mr. Fanning was conquered, and, in due time, an adroit little note from Louise asked her dear Esther's congratulations on the new joy of her dearest friends. This pretty assassination was complete, but the Thug was disarmed in the act.

It is not for eyes less cold or less prying than those of Mr. Fanning to intrude upon the whirl of despair and agony that made Esther Clarke's brain reel, wore out her nights in sleepless anguish, and her days in delirious pain. It is enough to know that she felt as such women feel, and acted as they act, with a calm bravery that the world applauds in that delight of reading-books, "The Spartan Boy," and sneers at in the actual reality of a deceived and heartbroken woman. This was the battle of her life. In it many another has fallen to an uncomplaining grave, or been blessedly struck with madness; but it was her bitterer fate to live. Her stern sense of religion—her unfaltering moral courage kept her still submissive, though fatally. There was neither ice nor languor in unreconciled, to life. But as it is written,



"Fear not them which kill the body!" even so had our assassin wrought a deeper murder than the seizure of physical life in this his latest work. Once Esther had been the very soul of love, of simplicity, of trust. With a good-will "wide as ether," a childlike credulity, and a spirit of charity boundless and pure, she had loved all whom she knew or served, and believed them to be true and good. But nowthe Dead Sea waters overflowed her soul; she had no faith in man or woman, sneered at friendship, derided love, saw the worst of every motive, suspected the truth of every word, withheld her aid and her sympathy from those about her, lest they should be imposing upon her trust, tipped all her speech with bitter jests and bitterer laughter, believed firmly in total depravity, and became thoroughly fitted for a woman of the world. Society accorded her a higher place in its ranks than ever. She shone cold and stately at her dear friend's wedding, and visited her as frequently as before. The genius that burned in her soul now flamed with a maddened, yet unwavering light. She threw herself into the wildest circles of society, gave way to her frantic impulses, and then ruled them as she ruled the little world about her. Witty, attractive, as self-poised as the dead are, and as cold, she moved, moves still, a star; but the woman-the heart-has perished.

As for George Fanning, his career is achieved. The world begins to see through him; no force of intellect can now raise him to honor; no social success will win him love; no power is in him to gather the laurels of other men, and tinge the cheeks of his wife with pride, sweeter even than love to such a wife. It is rumored that he leads a vague and fretful life, aimless and vapid, and that his wife's caprices are less endured-less dominant than they were in Mademoiselle Etoile. But this is rumor, and may be rumor only. I leave him in the hands of a relentless judge. If I have been bitter in delineating him, know, oh reader! that one of his victims should have been my love and my wife. I have not said which one, nor will I unvail the sacred sorrow that I would avenge, if I might, to slake your curiosity. Is it not enough that those eyes which should have looked light into mine, he drenched with tears and dimmed with ashes? that those lips which should have opened to mine, cool and rosy as the heart of a pomegranate, he blasted with false kisses and blanched with despair? And I live alone. He shall go his way, and I mine. But on that day when the black and secret heart of man is bared before the light of justice and judgment, when the trooping sins of his brief and evil days come in unfailing procession to accuse the shrinking soul, there shall flit by him Mary in her stained robe, Julia in her shroud, Esther clothed with the blackness of darkness; and others whom I do not name, with their shrieks and pointed finger, shall cry from the ground with the voice of blood against him, and he can not answer them!

BY THE PASSAIC.

WHERE the river seeks the cover Of the trees whose boughs hang over, And the slopes are green with clover,

In the quiet month of May; Where the eddies meet and mingle, Babbling o'er the stony shingle,

There I angle, There I dangle All the day.

Oh 'tis sweet to feel the plastic Bod, with top and butt elastic, Shoot the line in coils fantastie,

Till, like thistle-down, the fly Lightly drops upon the water, Thirsting for the finny slaughter

As I angle,
And I dangle
Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle, Till the barbed and fatal hackle In its tempered jaws shall shackle

That old trout, so wary grown. Now I strike him! joy ecstatic! Scouring runs! leaps acrobatic!

So I angle, So I dangle All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent, And the lurking trouts, observant, Say to me, "Your humble servant!

Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly
While I angle,

There to dangle
With her book.

Then somehow the rod reposes, And the book no page uncloses; But I read the leaves of roses

That unfold upon her cheek; And her small hand, white and tender, Rests in mine. Ah! who can send her

Thus to dangle While I angle? Cupid, speak!

TABLE-TURNING IN FRANCE.

THANK Heaven, the spirits are at last at rest, and even Judge Edmonds vaticinates, if at all, in private. The radius of the spiritual circles has shrunk into proportions so small as almost to defy measurement; the Foxes may be presumed to have retired to their holes, and the Hares are in cover. Our mahoganies no longer offend the public taste by indulging in acrobatic feats; nor are young ladies given, at the present time, to converse with immaterial essences in their chamber at night. Our grandmothers, poor old souls! rest in peace, and do not rise from the dead to warn us against Gift Enterprises; General Washington has ceased to be dull, by the mouth of a medium, on the Hon.



Mr. Giddings and Lawrence Keitt. A flash gence we regret to say that M. de Gasparin does of common sense has succeeded the heated term of sredulity.

gence we regret to say that M. de Gasparin does not speak favorably. When asked to rap the number of nuts which a gentleman present had

But they are very busy about spiritualism in France. The Institute, like our Association for the Advancement of Science, shirked the subject. But the public embraced it with ardor, as one of the few topics on which the paternal government of Louis Napoleon tolerated discussion. In 1856 there were more works published at Paris on spiritualism and kindred themes than on any other. Of these, the bulk are trash. Some are by believers, and the like may be had of Messrs. Partridge and Brittan at very moderate prices indeed. Others are by unbelievers, and may be described briefly as unphilosophical sneers at curious phenomena. But a place apart must be assigned to the elaborate treatise of the Count Agenor de Gasparin, a Protestant gentleman of distinction, who has devoted much time and labor to an investigation of the subject of turning tables and spirit rappings. His work has been translated with remarkable felicity and judgment by a lady of this city, and has been given to the public under the auspices of Dr. Baird.

We must say at the outset that M. de Gasparin has not cut the Gordian knot. He disposes of the spirits; he denies that tables can talk or write in French or Chinese; he does not think that Dr. Franklin's ghost has ever broken silence to give an opinion on the Transatlantic Telegraph; but in this, after all, he has done no more than every person of common sense had done before him. And in respect of the physical phenomena of turning or dancing tables, M. de Gasparin decidedly classes himself among the believers.

In the delightful retirement of his country chateau, surrounded by a dutiful family and a few complacent friends, M. de Gasparin whiled away many an evening in the innocent amusement of table-turning. He had mustered from ten to twelve operators, some of them ladies of a delicate organization, and not over robust health; likewise a table, three-legged, of ash, with a stout pillar. This table, he says, turned, danced, and performed every imaginable feat. Once, a man weighing over one hundred and seventy pounds was placed on it, and it danced about as blithely as when unloaded, even condescending to throw its rider at the word of command. At other times, it could not lift the man, but gave a child a pleasant ride; this was when it was in poor health. In a rugged state, it went through its performance with even such a burden as several buckets of sand. As to the nature of its performances, it rose from the ground, rapped with its feet, danced, reared upright, whirled round, did in short every thing that could be asked of a well-bred turning table. Sometimes it required the fingers of the operators to be placed in contact with it; but when its sensibility was thoroughly aroused, it would perform when the operators' hands were linked

not speak favorably. When asked to rap the number of nuts which a gentleman present had in his pocket, it rapped nine when there were but three; and generally, it behaved with singular recklessness in the computation of numbers. At times the operators were reluctantly driven to suspect that it was guessing; we forbear to enlarge upon so insulting a theory. Whatever moral delinquencies may have been justly chargeable to this poor table, it atoned for them in the flesh, or rather, in the wood. Being overcharged on one occasion, and staggering under a load of one hundred and fifty pounds of sand and stones-like the famous elephant in the story—it raised its three legs once or twice with force and energy, but its strength, exhausted by the effort, gave way at last, and it burst. The pillar was rent from top to bottom.

On the strength of these successes, and others obtained with other tables, M. de Gasparin gives a set of instructions for table-turning which differ in some respects from those which were commonly given here during the prevalence of the epidemic in this country.

In the first place, you must procure "companions in labor whose complaisance never wearies." Almost any body will do if he possess this requisite—"the fluid power is very general." The room for operations must have an uneven floor. This is a delicate attention to the table, whose feet, we are told, "may require points of support during their elevations." The table may have rollers, but is better with-The room should be moderately warm: summer is the best season of the year for operations. When you set to work you must be "sanguine of success," or you will "be frozen and will freeze your companions." You must take the table "gayly and with spirit;" tables, we are gravely told, "demand singing at first," and "detest people who are constantly becoming irritated;" if "met by preoccupation they (the tables) are apt to grow sulky." There must be no talking or laughing in the room; the witnesses must be serious and silent.

These conditions fulfilled, let the "ten operators" place themselves in communication by crossing their own thumbs one over another, and each little finger over the little finger of their neighbor on either side. Let a foreman be chosen, and let him give the word of command to the table. Begin by commanding it to turn. Exercise each foot alternately. If any foot refuses to act, discharge the individual nearest it, and replace him by another. "Become animated in difficult moments; loud talking, shouts, and halloos are then of use."

If these rules are carefully followed, it is the opinion of M. de Gasparin that no table can fail to obey orders, and turn, dance, or rap, as circumstances may require.

its sensibility was thoroughly aroused, it would perform when the operators' hands were linked at a few inches from its surface. Of its intelli-



or repelling inert objects under direction from the will of the person emitting the fluid. That such a fluid exists many eminent authorities have believed. Jussieu admitted that "many well-authenticated facts, independent of imagination, were sufficient to make him believe in the existence or possibility of a fluid or agent which flows from man to his fellow-man." Cuvier could not doubt "that the proximity of two animate bodies, in certain positions and accompanied by certain motions, has a real effect, independent of any influence exercised by the imagination of either party; it likewise appears clear, that the effects are due to some sort of communication established between their nervous systems." Baron Reichenback announces the discovery of a fluid which he calls "odylic light;" and which, "emanating from the sun, circulates through all bodies, and is a real, cosmical force." By this fluid he explains the phenomena of animal magnetism, biology, and turning tables. Herschel suggests that there may be a fluid which serves to convey the orders of the brain to the muscles; and Müller, improving the theory, argues that this fluid is positive in men and negative in women. Authorities might be multiplied; suffice it to say, that perhaps a majority of the men of science of our day, being unable to explain the communication between mind and matter, the brain and the muscles, would decline to deny that an imponderable, subtle, invisible, nervous or magnetic fluid may possibly exist. Our French table-turner affirms that it does exist, and operates on inert outside matter as powerfully as on the muscles of the body.

But M. de Gasparin is too honest not to confess that at best he has only given the formula of a hypothesis. He does not furnish, nor indeed does there exist, known evidence to convert the hypothesis into a scientific fact.

We presume that if it were at all necessary, or could serve any useful purpose, a bundle of affidavits could be procured from sensible, hardheaded men, affirming that the deponents had, on such and such occasions, seen tables move, and were incapable of accounting for the motions by any known physical law. The fact could no doubt be established on such evidence as would suffice, in our Courts, to take away the life of a citizen. The misfortune—for the table-turners-is, that evidence which would hang a man in a plain case of murder with a knife or pistol will not suffice to command the belief of intelligent men in reference to statements of facts which, in the present state of science, must be classed as supernatural; for history is full of such evidence in support of what we know to be palpable errors.

For nine hundred years witches and sorcerers were burned and persecuted in a thousand cruel ways. Evidence teemed to establish the guilt of the witches and sorcerers. Respectable men had "seen" them riding broomsticks. Respectable women had "seen" children's arms

Magistrates and clergy had "seen" them work miracles by means of sorcery. During the excitement in the religious houses of France, in the sixteenth century, whole convents full of nuns swore positively to the commission of acts which implied supernatural agencies. To this day the case of Urbain Grandier is puzzling. Official reports, drawn by the magistrates of cities and still extant, certified that attempts had been made to plunge witches under water without success; that witches, tied to the stake, and exposed to the flames, burned with blue fire, and that swarms of toads escaped from their heads. These reports, be it remembered, were legal evidence in courts of justice. So during the persecution of the Protestants under Louis the Fourteenth, over a dozen of highly respectable ministers of the Gospel declared, in the most solemn manner, that they had "heard" infants under two years of age make speeches and prophecy future events to the people of the Cevenol. Even within our own time, in 1849, the curate of Guillonville, France, certified that a young girl was possessed of a devil, which would deposit "ropes, candles, bread-baskets, and pitchers of water on her back, tie saucepans and dippers to her petticoat strings," and even thrust a horse-collar on her neck. She was duly exorcised. Within the past twentyfive years, the Bishop of Seine Inferieure has exorcised three persons possessed of devils, "with complete success

Are we then to conclude that, after all, the witch-burners were correct, and that the Salem delusion was no delusion at all?

For two or three hundred years, trials by fire and boiling water were practiced on the continent of Europe. In several instances, hundreds of persons affirmed that they saw the culprit plunge his arm into boiling water, or walk over red-hot plowshares without hurt. Queen Theutberge sustained successfully the former test; the accuser of the wife of Otho III. thrust his hand and arm into a red-hot iron gauntlet, withdrew it unburned, and the Queen was burned alive, the accuser being held to have made out his case. Emma, Queen of England and mother of Edward the Confessor, being accused of adultery, walked over red-hot plowshares without hurting herself. Scores of Englishmen and Frenchmen held in their hands pieces of red-hot iron weighing one to three pounds, without injury; and thereby proved their innocence These facts rest on indisputable evidence. In Castile, during the discussion whether the Gregorian or the Musarabic chant should be adopted in the churches, it was proposed to let the fire decide: a bonfire was kindled and both books were thrown into it. At once, the book of Gregorian chants leaped out of the fire and lay down at a safe distance. It was supposed, of course, that Heaven had decided in its favor. But when the fire went out, the book of Musarabic chants was found in the ashes, unburned, uncharred, unsinged. So it was evident that they were both shrivel up at a glance from their evil eye. good. This fact rests on the evidence of a car-



of the laity of Castile. It was unhesitatingly

We do not purpose to enumerate instances of credulity on the part of Roman Catholic priests in former times. A few later cases, dating from periods when the Church was tolerably enlightened, will serve to show the general thesisnamely, the character of the testimony which has sufficed, in times near our own, to induce belief in stated facts. In the eighteenth century, the canons, curés, and parishioners of Notre Dame de Paris united in a petition to the Archbishop, praying for the restoration of a little stone called the Holy Navel, which the bishop had taken away; said stone "affording daily relief in diseases, and having been of signal benefit to the Duchess of Noailles."

Fourteen hundred witnesses, including persons of all ages and callings, testified that the consecrated beads of a convent in France extinguished fires, and drove away thunder; the evidence was taken before Bossuet.

Borel, the author of a work called the Centuries, affirms that he "knew" persons whose eyes possessed such corrosive power that they ate holes in glass: one lady whom he "knew, consumed several pairs of spectacles in a year. Similar statements are made in various works of the sixteenth century on the authority of bishops, priests, and men of standing.

The blood of St. January, at Naples, the Holy Thorns, the Santa Casa, the sacred bones, teeth and nails, which are scattered over the continent of Europe in such profusion, will occur to every one's memory. But it is not generally known that, among the people of the rural districts, the belief in the efficacy of these relies to perform miracles—a belief, of course, founded on some supposed perceptions and observations—is in many places as sincere as ever. There is not a peasant girl in the northeast of France who gets married without touching the famous thigh-bone of the Virgin at Halle, which is known to cure barrenness. It is generally understood that the reputation of this valuable relic was mainly acquired when it was in the charge of Father. one of the handsomest and most stalwart priests of which the Church ever boasted.

Let us pass to the instances of belief in prophecies-confining ourselves to comparatively modern times. When we read the history of the Plague of Milan, we find, first, that the outbreak of the pestilence was clearly foretold by "several physicians and astrologers" two years before it took place; and, secondly, that, hundreds of years before, another prophet had declared that in the year 1630—the year of the plague—the devil would poison all Milan. From the language of the historian Ripamonte it is evident that no one at Milan doubted the authenticity of these prophecies. The people of London were so satisfied that Mother Shipton had prophesied the Great Fire, nearly two hundred years before it took place, that they could hardly be persuaded to try to extinguish it. Nos-

dinal, several bishops and priests, and a number | tradamus obtained a world-wide reputation as a seer: more than one crowned head believed implicitly in his powers of divination; the number of his fulfilled prophecies surpassed belief. The list might be indefinitely multiplied. Nor are the cases by any means confined to past ages. Only last month the Pope condemned to twelve years' imprisonment a prophetess named Catarinella, in whose vaticinations the Italian peasantry have unbounded faith.

Of celestial marvels, "seen" by persons of the most undoubted respectability, and unquestioned by enlightened generations of men, the budget is enormous. Horsemen riding across the sky with flaming swords have been seen in all ages-except the present. When Massachusetts was in trouble during the Indian wars, most respectable men averred that they had seen similar prodigies. Baptiste Legrain, one of the most respectable French authors of the seventeenth century, "saw men with spears fighting in the sky, at 8 P.M., on 26th October, 1615. And so on for any length.

Every one remembers the story of Constantine and the cross which he saw in the sky when he was marching to Rome. But it is not generally known that a similar vision was witnessed thirty years ago, on the occasion of the establishment of the Mission of Migné. On the 17th December, 1826, the priest of Migné was closing an animated address with a recital of Constantine's vision. He had wound his audience up to a high pitch of excitement, when suddenly, above their heads in the sky, at about a hundred feet above the level of the ground, a flaming cross was perceived. Every body saw it: the whole congregation fell on their knees, praying to Jesus for help; even persons of a notoriously irreligious habit of mind prayed with the others, sobbing and weeping. The cross remained visible for half an hour or more; and an authentic account of the occurrence was drawn up by the priest, conseiller of prefecture, and other magistrates.

When Charles V. fought the Duke of Saxony, at the passage of the Elbe, thousands of persons testified that the sun had stood still, in order to enable the battle to go on. The Duke of Alva shrewdly avoided compromising himself by replying to a direct inquiry-"I confess to your Majesty that I was too occupied with what was passing on earth to notice what took place in heaven.'

Have the table-turners any more convincing evidence than this?

Let us pass on. About the middle, or the early half, of the eighteenth century, France was exercised by a sort of religious revival, in which the Jansenists and their rivals made much noise. Miracles were performed. One or two of these rest on evidence which we should like to compare with the very best of that on which we are called upon to believe that tables "demand singing," "detest people who grow irritated," and "are apt to grow sulky."

The case of M. Fontaine, sometime Minister



and Secretary of Louis XV., for instance, is perfectly well authenticated. He was, as may be inferred from his position, a man who lived freely, and took no mean part in the extravagant festivities of the very depraved court of Louis XV. Dining one day with several Jansenists, he was suddenly impelled to rise on his legs, and to turn round on one foot. "This continued for more than an hour without intermission. When first seized, instinct prompted him to call for a pious book." They gave him Quesnel's Reflections. "Though he never ceased to turn with dazzling rapidity, he read aloud from this book as long as the convulsion lasted." The fits recurred twice a day for six months; they lasted from one to two hours, the revolutions being about sixty to the minute; they ceased altogether when Fontaine had read through Quesnel on the New Testament. He then reformed his life and lived austerely, fasting whole days together; and, on one occasion, abstaining from food for eighteen successive days. From the rank of M. Fontaine, and the publicity of the court of Louis XV., it is not to be doubted but these facts were authenticated by respectable testimony. No one doubted their truth.

In 1731, during the prevalence of the same Jansenist excitement, certain persons, chiefly young girls, called "convulsionaries," announced that they were insensible to pain. Examinations were made by respectable persons selected from the Jansenists and their rivals. It was certified that "Jeanne Mouler, a young woman of twenty-three, having placed herself against a wall, a very stout man seized an iron 'fire-dog,' weighing twenty-five to thirty pounds, and struck her with it over a hundred blows in the pit of the stomach. . . . Having given her sixty, he tried the effect of the blows on the wall, and at the twenty-fifth blow made an opening in it. . . . The 'convulsionary' complaining that the blows gave her no relief, the fire-dog was handed to a very large, strong man among the spectators. Instructed that the blows could not be too violent, he struck her with so much force in the pit of the stomach as to make the wall shake." She rather liked it. Another convulsionary, "seated on the ground, her back against a wall, begs persons who come to see her to kick her in the stomach two thousand times in succession. Again, standing against a wall, she places the point of a strong spit against her chest, and makes four, five, or six persons push against it with all their force, till the spit bends. . . . Her skin is indented, and a slight red mark sometimes remains, but the flesh is never cut." Another, "lying on the ground, placed a shovel upright upon her throat, and persuaded a spectator to exert his utmost to drive the shovel through her neck. . . . She only felt an agreeaable and salutary sensation." Others were crucified in public, and tortured in every imaginable manner, without feeling any the worse. A more apparently reliable report than the one which contains these fables can hardly be conceived.

The evidence in favor of ghosts is far more imposing than any that we have quoted. From the commencement of history down to near our own times, we have the declarations of credible persons that they have seen ghosts. In the sixteenth century, that singular age of mixed reason and superstition, every body had familiar spirits. Luther, Melancthon, Pic de la Mirandole, one or two kings, several statesmen, and hosts of clergymen saw ghosts habitually. We shall give two or three cases, just to show how strong the evidence is in the ghosts' favor.

M. du Palais, a gentleman of character and standing, confessed to M. de Saint Simon, who records the matter in his memoirs, that he had been requested by the Marquis d'Effiat to station himself outside his door, on several successive evenings, at seven o'clock, in order to overhear conversations between the Marquis and a spirit who visited him at this hour; that he had done so, had heard the spirit, and was satisfied that there was no mortal but D'Effiat in the room at the time. The affair was the talk of the court and the town; every body knew of it. Du Palais was unhesitatingly believed.

Another case. Inseparable friends were the Marquis de Preci and M. de Rambouillet. They promised each other faithfully that the first of the two to die would visit the other after death. Preci, lying in his bed one night, saw his curtain suddenly drawn aside, and Rambouillet standing beside him in uniform and boots. He leaned out of bed to embrace his friend, whom he had not seen for some time-but the figure waved him back, observing that it was too late for endearments, as he (the speaker) had been killed the night before. He added that the descriptions the clergy gave of the other world were in the main correct, and that Preci had best amend his ways as he would die in six weeks. This story was told to numbers of persons by M. de Preci, who fell at St. Antoine, about six weeks after the vision.

Yet another—a well-known one. The Marquis of Londonderry, when a young man, staying at the house of a friend in Ireland, saw a luminous child in a dark room. Narrating the vision to his host next morning, he was told that the thing had occurred before, and that the meaning of the apparition was that the Marquis was destined to eminence. The latter went to Parliament, and saw the luminous child in the House during a debate. It is well known that he became Prime Minister of England.

An equally famous French case. A gentleman of Auvergne, standing at his window, saw a friend pass on his return from the chase. Calling to him he asked, "What luck?" The hunter replied that, as he was walking through the woods, he had been suddenly attacked by a large and fierce she-wolf; that he had fired upon her and wounded her; but that the brute persevering in her attack, he had only saved his life by cutting off her fore-paw with his hanger. In evidence of which, he thrust his hand into his hunting-bag to draw out the fore-paw of the



wolf to show it to his friend, but was horrorstruck on perceiving that his bag contained nothing but the hand and fore-arm of a ladv. The two friends were in an agony. On the finger of the hand there was a ring; the hunter showed it to his friend, whose excitement was fearfully increased when he recognized it as his wife's. She was at a chateau at some little dis-The two friends took horse directly and tance. rode to the chateau. On arrival, the husband asked for his wife. Madame was in her boudoir. He found her there, seated before the fire, with one arm hidden under her apron. Rushing at her suddenly, he tore away the apron, and saw that the arm it had concealed was a bleeding, The woman shrieked and handless stump. gnashed her teeth.

She was seized directly, and handed to the authorities to be tried for sorcery. The trial came on in due course. The husband swore that he had long suspected his wife of being a sorceress. The friend testified to the attack of the she-wolf. The court condemned the woman to be burned, and she was burned at Riom in presence of thousands of spectators.

It is but due to the spirit-rappers to relate once more the famous story of the Cock Lane ghost. It really seems intended for them.

Near a hundred years ago, a report was spread through London that a house in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield, was haunted by a ghost. The house belonged to one Parsons, and a stock-broker named Kent had lived there as a lodger with his sister-in-law, just deceased. Parsons declared that ever since the death of Miss Fanny (the sister-in-law), his house had been disturbed by loud knockings at the doors and in the walls. The story making some noise, the house was visited by three clergymen and some twenty citizens of London. ghost communicated with the public-through the medium of a child of Parsons', a girl aged twelve-by a system of knocks, one knock signifying yes, two knocks no, and a scratch meaning displeasure. About two o'clock in the morning the raps began on the wall. The clergymen and the citizens made a thorough perquisition, to discover if possible any trickery; but could detect nothing, and proceeded to examine the ghost. As its vocabulary was limited, the querists put leading questions.

- Q. Are you Kent's wife's sister?
- A. Rap one (yes).
- Q. Were you brought to an untimely end by poison?
 - A. Rap one (yes).
- Q. How was the poison administered—in beer?
 - A. Rap two (no).
 - Q. In purl?
 - A. Rap one (yes).
- Q. Was any one concerned in your death besides Kent?
 - A. Rap two (no).
- Q. Can you, if you please, appear visibly to any one?

- A. Rap one (yes).
- Q. Does it ease your troubled soul to be asked these questions?
 - A. Rap one (yes).
- Q. Would your soul be at rest if Mr. Kent were hanged for this murder?
 - A. Rap one (yes).
- Q. How many persons are there in this room?

The correct number was rapped out by the spirit, and in answer to other questions she mentioned the color of a watch-case held up by one of the clergymen.

- Q. At what time this morning will you take your departure?
- A. Rap four. And accordingly, at four o'clock, the spirit crossed over the way to a public-house, and scared the lodgers out of their senses.

This was a very serious matter. London was beside itself with excitement. The clergy were in a dilemma whether to exorcise the house and child, or to have the ghost recognized publicly. Poor Kent, who stood in no slight peril, very fortunately happened to be a man of nerve. His first act was to have the body of his sisterin-law disinterred, and examined by competent physicians and chemists, who declared that they could find no trace of poison. Meanwhile the crowd which flocked to Cock Lane was immense, and Parsons realized a small fortune by charging a fee for admittance.

The delusion was somewhat checked by the total failure of a grand experiment made in the presence of a large audience of gentlemen and ladies in a house belonging to a clergyman of the neighborhood. The ghost would neither appear, nor rap, nor scratch. The clergy were urgent in their appeals, but the spirit remained mute. Taking advantage of the lull which was caused by this failure, Mr. Kent indicted all the parties concerned for a conspiracy, and had the satisfaction of seeing them all condemned.

This was the last of the Cock Lane ghost. The mode in which its rappings were contrived has never been discovered; but the terrors of the King's Bench evidently frightened it back to its propriety.

It may be unjust to such men as Monsieur de Gasparin to class them with the narrators of the fables we have enumerated. M. de Gasparin's book is ably written, honestly thought, well intended. It fills an important vacuum in our literature; and ranks at the head of the books on occult science. But, like all the other books on unexplained phenomena, until our French philosopher discovers a theory to account for his facts, he will certainly be classed with the historians of charlatanism by a majority of the public. Books deceive; men deceive; our very senses deceive. A prudent public is essentially incredulous. The monks who imprisoned Galileo only evinced the bigotry of common sense. With their light, they were entitled to consider him an impostor; and with ours, we laugh at turning tables.



A REMINISCENCE.

"To the Hôtel Dessin," said I, putting the book in my pocket.

I deny that I am romantic; I deny, unequivocally, that I am influenced by fictitious sympathies. I never was an idealist in my life; I never mean to be one; and yet I told the coachman to drive me to the Hôtel Dessin.

The fact was, that I had been reading the "Sentimental Journey," all the way from St. Omer; and when I reached Calais, and jumped into a fiacre, the name rose to my lips almost before I was aware of it. So away we rattled through a tangle of gloomy little streets, and into the court-yard of "mine inn."

An aristocratic-looking elderly waiter, with a ring and a massive gold watch-chain, sauntered out from a side-office, surveyed me patronizingly, and said, in the blandest tone:

"What is it that Monsieur desires?"

"A private room to begin with. At what hour is your table d'hôte?"

"We have no table d'hôte at the Hôtel Dessin," replied the waiter, languidly; our visitors are served in their apartments."

"Then let me have a dinner as speedily as possible, and a good one, remember."

He looked at me again, as if implying that my tone was not sufficiently deferential—yawned, rang a feeble little bell, and sank, exhausted, upon a bench beside the door. A pretty chamber-maid attended the summons.

"Marie, conduct Monsieur to one of the vacant rooms on the corridor by the garden. And, Marie, on thy return, my child, bring me a glass of absinthe and water."

Leaving this gentleman extended on the bench in an ostentatious state of ennui, I followed the neat little feet and ankles of my conductress up stairs and along a passage full of doors. One of these bore an inscription which at once arrested my attention and my footsteps—Sterne's Room.

"Stay, Mademoiselle!" I exclaimed; "can I have this one?"

Marie smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Certainly," she said, unlocking the door. "The chamber is at Monsieur's service. The English adore it. And why? Because somebody or other slept in it many years ago. How droll they are, these English? Comment! is Monsieur English? Ciel! what a mistake I have committed. Monsieur will never forgive me."

It needed, however, no great amount of protestation on my part to convince Mademoiselle Marie that I was not in the least affronted; so she drew up the blinds, dusted the table in a pretty ineffectual sort of way with the corner of her little apron, hoped that Monsieur would ring if he required any thing, and tripped gayly out of the room.

As for me, I threw myself into a chair and surveyed my new quarters. A portrait of Sterne hung over the fire-place. It was painted on panel, oval-shaped, dark with age and varnish, and looked as though it had been taken during

his visit to Calais—if one might judge by the cracks and stains of it. The cheek rested on the hand; the eyes were turned full upon me with that expression of keen penetration which characterizes every one of his portraits. I sat for a long time looking at it, till the waiter came and prepared the table.

"And now, garçon," said I, after a considerable interval, during which I had been very satisfactorily employed—"and now, garçon, do you really mean to tell me that this is Sterne's room?"

"Upon my honor, Monsieur," replied the waiter, laying his hand upon his heart.

"But how can you be certain after threequarters of a century, or perhaps more, have gone by?"

"The event, Monsieur," said the waiter, "has been preserved in the archives of the house. We pledge ourselves to the veracity of the statement."

I surveyed the man with admiration. He was the grandest waiter I had ever seen in my life, and I had had some little experience, too.

"What wine does Monsieur desire for his dessert?"

I hesitated. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have said port or Champagne; but his sublimity abashed me. I ordered a bottle of Johannisberger.

To my right lay a delicious garden, radiant with beds of verbena and scarlet geranium, and flooded with the evening sunlight. The great trees nodded and whispered, and the windows at the opposite side of the quadrangle shone like burnished gold. I threw open the jalousies, wheeled my table up, plucked one of the white roses that clustered outside, and fancied I could smell the sea air.

"And so," said I, complacently peeling my peaches, "this is actually Sterne's room! He once sat beside this casement where I am now seated; looked out into this garden, where—But who knows? Perhaps the opening scenes of the 'Sentimental Journey' were even written in this chamber, and here am I with the book in my pocket. Now, this is really delightful! Yorick"—and I poured out a glass of the amber Johannisberger, and addressed myself to the portrait over the fire-place—"Yorick, your health!"

I took the volume out, and turning the leaves idly, came to the chapters that treat of the désobligeante. I was decidedly in a soliloquizing mood.

"Now, if I were beginning, instead of ending my journey," said I, "there's nothing I should have preferred to the désobligeante. No doubt, there is one to be had somewhere. What if the identical vehicle be still in the stables! That's nonsense, of course; and yet, I should just like to make the inquiry. Yorick, your health again, and let me tell you, Sir, that it's not every man who, fifty years after his decease, gets toasted in wine at seventeen francs the bottle!"

There was a tap at my door.



- "A thousand pardons," observed the waiter, looking in. "Monsieur is alone?"
- "Go to the mischief!" said I, savagely. Fortunately it was in English, so he did not understand me.
- "There are two gentlemen here, Monsieur—two milords, your countrymen, who desire particularly to be permitted to see this apartment for a moment."
- "'An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen," I muttered to myself, quoting page nineteen of the "Sentimental Journey."
- "Am I honored with Monsieur's permission to show them up?"

I was forced to say Yes—not very graciously, I fear; and he ushered-them in accordingly.

The first was a spare, eager-looking man, with keen, quivering nostrils, and a brow furrowed with thought and expressive of immense determination of character. The appearance of the second was still more remarkable. could not remove my eyes from his face, and yet I could scarcely have told you what it was that so attracted me. His forehead was broad and high; his mouth open and eloquent; his hair black, glossy, and falling in smooth pendulous masses almost to his shoulders. eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and the eyes beneath them animated by a living radiance, alternately dreamy and tender, wild and energetic. I have since heard them compared to "the rolling of a sea with darkened lustre," and I can think of no words which better express their changefulness and their depth.

He entered last, but stepped before his friend, and stood looking at the portrait. The other bowed and apologized to me in a few brief hesitating words for their intrusion.

Presently the second comer turned round, and without any previous recognition of my presence, said:

"I see that you two have been dining together. Has the worthy prebend been an agreeable companion?"

The oddity of the address pleased me.

"I can not say that I have wanted for amusement," I replied, smiling, "since the 'Sentimental Journey' has been lying beside my plate all the time. Will you be seated?"

He needed no second invitation, but dropped indolently into an easy chair, and lay back with his eyes still fixed on the picture; while his companion walked over to the window, and stood there, looking out, with a fidgety uneasy countenance, as if he had seen quite enough of the room, and was more anxious to go than stay.

"I do not admire the 'Sentimental Journey," of manner I said he in the easy chair. "It is poor, sickly stuff; and the oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive its inferiority to Tristram Shandy. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other. But Sterne's morals were bad. His heart was bad; his life was bad. He dallied with vice, and called it sentiment, or combined it with wit, drollery, and fancy, and served it toward him.

up for the amusement of the fashionable world, whose idol he was. His mind oscillated ever on the confines of evil, and from this dangerous element he drew his "effects," his clap-trap, and his false whimpering sensibility. There is not a page of Sterne's writings undefiled by some hint of impurity; and yet he approaches the subject with a mixture of courage and cowardice, as a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time; or, better still, like that trembling daring with which a child touches a hot tea-urn-only because it has been forbidden. He is a hypocrite, because he affects to be the ally of virtue, and entertains all the while a secret sympathy with the enemy. At the same time, I don't think his hypocrisy can do much harm, or his morals either, unless to those who are already vicious."

The gentleman at the window faced round, and shook his head.

"You are seldom just to authors for whom you have no liking," he said, in harsh, quick tones; "and it seems to me that in this instance you jump too hastily at conclusions. It does not follow that a man is a hypocrite because his actions give the lie to his words. If he at one time seems to be a saint, and at another a sinner, he possibly is both in reality, as well as in appearance. A person may be fond of vice and of virtue too, and practice one or the other according to the temptation of the moment; a priest may be pious, and at the same time a sot or a bigot; a woman may be modest, and a rake at heart; a poet may admire the beauties of nature, and be envious of those of other writers, a moralist may act contrary to his own precepts, and yet be sincere in recommending them to others. These are, indeed, contradictions, but they arise out of the contradictory qualities of our nature. A man is a hypocrite only when he affects to take delight in what he does not feel, and not because he takes a perverse delight in opposite things."

"An admirable piece of metaphysical defense," said the other, whom, for the sake of distinction, I shall call the philosopher, "but one that, after all, does not go far to prove your case. Remember Sterne's neglect of his loving wife, and the heartlessness of his flirtations, and then judge how sincere may have been those tears which he sniveled so plenteously over a dead donkey at Nampont. Pshaw! 'tis the very mockery of virtue!"

"And a compliment to it at the same time," retorted the metaphysician. "Come, you are severe to-day, and misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there. The profoundest wisdom is sometimes combined in his pages with an outward appearance of levity; and many passages which have to bear the charge of coarseness, contain, nevertheless, a sterling view of love and charity. Think of Uncle Toby!"

"Who pitied even the devil!" said the philosopher, extending his hand indolently for the bottle of Johannisberger which I had just pushed toward him.



"Who is one of the finest tributes ever paid to human nature!" exclaimed his friend. "Why, this I will say, that Shakspeare himself never conceived a character so genial, so delicious, so unoffending! Then, again, turn to the story of 'Le Fevre:' it is perhaps the finest in the English language. I can not conceive how Goldsmith could call Sterne 'a dull fellow.' The author of the 'Vicar' should have known better." moral stories. gravity alike, it his natural tem bly reminded open a volume "Perfectly," admit the justification, admit the justification, and the properties of the properties of the stories.

"Perhaps," said I, venturing for the first time to mingle with their conversation, "the tone of Goldsmith's mind was too thoroughly English to appreciate the glancing transitions, the poignant though artificial wit, and the extraordinary variableness of Sterne. It has always appeared to me that, although his style was so racy, so rapid, so idiomatically English, his genius and disposition inclined more toward the characteristics of the French writers."

"You mean Rabelais," said the philosopher; "and Rabelais he was, only born in a happier age, and gifted with sentiment."

"I was not alluding particularly to Rabelais," "I believe I was thinking more I rejoined. of the modern French school-of the Balzacs, Karrs, and Paul de Kocks, who can scarcely be supposed to have imitated a half-forgotten English writer of the last century." Both of my visitors looked interested, and I went on. is in his abrupt variations of feeling that this resemblance forces itself upon me. I find in the writers I have named, and in fifty others who are their pupils and contemporaries, the same antithetical propensity which delights in giving a comic turn to a serious passage—the same implied satire and half-expressed doubleentendres—the same unfinished sentences, and the same hysterical mingling of smiles and tears. Compare, for instance, Tristram Shandy and L'Amoureux Fiancé. A Hindoo would swear that the soul of Laurence Sterne had taken up its present abode in the body of Paul de Kock. Again, let us consider his power of turning trifles to account, and evolving from the least promising incidents the most exquisite combinations of feeling and fancy. Apropos of a pin, he fills a page with wisdom on humanities; and from his barber's recommendation of a wig-buckle, deduces an admirable analysis of the French national character. Is not this one of the leading traits of modern French authorship? Place in the way of one of these witty and imaginative feuilletonists the most barren and uninteresting of objects, and he will enrich it with all the embroideries of art, clothe it in the rainbow hues of his own fancy, and though it were but an old pair of ruffles or a market-barrow, end by making you laugh or cry according to his pleas-In this manner, an ingenious French writer has elaborated a charming volume on no more extensive a subject than a journey round his room; and from so simple an incident as a flower springing up accidentally within the confines of a prison, another has contributed to our modern European literature the most touching,

moral stories. Thus, in his gayety and his gravity alike, in his treatment of minutiæ and his natural temperament, I find myself irresistibly reminded of the French style whenever I open a volume of Sterne. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," replied the philosopher; "and I admit the justice of your remarks. He has all the volatility, as well as all the seriousness of the French character—that seriousness which he was the first as well as the last traveler to discern. 'If the French have a fault, Monsieur le Comte,' he says in the chapters on the passport, 'it is that they are too serious.'"

The metaphysician smiled. "Not the last traveler," he said; "for in those notes that I made on my late journey through France and Italy, I particularly observed this exception to their generally fluttering and thoughtless disposition. These last are the qualities that strike us most by contrast to ourselves, and that come most into play in the intercourse of common life; and therefore we are generally disposed to set them down as an altogether frivolous and superficial people. It is a mistake which we shall do well to correct on further acquaintance with them; or, if we persist in it, we must call to our aid an extraordinary degree of our native blindness and obstinacy. Why, the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes 'quite chop-fallen.'"

"It is strange," observed the philosopher, "how little this contradiction in their character has been noticed. They have never had the credit of it, though it stares one in the face every where. You can't go into one of their theatres without being struck by the silence and decorum that reign throughout the audience, from the scholar in the stalls to the workman in the galleries."

"This results in part, perhaps, from their studicus inclinations," said the other. "The French are fond of reading as well as of talking. You may constantly see girls tending an apple-stall in the coldest day in winter, and reading Voltaire or Racine. Such a thing was never known in London as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare. Yet we talk of our wide-spread civilization and ample provisions for the education of the poor!"

"To be read thus by the lowliest as well as the loftiest, should be the highest ambition of the poet," exclaimed the philosopher, enthusiastically. "Do you not remember, William, during that pedestrian excursion which you, Wordsworth, John Chester, and I once made from Nether Stowey to Linton, we staid at an old-fashioned inn near the Valley of Rocks, breakfasted deliciously on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, and found a little worn-out copy of the 'Seasons' lying in the window-seat? I took it up, and with a feeling that I can not describe to you, exclaimed aloud: 'That is true fame!'"

fines of a prison, another has contributed to our "Yes," replied the metaphysician, with a sigh; modern European literature the most touching, "I remember it perfectly. I was but a lad at the most humanizing, the most philosophical of the time, and I listened as if in a dream to every



syllable that fell from the lips of either Wordsworth or yourself. Fame, thought I, with a sinking heart—alas! to me it is but a word: I shall never possess it; yet will I never cease to worship and to pursue it. At that time, I thought to be a painter; and while I lost myself in admiration of a fairy Claude, or hung enraptured over a Titian dark with beauty, I despaired of the perfection I worshiped. And I was right: I should never have made a painter."

His friend smiled, and shook his head. "And yet," said he, "you are content, I should think, with the share of renown that has fallen to your lot. Do you still hold that fame is but a word?"

"I hold it to be a glorious reality," replied the metaphysician; "but one which, least of all others, should be defaced by the petty considerations of our worldly vanities and selfish personalities. Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity—who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight. Fame, to my thinking, means Shakspeare, Homer, Bacon, Raphael. Fame can attach itself only to the past. Reputation is the property of the present."

"A subtle distinction," said the philosopher, emptying the last glass of my Johannisberger; "but one which—"

The door of the chamber opened.

"Your carriage, gentlemen, is ready," said the waiter.

We all rose simultaneously.

"I am sure," said the philosopher, with an air of high-bred courtesy-"I am sure we must have fatigued and interrupted you, Sir, in a most unpardonable manner. I am ashamed"—and here he glanced regretfully toward the empty bottle and the comfortable fauteuil-"to have intruded so long upon your patience and your hospitality; but if you should ever chance to wander in the neighborhood of Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, I will endeavor to atone for my present thoughtlessness, by making you acquainted with our green and hilly country, and our wild sea-shore. Do not suppose that I say this through a forced politeness. I invite few visitors, and those whom I do ask, I welcome most heartily. I am but a hermit in a cottage, however, and can not promise to give you such vintages as this!"

He took a card from his waistcoat pocket, and advancing with an undulating step, laid it down beside me on the table.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, as my eyes fell on the superscription.

The philosopher extended his hand to me.

"You will not forget to come and see me," he said, "if you visit my county; and I trust you will forgive me for introducing myself. It is a bad habit that one acquires abroad—above all, when one meets a fellow-Englishman."

"I consider," said I, "that I am indebted to Yorick for this piece of good-fortune;" and I pointed to the portrait over the mantle-piece.

Coleridge plucked his companion by the sleeve. "Come, Hazlitt," he said, "we have no time to lose."

"How!" I exclaimed—" is it possible that—that your friend is"—

"William Hazlitt," replied the poet, making the metaphysician known to me with a seriocomic gesture—"William Hazlitt, the dreaded critic—the redoubtable reviewer—the terrible essayist!"

I endeavored to stammer out something appropriate as they took leave of me; but at that time I was little used to society, and I believe I had never seen a real live author in my life before, so I fear I was not very successful.

Coleridge hurried his friend from the room, and went out last. Just as he reached the door he turned back.

"Have you read my translation of 'The Visit of the Gods?"

I replied eagerly in the affirmative.

"Then you will remember the opening lines," he said, gayly:

"Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone!"

The door closed directly, and he was gone. Then I heard his genial laugh upon the stairs, and presently the rattling of the wheels that bore them away. I never visited Nether Stowey, and I never saw either of my guests again. Both have since passed away, and left only their fame and their undying thoughts behind them; but I shall never forget that brief acquaintanceship which began and ended one autumnal afternoon in Sterne's Room, at the Hôtel Dessin.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

JOHN BUNYAN, the most popular religious writer in the English language, was born at Elstow, about a mile from Bedford, in the year 1628. He may be said to have been born a tinker. The tinkers then formed a hereditary caste, which was held in no high estimation. They were generally vagrants and pilferers, and were often confounded with the gipsies, whom in truth they nearly resembled. Bunyan's father was more respectable than most of the tribe. He had a fixed residence, and was able to send his son to a village school where reading and writing were taught.

The years of John's boyhood were those during which the Puritan spirit was in the highest vigor all over England; and nowhere had that spirit more influence than in Bedfordshire. It is not wonderful, therefore, that a lad to whom nature had given a powerful imagination and sensibility which amounted to a disease, should have been early haunted by religious terrors. Before he was ten, his sports were interrupted by fits of remorse and despair; and his sleep was disturbed by dreams of fiends trying to fly away with him. As he grew older, his mental conflicts became still more violent. The strong language in which he described



them has strangely misled all his biographers except Mr. Southey. It has long been an ordinary practice with pious writers to cite Bunyan as an instance of the supernatural power of divine grace to rescue the human soul from the lowest depths of wickedness. He is called in one book the most notorious of profligates: in another, the brand plucked from the burning. He is designated in Mr. Ivimey's History of the Baptists as the depraved Bunyan, the wicked tinker of Elstow. Mr. Ryland, a man once of great note among the Dissenters, breaks out into the following rhapsody: "No man of common sense and common integrity can deny that Bunyan was a practical atheist, a worthless, contemptible infidel, a vile rebel to God and goodness, a common profligate, a soul-despising, a soul-murdering, a soul-damning, thoughtless wretch as could exist on the face of the earth. Now be astonished, O heavens, to eternity! and wonder, O earth and hell! while time endures. Behold this very man become a miracle of mercy, a mirror of wisdom, goodness, holiness, truth, and love." But whoever takes the trouble to examine the evidence will find that the good men who wrote this had been deceived by a phraseology which, as they had been hearing it and using it all their lives, they ought to have understood better. There can not be a greater mistake than to infer from the strong expressions in which a devout man bemoans his exceeding sinfulness, that he has led a worse life than his neighbors. Many excellent persons, whose moral character from boyhood to old age has been free from any stain discernible to their fellow-creatures, have, in their autobiographies and diaries, applied to themselves, and doubtless with sincerity, epithets as severe as could be applied to Titus Oates or Mrs. Brownrigg. It is quite certain that Bunyan was, at eighteen, what, in any but the most austerely Puritanical circles, would have been considered as a young man of singular gravity and innocence. Indeed, it may be remarked that he, like many other penitents who, in general terms, acknowledge themselves to have been the worst of mankind, fired up, and stood vigorously on his defense, whenever any particular charge was brought against him by others. He declares, it is true, that he had let loose the reins on the neck of his lusts, that he had delighted in all transgressions against the divine law, and that he had been the ringleader of the youth of Elstow in all manner of vice. But when those who wished him ill accused him of licentious amours, he called on God and the angels to attest his purity. No woman, he said, in heaven, earth, or hell, could charge him with having ever made any improper advances to her. Not only had he been strictly faithful to his wife, but he had, even before marriage, been perfectly spotless. It does not appear from his own confessions, or from the railings of his enemies, that he ever was drunk in his life. One bad habit he contracted, that of using profane language; but he tells us that a single reproof cured him so

effectually that he never offended again. worst that can be laid to the charge of this poor youth, whom it has been the fashion to represent as the most desperate of reprobates, as a village Rochester, is that he had a great liking for some diversions, quite harmless in themselves, but condemned by the rigid precisians among whom he lived, and for whose opinion he had a great respect. The four chief sins of which he was guilty were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tipcat, and reading the History of Sir Bevis of Southamp-A rector of the school of Laud would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model. But Bunyan's notions of good and evil had been learned in a very different school; and he was made miserable by the conflict between his tastes and his scruples.

When he was about seventeen, the ordinary course of his life was interrupted by an event which gave a lasting color to his thoughts. He enlisted in the parliamentary army, and served during the decisive campaign of 1645. All that we know of his military career is that, at the siege of Leicester, one of his comrades, who had taken his post, was killed by a shot from the town. Bunyan ever after considered himself as having been saved from death by the special interference of Providence. It may be observed that his imagination was strongly impressed by the glimpse which he had caught of the pomp of war. To the last he loved to draw his illustrations of sacred things from camps and fortresses, from guns, drums, trumpets, flags of truce, and regiments arrayed, each under its. own banner. His Greatheart, his Captain Boanerges, and his Captain Credence, are evidently portraits, of which the originals were among those martial saints who fought and expounded in Fairfax's army.

In a few months Bunyan returned home, and married. His wife had some pious relations, and brought him as her only portion some pious books. And now his mind, excitable by nature, very imperfectly disciplined by education, and exposed, without any protection, to the infectious virulence of the enthusiasm which was then epidemic in England, began to be fearfully disordered. In outward things he soon became a strict Pharisee. He was constant in attendance at prayers and sermons. His favorite amusements were, one after another, relinquished, though not without many painful struggles. In the middle of a game at tipcat he paused, and stood staring wildly upward with his stick in his hand. He had heard a voice asking him whether he would leave his sins and go to heaven, or keep his sins and go to hell; and he had seen an awful countenance frowning on him from the sky. The odious vice of bell-ringing he renounced; but he still for a time ventured to go to the church tower and look on while others pulled the ropes. But soon the thought struck him that, if he persisted in such wickedness, the steeple would fall on his head; and he fled in terror from the accursed



place. To give up dancing on the village green was still harder; and some months elapsed before he had the fortitude to part with this darling sin. When this last sacrifice had been made, he was, even when tried by the maxims of that austere time, faultless. All Elstow talked of him as an eminently pious youth. But his own mind was more unquiet than ever. Having nothing more to do in the way of visible reformation, yet finding in religion no pleasures to supply the place of the juvenile amusements which he had relinquished, he began to apprehend that he lay under some special malediction; and he was tormented by a succession of fantasies which seemed likely to drive him to suicide or to Bedlam.

At one time he took it into his head that all persons of Israelite blood would be saved, and tried to make out that he partook of that blood; but his hopes were speedily destroyed by his father, who seems to have had no ambition to be regarded as a Jew.

At another time Bunyan was disturbed by a strange dilemma: "If I have not faith, I am lost; if I have faith, I can work miracles." He was tempted to cry to the puddles between Elstow and Bedford, "Be ye dry," and to stake his eternal hopes on the event.

Then he took up a notion that the day of grace for Bedford and the neighboring villages was passed; that all who were to be saved in that part of England were already converted; and that he had begun to pray and strive some months too late.

Then he was harassed by doubts whether the Turks were not in the right, and the Christians in the wrong. Then he was troubled by a maniacal impulse which prompted him to pray to the trees, to a broomstick, to the parish bull. As yet, however, he was only entering the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Soon the darkness grew thicker. Hideous forms floated before him. Sounds of cursing and wailing were in his ears. His way ran through stench and fire, close to the mouth of the bottomless pit. He began to be haunted by a strange curiosity about the unpardonable sin, and by a morbid longing to commit it. But the most frightful of all the forms which his disease took was a propensity to utter blasphemy, and especially to renounce his share in the benefits of the redemption. Night and day, in bed, at table, at work, evil spirits, as he imagined, were repeating close to his ear the words, "Sell him, He struck at the hobgoblins; he sell him." pushed them from him; but still they were ever at his side. He cried out in answer to them, hour after hour, "Never, never; not for thousands of worlds; not for thousands." At length, worn out by this long agony, he suffered the fatal words to escape him, "Let him go, if he will." Then his misery became more fearful than ever. He had done what could not be forgiven. He had forfeited his part of the great sacrifice. Like Esau, he had sold his birth- it in the power of the Cavalier gentlemen and

"None," he afterward wrote, repentance. "knows the terrors of those days but myself." He has described his sufferings with singular energy, simplicity, and pathos. He envied the brutes; he envied the very stones in the street, and the tiles on the houses. The sun seemed to withhold its light and warmth from him. His body, though cast in a sturdy mould, and though still in the highest vigor of youth, trembled whole days together with the fear of death and judgment. He fancied that this trembling was the sign set on the worst reprobates, the sign which God had put on Cain. The unhappy man's emotion destroyed his power of digestion. He had such pains that he expected to burst asunder like Judas, whom he regarded as his prototype.

Neither the books which Bunyan read, nor the advisers whom he consulted, were likely to do much good in a case like his. His small library had received a most unseasonable addition—the account of the lamentable end of Francis Spira. One ancient man of high repute for piety, whom the sufferer consulted, gave an opinion which might well have produced fatal consequences. "I am afraid," said Bunyan, "that I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." "Indeed," said the old fanatic, "I am afraid that you have."

At length the clouds broke; the light became clearer and clearer; and the enthusiast, who had imagined that he was branded with the mark of the first murderer, and destined to the end of the arch traitor, enjoyed peace and a cheerful confidence in the mercy of God. Years elapsed, however, before his nerves, which had been so perilously overstrained, recovered their tone. When he had joined a Baptist society at Bedford, and was for the first time admitted to partake of the Eucharist, it was with difficulty that he could refrain from imprecating destruction on his brethren while the cup was passing from hand to hand. After he had been some time a member of the congregation he began to preach; and his sermons produced a powerful effect. He was indeed illiterate; but he spoke to illiterate men. The severe training through which he had passed had given him such an experimental knowledge of all the modes of religious melancholy as he could never have gathered from books; and his vigorous genius, animated by a fervent spirit of devotion, enabled him not only to exercise a great influence over the vulgar, but even to extort the half-contemptuous admiration of scholars. Yet it was long before he ceased to be tormented by an impulse which urged him to utter words of horrible impiety in the pulpit.

Counter-irritants are of as great use in moral as in physical diseases. It should seem that Bunyan was finally relieved from the internal sufferings which had imbittered his life by sharp persecution from without. He had been five years a preacher when the Restoration put right; and there was no longer any place for | clergymen all over the country to oppress the



Dissenters; and, of all the Dissenters whose | history is known to us, he was perhaps the most hardly treated. In November, 1660, he was flung into Bedford jail; and there he remained, with some intervals of partial and precarious liberty, during twelve years. His persecutors tried to extort from him a promise that he would abstain from preaching; but he was convinced that he was divinely set apart and commissioned to be a teacher of righteousness, and he was fully determined to obey God rather than man. He was brought before several tribunals, laughed at, caressed, reviled, menaced, but in vain. He was facetiously told that he was quite right in thinking that he ought not to hide his gift; but that his real gift was skill in repairing old kettles. He was compared to Alexander the coppersmith. He was told that if he would give up preaching he should be instantly liberated. He was warned that if he persisted in disobeying the law he would be liable to banishment, and that if he were found in England after a certain time his neck would be stretched. His answer was, "If you let me out to-day, I will preach again to-morrow." Year after year he lay patiently in a dungeon, compared with which the worst prison now to be found in the island is a palace. His fortitude is the more extraordinary because his domestic feelings were unusually strong. Indeed, he was considered by his stern brethren as somewhat too fond and indulgent a parent. He had several small children, and among them a daughter who was blind, and whom he loved with peculiar tenderness. He could not, he said, bear even to let the wind blow on her; and now she must suffer cold and hunger, she must beg, she must be beaten. "Yet," he added, "I must, I must do it." While he lay in prison he could do nothing in the way of his old trade for the support of his family. He determined, therefore, to take up a new trade. He learned to make long tagged thread laces; and many thousands of these articles were furnished by him to the hawkers. While his hands were thus busied, he had other employment for his mind and his lips. He gave religious instruction to his fellowcaptives, and formed from among them a little flock, of which he was himself the pastor. He studied indefatigably the few books which he possessed. His two chief companions were the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. His knowledge of the Bible was such that he might have been called a living concordance; and on the margin of his copy of the Book of Martyrs are still legible the ill-spelled lines of doggerel in which he expressed his reverence for the brave sufferers, and his implacable enmity to the mystical Babylon.

At length he began to write, and though it was some time before he discovered where his bal was in power. Charles II. had concluded strength lay, his writings were not unsuccessful. They were coarse, indeed, but they showed a keen mother-wit, a great command of the first step which he took toward that end was to homely mother tongue, an intimate knowledge annul, by an unconstitutional exercise of his of the English Bible, and a vast and dearly-prerogative, all the penal statutes against the

bought spiritual experience. They therefore, when the corrector of the press had improved the syntax and the spelling, were well received by the humbler class of Dissenters.

Much of Bunyan's time was spent in controversy. He wrote sharply against the Quakers, whom he seems always to have held in utter abhorrence. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that he adopted one of their peculiar fashions: his practice was to write, not November or December, but eleventh month and twelfth month.

He wrote against the liturgy of the Church of England. No two things, according to him, had less affinity than the form of prayer and the spirit of prayer. Those, he said with much point, who have most of the spirit of prayer are all to be found in jail; and those who have most zeal for the form of prayer are all to be found at the ale-house. The doctrinal articles, on the other hand, he warmly praised, and defended against some Arminian clergymen who had signed them. The most acrimonious of all his works is his answer to Edward Fowler, afterward Bishop of Gloucester, an excellent man, but not free from the taint of Pelagianism.

Bunyan had also a dispute with some of the chiefs of the sect to which he belonged. He doubtless held with perfect sincerity the distinguishing tenet of that sect, but he did not consider that tenet as one of high importance, and willingly joined in communion with pious Presbyterians and Independents. The sterner Baptists, therefore, loudly pronounced him a false brother. A controversy arose which long survived the original combatants. In our own time the cause which Bunvan had defended with rude logic and rhetoric against Kiffin and Danvers was pleaded by Robert Hall with an ingenuity and eloquence such as no polemical writer has ever surpassed.

During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, Bunyan's confinement seems to have been strict. But as the passions of 1660 cooled, as the hatred with which the Puritans had been regarded while their reign was recent gave place to pity, he was less and less harshly treated. The distress of his family, and his own patience, courage, and piety, softened the hearts of his persecutors. Like his own Christian in the cage, he found protectors even among the crowd of Vanity Fair. The bishop of the diocese, Dr. Barlow, is said to have interceded for him. At length the prisoner was suffered to pass most of his time beyond the walls of the jail, on condition, as it should seem, that he remained within the town of Bedford.

He owed his complete liberation to one of the worst acts of one of the worst governments that England has ever seen. In 1671 the Cathe treaty by which he bound himself to set up the Roman Catholic religion in England. The



Roman Catholics; and, in order to disguise his real design, he annulled at the same time the penal statutes against Protestant nonconformists. Bunyan was consequently set at large. In the first warmth of his gratitude he published a tract in which he compared Charles to that humane and generous Persian king who, though not himself blessed with the light of the true religion, favored the chosen people, and permitted them, after years of captivity, to rebuild their beloved temple. To candid men, who consider how much Bunyan had suffered, and how little he could guess the secret designs of the court, the unsuspicious thankfulness with which he accepted the precious boon of freedom will not appear to require any apology.

Before he left his prison he had begun the book which has made his name immortal. The history of that book is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words: quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales, sunny pastures, a gloomy castle, of which the court-yard was strewn with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners; a town all bustle and splendor, like London on the Lord Mayor's Day; and the narrow path, straight as a rule could make it, running on up hill and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and the Shining Gate. He had found out-as most people would have said, by accident—as he would doubtless have said, by the guidance of Providence-where his powers lay. He had no suspicion, indeed, that he was producing a master-piece. He could not guess what place his allegory would occupy in English literature, for of English literature he knew nothing. Those who suppose him to have studied the Fairy Queen might easily be confuted, if this were the proper place for a detailed examination of the passages in which the two allegories have been thought to resemble each other. The only work of fiction, in all probability, with which he could compare his pilgrim, was his old favorite, the legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. He would have thought it a sin to borrow any time from the serious business of his life, from his expositions, his controversies, and his lace tags, for the purpose of amusing himself with what he considered merely as a trifle. It was only, he assures us, at spare moments that he returned to the house Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground. He had no assistance. Nobody but himself saw a line till the whole was complete. He then consulted his pious friends. Some were pleased. Others were much scandalized. It was a vain story, a mere romance about giants, and lions, and goblins, and war-

sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. The loose atheistical wits at Will's might write such stuff to divert the painted Jezebels of the court; but did it become a minister of the gospel to copy the evil fashions of the world? There had been a time when the cant of such fools would have made Bunyan miserable. But that time was passed; and his mind was now in a firm and healthy state. He saw that, in employing fiction to make truth clear and goodness attractive, he was only following the example which every Christian ought to propose to himself; and he determined to print.

The Pilgrim's Progress stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable that, during some months, the little volume circulated only among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale. which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies, which interested his feelings for human beings, frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and from without, which every moment drew a smile from him by some stroke of quaint yet simple pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God and of sympathy for man, began to produce its effect. In Puritanical circles, from which plays and novels were strictly excluded, that effect was such as no work of genius, though it were superior to the Iliad, to Don Quixote, or to Othello, can ever produce on a mind accustomed to indulge in literary luxury. In 1668 came forth a second edition with additions; and then the demand became immense. In the four following years the book was reprinted six times. The eighth edition, which contains the last improvements made by the author, was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, the tenth in 1685. The help of the engraver had early been called in; and tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on execrable copper-plates, which represented Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon, or writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair. In Scotland, and in some of the colonies, the Pilgrim was even more popular than in his native country. Bunyan has told us, with very pardonable vanity, that in New England his dream was the daily subject of the conversation of thousands, and was thought worthy to appear in the most superb binding. He had numerous admirers in Holland, and among the Huguenots of France. With the pleasure, however, he experienced some of the pains of cminence. Knavish booksellers put forth volumes of trash under his name, and envious scribblers maintained it to be impossible that the poor ignorant tinker should really be the author of the book which was called his.

about giants, and lions, and goblins, and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and who counterfeited him and these who slandered



him. He continued to work the gold-field which he had discovered, and to draw from it new treasures, not indeed with quite such ease and in quite such abundance as when the precious soil was still virgin, but yet with success which left all competition far behind. In 1684 appeared the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress. It was soon followed by the Holy War, which, if the Pilgrim's Progress did not exist, would be the best allegory that ever was written.

Bunyan's place in society was now very different from what it had been. There had been a time when many Dissenting ministers, who could talk Latin and read Greek, had affected to treat him with scorn. But his fame and influence now far exceeded theirs. He had so great an authority among the Baptists that he was popularly called Bishop Bunyan. His episcopal visitations were annual. From Bedford he rode every year to London, and preached there to large and attentive congregations. From London he went his circuit through the country, animating the zeal of his brethren, collecting and distributing alms, and making up quarrels. The magistrates seem in general to have given him little trouble. But there is reason to believe that, in the year 1685, he was in some danger of again occupying his old quarters in Bedford jail. In that year the rash and wicked enterprise of Monmouth gave the government a pretext for prosecuting the Nonconformists; and scarcely one eminent divine of the Presbyterian. Independent, or Baptist persuasion remained unmolested. Baxter was in prison; Howe was driven into exile; Henry was arrested. Two eminent Baptists, with whom Bunyan had been engaged in controversy, were in great peril and distress. Danvers was in danger of being hanged; and Kiffin's grandsons were actually hanged. The tradition is that, during those evil days, Bunyan was forced to disguise himself as a wagoner, and that he preached to his congregation at Bedford in a smock-frock, with a cart-whip in his hand. But soon a great change took place. James the Second was at open war with the church, and found it necessary to court the Dissenters. Some of the creatures of the government tried to secure the aid They probably knew that he had of Bunyan. written in praise of the indulgence of 1672, and therefore hoped that he might be equally pleased with the indulgence of 1687. But fifteen years of thought, observation, and commerce with the world had made him wiser. Nor were the cases exactly parallel. Charles was a professed Protestant; James was a professed Papist. object of Charles's indulgence was disguised; the object of James's indulgence was patent. Bunyan was not deceived. He exhorted his hearers to prepare themselves by fasting and prayer for the danger which menaced their civil and religious liberties, and refused even to speak to the courtier who came down to remodel the corporation of Bedford, and who, as was supposed, had it in charge to offer some municipal dignity to the Bishop of the Baptists.

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Bunyan did not live to see the Revolution. In the summer of 1688 he undertook to plead the cause of a son with an angry father, and at length prevailed on the old man not to disinherit the young one. This good work cost the benevolent intercessor his life. He had to ride through heavy rain. He came drenched to his lodgings on Snow Hill, was seized with a violent fever, and died in a few days. He was buried in Bunhill Fields; and the spot where he lies is still regarded by the nonconformists with a feeling which seems scarcely in harmony with the stern spirit of their theology. Many Puritans, to whom the respect paid by Roman Catholics to the relics and tombs of saints seemed childish or sinful, are said to have begged with their dying breath that their coffins might be placed as near as possible to the coffin of the author of the Pilgrim's Progress.

The fame of Bunyan during his life, and during the century which followed his death, was indeed great, but was almost entirely confined to religious families of the middle and lower classes. Very seldom was he during that time mentioned with respect by any writer of great literary eminence. Young coupled his prose with the poetry of the wretched D'Urfey. In the Spiritual Quixote, the adventures of Christian are ranked with those of Jack the Giant-Killer and John Hickathrift. Cowper ventured to praise the great allegorist, but did not venture to name him. It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of the Pilgrim's Progress were evidently meant for the cottage and the servant's The paper, the printing, the plates, were all of the meanest description. In general, when the educated minority and the common people differ about the merit of a book, the opinion of the educated minority finally prevails. The Pilgrim's Progress is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

The attempts which have been made to improve and to imitate this book are not to be numbered. It has been done into verse: it has been done into modern English. The Pilgrimage of Tender Conscience, the Pilgrimage of Good Intent, the Pilgrimage of Seek Truth, the Pilgrimage of Theophilus, the Infant Pilgrim, the Hindoo Pilgrim, are among the many feeble copies of the great original. But the peculiar glory of Bunyan is that those who most hated his doctrines have tried to borrow the help of his genius. A Catholic version of his parable may be seen with the head of the Virgin in the title-page. On the other hand, those Antinomians for whom his Calvinism is not strong enough, may study the pilgrimage of Hephzibah, in which nothing will be found which can be construed into an admission of free agency and universal redemption. But the most extraordinary of all the acts of Vandalism by which a fine work of art was ever defaced was committed so late as the year 1853.



It was determined to transform the Pilgrim's Progress into a Tractarian book. The task was not easy; for it was necessary to make the two sacraments the most prominent objects in the allegory; and of all Christian theologians, avowed Quakers excepted, Bunyan was the one in whose system the sacraments held the least prominent place. However, the Wicket Gate became a type of baptism, and the House Beautiful of the Eucharist. The effect of this change is such as assuredly the ingenious person who made it never contemplated; for, as not a single pilgrim passes through the Wicket Gate in infancy, and as Faithful hurries past the House Beautiful without stopping, the lesson which the fable in its altered shape teaches, is that none but adults ought to be baptized, and that the Eucharist may safely be neglected. Nobody would have discovered from the original Pilgrim's Progress that the author was not a Pædobaptist. turn his book into a book against Pædobaptism was an achievement reserved for an Anglo-Catholic divine. Such blunders must necessarily be committed by every man who mutilates parts of a great work, without taking a comprehensive view of the whole.

THE BROKEN SHILLING.

IT was rather a cool September evening, I remember, and we had a fire lighted in the back parlor.

Mr. Smith was reading a package of letters. Mrs. Smith dozed in a corner of the sofa, lulled to rest, I suppose, by the ceaseless thrumming of Miss Lizzie on the piano. In a corner by herself, with a single lamp beside her, Betsy Lake sat sewing. Know that I answer to the anti-euphonious name of Betsy. I was christened Elizabeth, and up to the time of my coming to live with the Smiths I had been called Lizzie Lake. But Mrs. Smith said "it was inconvenient having two of the same name in the family, and she would have me called Betsy," or "Batsy," to give her smooth, drawling pronunciation. I did not like the change. name seemed old-fashioned, homely, and quite unsuited to my fourteen years. However, custom had rendered the ungraceful appellation familiar, and now, after the lapse of six years, I have almost ceased to remember and regret the name given me at my christening.

"Here is a line from Graham," said Mr. Smith,
stating that he is coming to N—— on business,
and that he intends to stop a few days with us."

This announcement caused a sensation in our quiet family party. Mrs. Smith suddenly sat bolt upright, looking wide awake. Miss Lizzie left the piano, and ran to look over her father's shoulder at the letter.

Even Betsy Lake was guilty of a little silly start of surprise, whereby her needle glanced from the cambric, and penetrated the fore finger of her left hand.

For three successive seasons, the Smiths had met with Weld Graham and his mother at Saratoga. The acquaintance thus commenced had the door.

ripened into intimacy, and for some months the two families had corresponded.

An animated discussion followed the reading of the letter, the debated point being whether a party should be got up on the Graham's account. Of course I had neither interest nor voice in the question. But I had my own busy thoughts for company, and they led me back to certain pleasant reminiscences in my somewhat clouded experience of life. In my eleventh summer, my dear father had left me a motherless child, in the charge of a friend, while he went South, in the vain hope that a change of climate would restore his failing health. Weld Graham was then a lad of sixteen, preparing for college, and a boarder in the family with myself. Every incident of that bright and brief summer was chronicled in my memory. Our manifold quarrels and reconcilements; the garden where we made some astonishing experiments in horticulture; the swing put up for my especial pleasure; and our exercises in drawing, in which I was tutor-Weld my pupil. I have a decided talent for drawing. I say it with pride, because it is my one, sole gift. When a child, I delighted in sketching caricatures, and at the instigation of Weld Graham, I executed numberless rough, but graphic sketches of individuals whom we both knew, and who possessed peculiarities of physiognomy, upon which my pencil could scize and enlarge. Some of these sketches had been claimed by Weld for keepsakes, and a few of them I still retained.

On the whole, I was glad that Weld Graham was coming. I remembered him as a spirited, active, and ambitious lad, and I wished to know in what degree his manhood fulfilled the promise of his youth.

Would he recognize me? I thought not. The staid young woman, who did plain sewing, and made herself generally useful in Mr. Smith's family, was quite a different person from the light-hearted Lizzie Lake whom he had known. Nor did I wish to be recognized. Fate had given me a full measure of harsh experience. No sparing hand meted to me my portion of the world's rough usage. In childhood parental love planted roses in my path, but they withered long ago. Not a fresh leaf or blossom remained—thorns only for my bleeding feet; but I did not faint by the way-side. Resolutely I went on my allotted pilgrimage, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. Yet if I chanced to encounter those whom I had known in more hopeful times, I instinctively covered my face, saying, "We go on life's journey by diverse ways, therefore I know you not." Thus it was that I wished for no recognition on the part of my old play-fellow. To see him, to know that he was prosperous, happy, and distinguished, would give me pleasure; but I wished not to be known in return.

One morning, some three days after Mr. Graham came, I was engaged in clear-starching Miss Lizzie's muslins, when Mrs. Smith came to the door.



- "Betsy, you will have to leave those things," she said, "and carry Mr. Graham's valise down to the cross-roads. He is going to the north village, and left word to have Tom take his valise across the meadow in season to meet the morning coach."
 - "Why does not Tom go, as directed?"
- "He is away somewhere with Mr. Smith, and Mr. Graham has gone round by the post-office, expecting to find his luggage at the cross-roads when the stage comes along.".

"Can't Jane go?"

"No. She says she hurt her ankle yesterday, and it pains her this morning. There is nobody to send but you, Betsy."

"Very well, I will go."

In a few minutes I was on my way across the field. I rather liked the novelty of the expedition, which would afford a chance of seeing Mr. Graham. As yet I had not spoken with him, nor hardly seen him, so constantly was I engaged in sharing the housemaid's labors.

On reaching the cross-roads, I sat down on a rock by the roadside, placing the valise before me on the grass. In a short time I heard the coach coming, but no Mr. Graham was in sight. It, the coach, soon came up. The driver called to me. "Going in the stage, ma'am?" I shook my head, and the lumbering vehicle sped on its way, leaving me half smothered in a cloud of dust.

So Mr. Graham had missed the coach. And what was I to do with the valise? Return with it? Not I, indeed! It was much pleasanter idling away the forenoon in the fresh air than working with Jane, in a hot, dingy kitchen. I raised the valise, and retreated with it to the shade of a friendly birch. There was a roll of half-finished embroidery, a copy of the "Lady of the Lake," and a much-worn drawing-pencil in the pocket of my dress.

Having made this inventory of my present available property, I selected the pencil, and amused myself in sketching the passers-by on the smooth, white bark of the birch. The body of the tree was quite covered with oddly contrasted figures when I put up the pencil and turned to look across the meadow. Mr. Graham stood near, regarding my rough draughts with an amused look.

- "Pardon me if I have disturbed you!" he
- "Having worked up my materials, I can afford to be disturbed. You are an hour too late for the coach, Mr. Graham."
- "Yes. I was misinformed as to the time of its arrival. I see my valise is here, but not the person who brought it."
- "I brought it over before the stage came along, and have been keeping faithful watch and ward over it since.'
- "You brought it over! I extremely regret itnor can I understand why the task was imposed upon you! I left directions for Mr. Smith's man, Tom, to come on with my valise."

- gaged. Therefore it devolved on Mrs. Smith's woman, Betsy, to fulfill your commission."
- "That a-young lady should have done me a menial's service-
- "Need occasion no uneasiness, Mr. Graham. I belong, literally, to that class of individuals who are 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' Were I to sketch myself, it would be with a burden on my shoulders, cumbersome as that which Christian bore, in the illustrations that grace the ancient editions of his pilgrimage. But if you please, I would like my shilling, my porter's hire, Sir."

"Thank you for reminding me," he said, laughing, as he held forth a bright gold eagle.

- "Keep your gold, Mr. Graham. I shall take not a penny more than I have earned. Haven't you a stray shilling?"
- "If I have, I would much rather give you the gold."
- "And I will have nothing but the silver." Without further parley, he bestowed the compensation I asked.
- "What will you do with it? buy a new pencil?" he said.
- "No. I shall keep it for the sake of langsyne."
- "I do not see the drift of your enigmatical expression," said Mr. Graham, slowly, and looking at me attentively the while.
- "Then the riddle must remain a riddle. I have neither time, inclination, nor intention to enlighten your understanding, which, pardon me, is quite obtuse. Now that my mission is ended, and my wages paid, I will go home. I wish you a good-morning, Sir."

I returned by way of the field. On gaining the shelter of the bushes that grew along the border of the meadow, I looked back, and saw Mr. Graham yet standing beneath the old birch, engaged in studying the delineations on its bark. For many a day I had not known so light a heart. The interview just past reminded me so pleasantly and forcibly of old times, that for the moment I seemed once more a child, delightfully occupied in vexing and perplexing Weld Graham. However, no sooner did I cross the threshold of my guardian's door (I was Mr. Smith's ward) than these pleasant fancies vanished. I regained my identity. More than that, I privately read Betsy Lake a pretty severe lecture, showing her the utter folly of thus dragging from oblivion bright passages in the early girlhood of Lizzie Lake.

The next morning, Jane and I were at work together, finishing the week's ironing that I had left the previous day when sent off to the crossroads.

- "I have always supposed till now, Betsy, that you had no property more than I have, remarked the housemaid.
- "Nor have I, Jane. I am poor as a church mouse, which means, I suspect, poor as is possible for one to be."
- "But Mrs. Smith says you have some prop-"Mr. Smith's man, Tom, was otherwise en- erty. Just now I heard Mr. Graham asking



her particularly about you, and she at last said. in a loth kind of a way, that your father left you a little something, which you would have when you came of age. She said, too, that you were very intractable when you came here, and she and Mr. Smith thought you would be more manageable if made to think you were dependent on them for every thing.'

I dropped my work and went straight to my The mystery was solved at last, for I never could understand how it was that my father had left me utterly penniless at his demise. And the motives of my guardians, in deceiving me thus, were easily divined. The charge of intractability was false. That I knew; for overcome with grief at the loss of my dear father, and placed among entire strangers, I had passively submitted to my lot. But I saw now that a kind of selfish, parental instinct had induced Mr. and Mrs. Smith to place me so low in the scale of social standing, that there could be no possible rivalry between their darling Lizzie and their ward. And how blindly I had furthered the scheme! Impressed with the idea that I was indebted to charity for a home, I had bowed my neck to the yoke, and offered my willing hands to the work of a hireling, rather than submit to the galling sense of dependence. Lizzie and I had grown to womanhood with divided interests and pursuits. We were also entirely unlike in character and person. Though two years my senior, Lizzie looked younger than I by three years. She had an infantile, pink and white face; a tall, slender figure, and an abundance of glossy, very light brown hair. On the contrary, I was dark-skinned, short and sturdy in stature. Lizzie was called a beauty. "Rather a good-looking young woman," was the highest commendation ever awarded to my inferior person. Lizzie had no open, glaring vice; but she showed an indefinite number of petty faults, fruits of unlimited maternal indulgence. She would not boldly repeat an out-andout lie, but were any thing to be gained by deception she did not hesitate to deceive. For instance, she asked for my portfolio of drawings to lay on the centre-table; and if a visitor chanced to commend her taste when looking at my sketches, she managed to convey the impression that they were literally hers, without speaking an absolute falsehood.

I remember being called into the parlor, to receive some directions about my sewing, on the evening of that day that I learned my father had left property.

Lizzie and Mr. Graham sat on the sofa, looking over the contents of my portfolio—he warmly commending, she adroitly appropriating his commendation.

Suddenly Mr. Graham rose, and bent over the light, for a closer view of a couple of sketches. Both were caricatures. One represented an elderly man, tall and angular in figure, sparse locks of coarse hair hung over the ears, deepset eyes peered from under shaggy brows, and the nose and chin were brought in close proxim- but I did not mean you should know is till you

"The Tutor," was penciled underneath. ity. The other delineated a female of middle age. the shoulders round and high, the face of preposterous breadth, and a double chin of ample

"These caricatures, Miss Smith-where did you get them?" asked Mr. Graham.

"Some of my fancy sketches, I suppose."

"They are no fancy sketches! Did you draw them?"

She rose and approached the table, the bloom of her fair cheeks a little deepened.

- "I have no recollection of drawing these odd figures. Perhaps Betsy will own them. She has a taste for sketching every strange, queerlooking object that falls in her way," and Lizzie looked imploringly at me.
- "Are they yours?" asked Mr. Graham, addressing me.
 - "Yes. They are mine."
 - "Copies or originals?"

"Originals, Mr. Graham, and essentially so. I have often heard you say that Master Barnard and his housekeeper were 'two old originals.'"

He dropped the sketches, and stood regarding me in mute surprise. Suddenly a smile of recognition brightened his face, and coming forward, he clasped both my hands.

"Lizzie Lake! my old friend Lizzie!" he exclaimed. Then observing the astonished looks of Mrs. Smith and her daughter, he attempted an explanation.

"Years ago we were companions, playmates, and fast friends, my dear Mrs. Smith, and Lizzie will tell you so.'

"The best of friends in time of truce. But you remember, Mr. Weld, that we often quarreled, because you were irritable and imperious. Masculine faults, those, altogether."

"Taunting and vilifying as of old! Time has failed to blunt the sharpness of your sarcastic tongue, my perverse Lizzie.'

"Time has dragged me through a deal of rough experience, which has in nowise corrected my perverse disposition."

"Sit here and tell me over this rough experience; I promise you beforehand my liveliest sympathy. Pardon me, Miss Smith-bear with me, dear madam, if I am so ill-bred as to seize upon Miss Lake, and monopolize her for the remainder of the evening."

In relating the events of the six past years, I meant in naught to extenuate, nor to set down naught in malice. But freely and fully I explained to Mr. Graham the relation in which I stood to my guardian's family. I told him how I had lived almost as a servant in Mr. Smith's house, under the impression that I was dependent upon his charity for a home.

"But I have at last discovered that my father left me a little something; how much, I remain to be informed," I concluded, turning to Mr. Smith, who had entered a few minutes previously.

"He left about five thousand dollars, Betsy,



doubled when you are twenty-one."

- "And I come into possession of ten thousand dollars at the close of my minority! Would to Heaven I had known it earlier!"
- "Don't get excited, I beg of you, Betsy!" commenced Mrs. Smith, in her smooth, slow way. "We thought it best for your interests to suppress this fact until there was necessity of your knowing it. Being placed in my charge, I felt it my duty to give you a thorough domestic training, such as every young woman ought to have before she is fitted for the responsibilities of mature life."
- "You are certainly entitled to my gratitude, Mrs. Smith, since in strictly performing your duty by me you have utterly neglected the domestic education of your own daughter."
- "But with Lizzie's delicate constitution, I could not-"
- I had not patience to listen further, and turned abruptly away.
- "Have you no congratulations for me?" I asked Mr. Graham.
- "An infinity of them, all struggling for utterance. But Lizzie, now that you find yourself so rich, you will, of course, wish to return me that shilling. I can not deny feeling particularly anxious to repossess it."
- "And I am fully as anxious to keep it. I earned it, remember, and it is unquestionably my property."
 - "But I want it for a keepsake."
 - "So do I, Mr. Graham."

Bending over my chair, he spoke in a quick,

- "Let us share it, Lizzie; will you break the coin with me?"
- "Possibly I may. But I shall insist on keeping the biggest piece. You know when people unexpectedly come into possession of property, they sometimes grow terribly avaricious. I am one of that class."
- "What will you do with your ten thousand dollars?"
- "Donate a good portion to advance a humane cause. That means, to ameliorate the condition of orphan girls under a course of 'thorough domestic training.'"
 - "How keenly resentful!"
- "Yes, just at this moment; but I shall grow calm, perhaps forgiving, by-and-by. Now I am excited, angry, pleased, and, as I verily think, half crazed. I will betake myself to my room, before any sudden outbreak shocks the sensibilities of this exemplary family. Goodnight, Mr. Graham."

"Good-night, and auspicious dreams to you. Remember the shilling, Lizzie! You have promised to return me a moiety.'

All that long night I lay awake, a constant rush of thoughts surging through my brain. Joy in my newly found riches, resentment at the deception of my guardians, pleasure in the renewal of Weld Graham's friendship, all in turn agitated my mind. I thought also, with | by the keen, unsparing edge of ridicule, is a less

came of age. The original sum will be nearly | regret and anger, how unfitted I was for the higher station which my fortune entitled me to My education was limited to the more common branches of study. I had neither accomplishments, nor a requisite knowledge of the proprieties and refinements that belong to cultivated society. Conscious of a roughness and idiosyncrasy in my mental constitution, I feared at this late day that no polishing could smooth the rough points, and adapt my character to a higher social position.

> Mr. Graham was the only person who manifested a particle of interest or sympathy in the difficulties attending my changed prospects. The morning he left I held a long conference with him, frankly stating the perplexities that beset my path.

> "You perceive what an ornament I shall be to society," I remarked, in conclusion. "The world will be literally astonished with the forthcoming prodigy."

"You are ambitious to shine, Lizzie, and so sensitive to the world's opinion that you perversely underrate yourself."

"Not so, I assure you. I have weighed to the minutest fraction every personal and mental endowment which I may justly claim, and discovered my deplorable want."

"Not of mental ability, surely!"

- "Yes, mental ability of the right stamp. Society demands intellectual, as well as personal grace and refinement."
- "If you think society so exacting, why not disregard its requirements, and live within and for yourself?"
- "Because I am human, and crave the social affections and sympathies of my kind."
- "All of which are within your reach, if you will not obstinately thrust yourself without the pale of humanity. List to me, Lizzie, and let the remembrance of that pleasant summer-time which we passed together be a warrant of my sincerity. I cherish a brother's, a friend's interest in your welfare—to give but a moderate expression to the feelings with which I regard you. Premising thus much, believe that I speak my honest convictions when I award to your character a freshness, vigor, and originality, highly attractive to one who has grown weary of the vapid sentimentalism that characterizes too many of our accomplished young ladies."

"Your opinion of my character has undergone a remarkable change if you speak, as you profess, your honest convictions. Do you remember that you used to call me odd, crossgrained, and many other ill-natured epithets?"

"What if I tell you that my opinions are the same, only modified, with the modification which time has wrought in your individuality? You see I speak seriously and plainly my impressions of your peculiar characteristics."

"Thank you, Mr. Graham. I can bear to have these 'peculiar characteristics' critically anatomized if a friendly hand performs the operation. But to be dissected, atom by atom,



endurable ordeal. Had my guardians allowed their ward a tithe of the advantages lavished on their daughter, her rough-hewn character would present fewer anomalous points."

"The advantages you regret may yet be ac-

quired, Lizzie."

"I am in nowise sure of that. At the age of twenty, habits, both of person and mind, are confirmed. One lacks the pliability essential to a new and different course of discipline. Yet I mean to make the most of my remaining year of minority. I will see if intense application for twelve months to come will remedy the evils arising from six years of neglect."

"Resolved with your usual energy and forethought. And well resolved too, if you do not become so absorbed as to forget old ties. However, Lizzie, with this reminder you will remember me, I think. See, little miser, I give you back more than a moiety of the piece," he added, returning a part of the shilling, which he had nefariously abstracted from my work-

box the evening previous.

"You know the signification attached to the giving and receiving such tokens," continued Mr. Graham, with a look of arch interrogation.

"I know that this fragment of money is about two-thirds of my porter's fee; and further, I know that you have, with astonishing impudence and cookness, pocketed a third of my earnings! A clear case of larceny, for which you ought to be indicted!"

"Much the answer I expected! But let me remind you, Lizzie, that sentiment is a commodity which always passes current with accomplished ladies. I would suggest that you make sentiment a particular branch of your education, so that you will understand me when I fully clucidate the signification of broken coins, as I intend to do at no distant day."

"Then let your sentimental elucidations rest for the present, and permit me to remind you that it is considerably past ten o'clock. 'Time and tide wait for no man,' it is said. Neither do coaches, as you last week learned to your cost."

- "So late!" said he, looking at his watch.
- "Come, Lizzie, walk with me down to the cross-roads."

"To carry your luggage, Sir?"

"Of a verity, no! This time, Tom will get the porter's shilling. I ask you to go, solely for the pleasure of your company. The day is fine, the path to the cross-roads pleasant, and if you enjoy a morning walk, why not show yourself charitably inclined, by going along with me?"

I assented to Mr. Graham's request, from a latent wish to remain with him till the latest moment, and also (shall I confess it?) with a feeling of malicious pleasure, in showing my newly fledged independence to the Smiths. Indeed, I was fully determined that their guardianship of my person and property should be only nominal during the remaining twelve months of my minority.....

Time brings me to another fair, autumnal evening. My year of study is closed. This very day I am twenty-one, and literally my own, sole mistress.

As just one year ago, I sit in the old familiar room, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Lizzie; and as then, thought weaves in my brain its many-threaded, mystic web. But now, grave memory retires, and bright hope beckons me on within the flowery portals of the future.

As just one year ago, Tom brings the letters from the evening mail, and as then, there is a message from Weld Graham. But the letter is not, like the previous one, addressed to Mr. Smith. Neither can Mrs. Smith or Lizzie claim it. They nor you, reader, have no right nor title to its contents, and only a clause will be transcribed for your edification.

Thus it reads: "In our married life, I intend that you shall, as now, hold your property independent of my control, even to the smallest fraction of your portion of the Broken Shilling."

THE MORAVIANS AND THEIR LEADER.

N a high summer day in the month of July, 1415, the city of Constance was seen to pour her excited multitudes through every portal and gate, to witness a sight that was to cover Europe with shame and all Christendom with disgrace. For in their midst was led the martyr John Huss, and there, on a pleasant and sunny meadow, surrounded by all the pomp of nature, in the light of that glorious sun that shines alike on the just and the unjust, by the side of those trees, and flowers, and flowing streams which seem ever to be whispering, but never telling, the wondrous secrets with which they are charged, he suffered death at the stake rather than renounce his long and dearly-cherished faith. They could call him before their council; they could give, and then violate, a safe-conduct; they could throw him into a loathsome dungeon washed by the waters of the Rhine, and fasten him, even while he slept, with a padlock to the wall; they could tear off his priestly garments and crown him with a paper mitre; they could deliver his soul to Satan. his body to the executioner, and his ashes to the flowing Rhine; but they could not hinder his faithful followers from singing in muffled tones the prophetic elegy: "His ashes will be scattered over every country-no grave and no river, no wall and no rampart, will ever arrest them; for those whom the enemy thought of silencing forever in death, thus sing and proclaim, up and down the wide earth, the glad tidings of the Gospel." The world believed not then what wise men in every age have well known, and what yet no generation has learned from their fathers, that not more surely does the blessed rain refresh and strengthen the tender grass, than the blood of martyrs enriches the soil and calls forth an abundant harvest.

When the sad news was brought home to the land of his fathers, where Huss had preached the true Gospel in village and field, dread silence



fell for a time upon the stricken kingdom, and then there was heard a shout far and near, over mountain and valley, and an army of martyrs arose to avenge their leader's doom in the fearful, barbarous struggle of the "Hussite War."

For they loved the Word of God with a fervor and a zeal unsurpassed among men. From time out of mind, from their early conversion, when the blessed message was first heard in the valleys of Bohemia and Moravia, they had preserved the apostolic faith of our Christian Church pure and entire. Tracing it through the Greek Church unbroken to the primitive ages of Christianity, they and the Waldenses alone had never bowed beneath the rule of Rome. Like their more famous brethren in the valleys of Piedmont, they also had long been "a small, mean people, without sword or power." But their faithful pastors had never ceased to preach the Word of God free from all control by earth-born judges; they had never denied, like the Western Church, the cup to laymen. And when the stirring words of .Wickliffe found their way to the woods of Bohemia, their hearts burned within them as they read together, by the wayside or in their inner chambers, what seemed to them their own thoughts thus echoed back from a distant land.

In vain were the terrors of the Romish Church hurled, one after another, at the humble believers; in vain were many cast into prison, and others inhumanly burned. They quailed not and wavered not; and thus, as a quaint old chronicler says, "If we had no other light to guide us in the dark and cloudy night of the Middle Ages, the fires wherewith these vipers have burned the bodies of the saints would serve us as so many torches to keep us from losing our way between the days of the Apostles and those of Calvin and Luther." But the voice of the blood of murdered men was crying to God, and at last there arose from this army of martyrs an army of warriors, who battled with desperate bravery for thirteen long years, and finally wrested from their oppressors the right to worship their God after the manner of their fathers.

Trying to restore the original purity and simplicity of the Apostolic Church, they abolished every rite that seemed to foster superstition, and held Baptism and the Lord's Supper to be the only ordinances instituted by Christ. Their ministers were maintained by voluntary contributions, and preaching formed the principal part of their worship. As they acknowledged no rule of faith but the Word of God, so they appealed to the Scriptures in small things as well as in great things, addressed each other as Brothers and Sisters, and ate at one common table. Such was the origin, and such were the tenets of those remarkable men who, soon after the death of Huss, first assumed the name of the "United Brethren," and formed numerous settlements throughout Bohemia and Moravia. Their anxious zeal and earnest desire for truth led them at once to cause a translation of the

printed in Venice; and thus they secured to themselves the noble privilege of being the first people in Europe who possessed the Word of God in their own native language.

Well, indeed, did they profit by the short respite granted them at this time. Printing-offices were opened here and there, sending forth new editions of the Holy Record; settlements were made; churches were built; and carly in the sixteenth century, ere yet Luther had begun to raise his voice of thunder, the Brethren could number already as many as two hundred Protestant churches! They subsequently sent their Confession of Faith to the great Reformer, who, ever bold to reprove the highest on earth, ever ready to praise merit in the lowest, had it immediately printed, and said in the preface: "Since the times of the Apostles, no Christians have appeared who have maintained a doctrine and practice more conformable to apostolic teaching than the United Brethren. Though they do not surpass us in purity of doctrinesince we teach every article by the Word of God alone-yet they far exceed us in discipline, by which they blessedly govern their churches."

The better to preserve this admirable feature, they entered into brotherhood with the Waldenses in Northern Italy, who had there long existed as a distinct body of Christians; and, so far from receiving their episcopacy from the Romish Church, traced the succession of their bishops back to the time of the Apostles. Chosen men of the Brethren were sent to Piedmont, to be consecrated bishops, and received the holy order from the hands of Stephen, the last bishop of the Waldenses, who soon after died a martyr at the stake. Thus the Moravians can now claim a succession in their episcopacy as old, and at least as certain, as that of any sister church.

In spite of frequent persecutions they carried on their great work-confirming and spreading churches, and translating the Bible once more from the original text, instead of, as before, from the Latin version. They established colleges and seminaries of their own, and although too poor to provide fixed salaries, eminent men flocked to be their teachers and professors. Their peace seemed secure, and since the memorable day when the blood of John Huss had become the seed of their Church, it had spread and flourished with every persecution. So great was now their prosperity that they relaxed in that simple and severe discipline which had been claimed and acknowledged their peculiar merit; and their own historian, their last great bishop in Poland, laments over "so much carnal security, not pleasing to pious souls, who feared its evil consequences." They were slumbering on the edge of a precipice, and fearful indeed was to be the awaking.

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They were roused from their slumber of safe-ty by the roar of terrible war that approached their peaceful homes, and soon laid them waste, one by one. Fighting bravely, fighting nobly, during the fearful struggle which for thirty



years bathed the plains of Germany in blood, | they were at the time of peace abandoned by the other Protestant powers without one stipulation in their favor; and the poor, dispersed Brethren, who had first led the way to that Reformation, now secured by treaty, were alone left to the mercy of their enemies. Alas! they knew no mercy, and with savage joy they wreaked their vengeance on the defenseless, helpless Brethren. Their churches were destroyed, their pastors imprisoned, their families driven from the home of their fathers. Then came the days when "the woman fled into the wilderness from the face and fury of the great red dragon." Henceforth their "church was in the wilderness, the caves of the earth were her hiding-place, and the perpetual hills her refuge." Their name was forgotten among men, and the great army of faithful followers of Christ upon earth was no longer led by that noble band that had so long formed the "Ancient Church of Moravian Brethren."

Many who loved their faith better than their home left it forever. "Bold to bear God's heaviest load, dimly guessing of the road," some crossed the Atlantic and peopled Georgia and Pennsylvania with the descendants of martyrs, while others turned their face toward the east, and found refuge in Poland and Russia. It was among these that their last bishop, Conmenius, escaped into Poland, and, as Montgomery sings,

"from the boundary rock
Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of woe,
Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,
And, happier years revolving in his mind,
Caught every sound that murmured on the wind,
As if his eye could never thence depart,
As if his ear was seated in his heart,
And his full soul would thence a passage break,
To leave the body for his country's sake;
While on his knees he poured a fervent prayer
That God would make that martyr-land His care,
And nourish in that ravaged soil a root
Of Gregor's tree, to bear perennial fruit."

A few only remained in the land that was theirs by every right under Heaven, and where every rock and mountain, from the Danube to the Elbe, was associated with the imperishable history of their brethren. The vine that had been planted in that land of hills and valleys had not ceased to grow, though sorely trodden under foot. There they remained in humble silence and solitude, meeting but rarely-now in the dark forests of Bohemia, and now in the secret chamber of some wealthier brother-to read by stealth the Word of God, and to comfort each other with songs of fond hope and unshaken reliance on Him who would surely not forget those that obey Him. And God did hear their pious bishop's prayer, and

"that Church thro' ages past
Assail'd and rent by persecution's blast,
Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burthen tire,
Unaw'd by dungeons, tortures, sword, or fire,
That Church which Satan's legions thought destroy'd,
Her name extinct, her place forever void,
Alive once more respired her native air—
But found no freedom for the voice of prayer."

So these last descendants of the ancient Church determined also to leave their sweet home. It was in the year 1722, and toward the close of spring, when four plain, wayfaring men, weary but not faint, with wayworn feet and drooping limbs, but eyes in whose mild flash could be discerned firm resolve and conquering patience, approached a village in Saxony. They had left kindred and friends in the enemy's land, going out they knew not whither-they had arisen at midnight and wandered forth by by-roads and mountain-paths, a noble band of pious pilgrims. Thus they crossed the lofty chain that parts Bohemia from Saxony, and as they entered upon the fertile plains of that happy land, where freedom reigned and Protestants lived unharmed and undisturbed, they heard the good people speak much of one Count Zinzendorf, a real Christian, who had bought an estate in the neighborhood and stationed there a faithful minister of the Gospel. So the four men resolved to see for themselves, holding, as they went on their ways, the deep counsels of those who are sharers in misfortune and sharers in hope. The most remarkable of these men was Christian David. who had tended his flock in peace, until he heard, in the dark of night and from the depth of a prison, the singing and praying of some pious friends. A devout and zealous Papist, he had never even heard of the Bible, and when these solemn hymns revealed to him now an entirely new world, he procured at once a copy, and made it his constant study. Meeting some Moravians and joining their brotherhood, he also had to leave his native country and went as a soldier abroad, but soon returned to his home and wandered about from place to place, stirring and gladdening his neighbors by singing hymns and repeating the Scriptures under their porches. Three other men, humble artisans like himself, united with him, and together they went forth to spread their simple faith and to find a place where they might worship in peace. It was thus that, singing with the Psalmist, "When Israel went out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from a strange people," a begging soldier began, and humble artisans carried on this glorious revival.

Count Zinzendorf's mother assigned the exiles a piece of land where they might build themselves houses. It was a dreary wilderness, covered with forest-trees and bordering upon vast marshes; but when care and doubts began to darken their hearts, David took his axe, struck the nearest tree, a gigantic oak, and said, "'Here the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts.'" Thus they began their first settlement. They were laughed at by the passers-by; they were so weak from fatigue and want of food, and often so faint in spirit, that they seemed to themselves like children building houses with cards; but they ceased not to cheer each other, and to commune of Abraham, who had gone forth into a strange land, and God had made of him a great nation



and a blessing to all peoples. In October, the his manners and to complete his education. His three men and their families entered the house. Count Zinzendorf and the neighboring pastor were both present on the occasion, and the latter said, with prophetic foresight, "God will one day kindle a light upon these hills, which shall enlighten the whole country—of this I am assured by a living faith." Such was the small beginning of the town of Herrnhut—the Lord's Care—which now sends its messengers of peace to every land upon earth, and counts by the hundred thousand the children that look to it as to their great central home.

Count Zinzendorf, the lord of the manor, was a scion of one of the most distinguished houses of the Austrian Empire—a family renowned in arms and statesmanship, but more illustrious yet by their early and steadfast adherence to the doctrines of the Reformers. Thanks to the true and cheerful piety of his grandmother, who took the boy after his father's death to her house, Zinzendorf was early led to acquire deep and The very circumstance, carnest convictions. however, of being thus left almost exclusively to female influence, and of spending a large portion of his time in reading the Bible and the works of Luther, produced in his faithful mind a certain enthusiasm, which he could not always, even later in life, keep free from sickly expressions of his love of Christ, or of extravagant plans for the Church as it exists among men. When yet a child, he would speak of the Saviour to the chairs which he ranged round him in solemn order: he would shed hot tears when he thought of what Christ had suffered for his sake; and whenever he could obtain pen and paper, write notes to him, and throw them out of the window in hopes that he might find them. When looking back on this period toward the close of his life, he says: "Thus for more than fifty years I have conversed, as it were, personally with the Saviour, spoken to him for hours together like one friend to another." Doubts, it is true, beset him by day, and vague fears broke his sleep at night. But he despaired not. He ever remembered that the dark pit holds the precious gold, the sick muscle the pearl, and that cold stormy winter brings charming spring. Grief and misfortune schooled the timid man, changed the doubting son of earth into a strong and great messenger, and taught him to believe, to love, and to labor. For with early trials came to him early blessings. Brooding melancholy gave way to firm faith, and sombre fear to undoubting joy. Pious and distinguished men of riper years were so much struck with the extraordinary appearance and expression of the youth, that they felt impelled by a power they knew not to give him their blessing. Young men gathered around him, drawn toward him they could not tell how or why, so that when he left the University, it was found that he had established not less than seven societies for religious purposes and prayer meetings.

A strange visitor he must have been to the

descent and his title procured for him a flattering reception at court; his personal advantages and winning manners made him welcome in every circle; but he gave his whole time and attention to the Catholic clergy of France. From the lowest Dominican monk to the highest Cardinal in the land, he attacked them all, trying to convince them of their errors, and speaking to them of "the grace and goodness of the Saviour." His almost reckless zeal insulted and incensed not unfrequently those whom he wished to correct, and an indiscreet meddling with French politics led to his being nearly killed by poison, the marks of which he bore with him throughout life. His toleration, on the other hand, and the genuine liberality with which he acknowledged the candor and energy of the Catholics of France, gained him warm friends and enthusiastic admirers among them; while the contact with men of another creed, and yet equally eminent in public esteem and in genuine piety, taught him that practical charity which he afterward showed on a scene so utterly different from the salons of the great capital. It was then he began to prove that, even amidst the enervating arts of modern civilization and the hampering laws of caste, apostolic energy may still burn with all its former ardor in our hearts, when animated and directed by a power more than human.

His family desired that he should enter the service of his master, the King of Poland and Saxony, and reside on his long-neglected estates. But in assuming high office and bringing to his paternal home a bride, the true wife of his bosom, his eye ever looked beyond the simple events of the day and the narrow interests of his own country. Thus he wrote over the portal of his mansion:

"As guests we only here remain. And hence this house is slight and plain. Therefore: turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; We have a better house above, And there we find our warmest love."

Here he found a pastor to his heart, to whom he had intrusted the little flock of his subjects, "a man of incomparable talents and profound learning," a neighboring minister whom he describes as "a faithful preacher, who had suffered much reproach," and a friend of his younger days, a Baron Watteville. These four true men, following outwardly the doctrines of Luther, now associated as "United Brethren," for the simple but grand purpose of "advancing the Gospel at home and in foreign parts." Large schoolhouses were erected, a printing-press furnished vast numbers of Bibles and useful books, and a hospital was soon added, in which the poor and the sick were nursed and comforted.

In the mean time new persecutions had fallen upon the humble remnant of Protestants in Moravia. Christian David had left more than once his new home at Herrnhut, and ventured safety and life in preaching the faith of Luther gay city of Paris, where he was sent to polish among the mountains of Bohemia. The "Bush-



preacher," as he was called, soon gathered from far and near true believers around him; they paid fines as long as their substance lasted, and endured confinement with meek patience. But at last the grievances became intolerable, and once, being attacked by soldiers, they refused to disperse, and replied to the officer's summons by singing Luther's famous hymn,

> "If the whole world with devils swarmed. That threatened us to swallow," . . .

over and over again, until he was struck with terror, and left the field in awe and dismay. They determined, however, now to claim the mournful privilege of seeking a freer home far from the graves of their fathers, where they might worship their Maker in their own tongue, in their own manner.

Thus it happened that on the very day when Zinzendorf, with his three friends, was laying the foundation-stone of a new building, and singing songs of praise and thanksgiving, a number of weary travelers from Moravia slowly wended their way toward the spot. They halted and looked. and what they beheld moved them so deeply that with one accord they said, "This is the home of God; here we will take up our abode!" New immigrants soon arrived from all sides, now humble but pious exiles from distant lands, now scions of noble houses that were to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and then again men of mature age and ripe experience, who sought a peaceful home in the midst of the loving Brethren. The Moravians had brought with them the ancient discipline of their fathers, preserved by tradition from the times of the Apostles. But as more than onehalf of the assembled Brethren belonged to the Lutheran Church, much dissension followedsome desiring to establish a separate sect, and others preferring a union with their own Church. Here it was that the preference of Count Zinzendorf for the manner in which the twelfth Apostle was chosen to replace Judas the traitor, first led to the employment of the lot for a decision even in the gravest matters. The Count, the president of the Church and the lord of the manor, threw the whole weight of his opinion on the side of union—an idea for which he ever cherished an anxious fondness-while on the opposite side was a majority of nearly six hundred brethren. Solemn prayers were held, and two papers were placed in an urn with words of the Bible written on them, referring to the pending question. A child under four years was then chosen, which drew from it the paper with these words: "Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught;" upon which there was much rejoicing, the Count and all submitting as to a decree of God.

On that day, therefore, the Unitas Fratrum, the Ancient Brotherhood of Moravians, was, as it were, regenerated and renewed. It has since flourished in our midst, a separate sect, independent of the State, but subject to bishops, and

estant churches. The officers are all chosen by the members, leaving the final decision to the Lord through the lot; of dogmas, that of salvation is treated with a great preponderance of feeling, and the biblical image of the "Lamb that bears our sins" is in sermon and song more literally and tangibly brought forward than elsewhere in Protestant worship.

In the mean time the remarkable growth of the colony and their peculiar usages, their worldly success, which literally made the wilderness bloom as the rose, and their piety, acknowledged and admired by all who saw it, excited great public attention. Enemies also arose; Catholics attacked them as heretics of the most dangerous kind, because so ancient in time, so stainless in conduct; Protestants reviled them as those who wished to be better and purer than others; and when the too boundless zeal of some members had led to sad indiscretions, the Saxon government was prevailed upon to banish the Count, and to order the sale of all his estates. This latter calamity was averted by the transfer of Zinzendorf's property into his wife's hand long before the unexpected storm had burst over his head. The Count himself had resigned the office he held from his King, and, after arduous studies and a satisfactory examination, obtained ordination as a minister of the Lutheran Church. On his return home he was met by a messenger, bearing the order of his banishment. "Then," said the Count, in a transport of joy, "the moment is come for collecting together a church of pilgrims. We must go and preach the Saviour to all the world."

Thus arose Count Zinzendorf's far-famed Church of Pilgrims, a kind of missionary congregation, wandering from land to land, and supported by their own means and exertions. While his noble wife employed at home her time and the whole of her fortune in support of the parent establishment of Herrnhut, the Count pursued his silent, sacred pilgrimage, which ended only with the last day of his life.

It was about this time that John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, with his brother Charles, and their associates, set sail for Georgia. In the same vessel were twenty-six Moravians, who, by their extreme meekness, their performance of the most servile offices without reward, their composure when the great deep was as if about to swallow them up, even the women and children, devoid of all fear, continuing calmly to sing the hymn they had begun, so moved his heart that he joined them as a brother. He faithfully submitted to their discipline while in the colony, even in the tender point of marriage, which was decided among them by lot, probably because, as we find in an old Moravian hymn, it was included among the "services of danger," for which brethren must be prepared,

That like the former warriors each may stand Ready for land, sea, marriage, at command.

After his return to Europe, he resolved to make a journey to Herrnhut, as he said, "for differing in a few points only from other Prot- the establishment of his faith." Unfortunately,



he found Count Zinzendorf a banished man; and when they met in after life, their ways were no longer the same, and jealousy parted two hearts than whom few nobler and purer ever beat in human breast. Both were leaders. But the Count, though a humble pastor, washing the feet of his disciples, was still the feudal German baron—the prophet, priest, and patron of a great multitude, ruling supremely in a spiritual empire, within which his written and spoken words were received almost as oracles. Wesley, who had for many years never mentioned the Brethren except in terms of high admiration, first doubted and then accused them with a severity surely wanting in charity, and after he had seen many adherents and his oldest associates join the Church of the Brethren even, we fear, with more zeal than candor.

Whitfield also attacked the Brethren, who, in the beginning especially, were by no means free from a fondness for extravagant ceremonies and almost monastic discipline. public worship was often stained with scenes of ludicrous display, and their songs not unfrequently breathed a spirit of mystic piety, very different from the simple and childlike language of the early Christians. The Count's high position in life, and his surpassing zeal, led his followers at times to show him a reverence due only to the one Master above; and Zinzendorf himself, perhaps unconsciously, to exercise an authority which, though ever well meant, still could not but be liable to open censure. Although he and the Brethren were ever ready to confess these and all other faults, they were proclaimed to the world by Whitfield in terms of such fierce invective, that Lord Granville, the President of the Council, advised Zinzendorf to bring suit against him, as he was punishable according to English law. Zinzendorf's reply is worthy of the man. "Mr. Whitfield," he writes, "is still listened to with benefit by many, and therefore I would not even write any thing that might destroy his reputation."

One of those accidents which, under Providence, become often the fountain-heads of mighty movements, led Zinzendorf's attention first to this continent. His devotion to the simple but grand work which he had undertaken grew daily, especially since he had been ordained a bishop by the anxious desire of the Brethren and the wish of the King of Prussia, and since the Archbishop of Canterbury had publicly acknowledged in the Moravians the episcopal succession, and obtained their official recognition in England by an Act of Parliament. There was no service of danger, no forlorn hope, in which the Count was not ever ready to go for the furtherance of his great purpose. In his constant visitation of the churches he had planted, the death-breathing swamp and the huge iceberg were as welcome to him as the mountain heath and the smiling meadow. Thus he found himself once in Copenhagen, where the servant of a great nobleman attracted his

heard of the negro how he had been carried from Africa to St. Thomas, and how he had there often sat by the sea-shore, praying for a word from above, until, by the providence of God, his master had taken him to Denmark. where he had embraced Christianity. simple but touching account, and his ardent wish to see "his sister Anna and his brethren in captivity" rescued from dark Paganism, struck Zinzendorf so forcibly, that he immediately called upon two Brethren, sent them on the spot to St. Thomas, and a few years later followed them himself to look after the infant Church. There he learned much of the sad fate of the natives of this continent; and at last he also heard, like Saul of Tarsus, the words, "I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." resolved to go to America, and to see himself what God would allow him to do for the "poor savages." Some of the Brethren had preceded him here, settling in Georgia, under the auspices of General Oglethorpe, who paid their passage, and procured for them land and houses, both in Savannah and on the banks of the River Ogeeche. Unwilling, however, to take up arms in any worldly struggle, and therefore refusing to fight in the ranks of the English against the invading Spaniards, they had left their new homes in the South and gone to Pennsylvania, where Whitfield had sold them a farm and a school-house, originally intended for negroes. It still stands, a venerable relic of those early times, in the village of So small was the beginning, so Nazareth. humble the manner in which the Episcopal Moravian brotherhood led the way in Christianizing the world! But their enterprise has been blessed by Providence in a manner approaching the miraculous. Without any permanent fund for missions, and unable to raise among themselves more than one-half of the sum annually required, they have still never yet lacked the necessary means-such has been the liberality of friends and of strangers. Their whole number of actual members amounts but to 12,000 in Europe, and 6000 in this country; and yet they have been able to maintain, scattered over all parts of the world, 70 missionary stations, with 300 missionaries, and at least 70,000 converts from Paganism! Nor have men ever been wanting, in spite of all privations and dangers, to engage in their missionary service. Nay, such is the confidence felt in the efficacy of their prayer, that their Labrador vessel pays, on its annual voyage to that distant land, a far less premium for its insurance than other ships—a singular testimony, surely, to the manifestly gracious care of the Lord.

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The Indians were astonished that they should thus submit to live in poverty merely from love to them, and endure hunger abroad when they might have enjoyed plenty at home. But what efficacy this gave to their work! The Indians might doubt all, but they could not doubt the sincerity of such self-denial. Wherever the Brethren appeared they preached at once and exclusively the Gospel; and well can they sing with one of their poets:

"Where roll Ohio's stream, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The red man roamed, a hunter—warrior wild,
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed.
The bold, base savage—Nature's harshest clod—
Rose from the dust, the image of his God."

When Zinzendorf landed on the shores of the New World in 1741, he found, therefore, already some churches and congregations of the Brethren. But he also found—and with bleeding heart he wrote it to his beloved wife—not less than 100,000 Germans, who lived in utter darkness, having neither pastor, nor churches, nor service on Sundays. In Philadelphia alone, the Lutherans and the Reformed had jointly rented a barn for public worship. They still called themselves Lutherans, Reformed or Swedish Protestants, but these very distinctions had led to fatal jealousy at home, and resulted in utter neglect of their souls.

Upon his arrival in this country, Zinzendorf's soul was filled with the grand but premature idea of making it, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, the seat of a congregation, free from all sectarianism, and built up of all true and loving disciples of Jesus, no matter how they were called nor whence they came. He succeeded well with his forsaken Lutheran brethren, whom he found literally as sheep without a shepherd. After much hesitation and careful inquiry, he consented to be called by them as their minister, and accepted the vocation at least for a time.

Much as he loved, however, to proclaim the Gospel among his poor countrymen, in whose new home the light of Christianity had become dim and dark, he loved still better to bring it to the children of the heathen, upon whose dusky faces it had never yet shed its bright radiance. He knew not their language, not even their names; but he felt no misgivings. He had heard that they were ignorant and miserable, and he inquired no further. Supported by that hope which is the element in which all the great men of the world move and have their being, he started at once for the West. With him went his daughter Benigna, then only sixteen years old, whose descendants in this country follow nobly their pious mother's example. Undismayed by dangers, and bravely enduring incredible hardships, the venerable hero and his tender child visited the poor homes of the Germans, and boldly encountered the fierce Indian in the dark forest. They met him with awe and with wonder. Vague, marvelous rumors had gone forth from the shores of the Atlantic to the lofty

ranges of the Alleghanies. The tale bore that a stranger had appeared among them, who, by some magic influence, and for some inscrutable end, had bowed his fierce brethren to his will, while despising himself the wealth, the pleasures, and the homage offered him in his native land. He had come, it was said, across the great waters, not for the purpose of being honored in their midst or enriched at their expense, but to sit by their fire, to sleep on their mat, and to tell them of a man, a God, who had died for them a thousand years ago-for them, a wild, woeful race, dwelling in a land that the world had not known for uncounted ages! It was too wondrous a tale, and they would not and could not believe it. But as the Count was wandering westward, he met a great embassy of Sachems, the heads of the Six Nations, who were returning from a council in Philadelphia. They belonged to the wildest of their wild race, and had but a few hours ago slain one of their number. But Zinzendorf, nothing daunted, stopped them on their path to tell them "a word from God, to them and their nation." At first they would not listen, but one of their children running up to him, as if by instinct, and fondly nestling in his bosom, they were much struck by this sign of their Great Spirit, as they called it, and after a long and solemn council they sent two of their number, an Onondaga and a Cayuga Indian, who spoke to him thus: "Brother, you have made a long voyage over the seas to preach to the white people and to the Indian. You did not know we were here, and we knew nothing of you. This proceeds from above. Come therefore to us, you and your brothers; we bid you welcome, and give you this wampum as a sign that our words are true."

Thus was the first covenant made between the Brethren and the Six Nations, and stepping at once through the door so wondrously opened, they went boldly into the land of the Indians. Passing through dense forests and over steep mountains, and traversing a dread wilderness, where the cruelty and scorn of man not seldom added bitterness to the rigors of nature, Zinzendorf at last reached the main settlement of the Brethren among the Red Men. Round about it were rocks and rugged hills, but soft, solemn silence reigned in the unbroken wilderness, and the Indian's foot alone knew the hidden paths that led from wigwam to wigwam. How it brought back to the Count's mind now the well-remembered lines, first sung by the ancient Bohemian Brethren, when they left their beloved home to worship their God in freedom:

"The rugged rocks, the dreary wilderness, Mountains and woods are our appointed place, 'Midst storms and waves, on heathen shores unknown, We have our temple, and serve God alone."

A poor hut, made of bark, was all that could be offered to the rich and noble missionary, but his heart was filled with ineffable joy when, in this strange tabernacle, he could impose his episcopal hands upon four Indians, the first-fruit of his mission, and consecrating them as deacons



thus form the first congregation of believing Indians in North America! This success encouraged him soon after to undertake a third, and much more perilous journey, to the Shawnee nation, who dwelt on the banks of the Susquehanna. Owing to the late season, his path was beset with dangers by storms and by floods, but fearlessly he and his brave daughter made their way through regions which are found upon Jefferson's map under the expressive names of St. Anthony's Wilderness, the Great Swamp, with a solitary shelter-house in the centre, and a dismal waste known as the Shades of Death! From these he emerged at last—the first European whose feet trod these plains-upon the sweet valley where, on Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming was later built.

Here God's mercy was signalized in a manner so marvelous that it might well produce the effect of a miracle. The Shawnees, among whom he dwelt, were a fierce and cruel nation, always at enmity with Europeans, and had laid all around them so thoroughly waste that from the headquarters of the Santce to the banks of the Susquehanna there was but one wide wilderness. They would not believe that Zinzendorf had come for other than the usual purposes of trading or buying land. They listened not to his explanations; they refused his fair offers. Their hearts were closed against the truth, and filled with suspicion and bitter enmity against the mysterious stranger. Nothing was left to Zinzendorf but to pray for their souls.

Few know what he there suffered in silence. At such times he endured true martyrdomnot by fire and fagot, nor in the dark dungeon. His was not the poetry of martyrdom, to be led to death amidst the cheers of friends and the still more exciting taunts of enemies. His was the far humbler, and yet in nowise less glorious fate, to suffer while he wandered on foot through a savage land, where the sun scorched by day and the assassin lurked by night, to grieve over his own weakness and the want of any fruit of his labors, and yet cheerfully, ceaselessly to live and to work for his faith—a task far more difficult and rare than to fight and to die for heartfelt convictions. In his open tent-the frail curtain a blanket fastened aside by a pin-he would kneel down with his daughter Benigna and pour forth his ardent prayer that God would strengthen the faint heart and the feeble knees, and at last permit him to lead these stray children back to their great Father in heaven. There he was seated one evening upon a bundle of dry weeds which formed his bed, and engaged in reading. The cool air of a September night was tempered by a small fire built against the trunk of a huge sycamore, and its bright blaze fell full upon his venerable face. Without all was still and silent; only the gentle murmuring of a brook was heard as it fell playfully over rocks and roots. At this moment dusky shadows were seen flitting from tree to tree, and Indians appeared with their weapons and their war-gear, painted in all the hideous col-

ors which to the experienced eye betokened their bloody purpose. Their hand upon the tomahawk, they glided up to the tent. But the missionary heard not their stealthy footsteps-his thoughts were bent upon the holy writ on his knees-he saw not even that danger was nearer, and death within reach of his hand; for a large rattlesnake, allured by the warmth of the fire, had crawled forth from its lair in the hollow tree, and was at that very moment gliding slowly over his knees. The strange sight struck the heart of the savages with awe and wonder. Silently as they had stepped forth into the glare of the fire, they shrank back again into the welcome shade of the forest, and, hastening home to their tribe, related how they had found the great stranger with no door but a blanket, no weapon but a book, and a venomous snake in his bosom! At the same moment the Count's guide and interpreter had re-appeared. Far away on a distant errand, a strange, unaccountable anxiety had seized him of a sudden, and driven him back, he could not tell how and why, to his master.

Henceforth the Indians looked upon Zinzendorf as protected by the Great Spirit; they listened to his words, and when he left them after some weeks, the seed was sown and the fruit was not long wanting. Many thought the "sweet words of Jesus," as they called them, over in their hearts; others brought their children to be taught by the good white men, and one couple even gave their daughter a present to the Brethren, because they could not educate her as well as they ought.

In the following year Count Zinzendorf returned to Europe, having done every thing in his power toward the conversion of the heathen and the furtherance of the Gospel among Europeans. His mission had failed, if we judge of it only by its outward success. He had wished to form a truly Catholic church, having, not as of old, a visible throne and a triple crown, and not pointing to the successors of the fishermen of Galilee either collected into a sacred college at the Vatican, or at least represented by mitred bishops in unbroken succession, but proclaiming the Scriptures as the only rule of life, and the Divine Redeemer as the sole, supreme, and central object, to whom every eye must turn, and on whom every hope must rest. Engaged in such arduous and lofty designs, Zinzendorf also lived, to a certain extent, in an imaginary world, pursuing a sublime abstraction, and recruiting his exhausted strength with ideal prospects. These were not to be realized. Amidst the shock of contending creeds, there were but few who would listen to the gentler and more kindly sounds of his voice. He invited them all to unite not in one law and one administration, but in one object of worship and affianceone source of virtue, and one cementing principle of mutual love which was to pervade and animate the whole. This he could not accomplish. So Zinzendorf contented himself with the humbler but still most happy result of



renewing in this country, as he had done in Europe, the ancient brotherhood of the Moravians. He thus gave one nook upon earth where all Protestants could unite, and one family among men that enjoys to the fullest extent the peace of religious concord. It is true that this is obtained in his Church at some cost of liberty within, and of progress without; for the great characteristic of the religious practice, and, indeed, of the whole manner of life of the Brethren, is extreme regularity, often approaching to formalism. Wesley already objected to it, and so do many among modern critics. But is this not a proof of wisdom? Formal, but free from superstition, these regular practices hold the convert, as has been well said, by a new chain of habit, as his former life or Pagan superstitions kept him before converted, and they edify him at the same time by the spiritual lessons they contain. Such is, for instance, their custom of assigning beforehand a verse of the Bible to each day of the year. In the secret trials of their home, as in the dangers of duties abroad, these words often cheer and console. At times their appropriateness has all the effect of a miracle. Thus when two of their messengers of peace were once obliged, in the State of Virginia, to pass through a forest of fire, and on the same day to cross an overflowing, turbulent stream, their heart was failing them and their courage sank. They turned to the watchword of the day, and behold! it ran thus: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Their hearts revived instantly, and cheerfully they completed their journey. The coincidence was, of course, accidental; but Providence uses accidents also as means, and even the readiness with which the Holy Word is thus brought to bear upon actual occurrences has its great and undeniable value.

Well may we especially, the children of this free and youthful country, thank him that, while new sects are springing up all around us, mostly fresh, impulsive, and free, he should have preserved us one eminently conservative in its character and tenacions both of its forms and its doctrines. He has left us in our midst a simple order and a sound creed, older than all distinctions between Catholic and Protestant churches, and proved, in its durability, by a history such as no other Church can present. Concerning what they fondly believe to be true, pristine Christianity, they have moored themselves here and there in sheltered nooks of the world amidst the waters of increasing infidelity or formality, and thus remained a Church more ancient than the race of our fathers, and yet even now full of spirit and life.

The second great purpose of Zinzendorf in coming to this country, had been to carry "the glad tidings of mercy to a fallen world." Like

creed of Christianity, his readiest sympathies had ever been with the poor, the destitute, and the oppressed. So, when he heard of the poor savages in the Far West and their forlorn condition, he left at once the sweet home of his childhood, the warm love of his kindred, and went forth to a life of peril and pain, of contempt and ill-usage, at the hand of barbarians, and of utter isolation from all that makes life safe and pleasant. In this also he followed not the voice of wisdom, but the inner voices of his heart. Personally, he was successful beyond expectation. Neither the callous nerves of hardy settlers, nor the stately self-possession of the Indians, could resist the enchantment of his overflowing love. He was literally unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and they loved him in deed and in truth as their father. But here also, his ideas were grand but premature. He left the Indians what he had found them-Pagans. But he sowed seed for a harvest which has been tended by the angels in Heaven, and which is gathered even now in lowly silence in our midst.

For, thanks to Zinzendorf, the Moravian Brotherhood now stands foremost in the list of missionary churches. When he left the United States, a community of laborers and artisans, not 600 in number, and but lately settled as exiles in a foreign land, began the noble work, and in the short space of eight years they had already sent missionaries to Greenland, to St. Thomas, to St. Croix, and to Surinam, to the Indians of the northwest and the negroes of South Carolina, to Lapland and Tartary, the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Ceylon. Since then, they have pursued their work in unobtrusive obscurity, not shrinking from peril or suffering, yet never aspiring to the name of saints or heroes, not boasting of themselves, not deifying one another.

Their laborers are usually men of humble origin, without much education; for, in general, they think that the habits of a student are not so well calculated to form a person for the toils and hardships of missionary life as those of a mechanic. There is little romance, therefore, in their history; no startling triumphs, no sublime martyrdom. But the position of these Moravian missionaries is in no degree impaired in its solemn beauty. Disinterestedness is eternally beautiful, and pious self-sacrifice is above all things solemn. Like true children of their ancient Church, they go forth upon their perilous errand with a quietness and simplicity truly touching. Preferring, in Europe at least, the favorite appeal to the lot, after devout and fervent prayer, slips of paper are marked with the names of distant nations, and, by the hand of a child, drawn from an urn. The chosen brother accepts the call without doubt, without hesitation, as coming from above, and, bowing his head in humble submission, he at once sets out for the icy shores of Greenland or the tropical regions of West India. Few scenes are more all who have caught the genius as well as the touching than to see these chosen men, usually



young and always resolute and earnest, the hand of their bride clasped in their own, join in Christian worship for the last time among familiar faces and in a Christian land.

Hence the best judges admit that the Moravian missions are, perhaps, the most perfect models of such enterprises. No charge of personal self-interest has ever been brought against them, although most of their missionaries are married men, and there has never been a body of Christians in whom the opposite fault of sectarian zeal has been so entirely absent. Their settlements are called missionary families, and seem fully to deserve the name. The Brethren earn their own bread, labor, and even engage in trade, but only for the Brotherhood. The result has been that their missions have always been scenes of quiet, humble, and unobtrusive heroism, and have realized, as far as it is possible on earth, the names they are fond of giving them-Tents of Peace, Valleys of Grace, and Pilgrims' Resting-place.

Such were also the names of their first homes in this country. Bethlehem arose in Pennsylvania, and Tents of Grace, or Gnadenhutten, as it is called on Jefferson's map, farther west. Already, in May, 1749, they assembled in the latter place-Greenlanders, who were on their way home from Europe, a young woman, of the Arawak tribe, from the banks of the Amazon, and a number of Iroquois Indians, heathens from the most distant lands, and converted by the Brethren, who thus scattered the sacred seed from the Pole to the Equator. Schools were erected, where the children of the white and the red man were taught; churches arose by their side, and Strangers' Inns afforded a welcome reception to European travelers and Indian visitors.

But alas! peace endureth not but for a time! A few short years, rich in blessings, they were allowed to live there in quiet, and then the fierce horrors of war approached their peaceful homes. From the West, down every mountain-slope and along every river-side, came fugitive settlers, with wife and child, till the Blue Ridge became the frontier of Virginia; and Washington, who was then rising like the morning star of liberty on the dark horizon, wrote: "The supplicating petitions of the men and the tears of the women melt me into such deadly sorrow that, for the people's ease, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy." Domestic factions added to the bitterness of the warfare, and impeded measures of defense. The Brethren shared the sad fate of him who tries to remain While the Indian hated the white, who had "measured the ground on which he slept, and where burned the fire by which he sat, and stolen it from him by night," he was kind to the Brethren, and treated them with love and respect. The frankness and earnestness of the simple Moravians had won their hearts. Hence they spared them in the midst of slain neighbors, and warned them, by times, of impending | Indians! danger. This extraordinary conduct awaken-

ed suspicions of a league existing between the Brethren and the hostile Indians. The French availed themselves of this unhappy impression with abominable cunning, and confirmed it by false statements in newspapers and letters, for the purpose of thus weakening the influence of the Brethren over large bodies of Indians, who, at a later period, practiced the bloody customs of the Pagan red skin under the sacred banner of St. Louis. The English also tried to enlist the believing Indians under their care. "No!" said one of them to the recruiting officer. "I am already engaged." "Who is your Captain?" "I have a very brave and excellent Captain," was the reply. "His name is Jesus Christ! Him will I serve as long as I live, and my life is at his disposal only."

It was late in the spring of this year when the Shawnees scaled the mountains, and prowled along the banks of the Susquehanna, until they reached the peaceful homes of the Brethren on the banks of the Mahony. A pious missionary, Zeisberger, was traveling through the dense forest toward the ill-fated Tents of Grace; and though the shadows of evening crowded around him, and the prayers of friends and brethren entreated him not to venture farther. he would not be persuaded to neglect what he thought to be his duty. He had just crossed the angry stream, and was halting to let his wearied horse breathe, when, of a sudden, the frightful yell of savages rose on high, mingled with the sharp crack of the rifle, and hot, hissing flames shone through the dark branches, reddening the evening sky as with shame at the horrible sight. He turned his horse homeward, and the next morning he heard, in the sad, silent circle of the Brethren, the sorrowful news. Late on the evening before, a troop of French Indians had fallen upon the peaceful settlement, where all were at supper. Some had been shot down at once, others had taken refuge in a garret, and thus, for a time, defied the attack of the savages. But alas! their time also had come; soon a new enemy raced fiercely up the wooden steps; billows of smoke concealed them for a time, and then all, men women, and children, were wrapped up in one common death, their souls returning on flames of fiery light to the bosom of their Eternal Fa-

When at last succor came, all was over. Hundreds crowded in solemn awe around the once blooming gardens, now a scene of silence and desolation; and when they beheld the burning ruins and the bodies of peaceful Brethren, murdered and mangled by the allies of the French, and now lying, unburied and unknown, near the ashes of their houses, they broke with one voice into loud lamentation. They wept and wailed, and many a voice rose in bitter self-reproach, crying, Woe is us! how greatly have we sinned against an innocent people, accusing them of being in league with the French and the Indians!

The Brethren bore the terrible calamity-



known in our history as the Massacre on the Mahony—with becoming resignation, and rose from common prayer in silent grief, but with the expressed resolve to bear patiently their share of the general distress as true children of God. They gathered their few surviving friends and fugitive Indians, and bidding a last and tearful farewell to the place, they forsook forever the Tents of Grace, and turned their face toward the town of Bethlehem.

Hence the Brethren had to keep them well guarded under their own eye, to protect them against temptations held out by villainous traders and against the threats and insults of their own race. Many a time did the Brethren themselves in this charge fall a prey to savage and blood-thirsty Indians, and more than once they had to see their beloved children, the converted Indians, murforever the Tents of Grace, and turned their dered in cold blood by American citizens. Such

It is well known how soon after Benjamin Franklin, having taken charge of the northwestern border, led his troops to the very scene of this terrible slaughter, and built a strong fort upon the ruins of the Moravian settlement. But what the children of peace had not been allowed to retain was not granted to the sons of war. On New-Year's Day when the soldiers were skating, they espied afar off two Indians, and thinking them already in their power, they chased them with shouts of triumph. It was a snare spread for the imprudent garrison; as they approached a bend in the river, a large body of Indians rushed forth from their ambush, fell upon them and put them to death. Not a soul escaped, and whatever had been left of crops and effects was eagerly taken, the buildings were destroyed, and the last vestige of the once happy and blessed settlement disappeared forever.

But the Brethren were not dismayed, were not daunted for a moment. They followed their poor, ignorant children from the Atlantic to the Susquehanna, from the Susquehanna to the Ohio. Ah, there are few passages in the history of all Christendom so ineffably touching as the simple, steadfast love with which they clung to the children of the soil, as they were driven toward the setting sun-ever ready to lead them to, ever willing to console them with, "the sweet words of Jesus!" They did not seek out the great of the earth; they did not go forth, as Loyola and Xavier did, to convert monarchs on their throne—lowly and humbly they attached themselves to a poor, doomed race that was fast fading away as the dew is consumed by the rising sun. Not the terror by night nor the arrow that flieth by day, not the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday, frightened or ever deterred them from their blessed duty. Cherishing their Indian flocks as a nurse cherishes her children, they were ever by their side in all their wanderings, cheerfully bearing with them the heat and burden of the day, and gladdening the last hours of a dying race with that comfort that comes from above. Driven rudely from their ancient homes by ruthless settlers, treated badly even by our government, which was then pressed and in great distress, the believing Indians were aggrieved by the whites and insulted by their own brethren. After they had been converted to Christianity they could no longer live in the midst of their heathen friends, who looked upon them with contempt, and sneeringly called fail." them "White Brethren" or "Sunday Indians."

ed under their own eye, to protect them against temptations held out by villainous traders and against the threats and insults of their own race. Many a time did the Brethren themselves in this charge fall a prey to savage and blood-thirsty Indians, and more than once they had to see their beloved children, the converted Indians, murdered in cold blood by American citizens. Such was in 1782 the wholesale slaughter of a number of converts who, as we learn from New York papers, were then called "Moravian Indians." Looked upon with contempt and hatred, not because they were Christians, but simply because they were Indians, and therefore to be destroyed like the Canaanites of old, they all fell, one settlement after another, a sacrifice to their blind and blood-thirsty enemies, and not even the infant children were spared. But how nobly did they bear witness to the wondrous power of the Gospel even in the hearts of the lowest of men! "They were good Indians," said the very murderers, "for they sang and prayed to their last breath."

They were worthy children of their spiritual fathers; for the Brethren also suffered, and sealed with their lives the truth of their faith. They even heaped coals of fire on the heads of their enemies. During the war the French Indians insisted upon it that their countrymen, who lived under the protection of the cross, should take up arms, like themselves, against England. A set of fanatic Europeans demanded their total extirpation as an accursed race. But, though looking upon themselves as sheep ready for slaughter, the Brethren still resisted both parties with gentle firmness. Prevented by their peculiar doctrine from taking any share in war, they neglected nothing that could secure the safety of their little, helpless flock; and, wondrous enough, the firm stand they took at Bethlehem saved all the intervening country between them and Philadelphia, so that government itself considered their settlement the strongest bulwark against the invading In-

It was a glorious reward for the humble forbearance and steadfast hope of the Brethren in the Most High, when first hundreds of fugitive settlers came to seek shelter and find food in the tents of the very men whom, but a short time before, they had so bitterly reviled.

After the white came the poor suffering Indians, who had plundered their houses and murdered their brethren, and now were reaping their reward in being allowed to starve by their noble French allies. And again the Brethren forgot all but their wants; and though they had barely enough for their own necessities, they cheerfully shared the gifts of their great Father in Heaven with those that had sought their ruin. Happily not one perished with hunger, nor did any one lack his daily bread—"the barrel of meal wasted not, nor did the cruse of oil fail."

Even the government of the United States



was not long in finding out the good services they had done and were still able to do. When Franklin sent agents to the Delaware and Susquehanna Indians, inviting them to make a treaty of peace, he begged the Brethren to send one of their number as sure to secure to the embassy a kindly reception-and nothing but the positive refusal of their bishop prevented the Congress from being held in their own little village. The Governor of Pennsylvania, who paid them a visit in Bethlehem, was so much struck with their many great virtues, that when subsequently an agent was wanted to go to Ohio and there to treat with the Six Nations, and no one could be found willing to incur the perils of such a journey, he at once turned to the Brethren again. He was not mistaken: a brave and bold Moravian went with the errand of peace twice to the distant Ohio, and persuaded the excited and justly incensed Indians to send deputies, with whom afterward a solemn treaty was made, that "between them and the Virginians love should flow forever like the rivers, and peace endure like the mountains." In the mean time Zinzendorf had continued his strange but blessed pilgrimage from land to land. Now founding new settlements of "Renewed Brethren," and now visiting older establishments, he battled with malignant revilers and angry creditors; he rebuked evil and abhorrent practices that had crept into his Church, even while confessing, with contrite heart and many tears, his own errors and grievous mistakes. But he went on with failing limbs but undaunted heart, sowing the good seed when almost choked by the tares that had sprung up all around. From time to time he withdrew to solitude and silence. He felt that his unbroken activity might impair that inward sense through which alone the soul can gather any true intimation of her nature and her destiny. He loved to commune here in a seclusion where the works of God alone were to be seen, and where no voices could be heard but those which, in varying cadence, raise an unconscious anthem of praise and thanksgiving to their great Maker. Here he wrote those hundreds of hymns which earned him the name of the "Master Singer" of the Brethren's Churchhymns of strange beauty, at times puerile, erotic, and offensive in taste and imagery, but for the larger part breathing true piety, and passingly sweet. Such is the beautiful hymn, beginning in Wesley's version with the words:

> "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness, My beauty are, my glorious dress!"

which is found in nearly every collection, and is sung in every land and in every language. Here he read and re-read in a simple, childlike manner, the Divine oracles, and of the ten thousand chords which there also blend together in sacred harmony, there was not one which did not awaken a responsive note in his heart. With German honesty and sale.

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he aimed at no perfection in himself or his followers but such as may consist with the cares of every day, and the common duties and innocent delights of our social existence. Now communing with the wife of his bosom, and now with his children or with loving and beloved friends, he willingly surrendered, like the great Martin Luther, his overburdened mind to the charms of music, awake as he is said ever to have been to every gentle voice, and to each cheerful aspect of Art or Nature, responding alike to every divine impulse, and to every human feeling.

A man of sincere piety, of deep learning, of steady and adventurous courage, few traits were more marked in his character than his intense fellow-feeling with other men. The founder and the head of a large and amply-blessed church, he was almost entirely free from bondage to any religious party. Of few men can it be said with more truth than of him, that God was ever uppermost in his thoughts. Such he showed himself when he was banished from his native land, pursued by calumny, scorned by those he loved best; when he wandered through the world like a pilgrim, property and credit alike gone, and nothing left him but his character. Such he remained when he lived to see what few like him have been permitted to see, his church valued and protected, and her members dwelling together in peace and unity, and regarding him with the affection due to a father.

Such also he was in his last days. Zinzendorf did not escape those sorrows which so usually thicken as the shadows grow long. But looking back with gratitude, sometimes eloquent, but more frequently from the depth of emotion faltering in tongue, to his long career of usefulness, of honor, of enjoyment, he watched with grave serenity the ebb of that current which was fast bearing him to his eternal reward. He said, gently, "Now rest will be sweet;" and as a shock of corn cometh in its season, so he came to the grave in a full age, and entered into the joy of the Lord.

And when his spirit had departed, and they bore his remains to their last resting-place, God's Acre, as the Moravians call it, there followed by the side of mourning friends and relations Brethren that had come from the Polar Sea, and from the Tropics, from countries east, and from countries west, all sent out by him to carry the glad tidings of the Gospel to heathen landsall witnesses of the pure zeal, the unceasing labors, and the childlike but never-shaken faith of this true man of God. "We commit," said one of them, "this grain of wheat to the earth, not without tears, but it will yield its fruit in due time, and He will joyfully gather in his harvest with thanksgiving and praise. Let all who desire this say Amen;" and from more than four thousand voices, gathered from all parts of the globe, there arose a loud and solemn Amen! .



PATRICK HENRY.

- "GRANDPA tell us of your heroes!" said I, when a little child,
 As I stood beside my parent, who gazed down on me and smiled.
 "I will tell you," said he gayly, as he sat me on his knee,
 "Of the life of Patrick Henry." "Patrick Henry? yes!" said we.
- "I remember him in boyhood, when a reckless, fearless lad,
 Then endowed with all the virtues which the ancient heroes had;
 True and firm, and strong as iron to the friend he sought to serve,
 And as firmly fraught with honor in his every pulse and nerve.
- "I remember him in manhood, while his head with youth was green, Both a drunkard and a lounger, and uncount, unkempt, unclean. I remember when they brought him first the papers and the fee, In the famous Parsons' lawsuit, saying he should make the plea.
- "I was in the court that morning, when the judge upon his seat Called the case up for its trial, and none spake the cause to meet, Till they found him by the river, fast asleep upon the bank; And he rushed into the court-room, and in terror speechless sank.
- "There were seated for opponents all the leaders of the land—
 The proudest, noblest, grandest—and their clients round them stand.
 How they sneered and smiled derisive as young Henry stuttering, said,
 'I—I—am for defense, my Lord;" then drooped in shame his head.
- "But the case went on to trial, and the witnesses were heard;
 And as Henry rose to state his case a laugh of scorn appeared
 On the faces of the Parsons, for the suit was all their own;
 So they feared not he could change it with his stuttering, stammering tone.
- "Then he rose in awe and trembling, and he glanced around the place,
 And his voice came thick and hoarsely, and the blood suffused his face,
 As he saw the cool derision of the pleaders of the Crown;
 And his knees were shaking, knocking, and the sweat-drops coming down
 As they turned—here scornful glances—there a bitter, vengeful frown.
- "But,' said he, 'while standing fearing, shamed, and wishing I might sink Deep through the oaken flooring, nor of any plea could think, Then I thought I felt a pulling at my coat—a voice that said, 'Patrick Henry—husband—father—Oh! our children! Give them bread.' And it nerved me to the effort, and then all my terror fled.'
- "And his clients all around him held each head upon his breast,
 While the Parsons looked enraptured; and excited all the rest
 As he stammered, stuttered, faltered, till his eyes like coals grew bright;
 And his tones came clear as music, when it steals along the night.
- "I remember how all listened, as the words flowed fast and free;
 How the Parsons stared affrighted; how exhilarated we;
 How the judge, with eyes outstarting, leaned across the judgment-seat,
 And the Old Dominion lawyers cast their warrants at his feet,
 While the orator denounced to them the Parsons' arrant cheat.
- "And his words upon the feelings in great tear-drops seemed to play,
 And his clients raised their faces while the Parsons slunk away;
 How the laugh his tones excited, as he drove them from the place,
 Seemed the scorn of some great prophet; and the radiance of his face
 Was exultant yet seraphic, and alight with truth and grace.



- "I remember how we hailed him as our champion and friend;
 Now judge and lawyers press around, and their hands to him extend;
 Now I see his aged father, with his eyes all blurred with tears,
 Rise, embrace, and fondly bless him, while we rend the air with cheers.
- "I remember how they brought him every case and every suit;

 How he pled and won all causes where the right was in dispute;

 How he gained a people's blessing—gained respect from every mind—

 For he wore a noble presence, and a smile like Mercy's kind.
- "Then the people claimed their hero, and the burgesses a gain; And the haughty royal Tories plauded English lore in vain When young Henry rose in power—for his patriot voice upraised A band who scourged the tyrants and the Royalists amazed, Till the cry of 'Death or Liberty!' through all the nation blazed.
- "And that cry, that voice, that feeling, have triumphed and have won, A name, a fame, a glory, surpassed on earth by none; And Henry, noble Henry, reposes with the dead, But a halo bright and lasting still hovers o'er his head, And his name will be remembered until time itself has fled."

LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean, Yet every thing within that cot was wondrous neat and clean; The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild, A patient mother watched beside the death-bed of her child. A little worn-out creature—his once-bright eyes grown dim; It was a collier's wife and child, they called him "Little Jim." And, oh! to see the briny tears, fast hurrying down her cheek, As she offered up a prayer—in thought; she was afraid to speak, Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life; For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife. With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed, And prays that He will spare her boy, and take herself instead. She got her answer from the boy, soft fell those words from him-"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim; I have no pain, dear mother, now, but, oh! I am so dry. Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry." With gentle, trembling haste, she held a teacup to his lips, He smiled to thank her, as he took three little tiny sips. "Tell father when he comes from work, I bid good-night to him. And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas, poor little Jim! She saw that he was dying, that the child she loved so dear, Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear. The cottage door is opened, the cotter's step is heard, The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word. He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead, He took the candle in his hand, and walked toward the bed. His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal; And, see, his wife has joined him, the stricken couple kneel; With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him, In Heaven once more to meet their own dear little Jim.



SOLD!

WAS visiting the --Insane Asylum. The gentlemanly chaplain had conducted me from cell to cell, and exhibited to me the prisonerpatients as the keeper of a managerie is wont to show the wild beasts to visitors. Having, at length, become surfeited with the conversation of love-lorn damsels, addle-headed philosophers, and crack-brained philanthropists, I was about to take my leave, when the chaplain exclaimed, "Stop, Mr. Prendergast, you must look at one more curiosity before you go. It's a man who, morning, noon, and night, is constantly muttering, 'Sold, sold, sold!' But I warn you not to be induced to listen to his story, or you will find yourself in the same predicament."

"Sold, sold, sold!" moaned a querulous voice within, as my companion opened a celldoor. "Sold, by Heaven!" repeated the same voice, as I looked upon its proprietor, a shriveled, grizzled-haired gentleman, with woe-begone visage, who was reclining on an antiquated sofa. "Yes, Sir, sold, sold, sold!" he repeated, confidentially, as he turned his watery eyes "Stranger, allow me to unfold to you the tale of a man who has been sold."

"There is neither head nor tail to it," said the gentlemanly chaplain, as I sat down on the antiquated sofa in the attitude of a listener; "however, you can listen to it if you choose." And the gentlemanly chaplain sat down and fell to reading a magazine that lay on the table.

"Yes, Sir, I have been sold, emphatically sold!" said my entertainer, "and, what may seem strange to you, I have been laboring all my life to sell myself.

"I was once young, like you, Sir. My eye was bright; my cheeks were red. My whiskers were as black as yours, and much more abundant. I had a heart, too. That's a thing, Sir, that wasn't quite out of fashion in those days. I had hopes, too.—Never mind—they are all sold. Yes, sold, sold, sold!

"When I first came to live in New York, I loved a pretty, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, New Hampshire maiden with a merry laugh and elastic step and a form that wasn't all cotton and whalebone, and as loving a heart as there was in the Granite State. Country girls have hearts, Sir.

"I came to New York to get a profession, and intended then to go back to New Hampshire, and marry this maiden, who was as poor as I was. People marry for love in the country, Sir.

"But in New York I learned that my notions were antiquated. I found that love was obsolete in every thing but novels that men and women make to sell.

"I found that in New York every body bought and sold, and that every thing was bought and sold. I learned that the chief end of man was to buy and sell. I saw that men and maidens, stocks and talents, dry-goods and characters, groceries and reputations, liquors peared. I would make a rare young bride-

and consciences, notes and votes, houses and friends, were bought and sold, all bought and

"The presiding genius of New York, the Demon of Bargain and Sale, a thrifty, bustling, persuasive demon in patent-leather boots, came to me one day, and whispered to me that when I was in Gotham, I should do as the Gothamites did. And he shook a bag of money in my I was overpersuaded by its silvery eloquence.

"I gave up my profession, and began to buy and sell. I gave up my New Hampshire maiden, too. Her love was all too cheap—so the demon said—it couldn't be bought and sold. They told me she shed some tears at being deserted, but she didn't pine away and die. Her heart was too strong for that. She married another man and, in due time, became the mother of ten children. That's the way New Hampshire girls take their revenge, Sir.

"And so I bought and sold-bought and sold notes, and policies, and cargoes, and ships, and stores, and air-line railroads, and city lots in the moon.

"I next sold promises and bought votes, and so got elected alderman of New York and, like other aldermen, sold myself every day in the year.

"I then sold my principles and bought a nomination to Congress, wrote Honorable before my name, and sold my votes at rare bargains.

"Meanwhile, I sold the heart-throbs of my best years, until, one morning, as I was looking in the glass, I observed a thread of silver over my right temple, and another ghostly intruder in my left whisker. At that sight, I felt a peculiar twinge in the place where my heart had once been. A subtle voice from the gray hair seemed to shout in my right ear, 'Sold!' the gray whisker echoed in my left ear, 'Sold!' and a voice from my heart-region responded, 'Sold!'

"At this juncture, the Demon bowed himself into the room, and, rubbing his gloved hands together and jingling his bag of American coin. suggested that I had now reached a proper age for getting married. He also, still jingling the United States currency, gave me some important advice relative to the selection of a wife, which I promised to follow.

"I first repaired to one of the emporiums of hair-dyes, cosmetics, pomatums, hair-invigorators, curling-irons, and French hair-dressers, where raven locks are bought by old New York, and mustaches are sold to young New York. There I had the silvery apparitions exorcised from my temple and whisker.

"I was then prepared to enter the matrimonial market as a favored purchaser. shouldn't I be? I had gold, and houses, and land, and credit, and a name with Honorable before it; and, with all this, was not yet fifty by ten months. I visited Phalon's daily—the gray templar and white whisker had disap-



With the proceeds of my better years, groom. I determined to invest largely in matrimonial felicity. 'None but the best for me—the best that can be bought!' I exclaimed, as I entered the market to buy me a wife.

"You look surprised, Sir, because I speak of buying a wife. You may think that wives are sold only in such Mohammedan towns as Constantinople and Cairo, and in Thackeray's novels; but I assure you, on the word of a man whose sanity is above a shadow of suspicion, that, every day, here in New York city, Christian maidens are sold, sold, sold!

"I met, at a 'crush' party—a kind of matrimonial fair, you know-one of the most dazzling and queenly of the dazzling and queenly maidens of New York. Her form was the perfection of symmetry; her complexion, the perfection of delicacy and bloom; her eye (she had just been taking wine), the perfection of melting tenderness; her hair, the perfection of mazy luxuriance. Her breath wafted the concentrated fragrance of Southern gales, or-a Parisian perfumery. She gleamed with diamonds, as a flower sparkles with dew-drops. Her ensemble was ravishingly artless and unstudied. She was an heiress, too.

"I determined that she should be mine. The Demon whispered to me that she was the daughter of a Wall Street dealer in fancy stocks -that, like his other fancy stocks, she was for sale to the highest bidder.

"After the customary preliminaries, in which I was duly instructed by the Demon, I approached the father with an offer. After some chaffering, and appraising, and praising, and beating down, we agreed upon particulars, and the transfer was made. Then he took out his memorandum-book to make a note of the transaction, and I fancied that he wrote thus: ' Daughter Maria sold.'

"She consented to the bargain, as New York girls generally do-what else can they do? A duchy-less Italian Duke, who had sung ducts with her, was dismissed, swore he should 'go dead,' and, the next week, married a widow with twice her money.

"There was a poor, golden-haired young poet, who had long loved her and written three-verse sonnets to her. I saw him draw near to her, and heard him murmur something in low, earnest tones. I overheard her response: 'You are too late. I am sold!'

"The young poet revenged himself by writing a satirical comedy on 'High Life in New York,' which was 'damned' on its first representation, and he died of chagrin. Some, however, said he starved to death.

"The bargain which had been made in Wall Street was ratified in Grace Church, by a clergyman in robe and surplice, and duly witnessed by relatives and friends. As I gave the response 'I will,' the image of the New Hampshire maiden, looking just as she had when I had loved her long years before, glided to my side, and whispered, 'Sold.' That has always puzzled me, for I learned that on that very day | ten years older than I had taken her to be.

she was seated in her cottage in New Hampshire, grown plain and matronly, nursing her tenth child, and superintending the washing and the churning of the butter.

"As my bride responded, 'I will,' the ghost of the poor poet stepped between us, and murmured, 'Sold!' As the clergyman said, 'I pronounce you man and wife,' man and wife exchanged glances, and both inaudibly ejaculated, 'Sold!' The Wall Street dealer chuckled triumphantly, and repeated to himself, 'Daughter Maria sold!' Relatives and friends thronged around us to congratulate us on being-sold; and foremost among them came the Demon, still rubbing his gloved hands together, jingling his money-bag, and repeating complacently, Sold, sold, sold!'

"No one noticed him but myself, however.

"In my first light slumbers that night, brimstone-colored imps with flaming noses ensconced themselves in my ears. A portly imp seated himself astride my nose, and a whole bevy of imps perched in my hair and whiskers. Then the imp on my nose flourished a baton; the imp in my right ear began to growl bass; the imp in my left ear screeched tenor, and the whole company of imps joined in chanting a doggerel, which was all chorus, and the chorus was 'Sold, sold, sold!' When, at length, I awoke, my bride tossed uneasily by my side, and murmured in her sleep, 'Sold!'

"Every night since that one, I have been favored with a 'free concert' by the same artists. with no change of programme.

"Before the honey-moon was ended I discovered that my bride, like the other fancy stocks sold by her father—the purchasers of which are included in the inventory of the sold—was not all that she had seemed to be. Fool that I had been to expect it-I was deservedly sold!

"Her form—I am telling you family secrets, my dear fellow, of course they'll go no furtherher form, I say, was indeed symmetrical enough, but its most ravishing perfections, the exquisitely tapering waist, the voluptuously rounded bust, which I had deemed master-works of Nature, were triumphs of Art—the divine art of Madame Bellemode, her French dress-maker. Had my object been to possess a master-piece by Madame Bellemode, I should have bought that well-dressed statuess, with waxen face, glass eyes, and imaginary continuations—that model for New York belles—that looks out on Broadway from the bow-window of Madame's shop. But as that had not been my object, I deemed that, in that respect, I had been sold.

"Her complexion, too, which had so dazzled me, was all—well, I won't say what, but this I do say, that if my object had been to buy a painting, I should have ordered one from a French, or Italian, or native artist-from any other source, in fact, except the New York School of Designing Women.

"When I first saw my wife without her complexion, however, I learned that she was at least



found, too, that her tresses, which had bewildered me by their glossy luxuriance, had originally come from Paris-but not with her. Her diamonds, unlike the dew-drops which they had reminded me of, seldom sparkled except by gas-light, and, as I learned to my cost, were much more expensive than dew-drops. The bewitching artlessness of her expression was the result of a world of art, and her unstudied ensemble was her constant study. In these additional respects, I reluctantly admitted that I had been sold.

"One day, before our honey-moon was ended, we had a visitor—a spectre—a fashionablydressed spectre—a spectre of polite leisure. In the movements of his attenuated form there was the fashionable air of premature old age. His wan visage wore the fashionable blasé expression. You may have met him. His name was Ennui. He was the bosom-companion of many fashionable people, was much courted in fashionable circles, and had the easy confidence that generally distinguishes fashionable bores.

"He dined with us on his first visit. Though he received but a cold welcome, he came again the next, and every following day. He would breakfast, lunch, dine, and even go abroad with us. His spectral constitution was afflicted with a proclivity for yawning. His yawns proved infectious, and so we three-my wife, the spectre, and I-would entertain one another principally by yawning, and between yawns would ever and anon murmur in succession, 'Sold, sold, sold!'

"Dissatisfied with the result of my attempt to purchase domestic felicity, I consulted my wife as to the further investments necessary in order to secure it. Her advice was prompt, and on that advice, as a dutiful husband, I promptly acted.

"I bought a choice lot on Fifth Avenue. On that lot I proceeded to erect a palace—a royal palace, five stories and a half high, and with brown stone front, all on the most modern and expensive plan. I decorated the interior with the most modern and expensive styles of gilding, and carving, and fresco, and furniture and plate. I filled the library with books in the most modern and expensive bindings. filled the conservatory with the most modern and expensive plants. I filled the stables with horses of the most modern and expensive breed. my palace would not be furnished without containing some gems of art, I bought for it a gallery of paintings, which—so the salesman assured me-were chef-d'auvres of all the old masters. I observed that when I had bought them the salesman thrust his tongue into his cheek, and, referring, of course, to the pictures, exclaimed, 'sold!'

"It was indispensable that the inhabitant of a Fifth Avenue palace possess a coat-ofarms. I had not inherited such an article. sought the family archives and tried to trace back my pedigree, but lost it the third generation back-in a jail. You see I make you a my wife's advice, and, by a strange coincidence,

appropriate emblem would have been an awl and waxed-end, and my father's a spade and plow; but neither of them kept a carriage, or had any coats but homespun ones. We visited the Heraldry Office, but were not suited. In my perplexity, the demon came to my relief, with a simple and appropriate device. It was a hollow heart, filled with American coin, with the motto, 'Sold, sold, sold!'

"When my house was completed, my wife smiled on it and on me, and said we should be so happy! We took up our abode in it, and were happy-one week.

"At the expiration of that week, the spectre walked in with his sickly smile, and suggested that our house was not perfectly well arranged. nor the embellishments in perfectly good taste, nor the furniture perfectly well assorted; that our establishment was inferior to the Joneses', two blocks above; and that the Smiths' new house across the way would eclipse it altogether; that Fifth Avenue palaces were troublesome, and expensive, and unsatisfactory luxuries at best, but were his favorite resorts, and that he had come to stay with us always. Then my wife and I yawned, and ejaculated in dismay, 'Sold, sold, sold!'

"Presently my wife spoke. Said she, 'Let us give a grand party-a "crush" party-and invite two thousand people!' I acquiesced, and the cards were sent.

"The grand night at length came, and Sexton Brown came, and the throng of carriages came, and the two thousand invited guests came, and among them the Smiths and Joneses came. They danced, and flirted, and crowded, and crushed one another in my parlors, and ate my oysters and ices, and drank my wine, and damaged my furniture, and criticised my pictures, and—went away. When the last carriage had rolled away I walked through my deserted parlors, and glanced at my damaged carpets, stumbled over a broken chair, and sat down on a disjointed sofa and murmured 'Sold!' chorus of voices, sounding strangely like those of my late guests, echoed, 'Sold, sold, sold!'

"I repaired to my library, and sat down to my desk to look to my accounts. As I opened it, out sprang a bevy of pale phantoms with long bills. A phantom with the proportions of a fiddle and sinews of catgut, thrust into my ear a music-bill; another, with the sweet persuasiveness of sugar, insinuated into my lips a confectionery-bill; and a bottle-bellied phantom pecked at me with a wine-bill. They opened their bills and clamored, severally, for a thousand, eight hundred, six hundred, four hundred, and two hundred dollars. Then all croaked in concert, 'Five thousand!' I rushed in terror to bed, and dreamed of seeing five thousand little cherubs, with faces like gold dollars, borne away captive by relentless bills, and woke up screaming 'Sold, sold, sold!'

"For years I continued dutifully to follow confidant, my dear fellow. My grandfather's whenever I had done so was invariably haunted



by the ornithological phantoms. In the mean time I had children—fast sons and dashing daughters, and, as they increased in number and stature, the phantoms increased likewise in number and length of bill, and I began to be afflicted with a sense of goneness in the region of my pocket, which gradually grew into a chronic emptiness. I sought relief from this sensation in gambling and drinking. At gambling my losses greatly exceeded my winnings, and my drinking brought on delirium tremens, in which, they said, I fought lustily with imaginary devils, and screamed as lustily 'Sold, sold, sold!'

"Still my wife and children increased their demands. They gave more expensive parties, bought costlier furniture, and jewels, and horses, and carriages, and dry-goods, and finally succeeded in quite eclipsing the Smiths across the way. At about that time, by a strange coincidence, the last of my houses, and land, and stocks, were sold.

"Then my wife continued to eclipse the Smiths on credit, until, one night, after we had given the greatest party of the season, the ornithological spectres, having pressed their claims in vain, set up a terrific clamor, and the next day I was pronounced bankrupt!

"A few days after a red flag hung in front of my brown stone front.

"A great crowd collected to see the contents of a Fifth Avenue palace sold.

"The Smiths, whom we had eclipsed, looked out of their windows across the way, and chuck-led in triumph to see the finery of their rivals sold.

"Ladies—some of my wife's bosom friends—came early and chatted together delightfully, and made rare bargains all day long, until the last thing was sold.

"People who had often attended my parties came, looking quite as merrily to see my household stuff sold.

"Newspaper reporters came, to regale the delighted public with descriptions of each article and the exact sum for which it had sold.

"The Demon was there, as he always was where any thing was to be sold.

"My furniture, and plate, and books, and pictures, and wines, and horses, and carriages—all were sold.

"At nightfall, the auctioneer threw down his hammer, drew a long breath, and exclaimed, "All sold!"

"And the Demon rubbed his gloved hands complacently as ever, and repeated, as he jingled his money-bag, 'Sold!'

"Then the crowd dispersed reluctantly, murmuring as they went, 'Sold! sold! sold!'

"As I sat down that evening in a plainly-furnished apartment, with my wife and children, they glanced reproachfully at me and muttered, 'Sold!' and I glanced reproachfully back at them and echoed, 'Sold!' and then each glanced reproachfully at all the rest and moaned, 'Sold! sold! sold!'

"Then the Demon entered the room. He

came without his patent leather boots, and in their stead, I saw hoofs—cloven hoofs! He was not gloved; his fingers were long, bony talons. Instead of a money-bag he jingled a chain. He sought to lay hold of me, but after a fierce struggle I drove him away.

"The next day, owing to the kind efforts of my family, I was furnished with lodgings here—a nice place it is, too. The Demon followed me here, and has often tried to take me. I have kept him off as yet, but I am growing older and weaker. He will have me yet, for I am sold! yes, sold! sold!

"Every day, at about this hour—see! there he is now! by the window!—Ha, ha!"

And the old gentleman sprang up from the antiquated sofa, and seizing a quarto volume, hurled it with maniac energy at the Demon, and—floored the gentlemanly chaplain, who had fallen asleep over the magazine, and was nodding in his chair. With no gentle impetus, he then pitched me, head foremost, over him, and as the chaplain and I made a hasty exit from the room, he laughed long, loud, and maliciously, and shouted, louder than ever, "Sold! sold!"

A REMINISCENCE OF SAMUEL ROGERS. BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELER.

THERE are few places in the great world of London which are invested with more genial associations than the modest mansion in St. James's Place, which was for so long a time the residence of Samuel Rogers. It is now more than a year since its aged owner was borne across its threshold to his last resting-place; the works of art which clustered on its walls, and the books which crowded the shelves of its library, have been scattered among a thousand hands, and its hospitalities are among the traditions of a past social life. The following sketch of a morning spent with Rogers in his own house a few years since, may be none the less interesting from the fact that the scene of the narrative has been forever shifted out of sight, and its principal actor called from the stage on which he was then lingering in expectation of the summons. It has been hitherto unpublished, but was written while the words of the "old man eloquent" were fresh in the recollection of the writer, and he can vouch not only for the general accuracy, but in the main for the literal exactness of his reproduction of the conversation he has recorded. The manner and expression which gave to so many of the sayings of Rogers a peculiar force and beauty can not be reproduced in words, but to many of the readers of the following pages who have shared in the hospitality of which they are a souvenir, the narrative may serve to recall some traits otherwise less freshly remembered; while others, less fortunate, may gain from them, at least, some idea of the wealth of personal reminiscence, wise experience, and delicate wit and humor with which Rogers enriched his daily and He even his casual conversation, and whose infinite



variety "age could not wither nor custom stale.

LONDON, November, 1847.

Breakfasted this morning with Rogers. We went at 10 o'clock and were received in a drawing-room, looking out on St. James's Park, with one of those large bay windows which actually let in light and warmth even in London. The room was hung with the gems of his collection of pictures—crowded with his virtuoso treasures.

He is infirm and old, like the Last Minstrel; much bent, and tottering as he walks. His face is not remarkable. It does not indicate the poet any more than the banker. It has the faded feebleness which accompanies extreme old age always, the placid benevolence which dignifies it sometimes.

We remarked the beauty of the morning. "It is very kind of you to notice it," he said. "You, who have so much splendor in America."

And then, as a kind of corroboration of the superiority of our climate, he brought out a book of paintings of American autumnal leaves, which had lately been presented to him.

Speaking of the rarity of sunshine in London, he added, "Do you remember the answer of the Persian to the Englishman, who said to him, 'You worship the sun in your country, don't 'Yes,' replied the Persian, 'and so would you-if you ever saw him!"

His book of autographs lay on the centre-table. He opened it to a splendid three-page letter of Washington to Hamilton, written when he was deliberating whether to serve the second Presidential term. "Our country has never produced such a man as Washington," said Rogers. "I doubt if it ever will."

Mrs. B---. "But you have such a galaxy of great men in England, even Washington can be spared."

Rogers shook his head—and then taking up a book that lay on the table, he added, "I don't think our country has a much better historian than this, or (taking up another) a much better poet than this." The first book was Prescott's Peru, the second Bryant's Poems.

Rogers said he had seen Bryant, but he was so "shy" that it was difficult to draw him out. He (Rogers) spoke of his editorial occupations as a misfortune.

He showed us a book which some one had given him—printed by Franklin.

"Franklin," said he, "came next to Washington;" then, speaking of the Revolutionary War: "I remember very well the night my father, as he opened the Bible for evening prayers, said to us children, 'The siege of Boston is begun.' From that time all our sympathies were with you; the surrender of the army gave us great joy."

He knew of one man who, when the war broke out, was a shipper of artillery in government employ; he threw up his place when ordered to send supplies to America, saying, "I can not ship artillery against my own countrymen." | too Ruskinny to suit any portion of the public taste.

Of another, a person of consequence, who sent for his tailor to measure him for a suit of mourning; said the tailor, "You have lost some friend, some relative." "Yes," he replied, "many-at Lexington!"

Rogers spoke of Lord North-of the fact of his repeated requests to be allowed to resign.

On the way to breakfast, Rogers showed us a sketch by Turner. It hangs in his library. The subject is Stonehenge, with one of the artist's most terrific, hurly-burly skies overhead, "enough to frighten any body to look at it," said Rogers.

At table the conversation naturally turned on Turner.

Our host ridiculed Ruskin's new book (Modern Painters) in which Turner is so overpraised. He sent a servant to the library for the book, and on its being brought, read an extract in which Turner is likened to the angel of the Apocalypse standing with one foot on the sea, and the other on the shore, etc., as the very climax of absurdity.*

Rogers spoke of the National Academy of "It is beginning to attract attention London. abroad, there are so many fine things there," said he.

I alluded to the small number of Van Dycks one sees there-thinking it strange that while there are so many all over England, and as Van Dyck was almost an Englishman himself, there should be only two or three of his pictures in the Academy.

Rogers said, "The Van Dycks that are 'all over England' are not the best specimens of his style. His best pictures were painted before he left Holland. After he got here he found that the ladies liked to see themselves painted with very long, thin fingers, sprawling out in this way (spreading out his hands against his coat), and so he painted Van Dycks from morning to night-but those in the Academy are from Holland.

He asked if we had, in America, casts from the antiques, especially from the Elgin Marbles -of which he has a great admiration, ranking them first of all among the relics of Greek art (he has a cast of them over his stair-case very well arranged for light and effect, and on returning to the drawing-room afterward, pointed out some of their beauties). Speaking of casts, he said they were "as good as the originals, and in fact better, in the respect of their being free from stains."

He spoke of Wordsworth. "He comes seldom to London. He probably will not come again."

E. "He must feel very much the death of his daughter."

ROGERS (with a good deal of warmth). "But the mother feels it more. It provokes me to hear the men spoken of as sufferers in such cases.

* I have since looked in the book in question for this passage, but can not find it. It must have been suppressed in later editions than that which Rogers read from, as



When there is a death the man may feel it, but there is a woman in the house who feels it more. There was H——; his son died. Well, he took to his books so much the more; but I saw the mother, and saw that her heart was broken, and in less than a twelvemonth she died.

"The story of Wordsworth's daughter," he continued, "is a sad one. She grew melancholy, declined going into society, began to droop away. Finally, it came out that it was an attachment to a young man whom her father persisted in refusing to allow her to marry. The mother has kissed my cheek and begged me to use my influence, but for a long time it was of no use. At last, reluctantly, he gave his consent. It was too late. Her health was gone, and now she is dead. The young man was worthy of her. She had a right to judge for herself. Wordsworth had no right to control her affections. He might have advised and reasoned. but command he should not have done. The mischiefs that spring from the interference of parents are incalculable. When a woman's affections are once placed upon a man, and they marry under adverse prospects, her pride supports her in a great many difficulties and helps her out of them. My sister was in love-I was the third brother, but she came to me and said, 'I will be ruled by you.' I said, 'You must judge for yourself; on such a point I will not undertake to decide. You know I am not for marriage, but you must act for yourself.' She married, and was happy. She had two sons; they are both dead now. One of them was so distinguished that two judges followed him to his grave. If I had said 'No,' those men would never have been born."

He mentioned the case of the Duchess of Norfolk. Allusion was also made to Lady Clarendon, by one of the company. "The man whom she first married, under pressure of family influence, she did not love. He died, and she then married her first love, Lord Clarendon, and a happier couple do not exist."

ROGERS. "I never had such a reception from any man as from the Earl of Clarendon. I went down to his seat to spend a week. I had just arrived and was in the bedroom I had been shown into, when I heard a voice outside the door crying, 'Hail! Hail! Hail!' and this was Lord Clarendon's welcome."

We sat some time at breakfast. It would have puzzled an habitué of the Café Foy to have pronounced on the character of this meal, whether a dejeuner, or a dejeuner à la fourchette, and Theuiller would probably have been shocked at its nondescript quality. But we were at the same table with Rogers—one of the few "old names" which bring back the "old feelings," for to speak of Rogers is to speak of Byron, and Scott, and Coleridge, and to talk with him is almost to talk with them. We looked up from our coffee and rolls to a genuine Raphael, a genuine Andrea del Sarto, and a genuine Titian.

After breakfast, on our return to the drawingroom, he showed us a small bookcase upon the so long as we are right here."

upper cornice of which there is some carved work. "Chantrey was dining here one day in a large company and said to me, 'Do you remember some five-and-twenty years ago a workman coming in at that door, and taking some measures for the carving of that bookcase? I was that workman, and glad enough I was to get five shillings a day for the carving."

There is a bust of Pope by Roubillac on a pier table. It is in clay. Rogers said that Flaxman's father remembered going into Roubillac's study when he was at work modeling it. Pope sat in an arm-chair before him.

He showed us a beautiful antique bust—probably the head of an athlete. Canova brought it from Italy—it was found at the mouth of the Tiber.

"He brought it into this room and placed it there where it stands."

"Here," said Rogers, "is a hand (a beautiful fragment) which Canova has kissed many times."

He showed us his Etruscan vases, which are very fine specimens, and pointed out their beautics—sending into his library for certain books on art in which they are described by persons who have seen them in his house. He pointed out an exquisite fragment of a fresco, by Giotto—two heads from the Chiesa del Carmine at Florence; subject, two of the disciples approaching the tomb of Christ.

"Before the Reformation," said he, "they painted with more religious feeling than since."

There is a charming Guercino. It hangs on the left hand side of the room, close by the windows. It is a Madonna and Child. The Virgin holds the infant naked in one arm—the left; on a finger of the right hand she has a bird, at which the child is looking, half in delight, half in surprise—the whole thing exquisitely told. Near by hangs a Raphael—the same subject. In this the Virgin is standing, and holds the child upright in her arms. He is clinging to her as if a little frightened. It is a sweet specimen of Raphael.

We admired these two pictures. Rogers said, of the Raphael, that, for a long time, he kept it in his bedroom; but, at last, his friends persuaded him to bring it down stairs and place it among the others.

Mrs. B—— noticed the beautiful manner in which the maternal feeling was expressed in the picture.

ROGERS. "Yes—and there is nothing like it. Do you remember what Gray says—'That a man may have many friends, many brothers, many sisters, but he has only one mother—a discovery,' he adds, 'which I did not make till it was too late.' I remember as well as if it were yesterday, though I was only eight years old, when my mother died. She said to her children, 'It makes no difference what happens to you—only be good;' and that is the truth," continued he, laying his hand on his heart; "what becomes of us in this world is of no consequence, so long as we are right here."



Of West he then told a story which, I think, he said he had from his own lips. His mother left him one day, when a small boy, in charge of the baby, who was asleep in the cradle, with strict injunctions to watch it carefully. Presently he was so struck with the appearance of the child that he could not help trying to make a sketch of it, and so with a pencil and paper went to work, and became so engrossed in the process as quite to forget his charge. When his mother returned she found the baby's face covered with flies. "Whereupon she began scolding me; but when she saw what I had been about she gave me a kiss—and that kiss," said the President of the Royal Academy—"and that kiss-did it!"

Passing to other topics, Rogers spoke of Lord John Russell. He quoted his definition of a proverb, "The wisdom of many and the wit of one." (Query: Is this original with the Premier? I believe Rogers refers to it as such in a note to a new edition of the Italy, or a manuscript original memorandum.)

"I was walking in St. James's Park with the Duke of Wellington," said Rogers-"this was long ago-and we spoke of the attacks which were being made on Lord John by his opponents. 'Lord John,' said the Duke, 'is a host in himself.' At dinner, a day or two afterward, sitting next to Lord John, Lady Holland, who was on my other side, whispered to me, 'Tell Lord John what the Duke said about him.' So I repeated the above. Lord John looked down into his plate and said nothing; but, afterward, he told me that he should never forget that speech till he was in his grave."

Of Lady -- he told us this,

"She said to me one day, 'You never come to see us.' 'But I will come.' 'Will you come to breakfast on Friday?' 'On Friday I will come to breakfast.' 'Name whom you would like to meet.' And I named them. Friday came, and I forgot all about it. The first thing I knew, Lady ---- sent me these verses.' Whereupon he produced the verses and read them capitally. They do not differ much from this:

"When a poet a lady offends, In prose he ne'er favor regains, And from Rogers can aught make amends, But the humblest and sweetest of strains? "In glad expectation, our board With roses and lilies we graced, But alas! the Bard kept not his word, He came not for whom they were placed. "In silence our toast we bespread,

Then played with our teaspoons and sighed, Insipid, tea, butter, and bread, For the salt of his wit was denied.

"In wrath we acknowledge how well He, the Pleasures of Memory who drew, For mankind from his magical shell, Gives the pain of Forgetfulness too!"

He told a story of Lady Charlotte Lindsay (Lord North's daughter). There was a discussion at dinner one day on the question—Sup- benefit and advantage of intercourse with men

pose a lady arrives in England from France with only one word of English at command, what word would be most serviceable? Every body said, of course, "Yes-that is the most useful of words." Lady Charlotte said, "Not at all. No is much more useful; for, with a lady, yes never means no, but no very often means ves."

Looking at a book of prints which gives in full the frescoes from which the fragment of Giotto, alluded to above, is preserved, he pointed out a piece from which he observed that Raphael had borrowed. "In fact," said Rogers, "we are all borrowers, one from another. I said one day at dinner, 'when you see a crowd of men, and one of them appears higher than all the rest, you may be sure it is because he has got on somebody's shoulders.' Sydney Smith was sitting by, and as soon as he heard that he clapped his hand on his pocket and cried out 'Bagged!'"

One of us asked him whether Miss Coutts had decided between him and the Duke of Wellington. "Yes," said Rogers, "and against us both. The Duke and Miss Coutts will never make a match. He is very attentive to her, but it is his way. If he takes a fancy to a lady, he goes to see her every day running. He gave Miss Coutts a watch, which strikes every hour, day and night, and, at the same time, took a chain from his neck and hung the watch upon it. There is something very attractive about Miss Coutts," Rogers went on to say. "Her great wealth is a misfortune to her, singling her out as it does from her family. She suffers from it. There is an old story of a favorite son, whose brothers took him and put him in a well, and sold him to the Ishmaelites—and it is always so. If you are over-fortunate, the rest of the family don't like you as well for it."

We turned again to the book of autographsa rare collection-containing, besides, the most valuable part of his correspondence with many of his contemporaries more illustrious than himself. He read, with much emphasis, part of a letter from Byron, in which he dwells on his domestic troubles, etc.

Turning to a letter of Fox-"I knew him well," he said, "and I saw him on his deathbed—Sheridan too."

He called our attention to a manuscript page of Waverley as showing how few alterations Scott made in his draft. From a letter of Scott to himself he read some extracts.

I noticed in the book a letter of Mozart written in a peculiarly elegant hand.

After this, at the request of Mrs. B-, than whom no one could more gracefully or successfully have drawn him from one topic of interest to another, Rogers sent for his journal, the sanctum sanctorum of his memories, and read several passages. It is intended for publication after his death. He read us the preface—it is a very pleasing introduction to very pleasant matter.

He quotes what Lord Clarendon says of the



superior to one's self, and of profiting by a study of their manners, and a recollection of their discourse, by way of explanation of the purpose of the book. He then read from different chapters, accompanying the reading with a running commentary of remark.

riously, half jokingly, repeating constantly the words, 'Remember five.' It was Lord Douro, who had overheard the appointment. Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon I went to the house, No. 4 Carlton Terrace. The Duke of Wellingcommentary of remark.

Of Talleyrand he read and spoke.

"He owed his elevation to Madame de Staël. She gave him a letter to Barras. Talleyrand took it to the country seat of the Consul. He was admitted and shown into an empty drawing-room. Presently two lads came in and passed through, taking no notice of the stranger, but saying one to the other, 'Shall we go?' 'Let us go'-'Allons'-and so they went. Talleyrand waited-was kept waiting. By-and-by a noise was heard in the hall. The boys, it seemed, had gone to bathe, and one of them had been brought back a corpse. It was a son of Barras. Of course the schemes of the day were abandoned. Barras was in great affliction. He set out for Paris and took Talleyrand with him in his carriage. The latter exerted himself as much as possible to console the mourning father, and with such effect that Barras never deserted him. He introduced him to Napoleon. and from that day the star of Palleyrand began to culminate."

"Poor Madame de Staël!" said Rogers—"she has dined often in this room. Her conversation; was not witty, but very eloquent. She had no love of Nature. She lived in Switzerland, but never cared to see the glaciers, nor the Lake of Geneva."

Still further about Madame de Staël from the Journal: "There was quite a rivalry between her and Madame de Recamier as to which held the first place in Talleyrand's affections. The latter was a most beautiful woman. Madame de Staël one day said to Talleyrand, 'If you were shipwrecked with Madame de Recamier and myself, and had a plank that would only hold yourself and one of us, which of the two would you choose?' The minister was in an awkward position, but he was wonderfully quick in getting out of it. 'I believe you can swim, madame!'"

Of the Duke of Wellington he both spoke and read.

"Do you remember," said he, "his reply to the lady who said to him, 'What a glorious thing must be a victory!" 'The greatest tragedy, madam, in the world—excepting a defeat."

The extract from the Journal, as near as I can recall, was in these words:

"I was passing the evening in Carlton House, a mansion which has long since ceased to exist, and of which there remains not now one stone upon another, when a certain lady of high rank said to me, 'It is long since I have seen any thing of you—when will you come to make me a call?' 'When may I come?' I asked. 'Come,' she said, 'on Sunday at five—remember five;' and through the evening, as I went from one room to another, a voice followed me, half se-

riously, half jokingly, repeating constantly the words, 'Remember five.' It was Lord Douro, who had overheard the appointment. Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon I went to the house, No. 4 Carlton Terrace. The Duke of Wellington's horses were before the door. I said 'the Duke is here.' 'No matter, Sir, you are expected.' I entered and found the Duke of Wellington. 'Do you think,' said he to me, 'what they want me to do? They want me to become the head of a faction; but I will never consent. I have served my country now for nearly fifty years—thirty in the field and twenty in the Cabinet—and I am ready to serve it still; but the leader of a faction I have never been, and, till the day of my death, I never will be."

A word of commentary on this extract will increase its interest. Lord Grey had been requested to form a new Whig ministry, and was hesitating, chiefly from fear of opposition on the part of the Duke of Wellington. The intimation which the Duke gave to Rogers, that his influence would be used for the good of his country, and not to uphold any party, was immediately communicated to Lord Grey, and he thereupon became Premier. The Duke nobly kept his word.

Of Napoleon: Rogers said het had never been at court, but he had seen him when First Consul. "I was as near him," said he, "as I am to you—within a couple of yards; his eye was stern, but there was a pleasing expression about his mouth." From a valet de chambre at St. Cloud, who was about the person of Napoleon, Rogers had gleaned a good deal of gossip about Napoleon, which he details in his Journal and read to us. Napoleon was a hero even to his valet de chambre I should judge, from these details.

Rogers said he had asked Colonel somebody, a friend of his, what the Duke of Wellington thought was the secret of Napoleon's great success.

The Duke attributed it chiefly to his wonderful power in marshaling a great body of forces at the right time. He acted on the principle that "le bon Dieu est toujours avec les grandes armées."

"Wellington never saw Napoleon," so Rogers read. "At the battle of Waterloo they were within a quarter of a mile of one another at one time, but never met. George IV. ought to have had independence enough to have treated Bonaparte with the respect due to a man of genius. He might have done as the Black Prince did. He might have asked him to dine, for all he didn't wear black armor."

Of Scott he read the following story, very much as it is given in Lockhart's Life, where it is credited to Rogers:

"There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers



at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress, he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions.

"Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking."

"These things," said he, "Scott used to tell at Holland House between night and morning."

One of the most interesting of these morceaux, and the last one I recall, was an account of an assembly at the house of the French Minister, at which Talleyrand was present and also Fox. The latter had with him a son, a youth who was deaf and dumb, and who had come down for a visit to his father, from the institution at which he was placed.

With this boy Fox conversed a great deal and with much animation, making use of signs. "It was," said Talleyrand, "a most striking and touching spectacle to see the most eloquent man of his time conversing with a son who could neither speak nor hear."

RELIGION, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE, IN ITALY.

ONE day so closely resembles another in the general course of existence in the provincial towns of Central and Southern Italy, that it would be difficult, with any regard to truth, to throw much more diversity into the description of twelve months than of twelve hours; the only variation of any importance being connected with the seasons when the Opera is open, for which the majority of the population retain the absorbing attachment that grave thinkers, like the good and enlightened Ganganelli, so far back as a century ago, lamented as the bane of the inhabitants of the Marche. On this, however, as on a variety of other matters, his successors held different opinions down to Clement XIV.; and by their encouragement to the taste for theatrical performances, fostered the levity which that pontiff in his correspondence so much deplores—well content to see the eagerness, the interest, the hopes which in other countries men are taught it is more fitting to bestow on questions of science, politics, and religion, centre among their own subjects on the trilli of a prima donna, or the legs of a ballerina.

That which, perhaps, out of a hundred other

the complete absence, in their familiar conversation, of all allusion to a topic which, more or less, for better or for worse, is always a predominant one with us.

It was some time before I could assure myself that the silence connected with religion, in all save its most material forms—such as just saying: "I am going to mass;" or, "How tiresome! to-morrow is a vigil, and we must eat maigre!"—did not arise from reserve at the presence of a heretic; but at length I was convinced that there was no design in this avoidance of themes which, with us, you can scarcely take up a magazine, or a fashionable novel, or pay a morning visit, or go twenty miles in a railway without encountering. Instead of interweaving their conversation with phrases akin to those which, either from piety, or habit, or, alas! from cant, are so frequently upon our lips, the Italians seemed anxious to put aside whatever tended to awaken such unpleasant considerations as the uncertainty of life or a preparation for eternity; casting all their cares in this last particular - when they considered it worth caring for-upon their priests, with a confidence it was marvelous to witness.

Never, certainly, judging them as a totality, was there a set of people who "thought less about thinking, or felt less about feeling;" who went through life less troubled with self-questionings of what they lived for, or whether they lived well; or who, dissatisfied and listless as they might be in their present condition, manifested less inclination to dwell upon the hopes and prospects of futurity. Yet, although thus opposed to any serious reference to sacred things, they resemble the French in the levity with which they will introduce them on the most unseasonable occasions, without any apparent consciousness of impropriety. Nay, there was thought to be nothing profane in a tableau virant which I heard them talking of as having recently taken place at the house of one of the noble ladies of the society; the subject—a Descent from the Cross, or the Entombment-I know not which-impersonated from an ancient picture. Suffice it to say, that our Saviour was represented by a remarkably handsome young student from Bologna, whose style of features and long brown hair resembled the type which all painters have more or less followed in their pictures of Christ; and that the Magdalen was the lady of the house, a Florentine contessa, whose Rubens-like coloring and billowy golden hair had first suggested her fitness to sustain a part for which her detractors, of course, added she was also in other respects well qualified.

The sentiments I expressed at this exhibition evidently caused surprise, as, in fact, was invariably the case at the manifestation of any religious tendency on my part. I think I have before mentioned that Protestant among these worthy people was but a polite term for Atheist; as in the case of the Marchesa Silvia, when I offered her one of our prayer-books, the sutraits, most forcibly attracted my notice, was perstitious shrink from being enlightened upon



our tenets; while to the unbelieving they are a matter of profound indifference, respecting which they never dream of asking information. And under these two heads, with but rare exceptions, and a vast and increasing preponderance to the side of infidelity, it is no want of charity to say that the population of the Pontifical States may be classified.

Second only to the avoidance of all serious subjects, that which most struck me was their complete indifference to literature, even in its simplest form. Unknown to them is the veneration we cherish for the popular authors of the day, our familiar reference to their works, our adoption of their sayings. During childhood, they have no story-books to fill their minds with images which, converted into pleasant memories in advancing life, it is like letting sunshine upon the soul to muse over. Their ripening years see them with the same void; for, however it may be objected that a nation possessing Dante and Tasso, Filicaja and Alfieri, Monti and Leopardi, should never be taxed with the barrenness of its literature, I reply that I am here speaking of the requirements of the generality of the masses, for whose capacity such authors range too high. The only attempts to supply this deficiency which the present time has witnessed, or rather, it should be said, the jealous surveillance over the press has permitted, have been half a dozen historical novels from the pens of Azeglio, Manzoni, Guerrazzi, and one or two others. But as yet the experiment has failed; you may say of the Italians as of a backward child, "They do not love their book!" Reading is looked upon as inseparable from study; as a monopoly in the hands of a gifted few; and the most hopeless part of the case is, that they are not sensible of their deficiency, nor lament the deprivation! Were scores of what we consider unexceptionable works for youth to be spread before Italian parents and preceptorstales, travels, and biographies—they would not bid the rising generation fall to and read. "Let them alone," they would say; "the boys must attend to their education; reading for mere amusement will distract their thoughts." for girls, the refusal would be still more decided, for they could be expected to gather only pernicious notions about seeing the world, or independence, or choosing for themselves in marriage, from the perusal!

I talked this over one day, not long before my return to Ancona, with the Marchesa Gentilina, who was sufficiently free from prejudice to listen quietly to some of my remarks, and sometimes even to acquiesce in their justice. But on this last point she was not amenable to my reasoning.

"It is all very well, carina; with you, I dare say, it may answer. But your women are of a different temperament, and society is differently constituted. As long as parents have the right, as with us, of disposing of their daughters in the manner they think best suited for their eventual

tender passion, the better. There are reforms enough wanted among our political abuses, without seeking to introduce innovations into private life. The whole system must be changed, or else girls had better be left in their present ignorance and simplicity."

"But, marchesa- This from you, who are such an advocate of progress?"

"Cosa volete? I do not think the warm hearts of our daughters of the South could read as phlegmatically as you Northerners those tales in which love and courtship are ever, must ever, be predominant."

"And if they could thereby learn to form a more exalted idea of what we tax you Italians as regarding in too commonplace a light? If they were led to look upon marriage less as a worldly transaction than as a solemn compact, not to be lightly entered into, but to be lovingly and faithfully observed?"

"If-if, my dear Utopist! if, instead of all these fine results, you gave them glimpses of a liberty and privileges they could never know, and so ended by making them miserable? Take my own case for an example. I was sixteen. I had never left the convent for nine years; I was always dressed in cotton prints, of the simplest make and description, and thick leather shoes, with great soles, that clattered as I walked along the mouldy old corridors, or ran about with the other pupils in the formal alleys of the garden, of which the four frowning walls had so long constituted our horizon. My pursuits and acquirements had varied but little from what they were when I entered the convent; and to give you in one word the summary of the infantine guilelessness in which the educande were presumed to exist, I had never seen the reflection of my own face except by stealth, in a little bit of looking-glass about the size of a visiting-card, which I had coaxed my old nurse to bring me in one of her visits, and that we smuggled through the grating of the parlatojo concealed between two slices of cake!

"I knew this was to go on till a partito was arranged for me, for my parents did not like it to be said they had an unmarried daughter at home upon their hands; besides, many men prefer a bride fresh from the seclusion of the convent, and in those days especially this was the strict etiquette. I had seen my eldest sister discontented and fretting till she was nearly twenty before the welcome sposo could be found, and I had no inclination to be incarcerated so long, though hope and certain furtive glances at my mirror kept encouraging me to look for a speedier deliverance.

"At last, one Easter Sunday-how well I remember it!—I was summoned to the parlatojo, and there, on the outer side of the grating, stood a group of my relations; my father and mother, my sister and her husband, and one or two of my aunts. I was so flurried at the sight of so many people, and so taken up with looking at the gay new Easter dresses of my visitors-my benefit, the less they learn beforehand of the sister, I recollect, had an immense sort of high-



crowned hat, with prodigious feathers, as was the fashion then, which excited my intense admiration and envy—that I had not time to bestow much notice upon a little dried-up old man who had come in with them, and who kept taking huge pinches of snuff, and talking in a low tone with my father. My mother, on her side, was engaged in whispering to the Mother Superior, and, from her gestures, seemed in a very good-humor, while the rest of the party drew off my attention by cramming me with sweetmeats they had brought for my Easter present.

"The next day but one I was again sent for, and, with downcast eyes but a bounding heart, presented myself at the grating. There I found my mother, as before, in deep conversation with the Superior, who, on my bending to kiss her hand, according to custom, saluted me on both cheeks with an unusual demonstration of tenderness.

"'Well, Gentilina,' said my mother, 'I suppose you begin to wish to come out into the world a little?'

"I knew my mother so slightly, seldom seeing her more than once a month, that I stood in great awe of her; so I dropped a deep courtesy, and faltered, 'Si, signora;' but I warrant you I understood it all, and already saw myself in a hat and feathers even more voluminous than my sister's!

"'The Madre Superiore does not give you a bad character, I am glad to find."

"'Ah davvero!" was the commentary upon this; 'the contessina has always shown the happiest dispositions. At one time, indeed, I hoped, I fancied that such rare virtues would have been consecrated to the glory of our Blessed Lady and the benefit of our order; but since the will of Heaven and of her parents call her from me, I can only pray that, in the splendor and enjoyments that await her, she will not forget her who, for nine years, has filled a mother's place.' And at the conclusion of this harangue, I was again embraced with unspeakable fervor.

"In my impatience to hear more, I scarcely received these marks of affection with fitting humility; while, forgetting all my lessons of deportment, I opened my eyes to their fullest extent, and fixed them on my mother.

"'Ha, ha! Gentilina,' she said, laughing, 'I see you guess something at last! Yes, my child, I will keep you no longer in suspense. Your father and I, ever since your sister's marriage, have never ceased endeavoring to find a suitable match for you. The task was difficult. You are young, very young, Gentilina; and we could not intrust our child to inexperienced hands. It was necessary that your husband should be of an age to counterbalance your extreme youth. On no other condition could we consent to remove you from this so much earlier than your sister. But at last a sposo whom your parents, your family, the Madre Superiore herself, think most suitable, has been selected for you; and-

"But I waited to hear no more. The glori-

ons vista of theatres, jewels, carriages, diversions, which we all knew lay beyond those dreary convent walls, suddenly disclosing itself before me, attainable through that cabalistic word matrimony, was too much for my remaining composure; and clapping my hands wildly, I exclaimed, 'Mamma mia—mamma mia, is it possible? Am I going to be married? Oh, what joy, what happiness!' And then checking my transports, I said, earnestly, 'Tell me, mamma, shall I have as many fine dresses as Camilla?'

"I declare to you, Signorina, that the name of my destined husband was but a secondary consideration; and when they told me he was rich and noble-the same individual who had come to the grating on the previous Sunday to satisfy his curiosity respecting me-I acquiesced without repugnance, ugly, shriveled, aged as he was, in the selection of my parents. Knowing nothing of the world-having scarcely seen a man, except our confessor, the convent gardener, and my father-I went to the altar, eight days afterward, without a tear! This sounds very horrible to you, I dare say," she resumed, after a short pause, in which, notwithstanding her careless manner, I saw some painful memories had been awakened; "but let me ask you, had my head been filled with notions of fascinating youths, as handsome as my Alessandro when I first remember him, kneeling at my feet, and saying, 'Gentilina, I adore you!' should I not have added a vast amount of misery to what, Heaven knows, was already in store for me-in resisting a fate which was inevitable, or whose only alternative would have been the cloister? No, no; since our domestic code is thus constituted, and as long as parents retain such arbitrary sway, let girls be left in happy ignorance that they have so much as a heart to give away! If they are to be married, they will then not dream of any opposition; if, on the contrary, as in the case of my poor sister-in-law, a suitable match has not been attainable, why, they will not, like her, be full of romantic ideas, gathered from their books; and so, instead of wearying their family with their blighted hopes, will take the vail, and retire contentedly to a convent, limiting their notions of happiness to standing high in the good graces of the father-confessor, or the preparation of confectionery and cakes."

"If I believed you to the letter, Marchesa, you would have me conclude that all the women of the Roman States are, or should be, totally uncultivated."

"Before marriage, I meant, remember that. Afterward all is changed. A woman of intelligence soon gets wearied of the frivolities she has been brought up to prize so highly, and will eagerly seek to instruct her mind. Study will then be her greatest pastime and her greatest safeguard."

I knew she alluded to her own experiences, but I could not forbear pressing the subject: "And for those who have no refined under-



standing to cultivate, no desire to study, and | London drawing-room-some member of her yet have learned too late they have a heart which they were not taught must be given with their hand-what safeguard is there for those, marchesa?"

"Per Bacco!" she cried, shrugging her shoulders, "that is the husband's affair; nobody else need meddle with it. You see, my dear,' added, laughing at my dissatisfied air, "we are a long way off from the state of things you would desire to bring us to; and if you would wish for any reformation in this, as well as in any of our other abuses, you must request your friends the English ministers, next time we try to shake them off, not to lure us on by sympathy and approbation, and then abandon us to worse than our former condition."

Subsequently, I ascertained that the marchesa did not advance any more than the opinions generally held by her country-people upon this subject; although there seems a strange inconsistency in persons ever disposed to rail at the defects of their internal policy, upholding these rococo ideas, alleging in their justification that the impulsive Italian character in youth is unsuited to the liberty conceded at so early an age to our women.

A lady I conversed with upon this system. some time afterward in Ancona, supposed to have had a liberal education, having been brought up in Northern Italy, under her mother's roof, told me that, although she did not marry till twenty, she had not previously been allowed to peruse any work of fiction, excepting one after she was betrothed, and that was "Paul and Virginia!" For which restriction, it may be parenthetically remarked, she fully indemnified herself in the sequel, being of a studious turn, by devouring all the French novels she could lay her hands upon.

Indeed, I could multiply anecdote upon anecdote to corroborate these statements; but I must reserve a little space to speak of the cultivation of the fine arts, which, judging by the limited patronage, and still scantier remuneration accorded to their professors, would seem to be considered by many as dangerous as reading to a maiden's peace of mind. Of late years, however, music enters much more frequently into their programme of education. Though not yet introduced into the native convents, it is taught at the Sacré Cœur at Loretto, and in many private families, happily as yet with more discrimination than with us—the absence of voice or ear being considered insurmountable The art, especially in its disqualifications. vocal department, can boast, even in so remote a corner of Italy, of instructors superior to any procurable in our country, except at those rates which some parents complacently mention, as if to set a higher value on their daughters' acquirements. Blessings on the Italians in this respect, for they have no purse-pride! If you admire a lady's singing—and it is no rarity to step higher in purista principles, he devoted hear streams of melody poured from those full- himself to the study of that branch of the Floren-

family will not immediately inform you that she learned from the first masters, at two guineas a lesson; that no expense was spared, and so forth. They do not understand our delight at framing all we do in rich gilding, and can enjoy the fine singing of their countrywomen, notwithstanding that, in Ancona at least, instruction from no mean professor was attainable at two pauls (twenty cents) a lesson.

The music master who taught my cousins was director of the opera, composed and understood music thoroughly, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to his profession. To these recommendations he added a very handsome exterior, great attention to his dress, gentlemanly and respectful bearing, and nevertheless gave twelve lessons, of an hour each, for a sum equivalent to two or three dollars, and thought himself lucky, too, to get pupils at that rate!

Painting, the twin-sister of music, does not enjoy the same amount of popularity. In a country of which the churches and palaces teem with evidences of the estimation in which it was held scarcely two centuries ago, I saw only one instance, that of Volunnia's miniatures, where even, in its humblest branches, it was studied by one of the higher ranks. It is cast as a reproach upon the modern Italians that they can no longer furnish good painters; but the censure is more applicable to those who do not care to foster the talent so often doomed to languish in the ungenial atmosphere of poverty and neglect. The young artist, whose only pupils in Ancona were those furnished by my uncle's family, had studied several years in Rome, Florence, and Venice; had distinguished himself in his academical career, was full of enthusiasm and feeling, and yet so little encouragement did he receive in his native city, that it was difficult for him to earn his bread. It is almost superfluous to add, that he was as poor as any painter need be. He had one coat for all seasons; never ate but once a day, besides a cup of coffee at six in the morning, which he procured at a café, no fire being lighted so early at his mother's, where he lived; and had a starved, hungry look, like a lean greyhound, with large hollow eyes, and an attempt at an artistic beard. Poor fellow! his story presents so perfect an illustration of a new phase of Italian life, that I must not be considered too discursive if I conclude this paper with an account of it.

He had known my uncle's family for years, and considered himself under obligations to them, so that a little of the old Roman patron and client system was kept up in their intercourse; a respectful affection on his side, and a kindly interest in his welfare on theirs. His knowledge of art was really wonderful. As a boy, he had drawn his first inspirations from Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, and worshiped him almost as a divinity; then ascending a rounded throats, such as would electrify a tine school of which "il beato Angelico da



Fiesole" is the chief; and to hear him descant | ceptation of the term. But nothing interested on his purity of outline and grace of composition, was in itself a lecture on design. A timely removal to Venice luckily saved him from the exaggerations into which all votaries of any peculiar style, however excellent in itself, must inevitably fall; on which, in fact, he was fast verging, as two or three pictures he had in his possession, painted while the impressions of Florence were still predominant, of ashen-hued saints, with marble-like draperies, abundantly testified: and leaving his legitimate admiration for the Beato Angelico unsubdued, yet sent him back, at the conclusion of his studies, glowing with rapture for Titian and Paolo Veronese. From the great works of the former, he had made a number of sketches and spirited copies; while he thought—as what young artist does not think—that he had discovered his peculiar secret of coloring, detailed to us, as he held forth triumphantly upon his flesh tints and impasto. In addition to all these artistic disquisitions, he used. while we were taking our lessons, to give us all the political news, or rather the whispers which were stealthily in circulation, and often repeated that ours was the only house in which it was safe to express an opinion.

Then he would tell us a great deal about the crying evils of his country much to the purport of what I have already stated; the ignorance of the women, the idleness of the nobles, the extortion and injustice of the government, and the insolence of the Austrians who supported it -all being related in beautiful and poetic Italian; for he spoke his own language with great refinement, although he did not spell it correctly.

And yet, notwithstanding these constant discussions and conversations, never was he known to pass the limits of deference tacitly laid down. never once to venture on the verge of familiarity: years of intercourse, resumed at intervals since his boyhood, made no difference. He never came to the house but as a teacher; and at the end of each lesson, he always bowed with the same ceremonious respect, and backed out of the room with the same "servo umilissimo" as if he had been a mere stranger.

I wish I could detail some of the stories we heard from him—little romances in themselves. and admirably illustrative of the quick feelings and exaggerated sensibility of the Italian temperament, allowed more room for development in the mezzo cetto than in the strict etiquette of the nobility. How a young cousin, becoming desperately in love with a young man she had only seen from an opposite window, pined rapidly away; and on hearing he was already affianced, insisted on taking the vail in a convent of a very strict order: how his own sister, a very beautiful girl, nearly broke her heart from the cruelty exercised by her mother-inlaw, who tried to sow discord between her and her husband, opened all the letters she received from her parents, took away all her best clothes, and distributed them among her own daughters -in fact, behaved like a succera in all the ac-

us so much as his own history, in which he at last made us the recipients of the misery and uncertainty that were destined to be inseparable from his existence. We had observed that for some weeks he looked more than ordinarily wobegone, scarcely spoke, and his unbrushed hair stood erect with an air of distraction it was pitiable to witness. The usual inquiries about our country, the lectures upon art, the peans to Raphael, were all at an end, and our lessons were becoming very stupid, commonplace affairs, when, one day, as he was cutting a crayon, he suddenly laid it down, and said, falteringly: "Signorine, will you excuse my temerity, if, knowing all your benevolent interest in me, I tell you what makes me so ill. I have fallen in love."

"Indeed!" we exclaimed; "tell us all about Where is the lady? how long has it been going on? when will the sposalizio take place?"

"Alas!" he replied, "what can I say? I have never spoken to her; it is two months since I first saw her; it was one evening outside the gates: she was with her mother. I beheld that modest ingenuous face, and my fate was decided. Miserable was I born, miserable have I always been, but never so miserable as now."

"Wherefore?" I inquired, with a perplexed expression.

"Because I have no means of maintaining her-not even a few hundred dollars of my own: therefore it is of no use attempting to make the acquaintance of her family, or presenting myself as a suitor. Oh, signorine! I have suffered so long, my secret was wearing me to the

"But you have an avvenire - a future, at least," said my cousin Lucy, who, under all her sedateness, was rather of an enthusiastic turn.

"Ah!" answered he, shaking his head, "that is easy to say for you: we poor Italians have no future; we never can rise; we are but fools to dream of it."

"Then do you not mean even to try to improve your fortunes, so as one day to be able to marry?"

"Heaven knows whether I do not try," was the rueful response; "but the days for art in Italy are gone by. You are witness, ladies, to the patronage accorded to me here. What have I to look back upon since I established myself in Ancona? One or two commissions from convents for the apotheosis of some new sainta few portraits-at such rare intervals, and on such hard terms, that I verily believe if I were a house-painter, I should succeed better than with my aspirations to be an historical one."

"Yet why despair?" I persisted; "why not obtain an introduction to the family of the fair incognita, explain your views, and if they hold out any hopes of your ultimately being accepted, you will work away with redoubled energy. You might go and paint signs in California." (That was all the rage just then.)

"The signorina is laughing at me, I see, but



it would not be right according to our ideas. She had better know nothing of me; her peace of mind might be disturbed. Those friends whom I have consulted tell me I ought even to avoid passing her when she is out walking, or going to look at her at mass. Her character is evidently so full of sensibility that it would be easy to destroy her happiness."

"How can you be so sure of all this, if you have never spoken to her?"

"I see it all perfectly in her face," he answered, with a determined belief in his own powers of observation, which no ridicule or reasoning could shake. His romantic passion amused us all excessively, and as he evidently liked to talk of it, the disclosure having been once made, we were in future kept fully informed of all his tortures, fears, and despondencies; but fancied that an attachment, hopeless and baseless as this, could not be of long duration. Contrary, however, to what we anticipated, he became more and more in love; he looked every day thinner, his hair more wiry, his eyes unnaturally brilliant and deeper sunk.

One morning—a real wintry morning, one of the few we ever saw—he came in, livid and trembling, with a wildness in his appearance that was startling. He did not leave his hat in the hall, as was his custom, but entered with it in his hand, and making a few steps forward, paused abruptly, and said, in a hoarse voice:

"The signorine will excuse me if I pray them to dispense me from my attendance for a few days. I am going into the country—yes, into the country!"

When an Italian goes into the country at such a season of the year, he must be in a desperate plight, and we anxiously demanded the reason of this rash step.

"Signorine, I am mad-I am jealous! Yesterday I was looking up furtively at her window; another man was standing in the street near me; I fancied I had seen him there before: still a suspicion never crossed my brain, when the window opened and she looked out. Never had she deigned to do this for me. As I live, her eyes rested upon him! All the furies seized me; I rushed to the house of my friend, my best friend, the Avvocato D---. I raved, I tore my hair, I imprecated curses upon her. He took me by the arm. 'To-morrow you must go into the country,' he said; 'I will accompany you.' Yes, signorine, with twelve inches of snow upon the ground, I go into the country!"

And into the country he went, and from the country he returned in two or three weeks' time, unrecovered; although convinced that his jeal-ousy was groundless, the national specific had failed in this case. Then I fear we did him harm, for on the "nothing venture nothing have" principle, we counseled him to embody his hopes, prospects, and honest determinations, in a letter to be submitted to the young lady's family, belonging, like his own, to the middle Vol. XIV.—No. 84.—3 F

classes, though more affluent in their circumstances.

Taking an injudicious mezzo termine, he humbly presented this epistle to the fair Dulcinea herself, as she was coming one day out of church under the care of some aunt or elderly female relation.

Haughtily flinging it on the ground, the damsel indignantly said: "I do not know how to read letters of this description," and passed on. Her virtue and discretion increased his admiration, while the repulse almost broke his heart. He never made any further attempt to press his suit, but moped and pined away perceptibly; in fact, he was dying of mortification and grief—so common an occurrence in this part of Italy, that they have a distinct name for the affection, and call it passione.

At this juncture, some friends of his who had emigrated to Tunis in the recent troubles of Italy, wrote to recommend his joining them there; and urged on by the representations of all who were interested in his welfare—his desperate condition sanctioning so desperate a step as foreign travel was usually looked upon—encouraged especially by ourselves, he embarked in a small trading-vessel, almost reduced to a skeleton.

Months, nay, years have passed since then, and it seemed as if all clew to the poor young painter were completely lost, when, by a strange coincidence, I received a letter from him at the very moment when the ink was still wet upon the page where I had been relating his illstarred attachment. I wish I could transcribe the whole of this letter, I wish it could be laid tangibly before my readers—so clumsily, squarely folded, with its coarse red seal, stamped with some copper coin, very probably; its stiff handwriting and deficient orthography; and its contents, so simple, so poetical, so unassuming, of which a few extracts, to give the continuation of his vicissitudes, can furnish but a very imperfect idea.

After relating the failure of the hopes with which he had landed at Tunis, he says that, resolved to leave no path that might lead to independence unexplored, he even set his beloved art comparatively aside, and had betaken himself to whatever honest employment he might find. Entering the service of the Pacha of Tripoli, he had been sent as a mineralogist-"for, among the Turks," he naïvely remarks, "one may do any thing—far into the interior, among men and manners completely different from our own, to explore a mine reported to be of silver, but which, with my usual ill-luck, turned out of very inferior iron." Then, encouraged by the Pacha's promises, he accompanied him to Constantinople, where, finding to his cost that he must put no faith in princes, he turned to his painting again. But the city was swarming with Italian refugees, artists among the rest, all contending for the bare means of subsistence; so, after a few months of painful



new career was he successful. Perhaps he worked with a sinking heart, for the tidings reached him that the young girl so faithfully loved was about to be married; and "what imbittered this announcement was, learning that the character of her future husband offered but slender prospects for her happiness." His little ventures failed; his resources were exhausted; and he was under the necessity of returning to his native country. There he found strange reverses had suddenly befallen her whom he had schooled himself to look upon as irrevocably lost. Her parents were both dead; the marriage had been broken off; and, from comparative affluence, she was so reduced as, jointly with a widowed sister, to have opened a dayschool for little girls.

"I saw her then," he goes on, "under the pressure of sorrow. I found her, in the words of Petrarch, più bella, ma meno altera; and yet, even at that moment, my cruel destiny prevented me from saying, 'I am here to comfort and sustain you!'"

Once more he went forth, hoping against hope, with the aim of establishing himself as a portrait-painter and drawing-master at the shores of the Mediterranean, whither many English families annually resort; and the object of his letter was modestly and unaffectedly to request that if I knew any of my countrypeople intending to winter there, I would recommend him to their notice.

I felt very sad to perceive how he overrated the signorina forestiera's influence, and the extent of her acquaintance; or else, in his simplicity, imagining that to be foreign is synonymous with belonging to a vast brotherhood, giving and demanding the hand of fellowship on every side. I wish it were thus in this instance, at least, for the first use I should make of this blissful state of fraternity, would be to claim patronage and encouragement for the poor artist, whose history then could soon be pleasantly wound up like orthodox story-books, in these words-"and so they were married, and lived very happily all the rest of their days."

LITTLE DORRIT. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LIX.-MISTRESS AFFERY MAKES A CONDITIONAL PROMISE RESPECTING HER DREAMS

EFT alone in his counting-house, with the L expressive looks and gestures of Mr. Baptist, otherwise Giovanni Baptista Cavalletto, vividly before him, and his emphatic words still sounding in his ears, Clennam entered on a day of misery. It was in vain that he tried to control his attention by directing it to any business occupation or train of thought; it rode at anchor by the one haunting topic, and would hold to no other idea. Let him with his utmost resolution set what task he would to his mind, his mind refused it, and only forced the theme of distress upon him with a strength proportion-

into some trading speculations. Neither in this | ate to that of the endeavor. In every light, in every shadow, in many variations of form, each separately attended by its own train of consequences, the one painful subject mastered him. As though a criminal should be chained in a stationary boat on a deep, clear river, condemned, whatever countless leagues of water flowed past him, always to see the body of the fellow-creature he had drowned lying at the bottom; immovable and unchangeable, except as the eddies made it broad or long, now expanding, now contracting its fearful lineaments; so Arthur, below the shifting current of transparent thoughts and fancies, which were gone and succeeded by others as soon as come, saw, steady and dark, and not to be stirred from its place, this thing that he endeavored with all his might to rid himself of, and that he could not fly from.

The assurance he now had, that Blandois, whatever his right name, was one of the worst of characters, greatly augmented the weight of his anxieties. Though the disappearance should be accounted for to-morrow, the fact that his mother had been in communication with such a man, would remain unalterable. That the communication had been of a secret kind, and that she had been submissive to him and afraid of him, he hoped might be known to no one beyond himself; yet, knowing it, how could he separate it from his old vague fears, and how believe that there was nothing evil in such relations?

Her resolution not to enter on the question with him, and his knowledge of her indomitable character, enhanced his oppressive sense of helplessness. It was like the torture of a dream to believe that shame and exposure were impending over her and his father's memory, and to be shut out, as by a brazen wall, from the possibility of coming to their aid. The purpose he had brought home to his native country, and the object he had ever since kept in view, were, with her greatest determination, defeated by his mother herself, at the time of all others when he feared that they pressed most. His advice, energy, activity, money, credit, all his resources whatsoever, were all made useless. If she had been possessed of the old fabled influence, and had turned those who looked upon her inte stone, she could not have rendered him more completely powerless (so it seemed to him in his distress of mind) than she did when she turned her unyielding face to his in her gloomy

But the light of that day's discovery, shining on these considerations, roused him to take a more decided course of action. Confident in the rectitude of his purpose, and impelled by a sense of overhanging danger closing in around him, he resolved, if his mother would still admit of no approach, to make a desperate appeal to Mistress Affery. If she could be brought to become communicative, and to do what lay in her to break the spell of secrecy that enshrouded the



house, he might shake off the paralysis of which every hour that passed over his head made him more acutely sensible. With Cavalletto certainly at work for him, and Affery won over to be as ardent, though less intelligent, he might yet save his mother (and with her his name) from a great calamity. This was the result of his day's misery, and this was the decision he put in practice when the day closed in.

His first disappointment, on arriving at the house, was to find the door open, and Mr. Flintwinch smoking a pipe on the steps. If circumstances had been commonly favorable, Mistress Affery would have opened the door to his knock. Circumstances being uncommonly unfavorable, the door stood open, and Mr. Flintwinch was smoking his pipe on the steps.

"Good-evening," said Arthur.

"Good-evening," said Mr. Flintwinch.

The smoke came very crookedly out of Mr. Flintwinch's mouth, as if it circulated through the whole of his wry figure and came back by his wry throat, before coming forth to mingle with the smoke from the crooked chimneys, and the mists from the crooked river.

- "Have you any news?" said Arthur.
- "We have no news," said Jeremiah.
- "I mean of the foreign man," Arthur explained.

"I mean of the foreign man," said Jeremiah. He looked so grim, as he stood askew, with the knot of his cravat under his ear, that the thought passed into Clennam's mind, and not for the first time by many, could Mr. Flintwinch, for a purpose of his own, have got rid of Blandois? Could it have been his secret and his safety, that were at issue? He was small and bent, and perhaps not actively strong; yet he was as tough as an old yew tree, and as crafty and cruel as an old jackdaw. Such a man coming behind a much younger and more vigorous man, and having the will to put an end to him and no relenting, might do it pretty surely in that solitary place at a late hour.

While in the morbid condition of his thoughts these thoughts drifted over the main one that was always in Clennam's mind, Mr. Flintwinch regarding the opposite house over the gateway with his neck twisted and one eye shut up, stood smoking with a vicious expression upon him, more as if he was trying to bite off the stem of his pipe, than as if he were enjoying it. Yet he was enjoying it, in his way.

"You'll be able to take my likeness the next time you call, Arthur, I should think," said Mr. Flintwinch dryly, as he stooped to knock the

Rather conscious and confused, Arthur asked his pardon, if he had stared at him unpolitely. "But my mind runs so much upon this matter," he said, "that I lose myself."

"Hah! Yet I don't see," returned Mr. Flintwinch, quite at his leisure, "why it should trouble you, Arthur."
"No?"

"No," said Mr. Flintwinch, very shortly and decidedly, much as if he were of the canine race, and snapped at Arthur's hand.

"Is it nothing to me to see those placards about? Is it nothing to me to see my mother's name and residence hawked up and down in such an association?"

"I don't see," returned Mr. Flintwinch, scraping his horny cheek, "that it need signify much to you. But I'll tell you what I do see, Arthur," glancing up at the windows; "I see the light of fire and candle in your mother's room!"

"And what has that to do with it?"

"Why, Sir, I read by it," said Mr. Flintwinch, screwing himself at him, "that if it's advisable (as the proverb says it is) to let sleeping dogs lie, it's just as advisable, perhaps, to let missing dogs lie. Let 'em be. They generally turn up soon enough."

Mr. Flintwinch turned short round when he had made this remark and went into the dark hall. Clennam stood there, following him with his eyes, as he dipped for a light in the phosphorus-box in the little room at the side, got one after three or four dips, and lighted the dim lamp against the wall. All the while Clennam was pursuing the probabilities—rather as if they were being shown to him by an invisible hand than as if he himself were conjuring them upof Mr. Flintwinch's ways and means of doing that darker deed, and removing its traces by any of the black avenues of shadow that lay around them.

"Now, Sir," said the testy Jeremiah: "will it be agreeable to walk up stairs?"

"My mother is alone, I suppose?"

"Not alone," said Mr. Flintwinch. Casby and his daughter are with her. They came in while I was smoking, and I staid behind to have my smoke out."

This was the second disappointment. Arthur made no remark upon it, however, and repaired to his mother's room, where Mr. Casby and Flora had been taking tea, anchovy paste, and hot buttered toast. The relics of those delicacies were not yet removed, either from the table, or from the scorched countenance of Affery, who, with the kitchen toasting-fork still in her hand, looked like a sort of allegorical personage, except that she had a considerable advantage over the general run of such personages, in point of significant emblematical purpose.

Flora had laid her bonnet and shawl upon the bed, with a care indicative of an intention to stay some time. Mr. Casby, too, was beaming near the hob, with his benevolent knobs shining as if the warm butter of the toast were exuding through the patriarchal skull, and with his face as ruddy as if the coloring matter of the anchovy paste were mantling in the patriarchal visage. Seeing this, as he exchanged the usual salutations, Clennam decided to speak to his mother without postponement.

It had long been customary, as she never changed her room, for those who had any thin;



to say to her apart, to wheel her to her desk; where she sat, usually with the back of her chair turned toward the rest of the room, and the person who talked with her seated in a corner, on a stool which was always set in that place for that purpose. Except that it was long since the mother and son had spoken together without the intervention of a third person, it was an ordinary matter of course within the experience of visitors, for Mrs. Clennam to be asked, without a word of apology for the interruption, if she could be spoken with on a matter of business, and, on her replying in the affirmative, to be wheeled into the position described.

Therefore, when Arthur now made such an apology, and such a request, and moved her to her desk, and seated himself on the stool, Mrs. Finching merely began to talk louder and faster, as a delicate hint that she could overhear nothing, and Mr. Casby stroked his long white locks with sleepy calmness.

"Mother, I have heard something to-day which I feel persuaded you don't know, and which I think you should know, of the antecedents of that man I saw here."

"I know nothing of the antecedents of the man you saw here, Arthur."

She spoke aloud. He had lowered his own voice to a whisper; but she rejected that advance toward confidence as she rejected every other, and spoke in her usual key and in her usual stern voice.

"I have received it on no circuitous information; it has come to me direct."

She asked him, exactly as before, if he were there to tell her what it was?

- "I thought it right that you should know it."
 "And what is it?"
- "He has been a prisoner in a French jail."

She answered with confidence, "I should think that very likely."

"But in a jail for criminals, mother. On an accusation of murder."

She started at the word, and her looks expressed her natural horror. Yet she still spoke aloud when she demanded:

- "Who told you so?"
- "A man who was his fellow-prisoner."
- "That man's antecedents, I suppose, were not known to you before he told you?"
 - " No."
 - "Though the man himself was?"
 - "Yes."

"My case, and Flintwinch's, in respect of this other man! I dare say the resemblance is not so exact though, as that your informant became known to you through a letter from a correspondent, with whom he had deposited money? How does that part of the parallel case stand?"

Arthur had no choice but to say that his informant had not become known to him through the agency of any such credentials, or indeed of any credentials at all. Mrs. Clennam's attentive frown expanded by degrees into a severe "What is it?"

to say to her apart, to wheel her to her desk; look of triumph, and she retorted with emphawhere she sat, usually with the back of her chair turned toward the rest of the room, and the person who talked with her seated in a cor-

Her emphasis had been derived from her eyes quite as much as from the stress she laid upon her words. She continued to look at him, and if, when he entered the house, he had had any latent hope of prevailing in the least with her, she now looked it out of his heart.

- "Mother, shall I do nothing to assist you?"
 "Nothing."
- "Will you intrust me with no confidence, no charge, no explanation? Will you take no counsel with me? Will you not let me come near you?"
- "How can you ask me? You separated yourself from my affairs. It was not my act; it was yours. How can you consistently ask me such a question? You know that you left me to Flintwinch, and that he occupies your place."

Glancing at Jeremiah, Clennam saw in his very gaiters that his attention was closely directed to them, though he stood leaning against the wall scraping his jaw, and pretending to listen to Flora, as she held forth in a most distracting manner on a chaos of subjects, in which mackarel, and Mr. F.'s Aunt in a swing, had become entangled with cockchafers and the wine trade.

- "A prisoner, in a French jail, on an accusation of murder," repeated Mrs. Clennam, steadily going over what her son had said. "That is all you know of him from a fellow-prisoner?"
 - "In substance, all."
- "And was the fellow-prisoner his accomplice, and a murderer, too? But, of course, he gives a better account of himself; it is needless to ask. This will supply the rest of them here with something new to talk about and think about. Casby, Arthur tells me—"
- "Stay, mother! Stay, stay!" He interrupted her, hastily, for it had not entered his imagination that she would openly proclaim what he had told her.
- "What now?" she said, with displeasure. "What more?"
- "I beg you to excuse me, Mr. Casby—and you, too, Mrs. Finching—for one other moment, with my mother—"

He had laid his hand upon her chair, or she would otherwise have wheeled it round with the touch of her foot upon the ground. They were still face to face. She looked full at him as he ran over the possibilities of some result he had not intended and could not foresee being influenced by Cavalletto's disclosure becoming a matter of notoriety, and hurriedly arrived at the conclusion that it had best not be talked about; though perhaps he was guided by no more distinct reason than that he had taken it for granted that his mother would reserve it to herself and her partner.

"What now?" she said again, impatiently. 'What is it?"



"I did not mean, mother, that you should repeat what I have communicated. I think you had better not repeat it."

"Do you make that a condition with me?" "Well! Yes."

"Observe, then! It is you who make this a secret," said she, holding up her forefinger, "and not I. It is you, Arthur, who bring here doubts and suspicions and entreaties for explanation, and it is you, Arthur, who bring secrets here. What is it to me, do you think, where the man has been, or what he has been? What can it be to me? The whole world may know it, if they care to know it; it is nothing to me. Now, let me go."

He yielded to her imperious but elated look, and turned her chair back to the place from which he had wheeled it. In doing so he saw elation in the face of Mr. Flintwinch, which most assuredly was not inspired by Flora. This turning of his intelligence, and his whole attempt and design against himself, did even more than his mother's fixedness and firmness to convince him that his utmost efforts with her were idle. Nothing remained but the appeal to his old friend Mistress Affery.

But, even to get to the very doubtful and preliminary stage of making the appeal, seemed one of the least promising of human undertakings. She was so completely under the thrall of the two clever ones, was so systematically kept in sight by one or other of them, and was so afraid to go about the house besides, that every opportunity of speaking to her alone appeared to be forestalled. Over and above that, Mistress Affery by some means (it was not very difficult to guess, through the sharp arguments of her liege lord) had acquired such a lively conviction of the hazard of saying any thing under any circumstances, that she had remained all this time in a corner guarding herself from approach with that symbolical instrument of hers; so that, when a word or two had been addressed to her by Flora, or even by the bottle-green patriarch himself, she had warded off conversation with the toasting-fork like a dumb woman.

After several abortive attempts to get Affery to look at him while she cleared the table and washed the tea-service, Arthur thought of an expedient which Flora might originate; to whom he therefore whispered, "Could you say you would like to go through the house?"

Now poor Flora, being always in fluctuating expectation of the time when Clennam would renew his boyhood, and be madly in love with her again, received the whisper with the utmost delight, not only as rendered precious by its mysterious character, but as preparing the way for a tender interview in which he would declare the state of his affections. She immediately began to work out the hint.

"Ah dear me the poor old room," said Flora, glancing round, "looks just as ever Mrs. Clennam I am touched to see except for being him following, three stairs behind, in the cool-

which we must all expect and reconcile ourselves to being whether we like it or not as I am sure I have had to do myself if not exactly smokier dreadfully stouter which is the same or worse, to think of the days when papa used to bring me here the least of girls a perfect mass of chilblains to be stuck upon a chair with my feet on the rails and stare at Arthur-pray excuse me, Mr. Clennam—the least of boys in the frightfullest of frills and jackets ere yet Mr. F. appeared a misty shadow on the horizon paying attentions like the well-known spectre of some place in Germany beginning with a B is a moral lesson inculcating that all the paths in life are similar to the paths down in the North of England where they get the coals and make the iron and things graveled with ashes!"

Having paid the tribute of a sigh to the instability of human existence, Flora hurried on with her purpose.

"Not that at any time," she proceeded, "its worst enemy could have said it was a cheerful house for that it was never made to be but always highly impressive, fond memory recalls an occasion in youth ere yet the judgment was mature when Arthur - confirmed habit, Mr. Clennam—took me down into an unused kitchen eminent for mouldiness and proposed to secrete me there for life and feed me on what he could hide from his meals when he was not at home for the holidays and on dry bread in disgrace which at that halcyon period too frequently occurred, dear me would it be inconvenient or asking too much to beg to be permitted to revive those scenes and walk through the house?"

Mrs. Clennam, who responded with a constrained grace to Mrs. Finching's good nature in being there at all, though her visit (before Arthur's unexpected arrival) was, undoubtedly, an act of pure good nature and no self-gratification, intimated that all the house was open to her. Flora rose, and looked to Arthur for his escort. "Certainly," said he, aloud; "and Affery will light us, I dare say.

Affery was excusing herself with "Don't ask nothing of me, Arthur!" when Mr. Flintwinch stopped her with "Why not? Affery, what's the matter with you, woman? Why not, jade?" Thus expostulated with, she came unwillingly out of her corner, resigned the toasting-fork into one of her husband's hands, and took the candlestick he offered from the other.

"Go before, you fool!" said Jeremiah. "Are you going up or down, Mrs. Finching?"

Flora answered, "Down."

"Then go before, and down, you Affery," said Jeremiah. "And do it properly, or I'll come rolling down the banisters, and tumbling over you!"

Affery headed the exploring party; Jeremials closed it. He evidently had no intention of leaving them. Clennam looked back, and saw smokier which was to be expected with time and est and most methodical manner. He ex-





rid of him!" Flora kindly reassured his mind by replying, promptly, "Though not exactly proper Arthur and a thing I couldn't think of before a younger man and a stranger still I don't mind him if you so particularly wish it and provided you'll have the goodness not to take me too tight."

Wanting the heart to explain that this was not at all what he meant, Arthur extended his supporting arm round Flora's figure. "Oh my gracious me," said she, "you are very obedient indeed really and it's extremely honorable and gentlemanly in you I am sure but still at the same time if you would like to be a little tighter than that I shouldn't consider it intrud-

claimed, in a low voice, "Is there no getting variance with his anxious mind, Clennam descended to the basement of the house, finding that wherever it became darker than elsewhere, Flora became heavier, and that when the house was lightest, she was, too. Returning from the dismal kitchen regions, which were as dreary as they could be, Mistress Affery passed with the light into his father's old room, and then into the old dining-room, always passing on before like a phantom that was not to be overtaken, and neither turning nor replying when he whispered, "Affery! I want to speak to you!"

In the dining-room a sentimental desire came over Flora to look into the dragon closet which had so often swallowed Arthur in the days of his boyhood—not impossibly because, as a very In this preposterous attitude, unspeakably at dark closet, it was a likely place to be heavy



in. Arthur, fast subsiding into despair, had opened it, when a knock was heard at the outer door.

Mistress Affery, with a suppressed cry, threw her apron over her head.

- "What? You want another dose!" said Mr. Flintwinch. "You shall have it, my woman—you shall have a good one! Oh! You shall have a sneezer—you shall have a teazer!"
- "In the mean time, is any body going to the door?" said Arthur.
- "In the mean time, I am going to the door, Sir," replied the old man, so savagely as to render it pretty clear that in a choice of difficulties he felt he must go, though he would have preferred not to go. "Stay here the while, all. Affery, woman, move an inch, or speak one word in your foolishness, and I'll treble your dose!"

The moment he was gone, Arthur released Mrs. Finching with some difficulty, by reason of that lady's misunderstanding his intentions, and making her arrangements with a view to tightening instead of slackening.

- "Affery, speak to me now!"
- "Don't touch me, Arthur!" she cried, shrinking from him. "Don't come near me. He'll see you. Jeremiah will. Don't!"
- "He can't see me," returned Arthur, suiting the action to the word, "if I blow the candle out."
 - "He'll hear you," cried Affery.
- "He can't hear me," returned Arthur, suiting the action to the word again, "if I draw you into this black closet, and speak here. Why do you hide your face?"
 - "Because I am afraid of seeing something."
 "You can't be afraid of seeing any thing in
- this darkness, Affery."
- "Yes, I am. Much more than if it was light."
 - "What are you afraid of, and why?"
 - "I don't know what; but I do know why."
 - "Tell me why, then?"
- "Because the house is full of mysteries and secrets; because it's full of whisperings and counselings; because it's full of noises. There never was such a house for noises. I shall die of 'em, if Jeremiah don't strangle me first, as I expect he will."
- "I have never heard any noises here worth speaking of."
- "Ah! But you would, though, if you lived in the house, and was obliged to go about it as I am," said Affery; "and you'd feel that they was so well worth speaking of that you'd feel you was choking through not being allowed to speak of 'em. Here's Jeremiah! You'll get me killed."
- "My good Affery, I solemnly declare to you that I can see the light of the open door on the pavement of the hall, and so could you if you would uncover your face and look."
- "I durstn't do it," said Affery, "I durstn't never, Arthur. I'm always blindfolded when

- Jeremiah ain't a-looking, and sometimes even when he is."
- "He can not shut the door without my seeing him," said Arthur. "You are as safe with me as if he was fifty miles away."
 - ("I wish he was!" cried Affery.)
- "Affery, I want to know what is amiss here; I want some light thrown for me on the secrets of this house."
- "I tell you, Arthur," she interrupted, "noises is the secrets, rustlings and stealings about, tremblings and throbbings, treads overhead and treads underneath."
 - "But those are not all the secrets."
- "I don't know," said Affery. "Don't ask me no more. Your old sweetheart an't far off, and she's a blabber."

His old sweetheart being, in fact, so near at hand that she was then reclining against him in a flutter, at a very substantial angle of forty-five degrees, here interposed to assure Mistress Affery, with greater earnestness than directness of asseveration, that whatever she heard should go no farther, but should be kept inviolate, "if on no other account on Arthur's—sensible of intruding in being too familiar, Doyce and Clennam's."

- "I make my imploring appeal to you, Affery, to you, one of the few agreeable early remembrances I have, for my mother's sake, for your husband's sake, for my own, for all our sakes. I am sure you can tell me something connected with the coming here of this man if you will."
- "Why, then I'll tell you, Arthur," returned Affery—"Jeremish's a-coming!"
- "No, indeed he is not. The door is open, and he is standing outside, talking."
- "I'll tell you, then," said Affery, after listening, "that the first time he ever come he heard the noises his own self. 'What the Devil's that?' he said to me. 'I don't know what it is,' I says to him, catching hold of him, 'but I have heard it over and over again.' While I says it, he stands a-looking at me, all of a shake, he do."
 - "Has he been here often?"
 - "Only that night and the last night."
- "What did you see of him on the last night, after I was gone?"
- "Them two clever ones had him all to themselves. Jeremiah come a-dancing at me sideways, after I had let you out (he always comes a-dancing at me sideways when he's going to hurt me), and he said to me, 'Now, Affery,' he said, 'I am a-coming ahind you, my woman, and a-going to run you up.' So he took and squeezed the back of my neck in his hand till it made me open my mouth, and then he pushed me before him to bed, squeezing all the way. That's what he calls running me up, he do. Oh, he's a wicked one!"
 - "And did you hear or see no more, Affery?"
 "Don't I tell you I was sent to bed, Arthur?
- Here he is!"
 - "I assure you he is still at the door. Those



have spoken of. What are they?"

"How should I know! Don't ask me nothing about 'em, Arthur. Get away!"

"But, my dear Affery, unless I can gain some insight into this hidden business, in spite of your husband and in spite of my mother, ruin will come of it."

"Don't ask me nothing," repeated Affery. "I have been in a dream for ever so long. Get away, get away!"

"You said that before," returned Arthur. "You used the same words that night, at the door, when I asked you what was going on here. What do you mean by being in a dream?"

"I an't a-going to tell you. Get away! I shouldn't tell you if you was by yourself, much less with your old sweetheart here."

It was equally vain for Arthur to entreat, and for Flora to protest. Affery, who had been trembling and struggling the whole time, turned a deaf ear to all adjuration, and was bent on forcing herself out of the closet.

"I'd sooner scream to Jeremiah than say another word!" she said. "I'll call out to him, Arthur, if you don't give over speaking to me. Now's the very last word I'll say afore I call to him. If ever you begin to get the better of them two clever ones your own self (which you ought to it, as I told you when you first come home, for you haven't been a-living here long years, to be made afeard of your life as I have), then do you get the better of 'em afore my face, and then do you say to me, Affery, tell your dreams! Maybe, then I'll tell 'em!"

The shutting of the door stopped Arthur from replying. They glided into the places where Jeremiah had left them, and Clennam, stepping forward as that old gentleman returned, informed him that he had accidentally extinguished the candle. Mr. Flintwinch looked on as he relighted it at the lamp in the hall, and preserved a profound taciturnity respecting the person who had been holding him in conversation. Perhaps his irascibility demanded compensation for some tediousness that the visitor had expended on him; but, however that was, he took such umbrage at seeing his wife with her apron over her head, that he charged at her, and taking her vailed nose between his thumb and finger, appeared to throw the whole screwpower of his person into the wring he gave it.

Flora, now permanently heavy, did not release Clennam from the survey of the house until it had extended even to his old garret bedchamber. His thoughts were otherwise occupied than with the tour of inspection. Yet he took particular notice at the time, as he afterward had occasion to remember, that the airless smell of the place was very oppressive, that it was very dusty, and that there was some resistance to the opening of a room door, which occasioned Affery to cry out that somebody was hiding inside, and to continue to believe so, though somebody was sought and not discover-

whisperings and counselings, Affery, that you | ed. When they at last returned to his mother's room they found her shading her face with her muffled hand, and talking in a low voice to the Patriarch as he stood before the fire; whose blue eyes, polished head, and silken locks, turning toward them as they came in, imparted an inestimable value and inexhaustible love of his species to his romark:

> "So you have been seeing the premises, seeing the premises-premises-seeing the prem-

> It was not in itself a jewel of benevolence or wisdom, yet he made it an exemplar of both that one would have liked to have a copy of.

> CHAPTER LX.—THE EVENING OF A LONG DAY.

THAT illustrious man and great national ornament, Mr. Merdle, continued his shining course. It began to be widely understood that one who had done society the admirable service of making so much money out of it, could not suffice to remain a commoner. A baronetcy was spoken of with confidence; a peerage was frequently mentioned. Rumor had it that Mr. Merdle had set his golden face against a baronetcy; that he had plainly intimated to Lord Decimus that a baronetcy was not enough for him; that he had said, "No: a Peerage, or plain Merdle." This was reported to have plunged Lord Decimus as nigh to his noble chin in a slough of doubts as could be the case with so lofty a personage. For the Barnacles, as a group of themselves in creation, had an idea that such distinctions belonged to them; and that when a soldier, sailor, or lawyer, became ennobled, they let him in, as it were, by an act of condescension, at the family door, and immediately shut it again. Not only (said Rumor) had the troubled Decimus his own hereditary part in the impression, but he also knew of several Barnacle claims already on the file. which came into collision with that of the master spirit. Right or wrong, Rumor was very busy; and Lord Decimus, while he was, or was supposed to be, in stately excogitation of the difficulty, lent her some countenance, by taking, on several public occasions, one of those elephantine trots of his through a wilderness of over-grown sentences, waving Mr. Merdle about on his trunk as Gigantic Enterprise, the Wealth of England, Elasticity, Credit, Capital, Prosperity, and all manner of blessings.

So quietly did the mowing of the old scythe go on, that fully three months had passed unnoticed since two English brothers had been laid in one tomb in the strangers' cemetery at Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Sparkler were established in their own house—a little mansion, rather of the Tite Barnacle class—quite a triumph of inconvenience, with a perpetual smell in it of the day before yesterday's soup and coach-horses, but extremely dear, as being exactly in the centre of the habitable globe. In this enviable abode (and envied it really was by many people) Mrs. Sparkler had intended to proceed at once to the demolition of the Bosom, when active hostilities



had been suspended by the arrival of the Courier with his tidings of death. Mrs. Sparkler, who was not unfeeling, had received them with a violent burst of grief which had lasted twelve hours; after which she had arisen to see about her mourning, and to take every precaution that could insure its being as becoming as Mrs. Merdle's. A gloom was then cast over more than one distinguished family (according to the politest sources of intelligence), and the Courier went back again.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparkler had been dining alone with their gloom cast over them, and Mrs. Sparkler reclined on a drawing-room sofa. It was a hot summer Sunday evening. The residence in the centre of the habitable globe, at all times stuffed and close as if it had an unenviable cold in its head, was that evening particularly stifling. The bells of the churches had done their worst in the way of clanging and twanging among the jarring echoes of the streets, and the lighted windows of the churches had ceased to be yellow in the gray dusk, and had died out opaque black. Mrs. Sparkler, lying on her sofa looking through an open window at the opposite side of a narrow street, over boxes of mignonette and flowers, was tired of the view. Mrs. Sparkler, looking at another window, where her husband stood in the balcony, was tired of the view. Mrs. Sparkler, looking at herself in her mourning, was even tired of that view; though, naturally not so tired of that as of the other

"It's like lying in a well," said Mrs. Sparkler, changing her position, fretfully. "Dear me, Edmund, if you have any thing to say, why don't you say it?"

Mr. Sparkler might have replied with ingenuousness, "My life, I have nothing to say." But as the repartee did not occur to him, he contented himself with coming in from the balcony and standing at the side of his wife's couch.

"Good gracious, Edmund!" said Mrs. Sparkler, more fretfully still; "you are absolutely putting mignonette up your nose! Pray don't!"

Mr. Sparkler, in absence of mind—perhaps a more literal absence of mind than is usually understood by the phrase—had so smelt at a sprig in his hand as to be on the verge of the offense in question. He smiled, said, "I ask your pardon, my dear," threw it out of window, and came back again.

"You make my head ache by remaining in that position, Edmund," said Mrs. Sparkler, raising her eyes to him, after another minute; "you look so aggravatingly large by this light. Do sit down."

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Sparkler, and took a chair on the same spot.

"If I didn't know this was the end of July," said Fanny, yawning in a dreamy manner, "I should have felt certain it was the longest day. I never did experience such a day."

"Is this your fan, my love?" asked Mr. Sparkler, picking up one, and presenting it.

- "Edmund," returned his wife more wearily yet, "don't ask weak questions, I entreat you not. Whose can it be but mine?"
- "Yes, I thought it was yours," said Mr. Sparkler.
- "Then you shouldn't ask," retorted Fanny. After a little while she turned on her sofa and exclaimed, "Dear me, dear me, there never was such a long day as this!" After another little while she got up slowly, walked about, and came back again.
- "My dear," said Mr. Sparkler, flashing with an original conception, "I think you must have got the fidgets."
- "Oh! Fidgets!" repeated Mrs. Sparkler.
 "Don't!"
- "My adorable girl," urged Mr. Sparkler, "try your aromatic vinegar. I have often seen my mother try it, and it seemingly refreshed her. And she is, as I believe you are aware, a remarkably fine woman with no non—"

"Good Gracious!" exclaimed Fanny, starting up again, "it's beyond all patience! This is the most wearisome day that ever did dawn upon the world, I am certain!"

Mr. Sparkler looked meekly after her as she lounged about the room, and he appeared to be a little frightened. When she had tossed a few trifles about, and had looked down into the darkening street out of all the three windows, she returned to her sofa, and threw herself among its pillows.

"Now, Edmund, come here! Come a little nearer, because I want to be able to touch you with my fan, that I may impress you very much with what I am going to say. That will do. Quite close enough. Oh, you do look so big!"

Mr. Sparkler apologized for the circumstance, pleaded that he couldn't help it, and said that "our fellows," without more particularly indicating whose fellows, used to call him by the name of Quinbus Flartrin, Junior, or the Young Man Mountain.

"You ought to have told me so before," said Fanny.

"My dear," returned Mr. Sparkler, rather gratified, "I didn't know it would interest you, or I would have made a point of telling you."

"There! For goodness' sake, don't talk," said Fanny; "I want to talk myself. Edmund, we really must not be alone any more. I must take such precautions as will prevent my being ever again reduced to the state of dreadful depression in which I am this evening."

"My dear," answered Mr. Sparkler; "being, as you are well known to be, a remarkably fine woman, with no—"

"Oh, good GRACIOUS!" cried Fanny.

Mr. Sparkler was so discomposed by the energy of this exclamation, accompanied with a flouncing up from the sofa and a flouncing down again, that a minute or two elapsed before he felt himself equal to saying, in explanation:

"I mean, my dear, that every body knows you are calculated to shine in society."



"Calculated to shine in society," retorted | her hand, when she finds herself in adversity, Fanny, with great irritability and impatience; "yes, indeed! And then what happens? I no sooner recover, in a visiting point of view, the shock of poor dear papa's death, and my poor uncle's-though I do not disguise from myself that the last was a happy release; for, if you are not presentable, you had much better die--"

"You are not referring to me, my love, I hope?" Mr. Sparkler humbly interrupted.

"Edmund, Edmund, you would wear out a Saint. Am I not expressly speaking of my poor uncle?"

"You looked with so much expression at myself, my dear girl," said Mr. Sparkler, "that I felt a little uncomfortable. Thank you, my love."

"Now you have put me out," observed Fanny, with a toss of her fan, "and I had better go

"Don't do that, my love," urged Mr. Sparkler. "Take time."

Fanny took a good deal of time: lying back with her eyes shut, and her eyebrows raised with a hopeless expression, as if she had utterly given up all terrestrial affairs. At length, without the slightest notice, she opened her eyes again, and recommenced in a short, sharp manner.

"What happens then, I ask? What happens? Why, I find myself, at the very period when I might shine most in society, and should most like for very momentous reasons to shine in society-I find myself to a certain extent disqualified for going into society. It's too bad, really!"

"My dear," said Mr. Sparkler, "I don't think it need keep you at home."

"Edmund, you ridiculous creature," returned Fanny, with great indignation; do you suppose that a woman in the bloom of youth, and not wholly devoid of personal attractions, can put herself, at such a time, in competition as to figure with a woman in every other way her inferior? If you do suppose such a thing, your folly is boundless."

Mr. Sparkler submitted that he had thought "it might be got over."

"Got over!" repeated Fanny, with immeasurable scorn.

"For a time," Mr. Sparkler submitted.

Honoring the last feeble suggestion with no notice, Mrs. Sparkler declared with bitterness that it really was too bad, and that positively it was enough to make one wish one was

"However," she said, when she had in some measure recovered from her sense of personal ill-usage, "provoking as it is, and cruel as it seems, I suppose it must be submitted to."

"Especially as it was to be expected," said Mr. Sparkler.

"Edmund," returned his wife, "if you have nothing more becoming to do than to attempt them when he providentially came to England, to insult the woman who has honored you with | the affairs are in that state of order that they

I think you had better go to bed!"

Mr. Sparkler was much afflicted by the charge, and offered a most tender and earnest apology. His apology was accepted, but Mrs. Sparkler requested him to go round to the other side of the sofa and sit in the window-curtain, to tone him-

"Now, Edmund," she said, stretching out her fan, and touching him with it at arm's length, "what I was going to say to you when you began as usual to prose and worry, is, that I shall guard against our being alone any more, and that when circumstances prevent my going out to my own satisfaction, I must arrange to have some people or other always here; for I really can not and will not have another such day as this has been."

Mr. Sparkler's sentiments as to the plan were, in brief, that it had no nonsense about it. He added, "And besides, you know it's likely that you'll soon have your sister—"

"Dearest Amy, yes!" cried Mrs. Sparkler, with a sigh of affection. "Darling little thing! Not, however, that Amy would do here alone."

Mr. Sparkler was going to say "No?" interrogatively. But he saw his danger, and said it assentingly. "No. Oh dear no; she wouldn't do here alone."

"No, Edmund. For, not only are the virtues of the precious child of that still character that they require a contrast-require life and movement around them, to bring them out in their right colors and make one love them of all things -but she will require to be roused, on more accounts than one.'

"That's it!" said Mr. Sparkler. "Roused."

"Pray don't, Edmund! Your habit of interrupting without having the least thing in the world to say, distracts one. You must be broken of it. Speaking of Amy; my poor little pet was devotedly attached to poor papa, and no doubt will have lamented his loss exceedingly, and grieved very much. I have done so myself. I have felt it dreadfully. But Amy will no doubt have felt it even more, from having been on the spot the whole time, and having been with poor dear papa at the last: which I unhappily was not."

Here Fanny stopped to weep, and to say, "Dear, dear, beloved papa! How truly gentlemanly he was! What a contrast to poor uncle!"

"From the effects of that trying time," she pursued, "my good little Mouse will have to be roused. Also, from the effects of this long attendance upon Edward in his illness; an attendance which is not vet over, which may even go on for some time longer, and which in the meanwhile unsettles us all, by keeping poor dear papa's affairs from being wound up. Fortunately, however, the papers with his agents here, being all sealed up and locked up, as he left



can wait until Tip-our childish name for my | death at least-that he paid off Mrs. General brother Edward—recovers his health in Sicily, sufficiently to come over, and administer, or execute, or whatever it is.

"He couldn't have a better nurse to bring him round," Mr. Sparkler made bold to opine.

"For a wonder, I can agree with you," returned his wife, languidly turning her eyelids a little in his direction (she held forth, in general, as if to the drawing-room furniture), "and can adopt your words. He couldn't have a better nurse to bring him round. There are times when my dear child is a little wearing to an active mind; but, as a nurse, she is Perfection. Best of Amys!"

Mr. Sparkler, growing rash on his late success, observed that Edward had had, biggodd, a long bout of it, my dear girl.

"If Bout, Edmund," returned Mrs. Sparkler, "is the slang term for indisposition, he has. If it is not, I am unable to give an opinion on the barbarous language you address to Edward's sister. That he contracted Malaria Fever somewhere: either by traveling day and night to Rome, where, after all, he arrived too late to see poor dear papa before his death: or under some other unwholesome circumstances: is indubitable, if that is what you mean. Likewise, that his extremely careless life has made him a very bad subject for it indeed."

Mr. Sparkler considered it a parallel case to that of some of our fellows in the West Indies with Yellow Jack. Mrs. Sparkler closed her eyes again, and refused to have any consciousness of our fellows, of the West Indies, or of Yellow Jack.

"So, Amy," she pursued when she reopened her eyelids, "will require to be roused from the effects of many tedious and anxious weeks. And lastly, she will require to be roused from a low tendency which I know very well to be at the bottom of her heart. Don't ask me what it is, Edmund, because I must decline to tell you."

"I am not going to, my dear," said Mr. Sparkler.

"I shall thus have much improvement to effect in my sweet child," Mrs. Sparkler continued, "and can not have her near me too soon. Amiable and dear little Twoshoes! As to the settlement of poor papa's affairs, my interest in that is not very selfish. Papa behaved very generously to me when I was married, and I have little or nothing to expect. Provided he has made no will that can come into force, leaving a legacy to Mrs. General, I am contented. Dear papa, poor papa!"

She wept again, but Mrs. General was the best of restoratives. The name soon stimulated her to dry her eyes and say:

"It is a highly encouraging circumstance in Edward's illness, I am thankful to think, and gives one the greatest confidence in his sense not being impaired, or his proper spirit weak-

instantly, and sent her out of the house. I applaud him for it. I could forgive him a great deal, for doing with such promptitude so exactly what I would have done myself!"

Mrs. Sparkler was in the full glow of her gratification, when a double knock was heard at the door. A very odd knock. Low, as if to avoid making a noise and attracting attention. Long, as if the person knocking were pre-occupied in mind, and forgot to leave off.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Sparkler. "Who's this!" "Not Amy and Edward, without notice and without a carriage!" said Mrs. Sparkler. "Look

The room was dark, but the street was lighter, because of its lamps. Mr. Sparkler's head peeping over the balcony looked so very bulky and heavy that it seemed on the point of overbalancing him and flattening the unknown below.

"It's one fellow," said Mr. Sparkler. "I can't see who-stop though!"

On this second thought he went out into the balcony again and had another look. He came back as the door was opened, and announced that he believed he had identified "his governor's tile." He was not mistaken, for his governor, tile in hand, was introduced immediately afterward.

"Candles!" said Mrs. Sparkler, with a word of excuse for the darkness.

"It's light enough for me," said Mr. Merdle. When the candles were brought in, Mr. Merdie was standing behind the door, picking his lips. "I thought I'd give you a call," said he. "I am rather particularly occupied just now; and as I happened to be out for a stroll, I thought I'd give you a call."

As he was in dinner dress, Fanny asked him where he had been dining?

"Well," said Mr. Merdle, "I haven't been dining any where, particularly."

"Of course, you have dined?" said Fanny.

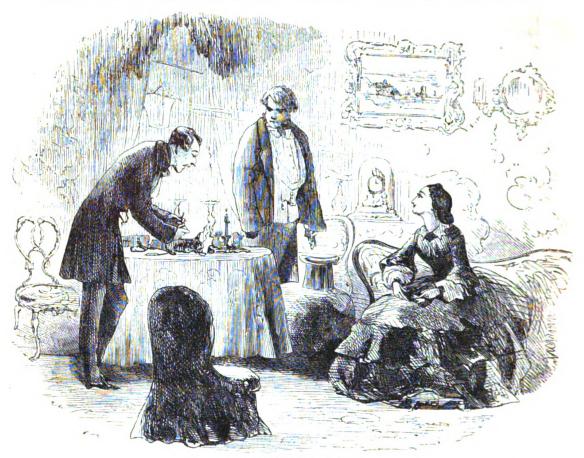
"Why-no, I haven't dined," said Mr. Mer-

He passed his hand over his yellow forehead. and considered, as if he were not sure about it. Some thing to eat, was proposed. "No, thank you," said Mr. Merdle, "I don't feel inclined for it. I was to have dined out along with Mrs. Merdle. But as I didn't feel inclined for dinner, I let Mrs. Merdle go by herself, just as we were getting into the carriage, and thought I'd take a stroll instead."

Would he have tea or coffee? "No, thank you," said Mr. Merdle. "I looked in at the Club, and got a bottle of wine."

At this period of his visit, Mr. Merdle took the chair which Edmund Sparkler had offered him, and which he had hitherto been pushing slowly before him by the back, like a dull man with a pair of skates on for the first time, who could not make up his mind to start. He now ened—down to the time of poor dear papa's put his hat upon another chair beside him, and





MR. MEEDLE A BORROWER.

looking down into it as if it were some twenty feet deep, said again, "You see, I thought I'd give you a call."

"Flattering to us," said Fanny, "for you are not a calling man."

"N—no," returned Mr. Merdle, who was by this time taking himself into custody under both coat-sleeves. "No, I am not in general a calling man."

"You have too much to do, for that," said Fanny. "Having so much to do, Mr. Merdle, loss of appetite is a serious thing with you, and you must have it seen to. You must not be ill."

"Oh! I am very well," replied Mr. Merdle, after deliberating about it. "I am as well as I usually am. I am well enough. I am as well as I want to be."

The master-mind of the age, true to its characteristic of being at all times a mind that had as little as possible to say for itself, and great difficulty in saying it, became mute again. Mrs. Sparkler, of whom it may be remarked by poetical adoption, that nothing lived in the drawing-room 'twixt her and silence, began to wonder how long the master-mind meant to stay.

"I was speaking of poor papa when you came in, Sir."

"Aye, indeed? Quite a coincidence," said Mr. Merdle.

Fanny did not see that; but felt it incumbent on her to continue talking. "I was saying," she therefore pursued, "that my brother's illness has occasioned a delay in examining and arranging papa's property."

"Yes," said Mr. Me.dle; "yes, there has been a delay."

"Not that it is of consequence," said Fanny.

"Not," assented Mr. Merdle, after having examined the cornice of all that part of the room which was within his range; "not that it is of any consequence."

"My only anxiety is," said Fanny, "that Mrs. General should not get any thing."

"She won't get any thing," said Mr. Merdle. Fanny was delighted to hear him express the opinion. Mr. Merdle, after taking another gaze into the depths of his hat, as if he thought he saw some thing at the bottom, rubbed his hair, and slowly appended to his last remark the confirmatory words, "Oh dear no. No. Not she. Not likely."

As the topic seemed exhausted, and Mr. Merdle too, Fanny inquired if he were going to take up Mrs. Merdle and the carriage in his way home?

"No," he answered; "I shall go by the



shortest way, and leave Mrs. Merdle to-" here he looked all over the palms of both his hands, as if he were telling his own fortune-" to take care of herself. I dare say she'll manage to do it."

"Probably," said Fanny.

There was then a long silence; during which, Mrs. Sparkler, lying back on her sofa again, shut her eyes and raised her eyebrows in her former retirement from mundane affairs.

"But, however," said Mr. Merdle, suddenly, "I am equally detaining you and myself. thought I'd give you a call."

"Charmed, I am sure," said Fanny.

"So I am off," added Mr. Merdle, getting up. "Could you lend me a penknife?"

It was an odd thing, Fanny smilingly observed, for her who could seldom prevail upon herself even to write a letter, to lend to a man of such vast business as Mr. Merdle. "Isn't it?" Mr. Merdle acquiesced; "but I shall want one to-night; and I know you have got several little wedding keepsakes about, with scissors and tweezers, and such things in them. You shall have it back to-morrow."

"Edmund," said Mrs. Sparkler, "open (now, very carefully, if you please) the mother of pearl box on my little table there, and give Mr. Merdle the mother of pearl penknife."

"Thank you," said Mr. Merdle; "but if you have got one with a darker handle, I should prefer one with a darker handle."

"Tortoise-shell?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Merdle; "yes. I should prefer tortoise-shell.'

Edmund accordingly received instructions to open the tortoise-shell box, and give Mr. Merdle the tortoise-shell knife. On his doing so, his wife said to the master-spirit, graciously:

"I will forgive you if you ink it."

"I won't ink it," said Mr. Merdle.

The illustrious visitor then put out his coatcuff, and for a moment entombed Mrs. Sparkler's hand: wrist, bracelet, and all. Where his own hand shrunk to was not made manifest, but it was as remote from Mrs. Sparkler's sense of touch as if he had been a highly meritorious Chelsea Veteran or Greenwich Pensioner.

Thoroughly convinced, as he went out of the room, that it was the longest day that ever did come to an end at last, and that there never was a woman, not wholly devoid of personal attractions, so worn out by idiotic and lumpish people, Fanny passed into the balcony for a breath of air. Waters of vexation filled her eyes; and they had the effect of making the famous Mr. Merdle, in going down the street, appear to leap, and waltz, and gyrate, as if he were possessed by devils.

CHAPTER LXI.—THE CHIEF BUTLER RESIGNS THE SEALS OF OFFICE.

THE dinner-party was at the great Physician's. Bar was there, and in full force. Ferdinand

state. Few ways of life were hidden from Physician, and he was oftener in its darkest places than even Bishop himself. There were brilliant ladies about London who perfectly doted on him, my dear, as the most charming creature and the most delightful person, who would have been horrified to find themselves so close to him if they could have known on what sights those thoughtful eyes of his had rested within an hour or two, and near to whose beds and under what roofs his composed figure had stood. But Physician was a quiet man, who performed neither on his own trumpet, nor on the trumpets of other people. Many wonderful things did he see and hear, and much irreconcilable moral contradiction did he pass his life among; yet his equality of compassion was no more disturbed than the Divine Master's of all healing was. He went, like the rain, among the just and unjust, doing all the good he could, and neither proclaiming it in the synagogues nor at the corners of

As no man of large experience of humanity, however quietly carried it may be, can fail to be invested with an interest peculiar to the possession of such knowledge, Physician was an attractive man. Even the daintier gentlemen and ladies who had no idea of his secret, and who would have been startled out of more wits than they had, by the monstrous impropriety of his proposing to them "Come and see what I see!" confessed his attraction. Where he was, something real was. And half a grain of reality, like the smallest portion of some other scarce natural productions, will flavor an enormous quantity of diluent.

It came to pass, therefore, that Physician's little dinners always presented people in their least conventional lights. The guests said to themselves, whether they were conscious of it or no, "Here is a man who really has an acquaintance with us as we are, who is admitted to some of us every day with our wigs and paint off, who hears the wanderings of our minds, and sees the undisguised expression of our faces, when both are past our control-we may as well make an approach to reality with him, for the man has got the better of us and is too strong for us." Therefore Physician's guests came out so surprisingly at his round table that they were almost natural.

Bar's knowledge of that agglomeration of jurymen which is called humanity, was as sharp as a razor; yet a razor is not a convenient instrument except for close-shaving, and Physician's plain, bright scalpel, though far less keen. was adaptable to far wider purposes. Bar knew all about the gullibility and knavery of people. but Physician could have given him a better insight into their tendernesses and affections, in one week of his rounds, than Westminster Hall and all the circuits put together in threescore years and ten. Bar always had a suspicion of this, and perhaps was glad to encourage it (for Barnacle was there, and in his most engaging | if the world were really a great Law Court one



would think that the last day of Term could not | me the very question that I was half disposed too soon arrive), and so he liked and respected Physician quite as much as any other kind of man did.

Mr. Merdle's default left a Banquo's chair at the table; but if he had been there, he would have merely made the difference of Banquo in it, and consequently he was not much missed. Bar, who picked up all sorts of odds and ends about Westminster Hall, much as a raven would have done if he had passed as much of his time there, had been picking up a good many straws lately, and tossing them about to see which way the Merdle wind blew. He now had a little talk on the subject with Mrs. Merdle herself; sliding up to that lady, of course, with the double eye-glass and the jury droop.

"A certain bird," said Bar—and he looked as if it could have been no other bird than a magpie--"has been whispering among us lawyers lately, that there is to be an addition to the titled personages of this realm."

"Really?" said Mrs. Merdle.

"Yes," said Bar. "Has not the bird been whispering in very different ears from ours-in lovely ears?" He drooped, and looked expressively at Mrs. Merdle's nearest ear-ring.

"Do you mean mine?" asked Mrs. Merdle.
"When I say, lovely," said Bar, drooping again, "I always mean you."

"You never mean any thing, I think," returned Mrs. Merdle (not displeased).

"But the "Oh, cruelly unjust!" said Bar. bird?"

"I am the last person in the world to hear news," observed Mrs. Merdle, carelessly arranging her stronghold. "Who is it?"

"What an admirable witness you would make!" said Bar. "No jury (unless we could impannel one of blind men) could resist you, if you were ever so bad a one; but you would be such a good one!"

"Why, you ridiculous man?" asked Mrs. Merdle, laughing.

Bar waved his double eye-glass three or four times, between himself and the Bosom, as a rallying answer, and inquired, in his most insinuating accents:

"What am I to call the most elegant, accomplished, and charming of women, a few weeks, or it may be a few days, hence?"

"Didn't your bird tell you what to call her?" answered Mrs. Merdle. "Do ask it to-morrow, and tell me the next time you see me what it savs!"

This led to further passages of similar pleasantry between the two; but Bar, with all his sharpness, got nothing out of them. Physician, on the other hand, taking Mrs. Merdle down to her carriage, and attending on her as she put on her cloak, inquired into the symptoms with his usual calm directness.

"May I ask," he said, "is this true about Merdle?

to ask you.

"To ask me! Why me?"

"Upon my honor, I think Mr. Merdle reposes greater confidence in you than in any one."

"On the contrary, he tells me absolutely nothing, even professionally. You have heard the talk, of course?"

"Of course I have. But you know what Mr. Merdle is; you know how taciturn and reserved he is. I assure you I have no idea what foundation for it there may be. I should like it to be true; why should I deny that to you? You would know better, if I did!"

"Just so," said Physician.

"But whether it is all true, or partly true, or entirely false, I am wholly unable to say. It is a most provoking situation, a most absurd situation; but you know Mr. Merdle, and are not surprised."

Physician was not at all surprised, handed her into her carriage, and bade her Good-night. He stood for a moment at his own hall-door, looking sedately at the elegant equipage as it rattled away. On his return up stairs, the rest of the guests soon dispersed, and he was left alone. Being a great reader of all kinds of literature (and never at all apologetic for that weakness) he sat down comfortably to read.

The clock upon his study table pointed to a few minutes short of twelve when his attention was called to it by a ringing at the door bell. A man of plain habits, he had sent his servants to bed, and must needs go down to open the door. He went down, and at the door found a man without hat or coat, whose shirt sleeves were rolled up tight to his shoulders. For a moment he thought the man had been fighting: the rather, as he was much agitated and out of breath. A second look, however, showed him that the man was particularly clean, and not otherwise disordered in his dress than as it answered this description.

"I come from the warm baths, Sir, round in the neighboring street."

"And what is the matter at the warm-baths?" "Would you please to come directly, Sir.

We found that lying on the table."

He put into the physician's hand a scrap of paper. Physician looked at it, and read his own name and address written in pencil; nothing more. He looked closer at the writing, looked at the man, took his hat from its peg, put the key of his door in his pocket, and they hurried away together.

When they came to the warm-baths, all the other people belonging to that establishment were looking out for them at the door, and running up and down the passages. "Request every body else to keep back, if you please," said the physician aloud to the master, "and do you take me straight to the place, my friend."

The messenger hurried before him, past a number of little rooms, and turning into one at "My dear doctor," she returned, "you ask the end of a long narrow passage, looked round



looked round the door too.

There was a bath in that corner, from which the water had been hastily drained off. Lying in it, as in a grave or sarcophagus, with a hurried drapery of sheet and blanket thrown across it, was the body of a heavily-made man, with an obtuse head, and coarse, common features. A skylight had been opened to release the steam with which the room had been filled; but it hung, condensed into water-drops, heavily upon the walls, and heavily upon the face and figure in the bath. The room was still hot, and the marble of the bath still warm; but the face and figure were clammy to the touch. The white marble at the bottom of the bath was veined with a dreadful red. On the ledge at the side were an empty laudanum-bottle and a tortoiseshell-handled penknife - soiled, but not with ink.

"Separation of the jugular vein-death rapid -been dead at least half an hour." This echo of the physician's words ran through the passages and little rooms, and through the house, while he was yet straightening himself from having bent down to reach to the bottom of the bath, and was yet dabbling his hands in water; redly veining it like the marble before it turned to one tint.

He turned his eyes to the dress upon the sofa, and to the watch, money, and pocket-book upon the table. A folded note, half buckled up in the pocket-book, and half protruding from it, caught his observant glance. He looked at it, touched it, pulled it a little further out from among the leaves, said quietly, "This is addressed to me," and opened and read it.

There were no directions for him to give. The people of the house knew what to do; the proper authorities were soon brought; and they took an equable business-like possession of the deceased and of what had been his property, with no greater disturbance of manner or countenance than usually attends the winding-up of a clock. Physician was glad to walk out into the free night air-was even glad, in spite of his great experience, to sit down upon a doorstep for a little while, being sick and faint.

Bar was a near neighbor of his, and, when he came to the house, he saw a light in the room where he knew his friend often sat late, getting up his work. As the light was never there when Bar was not, it gave him assurance that Bar was not yet in bed. In fact, this busy bee had a verdict to get to-morrow, against evidence, and was improving the shining hours in setting snares for the gentlemen of the jury.

Physician's knock astonished Bar; but as he immediately suspected that somebody had come to tell him that somebody else was robbing him, or otherwise trying to get the better of him, he came down promptly and softly. He had been clearing his head with a lotion of cold water as a good preparative to finding hot water for the heads of the jury, and had been

the door. Physician was close upon him, and | reading with the neck of his shirt thrown wide open, that he might the more freely choke the opposite witnesses. In consequence, he came down looking rather wild. Seeing Physician, the least expected of men, he looked wilder and said, "What's the matter?"

- "You asked me once what Merdle's complaint was.''
- "Extraordinary answer! I remember that I did."
 - "I told you I had not found it out."
 - "Yes. I know you did."
 - "I have found it out."
- "My God!" said Bar, starting back, and putting his hand upon the other's breast. "And so have I! I see it in your face."

They went into the nearest room, where Physician gave him the letter to read. He read it through half-a-dozen times. There was not much in it as to quantity, but it made a great demand on his close and continuous attention. He could not sufficiently give utterance to his regret that he had not himself found a clew to this. The smallest clew, he said, would have made him master of the case. And what a case it would have been to have got to the bottom of!

Physician had engaged to break the intelligence in Harley Street, Bar could not at once return to his inveiglements of the most enlightened and remarkable jury he had ever scen in that box; with whom, he could tell his learned friend, no shallow sophistry would go down, and no unhappily abused professional tact and skill prevail (this was the way he meant to begin with them); so he said he would go too, and would loiter to and fro near the house while his friend was inside. They walked there, the better to recover self-possession in the air; and the first cold dawn of day was fluttering the night when Physician knocked at the door.

A footman of rainbow hues, in the public eye, was sitting up for his master—that is to say, was fast asleep in the kitchen; over a couple of candles and a newspaper, demonstrating the great accumulation of mathematical odds against the probabilities of a house being set on fire by accident. When this serving-man was roused. Physician had still to await the rousing of the Chief Butler. At last that noble creature came into the dining-room in a flannel gown and list shoes; but with his cravat on, and a Chief Butler still. It was morning now; Physician had opened the shutters of one window while waiting, that he might see the light.

"Mrs. Merdle's maid must be called and told to get Mrs. Merdle up, and prepare her as gently as she can, to see me. I have dreadful news to break to her."

Thus Physician to the Chief Butler. The latter, who had a candle in his hand, called his man to take it away. Then he approached the window with dignity; looking on at Physician's news exactly as he had looked on at the dinners in that very room.

"Mr. Merdle is dead."



"I should wish," said the Chief Butler, "to give a month's notice."

"Mr. Merdle has destroyed himself."

"Sir," said the Chief Butler, "that is very unpleasant to the feelings of one in my position, as calculated to awaken prejudice; and I should wish to leave immediate.'

"If you are not shocked, are you not surprised, man?" demanded the Physician warmly.

The Chief Butler, erect and calm, replied in these memorable words. "Mr. Merdle never was the gentleman, and no ungentlemanly act on Merdle's part would surprise me. Is there any body else I can send to you, Sir, or any other directions I can give before I leave, respecting what you would wish to be done?"

When Physician, after discharging himself of his trust up stairs, rejoined Bar in the street, he said no more of his interview with Mrs. Merdle than that he had not yet told her all, but that what he had told her she had borne pretty well. Bar had devoted his leisure in the street to the construction of a most ingenious mantrap for catching the whole of his Jury at a blow; having got that matter settled in his mind, it was lucid on the late catastrophe, and they walked home slowly, discussing it in every bearing as they went. Before parting, at Physician's door, they both looked up at the sunny morning sky, into which the smoke of a few early fires and the breath and voices of a few oarly stirrers were peacefully rising, and then looked round upon the immense city, and said, If all those hundreds and thousands of beggared people who were yet asleep, could only know, as they two spoke, the ruin that impended over them, what a fearful cry against one miserable soul would go up to Heaven!

The report that the great man was dead got about with astonishing rapidity. At first, he was dead of all the diseases that ever were known, and of several bran-new maladies invented with the speed of light to meet the demand of the occasion. He had concealed a dropsy from infancy, he had inherited a large estate of water on the chest from his grandfather, he had had an operation performed upon him every morning of his life for eighteen years, he had been subject to the explosion of important veins in his body after the manner of fireworks, he had had something the matter with his lungs, he had had something the matter with his heart, he had had something the matter with his brain. Five hundred people who sat down to breakfast entirely uninformed on the whole subject, believed before they had done breakfast that they privately and personally knew Physician to have said to Mr. Merdle, "You must expect to go out, some day, like the snuff of a candle," and that they knew Mr. Merdle to have said to Physician, "A man can die but once." By about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, something the matter with the brain, became the favorite; and by twelve the something | children would have their whole future desola-had been distinctly ascertained to be "Pressure." | ted by the hand of this mighty scoundrel. Ev-

Pressure was so entirely satisfactory to the public mind, and seemed to make every body so comfortable, that it might have lasted all day but for Bar's having taken the real state of the case into Court at half-past nine. This led to its beginning to be currently whispered all over London by about one, that Mr. Merdle had killed himself: Pressure, however, so far from being overthrown by this discovery, became a greater favorite than ever. There was a general moralizing upon Pressure in every street. All the people who had tried to make money and had not been able to do it, said, There you were! You no sooner began to devote yourself to the pursuit of wealth than you got Pressure. The idle people improved the occasion in a similar manner. See, said they, what you brought yourself to by work, work, work! You persisted in working, you overdid it, Pressure came, and you were done for! This consideration was very potent in many quarters, but nowhere more so than among the young clerks and partners who had never been in the slightest danger of overdoing it. These one and all declared, quite piously, that they hoped they would never forget the warning as long as they lived, and that their conduct would be so regulated as to keep off Pressure, and preserve them, a comfort to their friends, for many

But, at about the time of High 'Change, Pressure began to wane, and appalling whispers to circulate, east, west, north, and south. At first they were faint, and went no further than a doubt whether Mr. Merdle's wealth would be found to be as vast as had been supposed; whether there might not be a temporary difficulty in "realizing" it; whether there might not even be a temporary suspension (say a month or so) on the part of the wonderful Bank. As the whispers became louder, which they did from that time every minute, they became more threatening. He had sprung from nothing, by no natural growth or process that any one could account for; he had been, after all, a low, ignorant fellow; he had been a down-looking man, and no one had ever been able to catch his eye; he had been taken up in quite an unaccountable manner, he had never had any money of his own, his ventures had been utterly reckless, and his expenditure had been enormous. In steady progression, as the day declined, the talk rose in sound and purpose like a rising sea. He had left a letter at the Baths addressed to his physician, and his physician had got the letter, and the letter would be produced at the Inquest on the morrow, and it would fall like a thunderbolt upon the multitude he had deluded. Numbers of men in every profession and trade would be blighted by his insolvency; old people who had been in easy circumstances all their lives would have no place of repentance for their trust in him but the workhouse, legions of women and



ery partaker of his magnificent feasts would be seen to have been a sharer in the plunder of innumerable homes; every servile worshiper of riches who had helped to set him upon his pedestal, would have done better to worship the Devil point-blank. So, the talk, lashed louder and higher by confirmation on confirmation, and by edition after edition of the evening papers, swelled into such a roar when night came, as might have brought one to believe that a solitary watcher on the gallery above the Dome of Saint Paul's would have perceived the night air to be laden with a heavy muttering of the name of Merdle, coupled with every variety of execuation.

For the late Mr. Merdle's complaint was, simply, Forgery and Robbery. He, the uncouth object of such wide-spread adulation, the sitter at great men's feasts, the roc's egg of great ladies' assemblies, the subduer of exclusiveness, the leveler of pride, the patron of patrons, the bargain-driver with a minister for Lordships of the Circumlocution Office, the recipient of more acknowledgment within some twenty years, at most, than had been bestowed in any land upon all the principal public benefactors, and upon all the leaders of all the Arts and Sciences, with their works to testify for them, during two centuries at least-he, the shining wonder, the next constellation to be followed by the wise men bringing gifts, until it stopped over certain carrion in a bath and disappeared, was simply the greatest Forger and the greatest Thief that ever cheated the gallows.

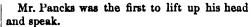
CHAPTER LXII.—REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

WITH a precursory sound of hurried breath and hurried feet, Mr. Pancks rushed into Arthur Clennam's Counting-house. The Inquest was over, the letter was public, the Bank was broken, the other model structures of straw had taken fire and were turned to smoke. The admired piratical ship had blown up in the midst of a vast fleet of ships of all rates, and boats of all sizes; and on the deep was nothing but ruin; nothing but burning hulls, bursting magazines, great guns self-exploded, tearing friends and neighbors to pieces, drowning men clinging to unseaworthy spars and going down every minute, spent swimmers, floating dead, and sharks.

The usual diligence and order of the Counting-house at the works were overthrown with so much more. Unopened letters and unsorted papers lay strewn about the desk. In the midst of these tokens of prostrated energy and dismissed hope, the master of the Counting-house stood idle in his usual place, with his arms crossed on the desk, and his head bowed down upon them.

Mr. Pancks rushed in and saw him, and stood still. In another minute, Mr. Pancks's arms were on the desk, and Mr. Pancks's head was bowed upon them, and for some time they remained in these attitudes, idle and silent, with the width of the little room between them.

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"I persuaded you to it, Mr. Clennam. I know it. Say what you will. You can't say more to me than I say to myself. You can't say more than I deserve."

"Oh, Pancks, Pancks!" returned Clennam, "don't speak of deserving. What do I, myself, deserve?"

"Better luck," said Pancks.

"I," pursued Clennam, without attending to him, "who have ruined my partner! Pancks, Pancks, I have ruined Doyce! The honest, self-helpful, indefatigable old man, who has worked his way all through his life; the man who has contended against so much disappointment, and who has brought out of it such a good and trusting nature; the man I have felt so much for, and hoped (and meant) to be so true and useful to; I have ruined him—brought him to shame and disgrace—ruined him, ruined him!"

The agony into which the reflection wrought his mind was so distressing to see, that Mr. Pancks took hold of himself by the hair of his head, and tore it in desperation at the spectacle.

"Reproach me!" cried Pancks. "Reproach me, Sir, or I'll do myself an injury. Say, You fool, you villain. Say, Ass, how could you do it; Beast, what did you mean by it! Catch hold of me somewhere. Say something abusive to me!" All the time Mr. Pancks was tearing at his tough hair in a most pitiless and cruel manner.

"If you had never yielded to this fatal mania, Pancks," said Clennam, more in commiseration than retaliation, "it would have been how much better for you, and how much better for ma!"

"At me again, Sir!" cried Pancks, grinding his teeth in remorse. "At me again!"

"If you had never gone into those accursed calculations, and brought out your results with such abominable clearness," groaned Clennam, "it would have been how much better for you, Pancks, and how much better for me!"

"At me again, Sir!" exclaimed Pancks, loosening his hold of his hair; "at me again, and again!"

Clennam, however, finding him already beginning to be pacified, had said all he wanted to say, and more. He wrung his hand, only adding, "Blind leaders of the blind, Pancks! Blind leaders of the blind! But Doyce, Doyce, Doyce; my injured partner!" That brought his head down on the desk again.

Their former attitudes and their former silence were once more first encroached upon by Pancks.

"Not been to bed, Sir, since it began to get about. Been high and low, on the chance of finding some hope of saving cinders from the fire. All is vain. All gone. All vanished."

"I know it," returned Clennam, "too well."



Mr. Pancks filled up a pause with a groan that came out of the very depths of his soul.

"Only yesterday, Pancks," said Arthur; "only yesterday, Monday, I had the fixed intention of selling, realizing, and making an end of it."

"I can't say as much for myself, Sir," returned Pancks. "Though it's wonderful how many people I've heard of who were going to realize yesterday, of all days in the three hundred and sixty-five, if it hadn't been too late!"

His steam-like breathings, usually droll in their effect, were more tragic than so many groans, while, from head to foot, he was in that begrimed, besmeared, neglected state that he might have been an authentic portrait of Misfortune, which could scarcely be discerned through its want of cleaning.

"Mr. Clennam, had you laid out—everything?" He got over the break before the last word, and also brought out the last word itself with great difficulty.

"Everything."

Mr. Pancks took hold of his tough hair again, and gave it such a wrench that he pulled out several prongs of it. After looking at these with an eye of wild hatred, he put them in his pocket.

"My course," said Clennam, brushing away some tears that had been silently dropping down his face, "must be taken at once. What wretched amends I can make must be made. I must clear my unfortunate partner's reputation. I must retain nothing for myself. I must resign to our creditors the power of management I have so much abused; and I must work out as much of my fault—or crime—as is susceptible of being worked out, in the rest of my days."

"Is it impossible, Sir, to tide over the present?"

"Out of the question. Nothing can be tided over now, Pancks. The sooner the business can pass out of my hands the better for it. There are engagements to be met, this week, which would of themselves bring the catastrophe, even if I would postpone it for a day, by going on for that space, secretly knowing what I know. All last night I thought of what I would do; what remains, is to do it."

"Not entirely of yourself?" said Pancks, whose face was as damp as if his steam were turning into water as fast as he dismally blew it off. "Have some legal help."

"Perhaps I had better."

"Have Rugg."

"There is not much to do. He will do it as well as another."

"Shall I fetch Rugg, Mr. Clennam?"

"If you could spare the time. I should be much obliged to you."

Mr. Pancks put on his hat that moment, and course I have made up my mind to take. If steamed away to Pentonville. While he was gone, Arthur never raised his head from the ing to discharge such business as it necessitates,

desk, but remained in that one position: repentant, self-accused, and convicted.

Mr. Pancks brought his friend and professional adviser, Mr. Rugg, back with him. Mr. Rugg had had such ample experience on the road of Mr. Pancks's being at that present in an impracticable state of mind, that he opened his professional mediation by requesting that gentleman to take himself out of the way. Mr. Pancks, crushed and submissive, obeyed.

"He is not unlike what my daughter was, Sir, when we began the Breach of Promise action of Rugg and Dawkins, in which she was Plaintiff," said Mr. Rugg. "He takes too strong and direct an interest in the case. His feelings are worked upon. There is no getting on in our profession with feelings, Sir."

As he pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, he saw, in a side glance or two, that a great change had come over his client.

"I am sorry to perceive, Sir," said Mr. Rugg, "that you have been allowing your own feelings to be worked upon. Now, pray don't, pray don't. These losses are much to be deplored, Sir, but we must look 'em in the face."

"If the money I have sacrificed had been all my own, Mr. Rugg," said Mr. Clennam, "I should have cared far less."

"Indeed, Sir?" said Mr. Rugg, with a cheerful air. "You surprise me. That's singular, Sir. I have generally found in my experience that it's their own money people are most particular about. I have seen people get rid of a good deal of other people's money, and bear it very well—very well, indeed."

With these comforting remarks, Mr. Rugg seated himself on an office-stool at the desk, and proceeded to business.

"Now, Mr. Clennam, by your leave, let us go into the matter. Let us see the state of the case. The question is simple. The question is the usual plain straightforward common-sense question. What can we do for ourself? What can we do for ourself?"

"That is not the question with me, Mr. Rugg," said Arthur. "You mistake it in the beginning. It is, what can I do for my partner—how can I best make reparation to him?"

"I am afraid, Sir, do you know," argued Mr. Rugg, persuasively, "that you are still allowing your feelings to be worked upon? I don't like the term 'reparation,' Sir, except as a lever in the hands of counsel. Will you excuse my saying that I feel it my duty to offer you the caution that you really must not allow your feelings to be worked upon?"

"Mr. Rugg," said Clennam, nerving himself to go through with what he had resolved upon, and surprising that gentleman by appearing, in his despondency, to have a settled determination of purpose, "you give me the impression that you will not be much disposed to adopt the course I have made up my mind to take. If your disapproval of it should render you unwilling to discharge such business as it necessitates,



I am sorry for it, and must seek other aid. But test." Mr. Rugg then stated, not without pro-I will represent to you at once, that to argue lixity, the heads of his protest. These were, in against it with me is useless."

"Very good, Sir," answered Mr. Rugg, shrugging his shoulders. "Very good, Sir. Since the business is to be done by some hands, let it be done by mine. Such was my principle in the case of Rugg and Dawkins. Such is my principle in most cases."

Clennam then proceeded to state to Mr. Rugg his fixed resolution. He told Mr. Rugg that his partner was a man of rare simplicity and integrity, and that in all he meant to do he was guided above all things by a knowledge of his partner's character, and a respect for his feelings. He explained that his partner was then absent on an enterprise of great importance, and that it particularly behooved himself publicly to accept the blame of what he had rashly done, and publicly to exonerate his partner from all participation in the responsibility of it, lest the successful conduct of that enterprise should be endangered by the slightest suspicion wrongfully attaching to his partner's honor and credit in another country. He told Mr. Rugg that to clear his partner morally, to the fullest extent, and publicly and unreservedly to declare that he, Arthur Clennam, of that Firm, had of his own sole act, and even expressly against his partner's caution, embarked its resources in the swindles that had lately perished, was the only real atonement within his power, was a better atonement to the particular man than it would be to very many men, and was therefore the atonement he had first to make. With this view, his intention was to print a declaration to the foregoing effect, which he had already drawn up, and, besides circulating it among all who had dealings with the House, to advertise it in the public papers. Concurrently with this measure (the description of which cost Mr. Rugg innumerable wry faces and great uneasiness in his limbs), he would address a letter to all the creditors, exonerating his partner in a solemn manner, informing them of the stoppage of the House until their pleasure could be known and his partner communicated with, and humbly submitting himself to their direction. If, through their consideration for his partner's innocence, the affairs could ever be got into such train as that the business could be profitably resumed, and its present downfall overcome, then his own share in it would revert to his partner, as the only reparation he could make to him in money value for the distress and loss he had unhappily brought upon him, and he himself, at as small a salary as he could live upon, would ask to be allowed to serve it as a faithful clerk.

Though Mr. Rugg saw plainly that there was no preventing this from being done, still the wryness of his face and the uneasiness of his limbs so sorely required the propitiation of a Protest, that he made one. "I offer no objection, Sir," said he, "I argue no point with you. I will carry out your views, Sir; but under product of the proping of the pr

lixity, the heads of his protest. These were, in effect, Because the whole town, or he might say the whole country, was in the first madness of the late discovery, and the resentment against the unfortunate victims would be very strong: those who had not been deluded being certain to wax exceedingly wroth with them for not having been as wise as they were; and those who had been deluded, being certain to find excuses and reasons for themselves, of which they were equally certain to see that other sufferers were wholly devoid; not to mention the great probability of every individual sufferer persuading himself, to his violent indignation, that but for the example of all the other sufferers he never would have put himself in the way of suffering. Because such a declaration as Clennam's, made at such a time, would certainly draw down upon him a storm of animosity, rendering it impossible to calculate on forbearance in the creditors, or even on unanimity among them, and exposing him a solitary target to a straggling cross-fire, which might bring him down from half a dozen quarters at once.

To all this Clennam merely replied that, granting the whole protest, nothing in it lessened the force, or could lessen the force, of the voluntary and public exoneration of his partner. He therefore, once for all, requested Mr. Rugg's immediate aid in getting the business dispatched. Upon that, Mr. Rugg fell to work; and Arthur, retaining no property to himself but his clothes and books, and a little loose money, placed his small private banker's account with the papers of the business.

The disclosure was made, and the storm raged fiercely. Thousands of people were wildly staring about for somebody alive to heap reproaches on; and this notable case, courting publicity, set the living somebody so much wanted on a scaffold. When people who had nothing to do with the case were so sensible of its flagrancy, people who lost money by it could scarcely be expected to deal mildly with it. Letters of reproach and invective showered in from the creditors; and Mr. Rugg, who sat upon the high stool every day and read them all, informed his client, within a week, that he feared there were writs out.

"I must take the consequences of what I have done," said Clennam. "The writs will find me here."

On the very next morning as he was turning into Bleeding-Heart Yard by Mrs. Plornish's corner, Mrs. Plornish stood at the door waiting for him, and mysteriously besought him to step into Happy Cottage. There he found Mr. Rugg.

"I thought I'd wait for you here. I wouldn't go on to the Counting-house this morning if I was you, Sir."

"Why not, Mr. Rugg?"

"There are as many as five out, to my knowledge."



"It can not be too soon over," said Clennam.
"Let them take me, for Heaven's sake."

"Yes, but," said Mr. Rugg, getting between him and the door, "hear reason, hear reason. They'll take you soon enough, Mr. Clennam, I don't doubt; but, hear reason. It almost always happens in these cases that some insignificant matter pushes itself in front and makes much of itself. Now, I find there's a little one out—a mere Palace Court jurisdiction—and I have reason to believe that a caption may be made upon that."

"Why not?" asked Clennam.

"I'd be taken on a full-grown one, Sir," said Mr. Rugg. "It's as well to keep up appearances. As your professional adviser, I should prefer your being taken on a writ from one of the superior courts, if you have no objection to do me that favor. It looks better."

"Mr. Rugg," said Arthur, in his dejection, "my only wish is, that it should be over. I will

go on, and take my chance."

"Another word of reason, Sir!" cried Mr. Rugg. "Now, this is reason. The other may be taste; but this is reason. If you should be taken on the little one, Sir, you would go to the Marshalsea. Now, you know what the Marshalsea is. Very close. Excessively confined. Whereas in the King's Bench—" Mr. Rugg waved his right hand freely, as expressing abundance of space.

"I would rather," said Clennam, "be taken to the Marshalsea than to any other prison."

"Do you say so indeed, Sir?" returned Mr. Rugg. "Then this is taste, too, and we may be walking."

He was a little offended at first, though he soon overlooked it. They walked through the Yard to the other end. The Bleeding Hearts were more interested in Arthur since his reverses than formerly: now regarding him as one who was true to the place and had taken up his freedom. Many of them came out to look after him, and to observe to one another with great unctuousness that he was "pulled down by it." Mrs. Ploraish and her father stood at the top of the steps at their own end, much depressed and shaking their heads.

There was nobody visibly in waiting when Arthur and Mr. Rugg arrived at the Countinghouse. But an elderly member of the Jewish persuasion preserved in rum followed them close, and looked in at the glass before Mr. Rugg had opened one of the day's letters. "Oh!" said Mr. Rugg, looking up. "How do you do? Step in.—Mr. Clennam, I think this is the gentleman I was mentioning."

The gentleman explained the object of his visit to be "a trifling madder o' bithanithz," and executed his legal function.

"Shall I accompany you, Sir?" said Mr. Rugg politely, rubbing his hands.

"I would rather go alone, thank you," Clen-wall to weep, and sobbed out, as his nam answered. "Be so good as send me my lieved itself, "Oh, my Little Dorrit!"

clothes." Mr. Rugg, in a light airy way, replied in the affirmative, and shook hands with him. He and his attendant then went down stairs, got into the first conveyance they found, and drove to the old gates.

"Where I little thought, God forgive me," said Clennam to himself, "that I should ever enter thus!"

Mr. Chivery was on the Lock, and Young John was in the Lodge; either newly released from it, or waiting to take his own spell of duty. Both were more astonished on seeing who the new prisoner was than one might have thought turnkeys would have been. The elder Mr. Chivery shook hands with him in a shamefaced kind of way, and said, "I don't call to mind, Sir, as I was ever less glad to see you." The younger Mr. Chivery, more distant, did not shake hands with him at all; he stood looking at him in a state of indecision so observable that it even came within the observation of Clennam with his heavy eyes and heavy heart. Presently afterward, Young John disappeared into the jail.

As Clennam knew enough of the place to know that he was required to remain in the Lodge a certain time, he took a seat in a corner, and feigned to be occupied with the perusal of letters from his pocket. They did not so engross his attention, however, but that he saw with gratitude how the elder Mr. Chivery kept the Lodge clear of prisoners; how he signed to some, with his keys, not to come in, and how he nudged others with his elbow to go out, and how he made his misery as easy to him as he could.

He was sitting with his eyes fixed on the floor, recalling the past, brooding over the present, and not attending to either, when he felt himself touched upon the shoulder. It was by Young John; and he said, "You can come now."

He got up and followed Young John. When they had gone a step or two within the inner iron gate, Young John said to him:

"You want a room. I have got you one."

"I thank you heartily."

Young John turned about again, and took him in at the old door-way, up the old stair-case, into the old room. Arthur stretched out his hand. Young John looked at it, looked at him—sternly, and yet with his tears in his eyes—swelled, choked, and said:

"I don't know as I can. No, I find I can't. But I thought you'd like the room, and here it is for you."

Surprise at this behavior yielded when he was gone (he went away directly) to the feelings which the empty room awakened in Clennam's wounded breast, and to the crowding associations with the one good and gentle creature who had sanctified it. Her absence in his altered fortunes made it, and him in it, so very desolate and so much in need of such a spirit of love and truth, that he turned his face against the wall to weep, and sobbed out, as his heart relieved itself, "Oh, my Little Dorrit!"



ONLY A RAT.

THE wanderer about the docks of London or Liv-L erpool will have noticed, no doubt, an old, grayhaired, bent, and poorly-dressed man, with generally an unshaven face, a broad-brimmed felt hat, and thick, solid shoes, and always a broad leather belt, worn sashwise, and decorated in front with a brightly brazen figure, which any cockney will inform you is meant to represent a rat, and which, in fact, bears about as much resemblance to a rat as the heraldic lion does to the lion of John Anderssen or Jules Gérard. It is this man's sole business to relieve vessels or houses of those pests whose image he bears upon his breast. The professional rat-catcher is an institution in the large cities of Europe, and the superstitious, shoresmen as well as seamen, in England, delight in stories of charmed rats, and devoutly believe the rat-catcher to be the most charming of mortals. Some years ago there was in Liverpool one of these professional rat-annihilators, of whom we have often heard it related that, by some potent charm, he could remove, without killing or maining, the entire rat population of a ship or house whose owner had properly subsidized him. Of course, in this case, the nuisance was not abated, but simply removed. The rats were colonized upon some unlucky neighbor, who was in turn forced to buy over the controlling power, to be rid of the annoyance.

"The whiskered vermin race," as Grainger called them, are reckoned among the disagreeables by most people. Every man's hand, and foot, too, is against a rat; little dogs bark vociferously at sound of his squeal; little boys shout delightedly at sight of his death-struggle; little girls hold the rat in equal abomination with the more fatal rattlesnake; and young ladies-young ladies climb up on chairs at the very mention of the hated name. Traps, ferrets, poison, cats-these are but a few of the means used to rid the civilized world of him; and yet, with a perseverance which a stump orator would declare "worthy of a better cause," the rat keeps his place as a household brute, and composedly nibbles the rich man's cheese, the farmer's corn, the sailor's biscuit (and even his greasy trowsers), or the West Indian's sugar-cane.

"Only a rat," says the business man, looking out to ascertain the cause which has brought together such a motley assemblage of street urchins, terrier dogs, and rough men in shirt sleeves. Little does he think of the possible adventures of this rat, who is thus publicly expiating the crime of having lived. The ancestors of that just defunct animal came from Persia. They there lived in burrows under ground, and in large communities, governed, no doubt, by the Rat King of whom old writers on natural history tell such wonderful stories. We read that the first emigrant rat company was formed on occasion of an earthquake, which, causing the rat community to think itself unsafe, induced its members to abandon their homes, march westward, swim the Volga, and enter Europe by way of Astracan. This took place in 1727.

The aunts and uncles, in a remote way, of that rat, coming no one knew whence and disappearing no one knew whither, overran different parts of Northern Europe during the first half of the 18th century, emptying granaries of their contents, destroying fields of standing grain, and even ravaging houses, and attacking men and women.

His cousins emigrating to Jamaica, there in-

creased so rapidly that, at one time, not many years ago, it was computed that they consumed a twentieth part of the entire sugar crop; and when a war of extermination was declared against them, 80,000 were destroyed in one year.

His relatives, in various removes, have traveled to and peopled—if that expression is applicable here—many of the remotest islands of the Pacific, circumnavigating the world with Cook, exploring with Wilkes, or making the India voyage with Smith the adventurous.

And looking at home, his nearer kinsrats exist in myriads in house and field, but especially in the cities, where they swarm in the vast net-work of sewers underfoot, and, through subdrains, gain free access to cellars, basements, floors, and even roofs, mingling intimately in all our concerns, and perhaps sharing, in some slight, ratlike way, our joys and sorrows.

Let us look at some of the qualities of the rat. He is a cannibal. The black rat, native to England, lives at war with the Norwegian interloper, and being the weaker, is, when caught, devoured by the foreign enemy. We read that where equal numbers of the two species are placed in a cage without food, the blacks will invariably be eaten before morning. And even when well fed, the brown monsters will eat off the long and finely-tipped ears of their black brethren—by way of relish it may be supposed.

The rat possesses, notwithstanding his unfavorable cerebral development, powers of a comparatively high order. In proof of this we will not here recall the story of their removing eggs by one fellow lying on his back and holding the egg in his paws while his companions pull him along by the tail; or of their drawing oil from a flask by dipping in their tails; or of blind rats being led from place to place by means of a stick carried in the mouth. It is sufficient to note that he knows what part of the elephant's tusk abounds most with animal oil, and attacks that part in preference; that he will climb the rigging of a ship to the sails, knowing, somehow, that there, after a rain or a heavy dew, he will be most likely to find moisture; that he will enter the vessel by way of the hawse-pipes; and that, having found a good berth, he straightway calls about him all his friends, and forms a colony, which increases with a rapidity almost alarming when we take into consideration the appetites and the destructive powers of the colonists.

A pair of rats happily situated and undisturbed, will, in three years, have increased to 656,808. Calculating that ten rats eat as much in one day as a man, which, we think, is rather under than over the fact, the consumption of these rats would be equal to that of 65,680 men the year round, and leave eight rats in the year to spare. Multiplying in this way, it is providential that the rat has so many natural enemies. All these to the contrary, notwithstanding, he often proves sufficiently troublesome to make the community conspire against him. In Ireland they singe the hair of a rat which has been caught, but is otherwise unharmed. In Germany they let one loose with a small bell attached to his neck. The tinkling of this, as the belled rat chases his friends, produces a panic among them, and causes them to flee the premises. In America diverse means are resorted to to destroy the disagreeables. Yankee ingenuity has been for years more or less successfully brought to



bear upon the important subject of rat-traps. Ar- | him, and make ceaseless and united efforts to starve senic is freely and very carelessly used by persons evidently ignorant of the important fact that this poison produces in the rat an intense thirst, to slake which he rushes off frantically to the nearest water-course. An instance of such wholesale poisoning is yet fresh in the public mind.

A recent American anti-ratite recommends the following treacherous expedient against the rats which eat the farmer's corn: "I build my corncrib on posts about eighteen inches high, made ratproof by putting a broad board or sheet of iron on the top of the posts. Make every thing secure against rats except the granary, and have this rat-proof except at one of the back corners. Here, where they will like it best, make a nice hole, with a spout, five inches long, on the outside, where they can go in and out and eat at pleasure. Then, if I think the rats are too numerous, I take a bag, after dark, and slip the mouth over the spout on the outside of the granary. Then send 'Ben' in at the door with a light, and the rats and mice will all run into the bag. Then slip the bag off the spout, and slap it once or twice against the side of the granary. Turn out the dead, and in an hour or two repeat the process. After all are killed, stop up the hole till new recruits arrive, which catch in the same way."

At Bangkok, the Siamese capital, the people are in the habit of keeping tame rats, which walk about the room and crawl up the legs of the inmates, who pet them as they would a dog. They are caught young, and attaining a monstrous size by good feeding, take the place of our cats, and entirely free the house of their own kind.

In Paris the skins are valued for gloves, and the rats are accordingly hunted by a company who have, we are told, the exclusive privilege of the sewers. It is not unlikely that many a fair lady, who would scream with horror at the sight of a rat's keen eyes, does daily endow her delicate hands in the tanned skins of her aversion.

The favorite stronghold of the rat is that portion of the house-drain which opens at right angles into the main sewer. Here he sits like a sentinel, and, in security, watches with his keen but astonished eves the extraordinary apparition running with a light. The moment he sees the light he runs along the sides of the drain just above the line of the sewerage water; the men follow, and speedily overtake the winded animal, which no sooner finds his pursuers gaining upon him than he sets up a shrill squeak, in the midst of which he is seized with the bare hand behind the ears, and deposited in the bag. In this manner a dozen will sometimes be captured in as many minutes. When driven to bay at the end of a blind sewer, they will often fly at the boots of their pursuers in the most determined manner.

The rat is a social animal. Communities of rats are very exclusive, and repel strangers, vagabond rats, or estrays from other communities with much sternness. Even on board ship there are cabin rats and forecastle rats; and woe to a poor denizen of the cabin who should venture among his enemies before the mast!

It is on shipboard that the rat is forced to exert his ingenuity to the utmost to obtain the means of living. Of food he probably never has a sufficiency, however accomplished a thief he may be; for the captain, the mate, the steward, and the steward's loblolly boy-all are leagued against become with the servants that he was never allowed

him out. As for water, who shall tell the straits to which the rat crew of a ship has been reduced, during a long drought, when the cautious mate has carefully closed the water-casks with tinned bungs, and each thirsting sailor husbands his scant three pints of daily fetid water in his rat-proof sea-chest? The writer of this has seen the water-casks one by one secretly gnawed, beneath, where the attacks were unnoticed, till one hot, tropic day, when the sails hung idly from the yards, and the pitch bubbled up from deck and sides, the cook with scared looks announced that our last cask was emptied, and but a few providential gallons were left in the galley. This remainder was placed for safety, that night, in the long boat, a place till then inaccessible to the rats. How they ascertained its locality we know not. But that night the long boat was taken by assault. To climb the iron gripes was impossible to the vermin. The smooth sides gave them still less foothold. The gunwale was too high to leap from the deck, as was proved to themselves and a few watchful tars, by a series of saltatory attempts. But in the quiet mid-watch a dozen huge rats climbed nimbly up the mainstay which joined the deck near the foremast; and reaching a point immediately over, and some ten feet above the long boat, one by one dropped down into her bottom. Here was a case almost demonstrating the possession of reason by our rats.

The propensity of the rat to gnaw must not be attributed altogether to a reckless determination to overcome impediments. The never-ceasing action of his teeth is not a pastime, but a necessity of his existence.

His teeth are wedge-shaped. On examining them carefully we find that the inner part is of a soft, ivory-like composition, which may be easily worn away, whereas the outside is composed of a glass-like enamel, which is excessively hard. The upper teeth work exactly into the under, so that the centres of the opposed teeth meet exactly in the act of gnawing; the soft part is thus being perpetually worn away, while the hard part keeps a sharp chisel-like edge. At the same time the teeth grow up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. The consequence of this arrangement is, that, if one of the teeth be removed. either by accident or on purpose, the opposed tooth will continue to grow upward, and, as there is nothing to grind them away, will project from the mouth and turn upon itself; or, if it be an under tooth, it will even run into the skull above.

We once saw a newly-killed rat to whom this misfortune had occurred. The tooth, which was an upper one, had in this case also formed a complete circle, and the point in winding round had passed through the lip of the animal. Thus the ceaseless working of the rat's incisors against some hard substance is necessary to keep them down, and if he did not gnaw for his subsistence he would be compelled to gnaw to prevent his jaw being gradually locked by their rapid development,

The ferocity of a rat when attacked and cornered is proverbial. Few know that when petted he is capable of becoming a very faithful companion. A late writer on Natural History says: "An old blind rat, on whose head the snows of many winters had gathered, was in the habit of sitting beside our own kitchen fire, with all the comfortable look of his enemy, the cat; and such a favorite had he



to be disturbed. He unhappily fell a victim to the sudden spring of a strange cat."

Another story is told of a rat which belonged to the driver of a London omnibus, who caught him as he was removing some hay. He was spared because he had the good luck to be piebald, became remarkably tame, and grew attached to the children. At night he exhibited a sense of the enjoyment of security and warmth by stretching himself out at full length on the rug before the fire, and on cold nights, after the fire was extinguished, he would creep into his master's bed. In the daytime, however, his owner utilized him. At the word of command, "Come along, Ikey!" he would jump into the ample great-coat pocket, from which he was transferred to the boot of the omnibus. Here his business was to guard the driver's dinner, and if any person attempted to make free with it the rat would fly at them from out the straw. There was one dish alone of which he was an inefficient protector. He could never resist plum- her body.

pudding, and, though he kept off all other intruders, he are his fill of it himself.

Finally, rats are proved to have a latent dramatic talent. A Belgian newspaper not long since published an account of a theatrical performance by a troop of rats, which gives us a higher idea of their intellectual nature than any thing else which is recorded of them. This novel company of players were dressed in the garb of men and women, walked on their hind legs, and mimicked with ludicrous exactness many of the ordinary stage effects. On one point only were they intractable. Like the young lady in the fable, who turned to a cat the moment a mouse appeared, they forgot their parts, their audience, and their manager, at the sight of the viands which were introduced in the course of the piece, and, dropping on all fours, fell to with the native voracity of their race. The performance was concluded by their hanging, in triumph, their enemy the cat, and dancing round

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

FTER the adjournment of Congress the Senate A went into executive session, continuing until March 14. The most important business before it was the consideration of the treaty with Great Britain, for the settlement of the Central American question, negotiated by Mr. Dallas. This, after considerable debate, was confirmed, with several modifications, affirming that the sovereignty of the Bay Island, belongs exclusively to Honduras: that the Mosquito Shore pertains to Nicaragua, the Indians having merely a possessory right similar to that accorded to our own aborigines; and declaring that our Government in no way guarantees any grants of land made by the Mosquito Indians. The treaty, with these modifications, has been returned to England to receive the action of the British Government.—The Executive declined to lay before the Senate the treaty negotiated with Mexico by Mr. Forsyth; and the draft of a new treaty has been prepared. It proposes the purchase from Mexico of the territory comprised in the States of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Lower California, including the Gulf of California. The sum proposed to be paid for these new acquisitions is stated at some twelve or fifteen millions of dollars.-A treaty has been negotiated with Persia, by which sundry important commercial advantages are secured to this country. The negotiations were conducted at Constantinople, by Mr. Spence, our Minister near the Sublime Porte, and Ferukh Khan, then Persian Embassador at Constantinople, who has since conducted the treaty with England. - Commercial treaties have also been confirmed with Venezuela, Chili, and Siam .- Lord Napier, the British Minister, presented his credentials to the Executive on the 16th of March. His speech on this occasion gave assurances of the most amicable sentiments on the part of his Government, to which the President replied in corresponding terms.

In our last Record we fell into an error in assigning the reason for the expulsion of Messrs. Simonton and Triplet from their seats as reporters in the House of Representatives. Their expulsion was based on the charge that while acting as reporters in the House, they had an interest in the passage In conclusion, he pays a high compliment to Gen-

of measures before that body, and not on the ground that "they had used corrupt means to secure the passage of certain bills."

A terrible accident occurred on the Great Western Railway, in Canada, on the 12th of March. Near Hamilton the railway crosses the Des Jardin Canal by a bridge some sixty feet above the water. This bridge gave way while a train was passing, and the engine, tender, baggage-car, and two passenger cars were plunged headlong into the abyes. The water was covered with ice through which the cars broke, and the greater part of the passengers lost their lives, some by being crushed, more by drowning. Out of about a hundred passengers, sixty were killed, and many others severely injured.

Mr. Geary has resigned his post as Governor of Kansas. In his farewell address he gives a gloomy picture of the state of affairs in the Territory at the time of his accession. Desolation and ruin reigned on every hand; homes were deserted; the smoke of burning dwellings darkened the air; women and children, driven from their habitations, wandered over the prairies, or sought refuge among the Indian tribes. Towns were fortified and predatory bands infested the highways. The laws were null, the courts naturally suspended, and the civil arm was almost powerless. The treasury was bankrupt, the appropriations made by Congress for a year being insufficient to meet the expenditures of a fortnight. To remedy these evils he had labored incessantly. His health had given way, and he had made large advances from his own private funds, without any assurances of reimbursement. Though he had met with obloquy and opposition, he was conscious that he had always sought to do equal and exact justice to all. He had eschewed all sectional disputations, kept aloof from party affiliations, and scorned alike threats of personal violence and promises of advancement and reward. He was so well satisfied with the course he had pursued that he would not now, were it in his power, change it in the slightest particular. The country had been pacified, and indications of peace and prosperity were every where to be seen.



eral Persifor F. Smith and the military force under his command for the manner in which they have performed their duties. The vacancy occasioned by this resignation has been filled by the appointment of Hon. Robert J. Walker as Governor of the Territory. In his letter of acceptance, addressed to the President, Mr. Walker says that, although he at first declined the post, he reconsiders his determination, in consequence of the opinion advanced by the President that the safety of the Union may depend upon the selection of the individual to whom shall be assigned the task of settling the difficulties which again surround the Kansas question. He understands that the President and Cabinet concur with him in the opinion that the actual bona fide residents of Kansas, by a fair and regular vote, unaffected by fraud or violence, must be permitted, in forming a State Constitution, to decide for themselves what shall be their social institutions. He contemplates an appeal, not to a military force, but to the intelligence and patriotism of the whole people of Kansas, by a majority of whose votes the determination must be made. If the decision of the majority be not acquiesced in, he sees in the future of Kansas only civil war, extending its baneful influence over the whole country, subjecting the Union itself to imminent hazard. Hon. Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, has received the appointment of Territorial Secretary, and will act as Governor until the arrival of Mr. Walker, who can not at once proceed to his post.—The Free State Convention assembled at Topeka on the 10th of March, and passed resolutions denouncing the Legislative Assembly, and the bill passed by it, calling a Constitutional Convention; declaring that the people could not participate in the election of delegates to this Convention "without compromising their rights as American citizens, sacrificing the best interests of Kansas, and jeopardizing the public peace." This body affirmed that the State Constitution framed at Topeka was the choice of the majority of the people, and urged its immediate acknowledgment by Congress. The principle of "Squatter Sovereignty" was also unequivocally endorsed.

From California the shipments of gold have thus far fallen considerably below those of last year; the difference by five arrivals being about **\$1,800**,000. It is however said that there has been no falling off in the quantity produced, but that a much larger proportion is retained at home. A resolution has passed the State Senate declaring that the honor and best interests of California require that the debt of the State should be paid in good faith, and that immediate provision should be made for this purpose. A new case has come before the Supreme Court, which has affirmed its former decision that the State debt, beyond the amount of \$300,000, was illegally contracted, adding that the Legislature possesses no constitutional power to levy taxes to meet the interest; and that it only remains for the people, in their sovereign capacity, to take any further steps that may be thought necessary, and that the Legislature ought, without delay, to put the matter in such a shape that the people may be able to say simply whether they will or will not pay this debt.

From Utah we continue to receive accounts of the high-handed proceedings of the "Saints." Early in January a body of the Mormon dignitaries, acting under the advice and direction of Brigham Young, were foiled in an attack upon his position at Rivas.

Judges and the Clerk of the Supreme Court, took away all the books, papers, and documents belonging to the Court, and burned them in Salt Lake City, saying that, as Congress would not admit them into the Union, they would not allow the officers of the Government to remain in the Territory.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The Government of Mexico, for the time at least, appears to have gained the upper hand of the various revolutionists, and has felt itself strong enough to proclaim a general amnesty in favor of all political offenders who shall, within a specified time, request to be included within its provisions. The treasury, however, is empty, and the Government has been compelled to suspend payments at the custom-houses in Vera Cruz and the capital. The relations with Spain, also, to which reference is made elsewhere in this Record, have assumed a threatening aspect.

The Congress of New Granada assembled on the 1st of February. The tone of the President's Message was moderate in respect to the Panama massacre, but the report of the Secretary of State was less conciliatory. Mr. Morse, our Envoy Extraordinary, presented a series of propositions in reference to this affair, which, according to the Bogotá Tiempo, embraced the following demands: The route and termini of the Panama Railway to be erected into two neutral districts, with their own Governments, though dependent upon New Gransda; the Governments of these districts to give effectual protection to the railway, and, in case of their failure so to do, the American Consul to have power to raise a police force and levy temporary contributions upon the railroad, citizens, and passengers; the sovereignty of five islands near Panama to be ceded to the United States for the purpose of a naval dépôt and arsenals; the United States to be authorized, in case of necessity, to take military possession of the neutral districts: the rights of New Granada over the railroad to be ceded to the United States; in consideration of these concessions the United States to pay to New Granada a considerable sum (stated elsewhere at two or three millions of dollars), from which is to be deducted an indemnity for the damages at the massacre of April, 1856. It is not certain that the foregoing summary is absolutely correct, as our Government has not made public the nature of its demands, and the Granadan Secretary of State, being interrogated by Congress, refused to answer whether the propositions had been correctly stated by the Bogotá paper. The Government of New Granada promptly refused to agree to the terms proposed.

At the date of our previous intelligence Walker lay at Rivas, while the allied forces were fortified at San Jorge and other points, cutting him off from the lake. They also held possession of the San Juan River, preventing reinforcements from reaching him by the Atlantic side. Early in February an attempt was made to open communicstions with him. His auxiliaries ascended the river, forced the Costa Ricans from Serapiqui and other points, and recaptured one of the river steamers which they had previously lost. They also attempted to take Castillo, but unsuccessfully. General Walker made two unavailing attempts to drive the Allies from San Jorge; and they in return went to the offices of one of the United States The forces of Walker were represented as rapidly



Allies were said to be in receipt of large reinforcements. It is certain that desertions were not unfrequent, for on the 15th of March a body of 126 men reached Panama, who had left the filibusters, and had been provided by the Costa Ricans with a free passage to the United States. An address was'promulgated, purporting to have been signed by a majority of these, denouncing Walker and Aurging his men to abandon him. The general aspect of affairs appeared highly favorable to the Allies, and they went so far as to make a provisional apportionment among themselves of the territories of Nicaragua. But the last steamer, which left San Juan on the 20th of March, brought intelligence of an entirely different character. According to this, on the 16th Walker sallied out of Rivas at the head of 400 men, attacked San Jorge, which was held by a vastly superior force, drove them out, and burned the place; then having learned that another body of the Allies had marched from a different quarter upon Rivas, he turned back toward that place. On the way he met the enemy in full retreat pursued by General Henningsen. These, placed between two fires, became panicstruck, threw away their arms, and were slaughtered without resistance. Their acknowledged loss -so says the report—was 327 killed, and 300 wounded, and these numbers are nearly doubled by the estimate of Walker, whose loss in killed and wounded was stated to have been less than 50. The Allies, it added, had fallen back in disorder upon Granada or Massaya, and were anxious to treat for peace. It is by no means certain that this report is reliable.—The Adjutant-general of the filibusters has put forth an official report of the number and fate of the recruits who have joined the army. The whole number up to February 20 is given as 2288. Of these 733 remain, 685 have died, 185 have fallen in battle, 206 have been discharged, 293 have deserted, and 141 are unaccounted for, of whom about half are supposed to have been killed. These numbers are considerably less than the estimates usually received as authentic.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Persian war has been concluded by a treaty of peace, negotiated at Paris. Ferukh Khan, the Persian Envoy, with his entire suite, left Paris for London, where he arrived on the 20th of March. Beyond the capture of Bushire, the only military event of the war has been the seizure of a Persian magazine, some twenty miles distant. The details of the treaty have not been made public; but according to an official statement by Lord Clarendon, its terms are perfectly satisfactory to England. Persia agrees to evacuate Herat within three months after the ratification of the treaty, whereupon the British forces will leave the Persian territories. The disputes between Persia and Affghanistan are to be submitted to the arbitration of England. The British Government abandons the right to protect Persians against the Shah. Important commercial advantages are secured to the British, who are to be allowed to have consuls in the Persian ports, and to be placed in all respects on a footing of equality with the most favored nations. The Chinese war is now the leading question in and out of Parliament. The measures of the administration are vehemently condemned by the commercial classes. Public meetings have been held to denounce them. In London, at a meeting

wasting away by disease and desertion, while the | where Messrs. Cobden and Layard were the leading speakers, a resolution was passed declaring that the war was wholly unwarranted. In Parliament the contest has been severe and protracted. In the Peers, Lord Derby moved a resolution condemning the course pursued by the Government The motion was and its representatives in China. lost by a vote of 146 to 110. In the House of Commons a similar motion was carried by a vote of 263 to 247, leaving the ministry in a minority of 16. Lord Palmerston thereupon announced the course upon which the Government had determined. He said that, under ordinary circumstances, when a vote was passed which involved a censure upon their course, ministers should resign their places, leaving to those who had obtained the majority the responsibility of carrying on the Government. But the present case was so exceptional that the ministers had advised the Crown to dissolve Parliament and order a new election, in order to test the wishes of the country. This dissolution would soon take place; and in the meanwhile he trusted that the present Parliament would confine its action to those temporary measures necessary to provide for the public service until the new Parliament should assemble, when the country would have a fair chance to decide between the two administrations. So far, said he, was the Government from having embarked in a Chinese war, without the sanction of Parliament, that the war had broken out wholly without their knowledge. The policy of Government had been to maintain in China, as elsewhere, security for the lives and property of British subjects; to uphold the rights of the country as secured by treaty; to endeavor by negotiation to improve existing relations; and to restore amicable relations where a rupture had occurred. The extension of commercial intercourse between China and the nations of Europe would evidently be a great advantage to the cause of civilization, and previously to the present outbreak, England, in conjunction with France and as it was believed with the United States, had hoped to improve her commercial relations with the Court of Pekin. The difficulty of doing this was now greatly enhanced; and without disparaging the merits of Sir John Bowring, Government felt it to be a duty to select for the purpose of carrying on negotiations the person whom it believed the best qualified to conduct them to a successful issue. It has been subsequently announced that Lord Elgin has received the appointment of Plenipotentiary to China. The dissolution of Parliament was announced on the 21st of March. The condition of the Queen preventing her from appearing in public, the royal speech was delivered by commission. It said that, in dissolving Parliament, it was her Majesty's intention to ascertain in the most constitutional manner the sense of her people on the present state of public affairs.

THE CONTINENT.

It is said that France is about to send a considerable force to China to co-operate with the English forces.—The Council of State has ventured a slight opposition to the will of the Emperor. He had proposed that a tax should be levied on transferable securities, and the Council rejected the proposition .- Four directors of the Napoleon Docks have been convicted of embezzlement, and have been punished by fines of from 2000 to 5000 francs, and imprisonment for terms varying from six months



to three years. of Berryer, the celebrated advocate.

The Neufchatel question is not finally settled after all, the King of Prussia having interposed sundry difficulties. He now demands that, in consideration of renouncing his claims upon the Cantons, the title of Prince of Neufchatel shall be attached to the Prussian Crown; that a full amnesty be granted to his partisans, and that for four years he shall enjoy the revenues attached to his ancient domains.

The long pending controversy about the Danish Sound Dues has been at length concluded. Denmark agrees to maintain the lights and buoys in the Sound and Belts, and at the mouths of her harbors; and will see that the pilot service is properly performed at moderate charges. She is to impose no duties upon vessels navigating these waters, and to levy no additional dues from those that enter her harbors. In consideration of this the contracting powers are to pay, in forty semi-annual installments, the sum of 30,570,693 rix dollars (say \$20,000,000 of our currency). Each power is to be responsible merely for its own percentage. The amount apportioned to the United States is only about two per cent. of the whole, while England is to pay about twenty-nine per cent.

The Spanish Government has been making large preparations for a hostile demonstration against Mexico. It has put forth a manifesto reciting at length the wrongs and indignities inflicted by Mexico upon Spanish subjects, for which indemnity had been demanded and the punishment of the offenders. In the event of this not being secured, the Government has ordered additional vessels and troops to be sent to Havana, where there will be thirty vessels of war and a numerous and disciplined army. The first step proposed to be taken is to bombard and occupy Vera Cruz, thus cutting off the commerce of Mexico. The departure of this force seems to have been delayed to await the action of a new minister dispatched by Mexico.

The affairs of Italy present their old aspect. There seems little hope of any amelioration of the tyranny of the King of Naples. The proposed French and English interposition has effected nothing, and there are reports of the renewal of diplomatic relations.—The old General Radetzky has resigned his command over the Austrian forces in Italy. He leaves, he says, to more youthful hands the training of the army, in order to show "at the decisive moment, should the voice of our beloved monarch summon me peradventure again, that the sword which I have borne for seventy-two years, and on many a battle-field, remains firm in my grasp."-The relations between Austria and Sardinia still remain unfriendly, and the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies has voted a sum of 5,000,000 francs to put the fortifications of Alessandria in a state of immediate defense.

The Emperor of Russia has granted a concession to a company headed by the bankers Stieglitz for a stupendous railway scheme. The company agrees to construct at its own expense, within ten years, a net-work of railways of 4000 versts (say 8200 miles). It is to keep them in operation for eightyfive years, under the sole guarantee from Government, of five per cent. on the capital laid out, and at the end of this term the roads are to become the property of the State. These roads will extend from St. Petersburg to Warsaw and the Prussian frontier; from Moscow to Nijni Novgorod; and St. Lucia.

One of the delinquents is the son | from the same by way of Koursk and the region of the Lower Danube to Theodosia, and from Koursk or Orel to Libau. A glance at the map will show the importance of this system of railways, connecting as it does the most important agricultural and commercial parts of the empire.—The war in the Caucusus, where the Russians are reported to have recently suffered a severe defeat, is to be prosecuted vigorously.

THE EAST.

From China our intelligence comes down to January 30. On the 12th the English made an attack upon the suburbs of Canton which they set on fire causing an immense amount of damage. A company of English soldiers missing their way, found themselves under the city walls, and were assailed by stones and matchlocks, and two of them were killed. The Chinese had made several attacks upon the fleet and the forts, in which they manifested no little courage. The English finding their force insufficient to maintain their positions near Canton had fallen down the river to Hong Kong, to await further reinforcements, which had been demanded from India. The English admiral, on his way down, fell in with a large fleet of junks, who were threatening an attack upon Hong Kong, and destroyed several of them. At Hong Kong an attempt had been made to poison the foreign residents by a Chinese baker, named Allum, who mingled arsenic with the bread which he supplied to his customers. No lives were lost, in consequence, it is said, of the quantity of poison being so large as to have operated as an emetic.—Seventeen Chinese soldiers, disguised, took passage on board the Thistle, a small postal steamer plying between Canton and Hong Kong. They had been previously searched, and found to be without arms. But during the passage, having been furnished with knives by a Chinese woman who had concealed them under her dress, they fell upon the eleven Europeans who were passengers, and murdered them all, cutting off their heads, which they carried off with them, in order to claim the reward offered for the heads of the "barbarians." ran the steamer on shore, and set her on fire, burning all except her iron hull. The Imperial and rebel vessels are reported to have united for the purpose of expelling the English from the Chinese waters. All the indications are that the present war will exert a decisive influence upon the fortunes of the Flowery Empire.

Some difficulties, the nature of which is not stated, have occurred between the Japanese and the English, and two British war steamers are said to have forced their way without resistance into the fortified port of Nagasaki.

A bloody civil war has broken out among the Kaffirs in the neighborhood of Port Natal. A contest arose between Ketchwya and Umbulazi, two sons of King Panda. The former was victorious, and dividing his forces into three bodies he scoured the country in all directions, putting to death not only his enemies, but all whom he considered neutral or doubtful. The number of victims, it is said, can not be less than 30,000. King Panda, alarmed at the progress of his son, agreed to cede a large tract of country to the Boers, who immediately took the field in sufficient numbers to overmaster Ketchwya. This new region brought under English rule comprises the best portion of the Zulu country, with a commercial outlet on the Bay of



Literary Notices.

HARRY GRINGO. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The word "Scamperings" may be taken as a free version of the title of this book, which was suggested by the name given to the clipper dispatch vessels used in the olden time by the Knights of Malta, and literally signifying runaways. assure our readers that nothing more sinister lurks beneath the word, in spite of its rather ominous sound; for Harry Gringo, though an inveterate wag, is a straightforward, good-natured, honesthearted sailor, with every thing about him aboveboard and in ship shape. The gallant Harry was summoned suddenly one fine morning to leave his cozy quarters on shore, and to strike out on the salt sea, for the sake of doing his country some service. In plain English, he received orders from the naval bureau at Washington to report for duty as an officer on board the United States frigate which was destined to the Mediterranean station. He could not read the missive which announced his pleasant appointment without dropping some natural tears. When the baby was brought to him, according to domestic custom, to be tumbled about the carpet, his eyes seemed to be full of sparks from the fire, and he was hardly able to see the infant "tempter of mankind," though her soft cheeks were buried in his whiskers, and her dainty arms were twined around his throat. Consoling his sorrows, however, with a cup of tea of the strongest and blackest decoction, he rapidly attained a stout and indifferent frame of mind, and taking leave of the idols of his house, found himself before long snugly established in a narrow cabin of the ship which was now to be his floating home. His condition on board the frigate presents a vivid illustration of the discomforts of housekeeping at sea. The only vacant place in which he could lay his head was a berth in the cockpit. Here he was always on the verge of suffocation. Air was admitted only in infinitesimal quantities. Sunlight had not been seen there, within the memory of man. The atmosphere was a compound of villainous smells. The bread for the whole ship's company was taken from store-rooms which opened into the cockpit. There the purser's array of "notions for a man-ofwar" enhanced the attractions of the odoriferous locality. Every article from blue jackets to red pepper, brogans and beeswax, thread, trowsers, thimbles, pins, pans, silks, and candles, the hospital drugs, and the officers' private stores, were all drawn in bulk from that submarine receptacle. The refreshing odors of tar, ropes, damp clothing, medicines, provisions, powder, and concentrated bilge-water reeking in wild profusion, but not a mouthful of pure oxygen was ever inhaled by the unhappy denizens of the pit. This state of things was too much like being corked up in a bottle to last forever, and accordingly, before they had been long at sea, the carpenters were called on to clear away a space, which gave them a larger liberty of breathing, and on the whole, as our historian naïvely admits, "made their life more luxurious, wholesome, and comfortable than before."

His own cabin was of limited dimensions, in the most sanguine view of the case, being precisely six feet square, but considerably less in height. The ample bunk filled about one-fourth of this space, but certainly offered no temptation to "a gentle-

Scamparias from Gibel Tarch to Stamboul, by ARRY GRINGO. (Published by Charles Scribner.) he word "Scamperings" may be taken as a free rision of the title of this book, which was sugsted by the name given to the clipper dispatch salts, and literally signifying runaways. We sure our readers that nothing more sinister lurks neath the word, in spite of its rather ominous und; for Harry Gringo, though an inveterate man in easy circumstances on shore" to accept it for a night's lodging. The environs were still less tempting than the sleeping apartment itself. A smoked pork-shop next door, an old clothes emporium over the way, and a powder-magazine beneath, the atmosphere fragrant with tar, cheese, and cockroaches, not a ray of light but that dimly emitted by smoky oil, and this inventory of enchantments completed by reposing on rockers, or swinging to and fro as in a bird-cage.

The cruise on which he had now entered was the first made by the writer since the abolition of corporal punishment in the navy. He was curious to witness the effect of this measure on the desperate characters which usually constitute a large portion of the crew of a man-of-war. He had great doubts of the success of the policy, especially while the grog dispensed with the daily ration was left to work its pernicious influence. Contrary, however, to his previous convictions, trained as he had been for many years under the old system to see the cat habitually swung upon the backs of the seamen, his views underwent a complete and decided change. The experiment was fairly tried on board his frigate, and with an unquestionable improvement in the discipline of the men. A system of impartial rewards and punishments was introduced. A prison was constructed on the lower deck, where the prisoners could not communicate with their shipmates. They were shackled to transverse rods of iron at top and bottom, and were made to keep the same watch below which their shipmates did on the upper deck, instead of dozing away their time in comparative comfort. For slight offenses the men were deprived of liberty on shore, while for those of greater magnitude they were confined in double irons, or subjected to a court-martial. The rights and comforts of the crew were respected. They were treated with moderation and firmness. Not an oath was spoken through the trumpet during the whole cruise, and in all respects the discipline of the ship was of the mest admirable order.

After touching at Gibraltar and Spezia, the frigate bears the fortunes of the gay Lieutenant successively to several of the Italian ports on the Mediterranean, to Greece, and to Constantinople. He enters with a lively zest into the enjoyments of the passing hour, and by his free, off-hand descriptions of various adventures, enables his reader to share in his amusements on shore with no less sympathy than he has felt in the trials of the voyage. His volume certainly forms an agreeable addition to the miscellaneous literature of personal narratives by American travelers. He never assumes the air of the cicerone or the schoolmaster. never effects any painful profundity of wisdom, never deems it essential to dole out dry crumbs and morsels of abstract reflection for the edification of his readers, but dashes forward in his sparkling descriptions, like his good frigate under full sail and with a fair breeze, touching gayly at different scenes of interest, and always bearing away some fresh and fascinating impressions.

A Text-book of Church History, by Dr. John C. L. GIESELER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Dr. Gieseler was one of the most erudite of the German ecclesiastical historians. Free from all tendencies to mysticism, with no devotion to sec-



tarian dogmas, and an innate aversion to uncertain and fanciful speculations, he brought a sound, robust, and efficient common-sense to the elucidation of Christian antiquity. Nor was he in any degree infected with the spirit of skepticism, which, to a singular extent, prevailed in his day among a large class of the theologians of his country. He was a firm believer in divine revelation, and in the essential ideas of the Protestant faith. His History of the Church has justly won the reputation of a standard authority. It is distinguished for its tone of moderation, for the caution and exactness of its statements, for the comprehensiveness of its views, and for its copious exhibition of the original sources. Designed, in the first instance, as a text-book for students, it is less suited to popular reading than the glowing narrative of Neander or the graphic sketches of Hase, but as a work of unimpeachable accuracy, and of combined brevity and completeness of detail, it holds the very highest rank for purposes of reference in the course of theological education. The present edition has been prepared by Professor Henry B. Smith of the Union Seminary in this city, whose ripe and various learning, accurate judgment, and unfailing fairness of mind, admirably qualify him for the task. He has thoroughly revised the Edinburgh translation, given additional references to the English and later German works, and added a version of the portion needed to complete the history of the Reformation.

The American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness and Fashion, by HENRY LUNETTES. The effigy of that magnificent fop Count D'Orsay, which illuminates the frontispiece of this volume, gives no just indication of the character of its contents. D'Orsay was a person of dissolute habits, of unprincipled life, of a corrupt and frivolous heart, who vainly attempted to conceal the hollowness of his nature beneath a shining vail of thin æsthetics. This book, on the contrary, every where shows a good heart, good principles, good taste, and discourses wisely and pleasantly on the philosophy of good manners. The author, who writes in the character of a gentleman of the old school, and whose personal recollections certainly seem to extend far back toward antediluvian times, indulges a little too freely in the garrulous anecdotes which smack of senile diffuseness; but he is doubtless a safe guide as to the thousand and one details of etiquette which so largely contribute to the decencies of life, as well as to the courtesies of good society. It is a rare thing for a book of this kind to be free from twaddle and platitude, but the venerable Colonel Lunettes has been a shrewd looker-on in his day, and gives the fruits of a large experience, with a crisp and downright common sense. (Derby and Jackson.)

Characters and Criticisms, by W. ALFRED JONES. (Published by I. Y. Westervelt.) The choicest fruits of a life devoted to letters are gathered in this collection of miscellaneous sketches and essays. They are remarkable for their air of cultivation and refinement, their sympathy with the best productions of literature, and the appreciative tone of their criticisms, rather than for their boldness or originality of thought. The studies of the author have evidently extended over a wide range of subjects, including old English divinity, history, biography, poetry, and the fine arts, and in each department his pure æsthetic instincts have guided him to the selection of the most admirable master-pieces. He | in the construction and development of a dramatic

abstains, however, from an idolatrous imitation of favorite models, and for so exclusive and devoted a student of the writings of others, both his opinions and his style exhibit a commendable independence. In his criticisms, he is governed more by a sympathy with the beautiful and the refined than by a stern sense of justice toward inferior writers. His judgments, for the most part, are temperate and candid, although they are often deficient in acute and exact discrimination. The element of humor is almost entirely wanting in his composition, and the essays in which he attempts an unusual degree of vivacity and playful illustration can not be regarded as instances of eminent success. In point of style the contents of these volumes show a remarkable inequality. Not a few of the pieces are finished with elaborate nicety, and are not without examples of felicitous and forcible expression; while others are crude in thought, slovenly in diction, and with every appearance of having been thrown off as rapid sketches, without receiving the last polish of a severe and faithful revision. In spite of these obvious defects, the work will not be unwelcome to the lovers of elegant literature, for its frequent ingenious disquisitions, its familist handling of the racy old English authors who have been crowded out of the sphere of everyday reading, and the urbanity and kindliness of tone which, with few exceptions, pervade its pages.

The neat pocket edition of LONGFELLOW'S Prose Works, in two gold-and-purple volumes, recently issued by Ticknor and Fields, will recall to the memory of many readers the delight with which they once lingered over the rich picturesque pages which record the experience of the youthful pilgrim "beyond the sea," and the graceful romance of Paul Fleming pursuing the day-dreams of literature and passion in classic lands. Enviable is he who now makes acquaintance with these charming prose-poems for the first time. He has a new pleasure in store, in the warmth and freshness with which the primal sympathies of an unworn heart are delicately revealed to the public sense. Rarely are the impressions of travel presented in such a touching and faithful transcript. Longfellow has all the frankness of Sterne, but no trace of his affects tion and cynicism. Like him, he blends the expression of private sentiment with the record of events and the description of nature; but, not like him, he is always pure, genial, sincere, rewarding the confidence which he inspires by the humane and gentle beauty of his disclosures. His pictures of foreign life are enticing and delicious, but they have no enervating quality. With an aspect of almost antique simplicity, they are finished with the same refined and subtle grace which forms an eminent charm of his poetry. They present the loveliest features of nature and of life which are unvailed to the sympathetic eye in the crowded scenes of the Old World, revealing the common heart of humanity beneath a strange costume and a different language. The fine aroma of rare and choice literature, of which such curious specimens haunt the memory of the writer, sends its exquisite perfume through every page.

Two Years Ago, by the Rev. CHARLES KINGS-LEY. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) Charles Kingsley is far more remarkable for his insight into character, his genial and humane sympathies, and his union of vigor and tenderness in delines. tion than for his powers of invention, or his skill



plot. The fine, healthy tone of his mind has a magnetic influence. He imparts a bracing strength to the moral nature of his reader. He infuses into his heart a glorious scorn of whatever is false, affected, or ignoble. No one can enter into the spirit of his writings without receiving a fresh impulse to the cultivation of high and generous manhood. He inspires the congenial reader with a more glowing love of humanity, with a sweeter sense of the possible beauty of social relations, and a more profound realization of the sacred purposes Nor are his intellectual characteristics of a less elevated order. With a nature of rare kindliness and sympathy, he is severely masculine. Every thing in his mental constitution is of an athletic cast. If he often reaches the fountain of tears, it is by rigid fidelity to nature, and not by effeminate appeals to artificial sentiment. He is never dazzled by the colors on the surface, and thus made to overlook the inward heart of reality. He grasps his subject of thought with a bold, manly tenacity, and does not permit it to escape till he has mastered its essence. But still, he is singularly deficient in the orderly arrangement of a narrative, and the subtle art by which the curiosity of the reader is absorbed in the unfolding of a plot. He is often excursive, diffuse, episodical, perplexing the attention which he fails to enchant, and preserving our interest more by the promise of truth than by the allurements of his narrative. The present work, though in many respects we consider it as the master-piece of the author, is open to the objections to which we have alluded. It is deficient in unity, in consecutive development, in facile and rapid flow. The plot is encumbered by a variety of characters, which serve only to distract the attention without conspiring to the unitary impression of the whole. Indeed, the plan of the work embraces the materials for no less than three distinct stories, and the attempt to combine them in a single narrative was injudicious, and could hardly fail to break down in the execution. history of Tom Thurnall and the meek-eyed Grace formed an admirable central-point, around which might have been grouped to advantage a series of eognate characters, giving an epic integrity to the original. But instead of this, we have two parallel threads in the story of Stangrave and Marie, and of Vavasour and Lucia, which, while suggesting several noble delineations of character, possess no vital points of contact with the principal narrative, and though they could ill be spared on account of their psychological interest, have the practical effect of retarding its progress. The whole tendency of the novel, however, is of the most elevated nature. It contains numerous scenes and passages, which, for descriptive beauty and tender pathos, are scarcely rivaled in modern fiction. We notice a curious fact, by-the-by, in the coincidence between the odd adventures of the hero and those of an esteemed literary gentleman of this city. The resemblance is often so striking as to suggest the idea that they must have been drawn from the experience of our townsman, although, we believe, he is a total stranger to the author.

Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land, edited by EPES SARGENT. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The interest awakened by the narrative of the late lamented Dr. Kane has led to the preparation of this excellent summary of Arctic research. It presents a lucid account of the by the author with no small eperations of the early explorers of the subsequent ity. (Harper & Brothers.)

European expeditions, and of the adventures of our own countrymen in the Polar regions. The editor has shown his characteristic judgment and tact in compressing such a mass of incidents into so limited a space, without giving his work the air of a meagre and lifeless compilation. His narrative moves with the freedom and grace of an original composition, and its singularly impressive details derive a new interest from being presented as a continuous whole. A just tribute is paid to the enterprise and bravery of the great English navigators who have been engaged in the perilous explorations of the North, but none of them surpassed the wise and modest heroism of our gallant countryman, whose recent premature death will long be deplored by the friends of science and of humanity.

The Child's Book of Nature, by WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D. (Published by Harper & Brothers.) The principles of animal and vegetable physiology, and the properties of air, water, heat, light, and so forth, are explained in these little volumes, in a manner adapted to the comprehension of the youngest reader. It was the purpose of the author to supply the mother and teacher with the means of introducing the child into the most interesting departments of natural science, without perplexing the mind by an array of technical terms. The various subjects of which he treats, are unfolded in a gradual manner; they are made clear by a profusion of appropriate illustrations, and, as here presented, can not fail to awaken the curiosity and interest of the youthful

Life of Tai-ping-wang, by J. MILTON MACKIE. (Published by Dix and Edwards.) Tai-ping-wang, to whose biography Mr. Mackie has applied his admirable powers of description, is the celebrated chief of the Chinese insurrection. The details which are here given concerning his career have been gathered from numerous authentic sources, and to the great majority of readers will possess the merit of novelty. The materials have been skillfully wrought up by Mr. Mackie, who has produced a singularly interesting narrative on a rather unpromising subject. According to his statements Tai-ping-wang professes to be the immediate messenger of Heaven, and to have enjoyed divine authority for the establishment of his military theocratic government. He has adopted a certain form of Christianity, and claims to be the younger brother of Jesus. The doctrine of human depravity lies at the foundation of the religious belief of his followers, who hope, by devotion to their chief, to escape the consequences of their sins. The government of Tai-ping-wang is a perfectly despotic centralization, founded on the basis of communism. It is a plan to make all men virtuous and happy, but to do it by compulsion; "to supply all with the necessaries of life, without permitting them the possession of any thing besides; and to secure the benefits of industry, good order, and general comfort, at the expense of all high culture and genial enjoyment of life."

Isabel, the Young Wife and the Old Love, is the title of a popular English novel by JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON, portraying, with great animation and effect, some of the most salient phases of the social and domestic life of England. The plot has several features of intense interest, and is conducted by the author with no small degree of artistic ability. (Harmer & Brothers)



Editar's Cable.

EXPRESSION IN AMERICA.—We are not, as a nation, soon likely to take the Pythagorean vow of silence, and until we and the times marvelously change we shall, probably, in various ways, do as much talking as any people on the face of the globe. Our loquacity does not, we think, spring from any peculiar structure of the organs of speech, and we are not disposed to believe that the American tongue is swung in the middle, so that it can wag simultaneously at both ends. Nay, if our vocal organs have any peculiarity of structure, it is one of limitation rather than enlargement, since we are assured by grave medical authority that the American jaw tends to such contraction as to threaten to lessen by two teeth the usual number of the traditionary grinders with which humanity has heretofore masticated its food, articulated its words, and sometimes bitten neighboring reputations. If this is so, we are certainly a remarkable people; and with this limitation of jaw, and in spite of our teeth, we contrive to throw out as many words, per head and per hour, as any of Adam's children since time began.

It would be interesting and instructive to have a philosophical dissertation or treatise upon American Expression, in its matter and manner, its quantity and quality, with illustrations from the various classes, professions, and sections of the nation. We attempt no such thing now, but propose merely to throw out a few hints suggested by a premonition of the rivers of talk which will be poured from the Anniversary platforms during this month, and which will roll and swell before us in a vast ocean of printed speeches and reports.

The tongues of American society are in the main the parlor, the press, and the pulpit-or conversation, newspapers, and sermons. We do not name the bar, the stump, or the senate among these, because the legal and political eloquence of the country is communicated to the people now more frequently through the press than by the living voice, and our great lawyers, politicians, and statesmen have a hundred readers where they have a single hearer. In fact, some very important speeches, or what are called speeches, are never spoken, but only printed. The stump, indeed, is an important and powerful institution; but its power is only periodical, and the great political campaigns are conducted by the press, whose editors are the general officers, who use stump speeches only for an occasional foray. The parlor, the press, and the pulpit are the most constant and characteristic tongues of the nation, and through them we are always talking, printing, and preaching. The press, probably, does more than any thing else to fix the vocabulary of the people; while the parlor and the pulpit are ruling powers in deciding the voice, articulation, emphasis, and manner of the general speech.

Our good city will soon be visited by some thousands of ministers of the regular orders, and by some hundreds of radical reformers, whose sphere of action is not wholly unlike that of the regular clergy, and who are trying to set up their platforms in the place of the usual pulpit. We look upon and natural of all books of worship, and it is sadly caricatured by the nasal twangs, the monotonous drawls, the plaintive whines, the recurrent singsong too frequent in pulpit elecution. If a man is deeply impressed with the majesty of God, and with his own littleness and unworthiness, he should

these men-both the regulars and the irregularsas very significant signs of the future of American Expression. We all know, from our own remembrance, what power the parish minister usually has upon the vocabulary and speech of families. To many communities he is the only customary public speaker, and to him the children look as to the model of pronunciation and elocution, as well as of style and thought. For our own part, we were brought up to think the minister the pattern man in every respect, and in case of any difference of authority as to the pronunciation of a word, we never for once could have thought of preferring the dictum of Walker or Webster to the parson's infallible example. Consider the influence of a thousand respectable clergymen in moulding the speech of the young people under their charge, and we certainly have an idea of the importance of their office in the work of education that is not often appreciated. This idea is still magnified when we remember the influence of the clergy upon public schools, where they are frequent visitors, and upon the lyceum, which borrows from the pulpit the largest and perhaps the most acceptable class of lecturers. Who will deny, then, that the clerical profession in this country must needs have great influence upon the popular modes of expression. Our many kind friends in the pulpit, to whom we are indebted for so many wholesome lessons, will not think it arrogance on our part to give a few hints, and perhaps make a few strictures upon their habits of utterance.

A year ago we took occasion of the occurrence of the May Anniversaries to plead for a more just and merciful remuneration of our ministers, and we have ample proof that our words were not thrown away. Perhaps if our worthy friends would think a little more of their utterance, and speak better for themselves, the measure of their parishioners' tribute would be further enlarged.

We begin with the habitual clerical tone, and say plainly that we do not like it. The usual tone of pulpit enunciation is stiff and unnatural, and, to our mind, far more sepulchral than spiritual. Why should religion be treated in a voice so unlike the common utterance of earnest feeling? It may be said, indeed, that a theme of such solemnity must necessarily dismiss the familiar colloquialism of friendship, and overawe the voice into a subdued sense of supernatural power. But it is not true that solemnity must needs do away with naturalness; or that the voice is made the least heavenly by becoming unearthly. In music, certainly, the most sublime anthem demands the deep, full tones of hearty and spontaneous adoration; and surely the pulpit, in its friendly harangue, should not be surpassed in naturalness by the choir with its elaborate harmony. The Psalter, which is the best model of devout homage, is the most sympathetic and natural of all books of worship, and it is sadly caricatured by the nasal twangs, the monotonous drawls, the plaintive whines, the recurrent singsong too frequent in pulpit elocution. If a man is



feel himself free to speak as he is moved, in a healthy, manly tone, without putting on a spectral awfulness, as if he had gone down into a dismal sepulchre, instead of having approached the mercy seat, and bowed himself before the Eternal Light, the Ancient of Days.

If solemnity demands naturalness, of course the fraternal counsel and fellowship that are expected to characterize the greater part of pulpit address must not be expressed in less sympathetic tones; and "Dearly beloved brethren" must not be said with a cold formality or a mawkish plaintiveness that would make the whole social circle stare with surprise, if the same tones were used in welcoming an old friend to our fireside. We want more truth to nature in the pulpit, as the first essential to more eloquence. We do not, by any means, call our clergy affected, much less hypocritical; but we do believe that they allow themselves to be mastered by a false notion of professional dignity, and thus mask their voices in an artificial mannerism, quite as decided, in its way, as the old habit of masking the actors in the classic drama.

The effect of this unnaturalness is shown in the proverbial unhealthiness of the organs of speech. Bronchitis is sometimes called the Minister's Ail, and is set down, by kind parishioners, to the exhausting demands made upon the pulpit. evidently, the preacher does not speak for so many hours in the week as men of other walks, especially lawyers, who sometimes argue a case during the working hours of several days; and if it is said that preachers endanger their voices because they speak mainly on one day, and thus disproportionately strain their organs, the reply is obvious-they ought, by careful method, to keep their vocal organs in constant and healthy exercise, fully aware of the fact that every natural power is strengthened, instead of being weakened, by habitual and proper activity. But the secret of the whole trouble is told at once, when we learn that all orators who speak naturally and spontaneously are little troubled with throat ails, and are neither obliged to bandage up their necks to keep out the wholesome air, nor exhaust the apothecary's shop of tonics and emollients to bring the refractory daughters of music out of their sulks. Children, who are chattering and screaming half the time, in tones that can be heard from garret to cellar, do not have the bronchitis; and the dear ladies, whose eloquence is so incessant in our parlors, do not seem to be troubled with any failure of the vocal powers, even when they quit the strains of mercy, and venture to do penance to their amiability by discussing the infirmities of some of their silken and jeweled neighbors. Let our clergy learn a lesson in naturalness from the world, and find health and heartiness at once, by throwing off the sepulchral monotony too often forced upon them by tradition, and by speaking the word given them to speak like men. They can tell the difference between the two methods by the simplest test. Let the speaker compare the feelings in his throat and nerves when he has made a hearty spontaneous harangue, even of an hour long, with his feelings after reading, in stately and cold propriety, an essay of half that length, and there is all the difference that there is between the glow of a brisk genial walk through the fields, with pleasant company, and the dull weariness of an invalid's measured exercise across his room, or through the corridors of his hospital. We can not afford to run

any of us to bear; and the spiritual man who overcomes nature by grace, instead of deforming her, redeems and exalts her, without making the absurd mistake of confounding the supernatural with the unnatural.

We are well aware that the pews often are to be blamed for the dismal mannerism of the pulpit, and not a few worthy men and women who are to be ranked among the "unco gude" are positively alarmed by natural, vigorous tones in a religious teacher, and much prefer the stereotyped godly drawl of the conventicle to the fresh utterance of a living soul. Our congregations do not indeed favor, as of old, the ghostly air and speech of the old Puritanical divines, but not seldom they encourage a mannerism quite as monotonous and artificial. and far less impressive. We refer to the plaintive, sentimental tone that prevails among not a few of the young generation of preachers. These dainty young gentlemen deal chiefly in semi-tones, and their voices languish through the whole service in something like Hamlet's infirmity of purpose, without his vigorous thought. We have known the entire Sunday worship to be sicklied over by the same pale cast of expression, without a single gleam of healthy coloring. The Te Deum is said in the same deprecating breath as the Litany, and the aspiring "Jubilate" is made to plead and mourn like the "Miserere," until the worshiper thinks that the Church is, in its cure of souls, quite behind the best practice for the cure of bodies, and that its practice is wholly clinical, or plentiful in drugs and sleep, and wholly opposed to daylight, fresh air, and exercise.

The old divines had their failings, but they do not seem to have been troubled with any of this prevalent sentimentalism; and it is quite refreshing to see, once in a while, the face of one of the veterans of the old school of out-door activity and stout digestion, in an assembly of our pale-faced theologians. It would be well if we could have a larger sprinkling of our backwoods pioneers at our May Meetings, to illustrate, by their example, the importance of more free and natural utterance, and the ills of our sedentary theological schooling. Of course, the backwoods divines are comparatively inferior in scholastic learning and literary culture; but they have learned a secret of vital importance, which, if generally known, would save scores of valuable lives that drop every year out of the ministry.

The secret is this: that there is something in itself essentially unhealthy in dealing exclusively with books and manuscripts, to the neglect of direct, spontaneous utterance. The original apostolic method began with the heart's experience, and its free expression, and then embodied it in writing. We reverse that method, and our theological schools slight the living word, and train the speaker to put the book or the manuscript between him and the audience, to the great injury of his unction and naturalness. We do not quarrel altogether with the reading of sermons, and we firmly believe in the practice of carefully writing them as a general habit; but we firmly believe that the habit of forming the tones from the book, instead of forming the book sometimes from the spontaneous tones of extemporaneous utterance, is one of the worst ills of the modern pulpit, and is filling our churches with prosy essay-readers, at the cost of our supply of earnest, living preachers. We are not in favor counter to nature, for her ill-will is too much for of taking away from our theological students their



grammars and lexicons, their rhetorics and logicsnay, the more careful the study and composition the better; but we do think that it would be an excellent plan to send them out every year on camp-duty into the border country, under the charge of stout-hearted and manly-voiced leaders, to learn to meet men face to face, and speak out the good old Gospel as if they were not ashamed of it. The most cultivated city congregation would be far better by having a preacher thus schooled to his work; for not only could he refresh them occasionally by a genuine extempore sermon, but the whole strain of his preaching would be more free and spontaneous-perhaps less bookish, but far more life-like.

We believe that preachers would gain much if they were less trammeled by the architectural surroundings that usually set them so far apart from the sympathies of the audience, and falsify, and sometimes drown their natural tones. A lawyer would hardly venture to rest his chance of success with his jury by haranguing them from a box perched far above their heads, in mid air, as is the custom of many pulpits of the old-fashioned kind; nor would a stump speaker help his cause with the crowd by climbing into a wine-glass-shaped inclosure, which hides his person, except his head and shoulders, from his audience, as is the mode of some of the new Gothic pulpits of our day. If eloquence is mainly in action, action, as Demosthenes said, the whole man should be left free to the motion of his powers, and the limbs should help out the spontaneous play of the thoughts and affections. The mere feeling of being shut up, especially in a cramping attitude and isolated position, tends to falsify the whole nature, and to break that rapport between mind and body which is essential to the grace of gesture and the vitality of tone. The primitive church knew little of our modern pulpits. Our Lord on the Mount, and St. Paul on Mars' Hill, were not shut up in any such fencings, and if we are not in great error, the ancient Christian temples had no trace of what we call pulpits; but while they assigned the stately chancel for the solemnities of the communion, they gave the preacher a free and almost open platform, in the midst of the congregation, for his sympathetic appeals. We do not believe, indeed, in depriving the preacher of the help given him by architectural devices, and he ought to have the vantage-ground best suited to the dignity and power of his office. But we make a sad mistake if we set him so far above the people that, in our desire to make his position impressire, it ceases to be expressive, since there can be no true and lasting impression without living expression.

The entire subject of church architecture needs to be studied anew, with an eye to the welfare of the preacher as well as of the people. We are a church-going nation, and have been so from the beginning. We may not think, as Pat did when he saw the gallows, that it is a sure sign of our being in a civilized country; but we certainly never think ourselves among civilized people until we get sight of some house of worship. Within twenty-five years new interest has attached to the structure of these edifices that are starting up in city and village over the continent, and great sums of money are every year freely expended. But we apprehend that increase in the number has by no means been equaled by improvement in the ar-

of artistic standards of taste, but of common-sense principles of convenience. We, indeed, have a bone to pick with many of the idolators of mediaval temples-not for their love of the old cathedrals, but for their monstrous imitations of them in lath and plaster; and we confess to very little admiration of the gingerbread Gothic that has been disgracing our taste and public spirit by myriads of sham copies of the honest and beautiful parish churches of the Old World. If we have but little money let us build a plain edifice, that is always respectable, because it is willing to pass for what it is; and a simple chapel of pine boards and shingles is better than a tawdry caricature of York Minster or Notre Dame. However, our quarrel now is mainly with the shocking inconvenience of many of the new edifices, especially of most of the cruciform structures that have been so much in vogue. This style of building is beautiful, and was every way appropriate in the age that originated its aisles and arches, but it is wholly unsuited to our own day of clerical emancipation and congregational fraternity.

For our modern religious life popular instruction must be a leading idea, and priestly prerogative must hold a subordinate place; so that we need more a hall of easy and impressive audience than a huge temple for the display of altar ceremonials. Hence we must have more compact structures, and we sacrifice a principal want when we sacrifice the ear to the eye, and prefer the enthronement of a priesthood to the accommodation and instruction of the great congregation. Not a few preachers have been victimized by the mania of our new school of ecclesiologists, by being doomed to preach in edifices that no moderate voice can fill, except with broken sounds that seem like the reverberstions of shouts and shricks on the inside of a monster drum. Sometimes the village carpenter may produce results equally hideous by a less expenditure of science and money; and there are some churches of moderate size so stupidly constructed as to be a box of echoes, that caricature and insult the preacher's voice in its every vigorous tone, and perhaps silence him into dove-like notes of gentleness and infirmity. Woe to the Stentor who tries to fight a pitched battle with this "Daughter of the Voice," for he lends her from his own resources her sinews of war, and enables her to ring back every shout, return every vocal missile, with new force. Many a tolerable speaker is sacrificed to these and the like architectural follies, and some of the costliest structures in the land are utter failures, so far as the legitimate uses of our Protestant worship are concerned. We allow certain artistic pedants to victimize us by sacrificing utility to mere precedent, and copying forms of architecture that ought either to be wholly remodeled to suit our needs, or else should be permitted to pass away with the passage of the ghostly formalism that originated them.

We need, we believe, a new order of Christian architecture, that shall suit at once our reverence for the sanctuary and our free and fraternal fellowship-an architecture that shall express, by its symbolism, the authority of God's law and the blessedness of His grace, and at the same time invite the people to lend free friendly ear to the teachings of the pulpit. Musical as well as oratorical effects should be duly considered, and the aim should be to win the congregation to join as much chitecture of churches. We speak now not merely and as judiciously as possible in the praise as well



as in the prayer of the service. The architect who shall meet these wants, and construct for us a model Protestant church, will deserve the thanks of all good Christians, and be not unlikely to win solid returns for his taste and skill. Some American ought to be the happy man, and we wait for his coming, not without fears, yet with greater hopes. He must be something more than an economical builder, or even than a graceful designer. He must be as much pervaded and inspired by the spirit of our Protestant faith and fellowship as the fathers of Gothic architecture were pervaded and inspired by the ritual and priestly notions of their day. Thus only can our republican Christianity be duly housed, so as at once to accommodate the needs of worshipers and symbolize the sacredness of the worship. The tone of the edifice will be very much that of the New Testament; and, in fact, it will be animated by the simple dignity and cheerful solemnity that mark the whole diction of the Bible. The building itself, therefore, will invite reverence and courtesy, and be a fit temple for brethren met together in the name of Christ to worship the Most High. It will be as free from tawdry finery as from sepulchral gloom, and its walls of themselves will seem to join in the service, and accord with the majesty of the Divine Word there preached in well-chosen phrase.

The diction of the pulpit, thus suggested, deserves a few thoughts in this connection, for the pulpit has great influence upon the vocabulary and style of the home and the school. Generally, we believe that our American preachers have been benefactors to the popular dialect, and have done much to bring the noble language of the Scriptures, and the pure and dignified style of the classic writers, to bear against the frequent vulgarisms of the street, the stump, and the markets. Yet the pulpit has rhetorical failings of its own; and in North and South, East and West, peculiar extravagances of speech are to be found. In New England the technicalities of metaphysical theology too often supplant the graphic language of the Bible; and the homilies of the Puritan expounders of the five theological points are not seldom matched in scholastic obscurity by the transcendental euphuisms of the Neologists. The Southern pulpit, with its torrid glow, is sometimes a little too tropical, and abounds in flowers and figures more remarkable for exuberance than beauty or expression; while the Western preacher is apt to carry his high-pressure passion into the desk, and rate eloquence rather by speed, volume, and fire, than by safety, simplicity, and light.

Our friend, J. K. Bartlett, has published a "Dictionary of Americanisms," which is now out of print, and there is demand for a new and enlarged edition. It would be interesting to note the class of "Americanisms" that are the growth of our religion, and appear especially in our pulpits and conference meetings. Some of them are very strange, and might claim a place in the natural history of the religious sentiment in the nation. We are ready to allow to every profession a fair amount of technical language, but the less of this in our churches the better; for religion is sure to lose influence with the intelligent mind of the country, when it abandons the simple, vigorous Saxon of the Bible and the heart, and clothes its solemn truths in an artificial dialect, after the fashion of some new speculation or some passing excitement.

The pulpit ought to take the lead in settling the to encourage our best hopes. Vol. XIV.—No. 84.—3 H

question now so important to the whole nation: "What language is to be spoken and written in America?" We have no fears of having any foreign tongue supplant the established language, and still there may be grave fears as to what kind of English is here to be used; for we are very sure that a style of speech is not infrequent which would need translation to ears trained in the old English classics, or in the speech of our own classic statesmen. Not a few of our inferior newspapers abound in paragraphs so crammed with slang phrases that we often do not know what they mean, and every political campaign seems to generate in its mud and warmth a new dialect as murky and prolific as the frogs of Egypt. The most vulgar errors of popular speech the pulpit generally avoids, yet it has errors of its own, and some of its conspicuous men are in no small degree responsible for the overstrained intensity which is becoming so characteristic of American Expression.

It was not an American, but it might have been an American, who once divided his sermon thus: "My dear hearers, I shall now divide my discourse into three heads: the first shall be the Terrible; the second shall be the Horrible; and the third shall be the Terrible-Horrible." This "Terrible-Horrible" style is carried into all sorts of subjects, and deals quite as monstrously with the beauties of nature and the woes of humanity as with the evils of sin and the judgments of God. Why can we not learn to call things by their right names; and above all, study the secret of the Divine Master, in the majestic simplicity that subdues rather than exaggerates passion, and impresses more by its reserve than by its loquacity?

The influence of our public teachers upon the speech of the people becomes more important as it is clearer that in this country we are to have no central court or academy that shall be authority in pronunciation or style. Our schools, colleges, and churches are to decide the speech of the new generations, and our popular education is our national academy. Its sessions are universal, and in every State, almost in every county, some high-school or college promises to take under its direction the tongues and pens of the people. Most of our superior educational institutions are mainly under clerical influence, and many clusters and cliques of them, while not under centralized government, are yet brought into such centralizing relations as tend to assimilate them to a common standard. In the use of this vast academic influence let due heed be given to the culture of a true and effective national expression, that shall tell upon the parlor, the court, the senate, the pulpit, and every leading form of private and public life. As a people, we are forming a certain standard of civil national allegiance, which every year is bringing into clearer development; and without any thing that can be called a national court, we are training a national loyalty in each State to its own institutions, and in all States to the Union. For our republic of letters our loyalty should be more decidedly expressed; for here there should be no party feuds, no provincial prejudices, and the enlightened minds of all sections, classes, and professions should be alike interested in the inauguration and reign of a pure national speech.

We have followed farther than we intended the hint of the May Anniversaries, and are grateful that there is usually so much in their best elequence to encourage our best hopes.



Editor's Easy Chair.

In a recent number of our amiable and courteous contemporary, Putnam's Monthly, there was an article, with whose spirit this Easy Chair so heartily sympathizes that it may truly be said to have expressed its own sentiments. The article itself was nothing less than a notice of ourselves and our monthly work, the Magazine, with its younger sister and cordial ally, the Weekly; and the spirit of the article was so unusually polite, that we should do our own politeness an injustice if we suffered it to pass without making our best bow.

The manners of the press, and of almost all periodical publications, are notoriously refined, but this seems to us to be peculiarly distinguished. Editors of newspapers, for instance, always treat each other without personality, and with no other warmth of feeling than that which springs from a laudable desire to advance the great interests of humanity. In fact, freedom from personality is the especial excellence of the metropolitan press; and the maligning of motives is wholly unknown to that charming department of our current literature. It may sometimes chance, indeed, that a newspaper is compelled to say, day after day, that one of its precious contemporaries, which it names, is a surreptitious dealer in every kind of flash speculation, and uses its columns only to blow bubbles which may float it into a pecuniary elysium, and there may be for weeks, to the dreary discomfiture of all readers who care nothing about the matter, criminations and recriminations, and a mutual bullying and bandying of slanders, sniffs of contempt, and mean insinuations. What are these but the mecessary thunder-storms? Is there any man so ignorant of his time as not to know that such effusions are exceptional, that the manners of the daily press are the manners of gentlemen and not of blackguards, and that every newspaper feels a kindly interest to increase the success and reputation of every other?

Is not the term "the courtesies of the prese" a proverb of civility? Ask any editor; ask any reader; ask Mr. George Law; ask the Hon. John M. Botts, of Virginia.

When, therefore, we saw the title Harper's Monthly and Weekly in the table of contents upon the pea-green face of our contemporary, we were as lovely women are when brave men salute them. We were covered with blushes, and felt of the same color that our cherished contemporary looks. Of one thing we were sure. It would certainly "speak us fair." Neither of us had any stock transactions, and we could not quarrel there. We were the older of the two, and enjoyed the wider acquaintance all over the country-therefore to asperse us, if we had thought it possible, would have been to reflect upon that circle which none of its members need to be told, comprises the most intelligent, the most refined, the most desirable of all our fellow-citizens. Besides, why should it quarrel with us? We should surely have made our monthly appearance for many years to very little purpose if it did not know that the quarrel would be all on one side; that no taunts, or gibes, or sarcasms would startle us into angry retaliation. Having arrived at years of discretion, we may be presumed to understand ourselves; and if any pea-green Hotspur flew into a fury with our conduct and de-

A magazine of our years knows the virtues of depletion, and finds moderation a universal panacea. We should have invited Hotspur to remember the Wellington troops at Waterloo. They stood in a hollow square and cast off the shock of attack. Would any Hotspur suppose we could not stand up to an assault as squarely as those calm Englishmen?

No assault came. You, precious reader and friend, are not insulted when Mr. Brady photographs your distinguished countenance. You look at the result, smile affably—unconcernedly for yourself but interestedly for Mr. Brady—and when friends say ecstatically "Perfect! perfect!" you only reply coolly "Ah! indeed; is it really good? of course I can't tell." Afterward, to your intimate circle, and in moments of confidence, you confess that it is by far the best likeness of you that has ever been taken. And are you not pretty good authority? Having attentively studied your distinguished countenance daily since you arrived at years of reflection, who really knows better than you what truly represents it?

Now our politeness does not extend to compliment, in which no self-respecting Easy Chair can ever indulge; and it is notorious that the photograph never flatters. It may be said to speak the truth severely. If you have no beauty, it leaves beauty severely alone. Therefore, if we say that our pea-green Hotspur drew a pretty good likeness, it may be understood as a concession which one venerable magazine makes to the laudable endeavors of another and a younger. We desire to be understood as acknowledging its courtesy, and allowing that it does very well. We are willing to add, that we have not infrequently heard sentiments advanced by our young friend with which we heartily agree; we have even seen expressions upon its countenance which seemed to indicate some degree of kin, if not the very same blood and brains, with ourselves.

But age has its advantages, and the wisdom of experience is among them. Utopia, Arcadia, and the moon, are mirages in the very next field to youth; but they vaguely glimmer upon the distant horizon of age. Men had rather laugh than think; they had rather cry than think; they had rather sleep than think. Life itself is so serious, and taxes a man's forces so constantly and heavily, that he instinctively wants to escape when he can. He can not dine on morality and sup off philosophy and the causes of things. Rachel is a smart spice, but Burton is the permanent food-the bread and butter of the theatre. Who could stand a tragedy every night, if he believed it real-if it were more than a spectacle? Is Broadway such a vista of Paradise that you must needs go to the play to find suffering to touch you? We hasten to see in art what we avoid in nature, and pay a dollar or two for the privilege of weeping at ease over woes that are not real, instead of carrying the tears and the dollars to the cellar of number ten thousand Avenue B. The truth is, there is so much actual sorrow, and we are so conscious of it-whatever we are of our duty about it-that the sight of fictitious woe is pleasant, in the same way that it is pleasant for lovers to call each other naughty, wicked wretches.

to understand ourselves; and if any pea-green Hotspur flew into a fury with our conduct and demanded satisfaction, we should have recommended leeches to the temples and the feet in hot water. If we say, therefore, that it seems a good thing to amuse the world, we know what your sagacity will prompt you to reply; namely, that to amuse leeches to the temples and the feet in hot water.



had all better lay to and bridge it over with an arch, like a rainbow, even if we do it in sweat and tears, and even if we ourselves shall never pass over the bridge, but only leave it to our children. And you ask if we could leave them a more costly legacy, and whether it is not better to teach them how to walk over the bridge than how to throw a pretty chain of blossoms across the abyss?

Peace, gentle Hotspurs! peace, beardless Hotspurs! Lead on to the happy islands and the new Atlantis. "I, too, am an Arcadian," and the heart of the old Easy Chair follows your leading, as lambs the shepherd's piping, as stars the prime-val laws.

Our gentle censor confesses that we have done what we aimed to do, and that must be a surly magazine which is not content with such praising. We have aimed to amuse and instruct. Sitting, for instance, in this Chair, we have spied the world and chatted of its little daily incidents, of the small objects that could be seen from so slight an elevation. If the reader were disposed for a wider survey, he had only to climb from the Chair up to the top of the Table, and behold the broad panorama which is unfolded at that altitude. Dizzy, then, with the prospect, he could hide himself away in the Drawer, and so have his meat and his pudding, and thank God for a good appetite.

When mankind are laughing, there is only one thing they like better—that is, crying. And so when they are crying, laughing seems a supreme blessing. These "various stops" we have tried to touch. On one page we have spread a sparkling laugh; another we have blotted with a tear. The woes of stricken hearts that we have brought to the notice of the American public have only been surpassed in number by the merry jokes of practical wags that we have preserved for our readers. Is it nothing to have given you the tales of Dickens, of Thackeray, as fast as they were written? to have told you what Macaulay thinks of Doctor Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith?

Then we are blamed—not by our pea-green critic—but by reckless outsiders, who diligently read us every month, and Heaven grant it be not in a borrowed copy!—we are blamed for "pirating," as it is called, among the English papers and magazines, and passing off our plunder as domestic produce. Now you shall hear the facts.

They are simply these: when we knew the name of the author his name has been given, as in the instances of Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, and those American writers who chose to name themselves; but when we have selected an article from our foreign files which seemed to us sufficiently interesting to reprint, we have not felt it necessary to advertise the magazine from which it was taken by publishing its name. Besides, there would have been a mutual injustice to our readers and ourselves in always giving the name of the periodical, for we wish to give every article we print a fair chance of being read for its own merits. But if we had selected an uninteresting paper, perhaps even two or three times, from a magazine, and had added the name of the magazine, we should have given that one a bad reputation in our readers' minds; and seeing the same name attached to a really good article, the article would have been neglected. Since every English article bears intrinsic evidence of being English, it was fairer to all sides to do as we did. Certainly we could have had no malevolent reason for doing otherwise.

All this does not seem very unfair to a moderate Easy Chair. It certainly would be so, if any concealment of the names of authors were attempted; but what consolation would it be to you to know that the article you are reading was taken from Tait or from Hogg's Instructor?

This is the most serious charge that has ever been brought against us, and this, as thus explained, does not seem to be very withering. Our pea-green Hotspur, indeed, grants all that we should wish to have granted, when he says that we have achieved our object. That was simply to please others and to profit ourselves. The managers of magazines are good men, often, but they are men still. They do much and sacrifice much, but must they publish only to gratify your tastes, and not to serve themselves? Can they publish for the pleasure of publishing? No; even they look to rewards and remunerations; and if the magazine did not reimburse them for the time and care and money they expend upon it, they would stop the magazine. Perhaps it is not quite modest for the Easy Chair to say how well they are repaid, how graciously and universally the Magazine is received. But it is quite clear that the critic is not wrong, and that the intention of the work is fulfilled.

And now shall we lie back in our Chair and survey our contemporary a little, and tell the truth gently and firmly, as he has told it of us? After all, we should have nothing very severe to say. We have no ill-will toward our green junior; he has done very well for his years; he has made many friends, doubtless; he has spoken his mind freely and audibly, and his mind is very decided and his voice very loud, as those of the young are apt to be. He surprised us, certainly, when, in the midst of his literary essays and poems, he began to talk politics, and we thought that the inexperience of youth had betrayed him, saying to ourselves, "This young green will find his friends fewer in certain regions, and many a supporter at home will say within himself, 'This is a rash business." It was his own affair, however, and he has probably settled it with all his friends. Doubtless, when a youth talks politics, the older heads will be less likely to ask him to dinner, for at dinner there are men of many minds, and politics are poisonous to good fellowship. Moreover, youth cares less for sitting long at table and sipping old wines; it is brisk and busy, and must be always guessing the time of day and trying to tell it. Therefore our surprise soon passed away, and we watched with complacency the career of young Put.

It makes a very pretty bouquet of the blossoms it has fostered. There is a goodly number of volumes which began and grew in its pages, sprouting as sketches and gradually blooming into books. What vigor of immortality they have, perhaps the Trade Sale or the Evening Post can tell. In our long rows of pages many of the books yet sleep uncollected. But whole stores of illustrated volumes are there, and the book of which an ardent Put speaks a little irreverently, the Napoleoniad of our reverend collaborateur, has perhaps enjoyed as wide a circulation, and made as characteristic a mark, as any work gathered from any of our periodicals.

A graver fault, judged by magazine morality, is that our ambitious young friend has been sometimes heavy! A fond old Easy Chair says it with



pain. It is not the rule with Put. Generally he is vivacious enough; but he has seemed now and then to forget that he is a monthly visitor of entertainment as well as instruction. And if he does not entertain-? Now we have always covered our superfluous weight with ornament. If there were nothing very lively to read, there was always something very pretty to look at. And how hard it is always to have that lively something to read, only those who have sat in what are facetiously call Easy Chairs can know. We are not sorry, we are certainly not jealous, that our young friend has profited by our superior experience of the world, and has taken care never again to be unentertaining by being always adorned. We knew that he would learn, sooner or later, that the public never regard things as seriously as the individual. The individual may suppose that certain subjects, intrinsically important and universally interesting, if well handled, will please the public. So they will, but not exclusively. The public wishes to dine, but it wants a dessert. Perhaps the public would rather lose its dinner than its cup of tea. The gravest statesman may often value his cigar more than any food. In the same way, a few vehement souls may cry aloud for a severe literary and political diet, and spare no invective if they are not gorged with invectives against their enemies, monthly or weekly; but the vast majority of souls-and the vehement, also-always like to see what is attractive, always like to laugh, or smile, or yawn. Even soldiers on the eve of battle sing songs:

"Why, soldiers, why, Should we be melancholy, boys! Whose business 'tis to die?'

And the hardest fighters in the daily warfare of the world keep up heart all the better if they are amused.

We knew that long ago, and the younger brother naturally did not know it. Now he has learned it, and he will be always the better for the knowledge. As for our own younger brother the Weekly, the Easy Chair does not speak, for he has voice enough of his own. Already we hear that he has sixty thousand friends, and their regard is, perhaps, his best defense. For our own hundred and seventy thousand have we not often enough expressed our humble thankfulness? It might well make an Easy Chair careful which way it rolled, knowing that so vast a cloud of witnesses surrounded it and surveyed its movements. Certainly we are not sorry that our young friend has told us what he thinks of us. It was like youth to say it frankly and fairly. Indeed it is curious, as we stated, what sympathy we feel with all that he said; how fully we comprehended what he meant; how, as we listened, we seemed to hear ourselves speaking. Go on, young Put, the world is large enough for both of us.

In re Dean.

It is always a curious inquiry, who is to be the next gentleman who wishes to lose his fortune by undertaking to manage the opera, and no less so, who will be the next lady who gives the town a choice scandal.

The first question is difficult to answer, but the second may be easily settled by this reply: the lady who marries her father's coachman.

It does not appear in history that coachmen are not marriageable men. On the contrary, the very reverse of the proposition would seem to hold. And the days of pages being past in this country, no Fredolin being longer possible, upon whom shall romance in the parlor expend its enthusiasm if not upon the horse-compelling hero of the stables? There would seem to be natural objections to the ordinary house-waiter. He is constantly in presence, and familiarity breeds contempt. He is exposed to daily and severe correction, and the open chiding of the heart's idol is mortifying. Haply, also, he washes dishes, if no scullion is retained in the establishment, and what love so devoted as to swim a Hellespont of dish-water? Or what love so purged from sense as to endure the possible odors that cling around the rehabilitation of the dinner-service, or so wisely eclectic as to mingle its own incense with the kitchen fumes?

To deal with dishes is not necessarily to strengthen the body or expand the mind. To lug heavy waiters, piled with porcelain, however Sérrès, is not a movement of grace or agility to witch the heart of young romance. To answer the upper bell, or shout to beggars in the area, are both performances subversive of sentiment.

The house-waiter, therefore, in a land where the pure flunky is unknown, stands at great disadvantage. The pure flunky, on the other hand, who, in happier lands, cases his calves in cotton and his knees in plush, and is posted idly in the hall or on the carriage-rear, may be said to stand at great advantage. "My calves are my fortune, Sir," he says; and his fortune is patent in all its extent to all the world. If you garnish these calves with whiskers, à la mutton-chop Anglaise, or a fierce and proud mustache, à la chasseur, you have a pièce de résistance, which the taste of the romantic princess royal of many houses finds it difficult—finds it impossible to withstand.

But, after all, the flunky—even the flunkiest flunky, stands. That is not quite regal—not quite imperial. Even Jupiter Tonans sits. How much more august, therefore, in awful repose, the director of steeds—the genius of equine movement—sitting in solitary and liveried splendor upon the throne in front! Above the tallest flunky, above the proudest princess royal of the house of Smith, above steeds and chariot, high-poised in the empyrean, the coachman sits, bewigged.

It is sad to note, but it is true, that the coachman has not yet received his full development under our institutions. The philosophic mind asks, in dismay, whether the coachman of the Western Continent will never attain unto his fat, his wig, and his three capes? The American horse has his four feet and appropriate tail; the indigenous cow hath udders, and, like the cushy cow Bonny of the Homer of the nursery, lets down her milk. The merchant of this hemisphere has his watch-seals and his directorship in the societies for the avoiding of draughts; why is it, therefore, that the coachman of this favored land of the brave and home of the rhyme to it, goes as yet unwigged, and of a clerical spareness?

Now there must be gradation in all things. It is absurd to allow the coachman a wife before he has a wig. That would be simply to give a bald man's better half a stool of three legs. Cui bono? Why give a man a watch before he has a waistcoat? To allow him the wife would be to prefer the man to the coachman. But what is to become of the coachman if you postpone him to the man?

The Princess Melusina Aphrodite seems to have



forgotten the proper development of this genus. She has plucked at the fruit before the flower had bloomed. In the order of nature, with coachmen, wigs should precede wives; but, as far as appears, this present specimen was yet crude and green. There is no report of a wig. It would appear that the Princess has thrown herself at a wigless coach-

There is still another question: If John Dean loved Melusina Aphrodite, and she loved him, and they wished to marry, and were of proper age, and he could support her, why should they not marry?

Whack! there it is. Of course the world will shiver at such a question. Of course the social fabric totters to its foundations at the mere suggestion. Of course the whole dowager force of society shrieks, in virtuous and conclusive chorus, "Would you like your little female Easy Chairs to run away and marry some coarse wooden bench in the stable?"

Certainly not, indignant dowagers! An Easy Chair of sensibility and consciousness of the fitness of things would sigh sadly over such a consummation. There is a graceful rosewood knittingchair for which our fondest hopes destine our youngest Chairling; and as for the females of our Chair, we have in view no less than three of the stoutest legged and caned backed black-walnut arm-chairs in three frescoed dining-rooms above Fourteenth Street. It does really seem a pity that young people or young Chairs should flout the wise wishes and parental dispositions of their elders. The entry-chair or the kitchen-chair is very uncomfortable in the parlor. It is not to be denied. It enjoys itself a thousand-fold more among its own familiar associates. And your ebony dressing-chair in the kitchen! Has it not wrung your heart?

"Cophetua wooed a beggar maid," did he? It was a chance whether she were happy or he were miserable.

Yes, Dowagers dear! we should grieve in our very heart of oak, if the Chairlings should mismate. But there is mismating, and mismating as the French have it. Do you remember Flora?well named so, for she was a flower. How levely she was in her eyes, and it was her sweet soul that we saw shining through; and we called her face beautiful. She married, you know; and we all bowed, and congratulated, and beheld the gorgeous nuptial gifts, and left the beautiful bride to her bliss. She is a young matron now, you knowshe gives balls and dinners, and music arises with its voluptuous swell, and Mrs. Flora glitters in diamonds, and her smiles make us happy. And the husband is gilded all over, he is so rich. He wears fine clothes, and is such a gentleman-so far as his tailor makes him. Morning and night he worships Plutus, and tries to tie to his heels the wings of Mercury, little godlet of thieving and trade. His heart is a bank-vault. He keeps a strict account with the world, and pays sympathy only for value received. He is invited every where. He invites every body. It was just the thing, you remember—a splendid match. Matching! mating!-then Flora has been stale-mated. She had better have married forty coachmen, with hearts as honest as their hands were hard, rather than a smirking money-bag, whose blood is bullion.

By all means, respected old ladies of every sex! let us have no mismating. But straw is not satin the concerts was elevated to an incredible height because it lies in the parlor, and a velvet blanket is by recitations of poetry. An actress-of whose

costly still, though it cover a horse. The Princess Mclusina Aphrodite was, perhaps, a very foolish young woman, who fancied there was some romance in marrying a coachman, wig or no wig. But she was no more foolish than forty other charming young ladies who marry coachmen out of place, and serving, for the nonce, as gentlemen in the parlor. Nor have we seen it stated that the coachman, though he had no wig, had also no heart. Let us restrain a little of our Daragerieal fury, and let it fly upon the next girl who mismates herself for family, or money, or for any other consideration than love and friendship, Dear Mrs. Frizzle, if we lash away at this rate over a silly girl who has married a coachman, what are we to do about your beloved daughter, whom you would on no account permit to see that naughty play, Camille, and who is going to marry a donkey with two panniers full of gold? As a rational Easy Chair, we advise marrying the donkey-driver rather than the donkey.

And while you are fanning down your indignation, let us cool off with a little song:

"Her arms across her breast she laid-She was more fair than words can say: Barefooted came the beggar maid Before the King Cophetua. In robe and crown the King stepped down, To meet and greet her on her way; 'It is no wonder,' said the lords; 'She is more beautiful than day.

"As shines the moon in clouded skies. She in her poor attire was seen; One praised her ankles, one her eves One her dark hair and lovesome mien. So sweet a face, such angel grace, In all that land had never been : Cophetua swore a royal oath. This beggar maid shall be my Queen!"

Best of Dowagers, do you suppose Mrs. Cophetua mère sued out a writ de lunatico inquirendo?

Ir was a delightful thought of Thalberg's manager to mingle music, pound cake, Mr. Brown, daylight, chocolate, and bulgy black legs in dirty white stockings, in Dodworth's charming room. One was so entirely desirous of almond cake after hearing the Don Gioranni fantasia, or the Adelaide of Beethoven; and that desire became imperative necessity, when the cake was brought by one of the unhappy race in very clumsy shoes and breeches cut short at the knees, followed by a sable brother, with his dirty stockings covered by his dirty trowsers. The uniformity was striking; and the coup d'ail was so like Willis's rooms, with liveried flunkies handing ices! It was most charmingly foreign; and the stockings added such a delicate flavor to the little cakes! Besides, the happy thought of the lunch, which was prepared in the little room opening immediately out of the hall, allowed the audience, as they bent forward to catch the zephyrs of music breathing along the keys, to hear also the rattling of cups and plates, and the cheerful voice and laugh of the African, as he arrayed his legs in the costume of aristocratic service. It is such a comfort to have things done well when they are done at all, and to show mankind that we know how to have morning concerts as well as any body. The stockings, too, were in such strict keeping with Thalberg.

At Niblo's Saloon, also, the lofty character of



recitation only we speak—who had the stage accomplishment of infallibly lodging the accent upon the wrong word, mounted the platform as Thalberg descended, and, lest the emotion produced by his playing should be too profound, instantly dispersed and destroyed it by repeating some poetry. It was thoughtful in the manager of Thalberg's concerts to provide this recreation; but why not have had it all at once, on an evening by itself, after the musical concerts were over? "Madame," said the patient boarder, who had found himself inhibited from eating butter by the inextricable interweaving of hairs in that luxury: "I should prefer to have the hairs served on one plate, and the butter on another; for then I can mix them to my taste."

The playing of Thalberg was never so exquisite as at the Matinees. It is, in truth, perfect. You can not be enthusiastic as you are about a great singer or composer, but your feeling is like that of delight in a lovely vase. You can admire the exquisite moulding of Benvenuto Cellini as much as such elaboration can possibly be admired, but in the nature of things you can not be stirred by it as you are by the great statues of the great sculptors. Thalberg fully comprehends the genius of his instrument. Every thing he does with it is, therefore, legitimately done, and the effect borrows nothing from any extravagance. His pathos is just the possible pathos of a very limited instrument; and he does not try to supply its deficiencies by shrugs of his shoulders and screws of his body. The pathos of his playing is not a prolongation of the tones of the piano, nor a sentimental swaying of his person. It is the honest capacity of the keyboard and the strings.

Hence many think he is very perfect, but "like other perfect things, cold." Like the sun, for instance, or a summer day.

Apart from his power as a performer, the rare quality of his musical talent is captivating. He is not an original composer strictly, but his subtle seizure of the very essence of the music of another is the work of genius. In his fantasias from several of the operas, especially in that from Don Gioranni, he seems to expose the very processes of musical creation in Mozart's mind. The little, wild, unformed melodies that sweep in sudden gusts along the keys in unusual modulations and wavering incompleteness, have just the familiar rhythm, but as yet quite remote from the music that we know. So the mind of the hearer is filled with the atmosphere and necessity of what is to follow, while gradually the fully-formed harmonies develop themselves. The best illustration of this marvelous effect is in the introduction of the minuet from Don Giovanni. The scene of the minuet in the opera is a vision of country loveliness and repose, of flowers and fields, and happy movement. In the imagination all this becomes more poetized, and the music seems to imply rich reaches of odorous garden and moonlight, whispering leaves and singing birds, and a palace upon a lawn glancing with revelry. Thalberg weaves the spell of this vision. You stroll in the summer garden; you hear the birds, the waters, the rustling leaves; your mind is expectant of some fair result, and suddenly, through all the mingled beauty, comes throbbing, but with soft remoteness, the stately beat of the minuet, as if marking the measures of princely dancing in the palace.

In these things Thalberg shows the master, the of the great hulk of poet, the musician. These are the things that it better than we?

make us wonder whether he has not touched the utmost possibility of the piano, and ask whether, when he is gone, we have not seen and lost the most perfect pianist that ever has been or ever can be.

SUMMER will soon be upon us; will the pestilence come too? Only one shore of the bay was devastated last year; will it be the turn of the other shore and of the city now? Our virtuous Mayor, who has only the honor and health of the city at heart, has been taking every measure to protect his charge. The great merchants have been to Albany and demanded of the Legislature that the Quarantine should no longer be held, as the headquarters of infection, upon Staten Island, but removed away from the metropolis. Constant public meetings have been held by sensible citizens who do not mean to be placidly killed off by an epidemic, and the faculty have been spreading on every side, especially in exposed parts of the city, short and simple directions for treatment, so that no man may be unarmed. Hospitals are already provided and stored with every alleviation and facility; and experienced nurses are prepared to begin their care as soon as the disease appears. The city is thoroughly swept daily; garbage and stagnant water have disappeared, and close, noisome districts are sprinkled with chloride of lime. The whole metropolitan system of sewers has been investigated and regulated, and this happy policy of prevention has inspired such public confidence and cheerfulness, that the disease is like to die out for want of proper victims.

Suppose, for a moment, that a different course had been pursued. Suppose that, with the experience of last year, the virtuous Mayor had been to Washington, or busy with his private affairs; that the great merchants and the Chamber of Commerce had been to Albany, and struggled against the entire removal of the Quarantine; that the sensible citizens had gaped idly, and wondered whether the yellow fever were coming again this year; that the faculty had considered it none of their business, and neither hospitals nor nurses had been made ready; above all, suppose that the city had been buried in filth, and the worst districts were hotbeds of pestilence, what a ringing shout of scorn would have roared through the land! how brilliant the dark ages would have seemed! what a poor, miserable, shiftless incapable the complacent New Yorker would have appeared! Happy city, that hath so careful a Mayor! Happy Mayor, that hath such worthy citizens!

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Does any one of our half million of readers consider how hard a task we have to tell them any newnesses—at our month-long intervals—of that foreign world which is reflected in the daily and weekly papers? May we not, apologetically, remind them that the foreign observer nowadays is by no means such a privileged man as he was twenty years ago? If we tell you what we see day by day from our window of the Hotel du Lourre, have you not seen it all before, in the letters of Cousin Dick or Tom, who sends you sheetsfull every steamer? Has not Paris, and all its purlieus, come into the American news parish? Have you not passed, last summer, under the wing of the great hulk of the Rivoli? Do you not know it better than we?



Can we describe for you any dress you have not feasted your eyes upon at the balls of good Princess Murat; or the Voigt pictures, drawn from actual costume, in Canal Street? Is not the monthly gossiper growing into the condition of an old fogy, who talks always of what you know, describes what you have seen, advises what you have done, and jokes with echoes of good things?

We can remember—but the years that separate us from that date of remembrance are many now—when we could spin pleasant, hour-long letters from the great metropolis, confiding absolutely in the charming ignorance of far-away Western readers, certain that no news-gatherers would be before us, certain that a Paris of love or perfume would win their way to the sympathies of a thousand delicate admirers, certain that our budget would be straightway honeycombed by bees and drones every where, certain that some Small-town Republican would light up his columns with our Paris limnings, and Western gossips every where regale themselves with the metropolitan atmosphere in which we were steeped and in which we wrote.

What a change twenty years have wrought! Wandering correspondents, blithe with the intoxicating novelty of these strange scenes, and racy with the glow of a first sentiment, have given way to an established corps of reporters, harpies of news, bagging incident as the moor-men bag grouse, and bringing all the splendors and change we live among to such near knowledge as fatigues one! Is there any place for a quiet old gentleman, who clings to the gone-by fashions of speech and narrative, to tell his story in? Is not every noticeable fact spitted upon some telegraph-wire or trident of a daily quill, and toasted out of all juiciness before it comes to us? Do you care for any moral we may draw out of yesterday's dinner, or for the preachments on things passed? Is not the American moralizing grown as swift in issues, conclusions, habit, as our life, news, crimes?

At our present hotel of the Louvre there lives a New York gentleman, freshly arrived from your metropolis, who assails us every day, and ten times in a day (if we are unfortunate enough to encounter him so often), with the terrible fastness of his information and opinions. We look upon him as the type of the newest school of Transatlantic thought.

We venture a timid remark upon the weather, as a comparatively safe subject. We are quite wrong: the weather has changed, the gentleman has been compelled to throw off his overcoat.

We retire from our position—of chilliness.

An observation is made with respect to some recent fashion—and we modestly drop an opinion about its propriety or observance.

Wrong again: Broadway had decided the matter before our companion had left the city. We accept covertly the rebuke, and retreat, upon some mention of the Imperial family.

Wrong again: the New York Herald or Tribme has controverted such an opinion long ago. If we resort to marriages, to hotels, to money, to morals, we find ourselves far below the standard of our fast friend. Every thing is so far intensified with him under the New York heat, that, by its very glow, it must burn into a flame of antagonism.

His convictions about the commonest matters are all intense—his eagerness to put you right, frightful. The position of quiet, impartial observer, he can not recognize—he is whetted for attack or defense.

Do you see what bearing all this may have upon the difficulties which belong to this "other-side" monthly gossiper? Are you not at all whetted, nowadays, for intensity of some sort? Does not the intensity of foreign news items all lie in their sharpness and freshness? Can they prick more than once? Can we tell you any thing you do not know?

Luigi, a half-bred Italian, and some time courier, brings up Galignani to our breakfast. We run it over, considering what matter it may carry to the rounding of our Easy Chair cushioning; we treasure up certain fragments—waifs of opinion or tattle; but our fast New Yorker explodes upon us, and, by his sharpness and startling newness, seems to blight our little treasures—the aroma of our Burgundy is all lost in the stinging scent of his Cognac.

We break away from him, and saunter upon the street. It is a sunny morning of later March delightfully warm, under the arcades of the Rivoli.

The water-carts are laying the dust of the Macadam; the footway is of the pleasantly smooth asphalte. Is this material too expensive with us, or will it yield to our hot suns? You know what it is—a mixture of the bitumen from Seyssel, between Geneva and Lyons, and of gravel, melted together, and poured, in a fluid state, over the walks. The cost here is but two dollars the square yard; and a more agreeable trottoir can scarcely be imagined. Large quantities of the compact bitumen, similar to that of Seyssel, are, we are told, to be found in the island of Trinidad. Would not the importation, for paving purposes, be warranted?

And while we are upon this topic—of streeteshall we give you upon the other side a statistic or two, which you may put beside the shortcomings of your commissioner, Ebling?

The sweeping of Paris streets costs the municipality in the neighborhood of \$300,000 a year; and it is estimated that the contractors clear, at the least, \$100,000 by the sale of the rubbish. This is rotted in pits; and, when well decomposed, has been sold for the enormous amount of \$700,000.

How do the figures compare? Remember, however, while making the comparison, that we have little or no annoyance of dust from street-carts; no offal is permitted to be thrown upon the pavement, except very early in the morning, or only late at night. By seven the scavengers have finished their duties for the day, and no mud-piles encumber the thoroughfares.

From the asphaltum and the streets our eye turns upon a glove-maker's window. Two francs (40 cents of our money) will buy a pair, but not of the best. We are in the region of rat-skinshere, which are tender; but, for all this, the gloves are dainty-looking, and, with care in the putting-on, will serve out an evening at the opera. Five millions of dollars a year, the books tell us, would not pay for all the gloves made in Paris: gloves of kid-skin, of doe-skin, of elk, of goat, of chamois, of dogs, of cats, of guinea-pigs, and of rats.

You may see the artists working at this trade, upon their marble slabs, at half a dozen windows of the Rivoli Street. First, they pare the skins, whatever they may be, to an even thickness—a dexterous bit of work—with a broad, sharp knife. Then comes the assorting of them by their qualities of thick or thin, fine or coarse. After



this, a gentle wetting with a long-haired brush, a heaping of them by dozens, a rolling of them; and so they are left, until every part is sufficiently dampened. The next operation is a stretching over the edges of the marble slab, a splitting of them in halves, a rough cutting of a glove pattern, then follows a new stretching, a trimming, a quick cutting of the smaller bits, and all goes into the hands of the machine-sewer; the back is broidered, the glove stretched into shape, and packed into parcels of twelve.

We leave the measure of our hand at 12, noon; and as we return from the day's stroll upon the Boulevard, and a dinner at the Cafi Anglais, the

dozen, "to measure," are ready.

Our next encounter under the arcade is with a charming bazaar of toys for little people. What a wealth of bloated elephants, of crinolined dolls, of tri-colored balloons! They are airy toys; but the French Lilliputs of the Tuileries garden are bred in airiness and love-lightness. What a charming forage-ground is here for the little fighting heroes, who are to win their medals and crosses in some unknown war of the century to come! Here are brazen cannon, flashing muskets, red kettledrums, soldiers' camp-tents, caps of grenadiers, regiment-girls with their tin canteens and short dress of blue stuff, wooden generals with waxen faces, banners, spears, and a mischievous inspector-general of eight summers, in which he has browned his face in the sweet Auvergne country, attended now by a stout aide-de-camp in the person of a buxom bonne of Limoges, who can scarce control the ravishment of little inspector-general, and incontinently flirts him out of the shop.

Another straw in the wind we see here in the toyshop. There are Highland soldiers in the tartan,
and red-coated soldiers, cementing the French and
English alliance; but if our hasty look is accurate,
the generals are all blue-coated, the red-coats mostly heavy and loutish. A motherly old lady, who
is taught in the whims of children, presides over this
toy-camp, and deploys an indescribable magnificence and luxury before the eyes of infantile France.

And what next do we come upon in our morning's stroll? The great north pavilion of the Tuileries palace is upon our left, where the Duchess of Orleans lived out her last years of domestic royalty, and where the magnificence of some member of the Imperial household is arrayed now. Over opposite, upon a quiet corner of the Place of Pyramids, is the snug but rusty restaurant known as the John Bull. Its window placards of "roastbeef," "plum-pudding," "nice haunch of English mutton this day," remind one of London chophouses. It is in none of its aspects French, and its dishes are even less national.

But if we cross this little Place of the Pyramids, we find upon another angle, nearer to the Tuileries garden, the favorite old case of the Poissonnerie. A jet of water is playing within the window, and, in the marble pool, who has not stopped to watch those scrambling, blundering terrapins, or that pair of teal domesticated there, and finding a nest-ling-place among the mossy stones which pile above the level of the water?

What stores of green, crisp cresses—what pyramidal shapes of salad—what heaps of luscious fruits—what a tempting ten-pound salmon, shining like silver, and decked off with sprigs of parsley!

If it were within an hour of dinner-time even, we but dull crops, or a runaway match of Mademoishould go in—finding no such resplendent gilding selle with a radical Lieutenant of the Hussars;

and gorgeous gewgaw, indeed, as belong to Taylor's Saloon, but (if our memory does not altogether fail us) a far whiter table-cloth and a neater service; more delicate dishes, if not so large; and if the bill-of-fare is not printed in gold and bound in arabesque, it is readable, clean—not covered with grease-spots—and altogether insinuating. Shall we go on, with our Persian civilization, to smother ourselves in hot woolen cushions when we eat, and to cultivate indifference for the worthier items of neatness and cleanliness?

And if we dined there (as we did yesterday), what and whom would we see? Not many lone ladies dining out, or eking away the morning's shopping by a stout lunch or a plate of ices; but traveling parties; some Mr. Paragreen and family; some heavy moneyed man from Rouen, brisk. hearty, cheery—seasoning his dinner with a full bottle of Volney. And what an enviable-looking dog he is, to be sure! Nothing can exceed the selfcontent which radiates from the round, full visage of your well-to-do-manufacturer (we will say) from some one of the provinces of France, with his snuffbox, his Debats newspaper, his half-soiled linen, his unctuous relish of the purée aux croutons. There is nothing care-worn about him—'tis rather a careless wear we note in him; his brain not addled with over-planning; his nervous system altogether overlaid and protected by his lymphatic redundance; his purse full, yet not so full as to waken anxiety about the night walk he may take; a voter, but not reckoning unduly on the importance which his ballot may confer upon him; a good Imperialist, but not offending against such prejudices as he finds in the mind of his country curate (who dines with him, at his home in the provinces on every feteday); dreading the canaille; compassionating all outside barbarians; and loving good order, good markets, good priests, good dinners, and good percentages.

He accepts the eminence or importance of every pretender: it is not for him, as good citizen, to make quarrel; he admires universally the men, and all the women, out of the presence of his wife—are not all *Enfans* of la belle France?—and he takes a pinch of snuff from the imperial manufactory.

If by chance two such fall into talk together (and the chance happened yesterday), it is pleasant to follow their amiable discussion of the great movements of the day, France being to them the radiating centre (as New York to our fast friend of the hotel) from which the universe derives its stores of light, heat, and opinion. These pleasant magnates discourse upon the affairs of China, and dispose of the Chou-Chous and Ling-Lings in the light only of some possible imperial resolve of his Majesty, Bonaparte. If la belle France should not interfere in the Eastern difficulties, it will be only an. other petty quarrel between Albion and the opiumlovers, with which Christendom shall have little concern; but if a French navy and a new Pelissier go there—Adieu, la Chine! It is all over with them.

Neufchatel is disposed of colloquially in the same temper. Herat and Burmah are dependent in a large degree for their quietude upon the manifestations of French Imperial will. Happy provincial money-holders—not dependent upon the atmosphere of the capital even for their rents; good Republicans; good Louis Philippe men; good Imperialists—shaking their heads at nothing but dull crops, or a runaway match of Mademoiselle with a radical Lieutenant of the Hussara.



bland of visage; full of abdomen; free of humors; Poissonnerie, to which our morning stroll has led not plethoric of brain; content with ignorance; guzzlers, gourmands, perhaps deputies or legislators of France!

What—allow us to ask—is your recollection of the waiter who served you yesterday, or upon your last city visit (if your home is in the country) at Thompson's, or Taylor's? A delicate brogue, we venture to guess; a hand not over clean; dishes somewhat awry.

For contrast, we will give you now a waitergarçon-of the Poissonnerie; excerpting here and there a bit of local coloring from the old portrait (which, ten to one, you never saw or will see) of Auguste Ricard:

Dutch linen, clean; best white stockings of Paris; patent leather shoes, made after the latest design of the Rue Vivienne; a scent of perfumed soap, upon hands scrupulously neat; a long, white apron, as clean as his linen; hair dressed with the newest of cosmetics; a constant smile of good nature, learned from the best bonhommic of the French stage; a diplomat of dishes, who humors your wildest caprices, soothes your sauciest of humors -always philosophic and humane. The position of waiter in an old established cafe of Paris is oftentimes hereditary; the sons are trained at evening -given a novitiate in the kitchen, with the wiping and handling of porcelain-study attitudes and graces from their elders, and come at length to an apprentice-state over the oysters.

He studies character and costume; learns what plats to commend to his guests; lives always amidst a luxury of the table which he never enjoys; sleeps upon a mattress thrown under the marble slabs; and at the first peep of the sun, polishes, arranges, gives a full hour to his toilet, and only resumes service in public after he has undergone the scrutiny and approval of the patroness of the cafe—the Dame du Comptoir. The salary of this Epicurean, who knows every meat by its smell, and who is accomplished in every new soap and cosmetic, is, after all his labor and cultivation, only nominal. His severe honesty (without which he is utterly homeless and pathless), his air of bonhommie, his exactitude, punctuality, and address, are repaid to him only by his share of the pennies which are dropped into the waiters' till upon the counter.

Through all the morning, after the waiter has enjoyed his half-hour of indulgence over the daily journals (seeking out the charades, the robberies, and the decisions of the courts), only fat provincials of the neighboring hotels and employes of moderate incomes call for their cafe au lait. The cost is small; the waiter's fee miserably inferior; he assumes, at these early hours, simply an air of the coldest politeness. His real good-nature only warms at noon, when the billiard players, the chess-men, the idlers of the metropolis quicken their appetites with absinthe, a demi-tasse à l'eau de vie; and remember the garçon after a successful party at dominoes, or cheering account of the Bourse, or a good coup at billiards, with a silver piece, without count of its value.

The waiter brings his paletot, his cane, his gloves, his snuff-box (if he has chanced to leave it upon the domino table), sees him carefully clad, and then makes him such reverence in bow and gesture as can be seen nowhere but in the Paris cafes.

Nor is the suavity altogether in manner. good story is told of an old habitus of this same Cafe | die at thirty?

us, which it may be worth while to set down.

Years ago-no matter how many-a baron of France (for there were barons there once), who lived in Normandy, found himself despoiled of his inheritance and estate. Only enough remained, after the savage agrarianism of the first Republic, to live upon his dish a day. This could not be done in the neighborhood of his old estates, for it is (er was) one of the marvels of the French life that a reduced man of fortune comes to Paris to make his economies. There he can take his little chamber upon the sixth floor of a lodging-house of Montmartre, enjoy the Boulevard in the threadbare remnants of his old luxury, and dine at some quiet cremerie (or milk-shop), where he finds a bit of boiled meat or a stew for a few pence.

Well, our baron came to Paris, and ate every day his bouilli, and wore every day the fading costume of his paling years. But with the old habits strong upon him, there was one luxury he could not deny himself—his demi-tasse—that little half cup of coffee clear, which for fifty years had aided his digestion, he could not forego. So it happened that, with the scattered remnants of his moneys, he marched every day-after the boiled beef-(guided more by instinct than prudence)-into the Café Poissonnerie, called for his half cup, dozed over the journals, gave hearty fees, and was saluted by the attentive garçon, as he had been by thousands in the days of his pride.

But one day (there comes such a day to all who live without count), when the coffee was finished, the journal accomplished, the old eyes weary with the mirrors, the old fingers found no money left.

The waiter, with the quick eye of his caste, saw the embarrassment, bowed, assured him the matter was settled; from his own pocket made good the sum, while the broken-down baron passed out, honored with the usual salutations.

There was no money in the baron's bank next day; but the old instinct for the demi-tasse was again too strong to be resisted, and again he was a guest at the tables of the Poissonnerie. Again the garçon assumed the debt, and the baron passed out with honors. So matters ran for better than a year: the elegant old gentleman fancying himself all the time the debtor of the proprietor of the establishment, and bowing graciously to his kind entertainer and creditor each day he left the salon.

But the despoiled nobles were, after a time, remunerated for their losses. Our Norman baron was himself again, and came to the Cafe l'oissonnerie with a roll of bills in his porté-monnaie. He asked for his account. He had none. Every day it had been paid. The waiter was summoned. He confessed, with embarrassment, his share in the transaction. The old gentleman embraced him before the company, bestowed upon him sufficient funds to make him proprietor of a new cufe; and it is there now that the old gentleman (if he is living yet) takes every evening his demi-tasse, lightened with a petit verre.

If there are any such kindly and considerate waiters among the Celtic attendants at Taylor's, we beg to know about them, and we will chronicle their good deeds.

And what becomes of all the waiters? Did you ever sit at table (except it may be in some private house) with a gray-haired waiter to watch your fancies for boiled, stewed, or roast? Do they all



In our quick country over the water it is easy to answer the question; it is easy to tell how any man may disappear at middle age, or even before. Are there not the blowings-up, the collisions, ratpoisons, Nicaragua, office-seeking? May not a waiter become politician, coroner, hack-writer, father of a family, coachman, Californian, lecturer, magazine tale-maker?

But in Paris these ways are not open. Our garcon who humored us so deftly yesterday with a haricot de mouton, a grilled fowl, and an omelet soufflé, is
laying up, penny by penny, a little property, which
by-and-by will go to investment in some new quarter of the city, where his daughter (by a pretty
ironing-woman of the washing-shop upon the corner) will preside over a new comptoir, and the old
garcon, in a trim peruke, establish himself as the
proprietor of his own café, dedicated (if the times
serve) à la gloire de l'Angleterre.

And who, now, is the well-preserved lady of sixand-forty (no wrinkles, no gray hairs, no shrinking of the corsage yet) who sits at the desk, as we enter the *Poissonnerie*, upon this morning stroll of March?

Old stagers can remember her far back of the days of the Consulate, sitting then upon the dais beside a brilliant dowager of an old time proprietuire, taught by her the graces of the station, and the values of a pretty and unmeaning coquetry which should flash its smile-favors upon all, and intrench itself within the barriers of general and gracious conciliation.

That fine lady (and every Paris café has its fine lady) of unexceptionable toilet (above the level of the comptair) never expresses repugnance to the courtly sallies of even the most aged or awkward of her clients. The same smiling welcome greets the young lieutenant of the Cent Gardes and the ancient stipendiary of the imperial offices. Her glances are bestowed with a winning prodigality from table No. 1 to table No. 20. Her beauty once commended her to the station; but the brilliancy which then commanded admiration, and decoyed a full salon of diners-out, she has had the discretion to supply with a grace and an amiability which more than make good the memories of her youth-time.

It is quite impossible to say how much the piquincy of the Dame de Comptoir may have to do with the success of a Parisian restaurant. The lusts of the eye and the pride of life enter, for a good deal, into the available capital of an accomplished caterer to the strollers of the metropolitan city.

It is related that, upon a time long gone, Madame Roland (we mean the great Roland of the Girondin epoch) once escaped detection by officers in pursuit of her, at a friend's establishment, by taking her seat in the comptoir and passing for the proprietress of the desk, and she testifies that in no condition of life was she ever so much embarrassed, and her womanly generalship so much taxed, by the witty sallies of admirers and the courteous attentions of a throng.

A story is told of a duchess of the old régime, who, without being beautiful, or a brilliant conversationist—with nothing, in short, but her station to command the respect and the passing attentions of the world—was yet so dependent upon the shadowy obsequiousness she had commanded, that, when her fortune and title were lost, she gave her services to the patron of a Paris café upon the sole condition of a quiet chamber and a seat, the day

through, upon the comptoir, where she might greet and congé the visitors with her courtly salute.

She regained, there, all the homage of her best estate; and her story and her grace filled the salons of the host.

We set out for a stroll upon the Paris streets the merest hunt for gossip which might fill our paper—and at only a stone's-throw from our door we have found material for—how many pages?

What a life, a fund of gossip, indeed, lies in every face we look on! And what if we some time leave the routine of politics, of letters, of dramatic on dits, to pry into the lives and habits of those more nearly about us?

At the least, we shall be quit of the reporters' ground, and give to our budgets a smack of newness.

We saw the crocuses bursting to-day in the Paris garden (what but the Tuileries?), the lilacs swollen into tiny leaflets, the marronier of March all flaky with the promised foliage, and children romping out of the lee of the Provençal terrace. If we could telegraph the violets we see, their perfume might charm your dusty noses of March; but by mail and by pressure, and printing and packing, in the iron vaults of Franklin Square, they will make but a withered bouquet when they reach you.

HOTEL DU LOUVER, March 24.

Editor's Drawer.

A CLERICAL correspondent of the Christian Adrocate, a Methodist paper in the West, expresses the sentiment of all good-natured people, when he writes these words:

"I own up, dear reader, to a keen relish for a little quiet fun occasionally, 'albeit, in the general way, a sober man am I.' A good, hearty laugh is not only a pleasant thing, in itself considered, but it is an absolute promoter of longevity and digestion. Hence I always read the funny anecdotes in *Harper* before any other part."

This is comfort. It cheers the soul of the Drawer, for the Drawer is all soul, to learn that its good things promote the "longevity and digestion" of its venerable readers and friends. The clergy are the most bountiful contributors to the Drawer, proving by their precept and example, that

"A little nonsense, now and then,.
Is relished by the wisest men."

THE ways of the world are wonderful, and the ways of the women are the most wonderful ways in the wide, wide, world. And the most wonderful ways of the women are seen in the way they treat one another. The great party and ball that came off just at the breaking up of winter, brought together the queerest admixture of people that ever trod carpets, or aired their charms under the same gaslights.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at this magnificent entertainment in royal apparel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which the latest comers into fashionable circles are the most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction as she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintance: "her friends were few and very select."

The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with goodnatured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss



Mason when they went to the public school in a dozen voices. 'What do you mean? Have we William Street together, noticed the hauteur of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Taylor, the rogue, as clever as she was pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snubbed by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her set, Miss Taylor walked up and with smiles of winning sweetness remarked,

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a mason, and your name is Mason, but your father was a tailor."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very cute thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wished to see her, but the proud Mason bit her lips in silence.

WE were walking home last night, about the witching hours, when we saw an individual in a brown study, and a coat of the same color, standing opposite the door of our domicile. Satisfaction was in his eye, and a small cane in his hand; as we approached him, he stuttered:

"Sir-Sir-can you tell me where Jo-o-o-o Pinto lives?"

"What a question!" said we, peering into his face; "why, Jo, my old fellow, you are the man yourself!'

"O, ye-ye-yes! I knew th-that," ejaculated he, "but I want to know wh-where he lives?"

"Why, this is your house—this one right under your nose.'

"Is it, eh? W-w-well then I'll be kicked if something hasn't changed the door, for it won't fit my key-hole anyhow!

THERE is no disputing about tastes, and the following very good story is an apt example in point. The abstinence of the young people, who very naturally presumed the newly-made husband wished them to let his bride alone, is creditable to their taste, and the honest resentment of the husband is decidedly rich and refreshing:

"A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a 'free fight,' had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. B-, the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her Herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some length of time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but-' 'What's the matter, John?' inquired half, her little girls they must not be hanging around

done any thing to hurt your feelings?' 'Yes, you have all; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've got just this to say about it; here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!' If Mrs. B- was slighted during the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually for any neglect on our part."

AUNT DOROTHY had a wonderful fondness for singing in Methodist meetings, the negro meetings, especially in missionary meetings. Then her voice would be heard above all the rest, screaming out, "From Greenland's icy mountings," or some other equally moving hymn. But when the plates came around for the collection, Aunt Dorothy always sang louder, and still louder, with her eyes fixed on the wall, so that she never saw the collector till he had passed her seat. One night she was thus rapt in ecstasy, singing at the top of her voice and gazing at the ceiling, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," when Jack Bones came along with the plate, and touching the old weman with his left hand said, "Look a here, Aunty, you needn't keep on singing fly abroad dou mighty gospel, less you gib something to make it fly.

On the same principle was the shrewd reply of the lady to Doctor Clarke. He was preaching to a large congregation, and after dwelling in glowing terms on the freeness of the Gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon, a person announced that a collection would be made to support the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy Doctor, who afterward related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. "True. Doctor," replied the hostess, "the water of life is free, 'without money and without price,' but they must pay for the pitchers to carry it in.

TURNER, the greatest of English painters, was the meanest, in money matters, of Englishmen. On being paid a hundred guineas for a picture, he insisted on his stage fare for bringing it. It is, however, admitted by his friends that he once refused a sum which he lent. It was after sharing a sumptuous dinner to which he had been invited, and while enjoying the dessert, the host all at once remembering the transaction, said, "Let us see, Mr. Turner, I owe you a little money." "What for?" said Turner, setting down his wine-glass that he was about to raise to his lips. "Why, you paid sixpence for the gate when I drove you down,' answered the host. "Oh!" said Turner, with a look of disappointment, as he raised his glass again, "never mind that now!"

THE lady who sends us this little incident has the best means of knowing it to be true.

A certain mother, who shall be nameless, told



and kissing the young gentlemen who visited the house; it was not becoming in them, and they might be troublesome. A few days afterward an old gentleman, a friend of the family, called, and while noticing the children, drew one of them to him, and offered to kiss the little thing. But no, she would have nothing of the sort, and when the gentleman was gone, the mother said:

"My dear, when a nice old gentleman like that offers to kiss a little girl like you, you shouldn't put on such airs and refuse him. I was quite

ashamed of your conduct."

"But, mother, you told us we musn't kiss the

gentlemen," said Maggie.

"Maggie, there is a great difference between letting young men kiss you, and such old people as Mr. Venable who just went out. When such persons offer to kiss you, it is to show their kind feelings, and you should take it as a compliment and not act foolishly."

Maggie put on a very serious face, and after thinking on it a while, replied, "Well, mother, if I have to kiss the gentlemen, I would a great deal rather kiss the young ones."

Children and fools speak the truth.

In earlier days, writes a Western correspondent, the region lying round about Patoka was much neglected by preachers, until the Methodists sent a very eccentric old man there, by the name of Conklin, who was soon known as Uncle Jerry. He labored among the Hoosiers with great success. This stirred up the Baptists, who sent a man to help him. He helped him, however, in a way that Uncle Jerry disliked severely; for the Rev. Mr. Waterman—that was the Baptist preacher's name -addressed himself mainly to the young converts that Uncle Jerry had made, and instructed them in their duty to follow their master down the banks of Jordan. Uncle Jerry took up the subject one Sunday morning, when he saw Mr. Waterman among his hearers, and thus delivered himself: "Why don't you go out into deep water and catch your own fish; don't stay in here and wait till I bring the fish into shallow water and steal them from my net. It ain't fair and honest, my brethren, the way my Baptist brother has treated me. He makes me feel like a hen a-settin' on duck's eggs, for just as soon as I get a brood out, he runs 'em right straight into the water."

The place from which I write is pleasantly situated, says our correspondent, on the head waters of the Susquehanna. It is facetiously called the "Saints' Rest," and is the resort in Summer of many Isaak Waltons from New York, who never fail to find plenty of fish and fun.

Two years ago a gentleman came here from Rochester to try his skill in angling, and to recuperate his health. Besides the trout we have plenty of venison, and Mr. Sykes thought as he had not been very successful in fishing, he would take home a few skins of deer as trophies of his skill in the use of a gun. Matthew, the waggish son of "mine host" of the Saints' Rest, accommodated him with a doe-skin, and one from a fawn, and lastly the skin of a fine colt that died in the spring, and which he assured Mr. Sykes was off the back of a splendid old buck.

The gallant sportsman returns to Rochester, rich with the spoils of his field sports, and in the midst of admiring friends recounts the excitements, per-

ils, and triumphs of the chase, displaying the skius, the proofs and fruits of his sport. An old friend eyes the skins sharply, and begins:

"Sykes, did you kill that beautiful fawn?"

- "Certainly, I did."
- "And that doe, too?"
- "To be sure, I did."
- "And did that old buck die hard?"
- "Dreadful hard," said Sykes, growing impatient.
- "Look here," said the provoking friend, "whoever sold you that colt's skin for a buck-skin, sold you and skinned you too."

Mr. Sykes never boasted of his deer-shooting again, and did not return last year to join us in the season of sport.

THE Rev. Dr. Hopkins of Hadley, Massachusetts, when on an exchange with the Northampton Minister, went home to dine with Governor Strong between the services. At dinner Mrs. Strong offered him some pudding, which he declined, saying that pudding before preaching made him dull. The governor, with more wit than manners, instantly asked, "Doctor, did you not have pudding for breakfast?"

Of the same divine it is said that, by stipulation with his people, he was to receive annually so many cords of good hard wood. On one occasion, a parishioner brought a load, about which he raised a question if there was not some soft wood in the load. To which the other replied: "And do we not sometimes have soft preaching?"

Some years since, when all the world was mad upon lotteries, the Irish cook of a middle-aged single gentleman drew from his hands her earnings and savings of some years. Her employer was anxious to know the cause, and she told him that having repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize she had bought the whole ticket. He called her a fool for her pains, and never lost a chance to tease her on the subject. She seemed to take his taunts in good-humor, saying it would all turn out right by-and-by. One morning he opened his paper at breakfast, and saw it announced that the very numbers which Bridget had dreamed and bought had drawn the great prize, \$100,000!

Bridget was summoned, and the wily gentleman proceeds to inform her that he had long valued her as a friend, and being desirous to settle himself for life, he would be willing to make her his wife, if she had no objection. Bridget had always thought him a dear, good man, and would be glad to do any thing to please him. So he finished his breakfast, told Bridget to put on her best things; the parson was sent for, and made them one that very morning.

After it was all over, the cautious husband said to his bride, "Well, Bridget, you have made two good hits to-day; you have got a good husband, and now bring me the lottery ticket you and I have laughed so much about."

"Please don't laugh any more about that; I knew there was nothing in them dreams, and I sold it to the butcher a month ago!"

Didn't the old fellow draw a blank, and look so when Bridget did that tale unfold?

THE Bosion Courier says that a stout man of red complexion, strong presence, and bearing an immense mustache, accosted Amasa, the page in the



Representatives' lebby at the State House, and | thing already but to dig up father Bellamy's shinasked the boy where he should hang his coat. Amasa replied that the firemen usually pegged their extra toggery in the basement, and added: "If you are a fireman or a watchman, you had better go below." "I am the Chaplain of the House, responded the stranger; whereat Amasa bowed meekly, and conducted his reverence to an antechamber.

MR. R. U. Wise, wishing to induce his customers to step up to his office and settle, without any further delay, puts the following poetical and significant advertisement in the village paper:

> "R. U. Wise? Then call without delay, U. Wise will be who come to-day; Wise all who call their debts to pay. Like wise, a few more goods to sell, For wise-dom leads my sales to swell."

A word to the wise is enough.

THE MAN WHO SOLD LIQUORS BY THE POUND.

A rellow in a country town A tavern kept, near to the spot Where cattle that had strayed were put, Which place is called the Pound. This landlord had a humorous phiz, And much he was inclined to quiz. And matter in dispute, or some old grudge Between two farmers, near Devizes Brought this droll fellow 'fore the judge To be examined at the assizes. The judge first asked his name, which being told, He next asked what he was, with look profound, To which the fellow answered, that he sold Ale, beer, and cider, by the Pound. "Ale, beer, and older by the pound!" he said. "I never heard that folks their liquors weighed."

- "I do, and don't," the fellow cried. "You do, and don't!" the judge replied:
- "Answer me direct, Sir—tell me how you do!" "I'm pretty well, I thank ye-how are you!"

A New England clergyman writes to the Drawer in these words:

"We are lovers of anecdotes. We confess to a fondness for those incidents in private life which provoke an innocent smile and cheer an evening hour, or a dinner table. Here are some from the traditions of this neighborhood respecting the Rev. Azel Backus, D.D., of Bethlehem, in Connecticut, a man of wit, as well as of grace, of drollery, and wisdom—a man of whom your great Dr. Mason said: 'I have met with a man who has a bushel of brains.

"Dr. Backus bought a load of hay. It came to his barn drawn by quite a string of cattle. The forward yoke were poor diminutive creatures about a year old. He asked the farmer who drove them what he put such things into his team for?

"' To draw,' said the farmer.

"'To draw!' returned the Doctor, 'such things as those draw! Why, they couldn't draw Watts' Hymns for Infant Minds down hill!'

"His predecessor was the Rev. Dr. Bellamy, whose bones were in the church-yard. Dr. Hopkins had a number of boys with him fitting for college. One day passing the church, he heard a strange noise issuing from it, and entering, was amazed to see one of the boys, a great rogue, on the sounding board over the pulpit, drumming on it, and singing a rollicking song. The parson looked at him a moment in silence and said, 'Chester, what will you

bone for a whistle."

"One day he overheard another of his boys using profane language. At dinner table, when they were all seated, he commenced speaking to the lads of their several capacities and accomplishments. 'There,' said he, 'is Clarke, he is a good Latin scholar; there is Edwards, he excels in Greek. Finley does better in mathematics, and here is Morton, who thinks he is a good swearer! But he is not. I heard him this merning, and he made miserable work of it. Now, Morton, if I were you, I would not try again. You write a good composition, as good as any boy in the school; but in swearing you can never excel. If you practice ever so much, the sailors down on Long Wharf at New Haven will beat you all hollow. You can never rip it out as they do, and you hadn't better

try!'
"Morton was never heard to swear after that. He became a good boy, and afterward an excellent minister of the Gospel.

"An old negro in his congregation had also sat under the preaching of Dr. Bellamy, and being asked which he thought was the best preacher, made a memorable answer, which has been printed already, and deserves to become classic among the criticisms on preaching. He said: 'I like Massa Backus very much; great man; great preacher; but Massa Bellamy better. Massa Backus make God big, very big, but Massa Bellamy make God bigger.

"It was said in his hearing of one of the largest landholders in the town that he was never satisfied with the extent of his farm. 'Oh no,' said Dr. Backus, 'he only wants what joins his own.'

"A report was in circulation that he had made a remark of very questionable propriety for a clergyman. One of his deacons believing it to be a mistake, called on the Doctor and asked him if he had ever made such a remark.

"' Not that I remember,' was his reply.

"'Do you think,' said the deacon, 'that you ever could have made it?'

"'Very likely I might,' said the Doctor, 'it sounds just like me.

"Yet with all his humor, he was a spiritually minded man; led a godly life, and in his last sickness being told that he was dying, he asked to be taken out of his bed and placed upon his knees. His request was complied with, and so he died.

"Not more than one or two of these anecdotes have been in print before; but they serve to show that a vein of genuine wit and a flow of good-humor are in harmony with the exercises of the holiest men."

TURNING to the law, we have one of the best things from a Southwestern correspondent, who requests that the name of the city in which his incident occurred may not be mentioned. He

"At the last term of our court, two prisoners, Irishmen both, were brought up on a charge of larceny. One of them pleaded guilty, but the other preferred to take his chance. The Judge asked him if he had counsel, and finding that he had not, he assigned him a lawyer, Mr. Coons, a young gentleman not so remarkable for brains as for hair and gold buttons. The young lawyer rose to present the case of his new client; looked first at the do next? What can you do? You have done every | prisoner, then at the Judge; and then all over the



Court House, but never a word could he find to utter. He was stuck.

"The prisoner broke the silence. 'Be jabers! your honor,' said Pat, 'if ye can't do any better for me than that, I may as well plade guilty too!' which he did forthwith."

A SERVANT girl, in the town of A-, in England, whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows, "By Heaven, she's painted!" Turning round, she very quietly replied, "Yes, Sir; and by Heaven only!" The officer acknowledged the force of the rebuke, and apologized.

In the year 1833, James D. Hopkins, Esq., in addressing the members of the Cumberland bar, told the following capital stories of a noted Member of Congress. Some of the sayings have been often repeated in fragments, but the whole is rare, and very entertaining:

While Judge Thacher was a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, a bill was reported on the subject of American coins, which made provision that one side of them should bear the impression of an eagle. Mr. Thacher moved an amendment, that the word eagle should be stricken out, wherever it occurred in the bill, and the word goose be substituted. He rose to support the amendment, and with great gravity stated that the eagle was an emblem of royalty, and had always been so considered.

"It is a royal bird, Mr. Speaker; and the idea that it should be impressed upon our coinage is inexpressibly shocking to my republican feelings. Sir, it would be grossly inconsistent with our national character. But the goose, Sir, is a republican bird—the fit emblem of republicanism. Ever since I became acquainted with classic lore, Sir, I have remembered, with ever-new satisfaction, that it was the cackling of a flock of these republicans which saved the greatest city in the world; and always since I have felt disposed to greet every goose I have seen as a brother republican. These reasons, Sir, upon which I could enlarge very much, are, in my view, conclusive in favor of the amendment proposed, and I hope our dollars will bear the impression of a goose, and the goslings may be put on the ten-cent pieces."

When the amendment was proposed, every countenance was relaxed into a smile. As Mr. Thacher proceeded to state his reasons there was a universal peal of laughter, loud and long. Unhappily, the member who reported the bill-and who must certainly have been a goose himself-thought that all the laugh was at him. The next day he sent a friend to Mr. Thacher with a challenge. When the message was delivered, and the reason of it told, Mr. Thacher replied,

"Tell him I won't fight."

"But, Mr. Thacher, what will the world say? They may call you a coward."

"A coward!" said Mr. Thacher, "why, so I am, as the world goes; and he knows that very well, or he would never have challenged me. Tell him that I have a wife and children, who have a deep interest in my life, and I can not put it in such danger without their consent. I will write to them, and if they give their permission I will accept his challenge. But no," he added, "you need not say that. Tell him to mark out a figure of my size on vour ways, rather than go up. You have been act-

some wall, and then go off to the honorable distance and fire at it; if he hits within the mark, I will acknowledge that he would have hit me had I been there.'

The gentleman laughed, returned to the challenger, and advised him to let Mr. Thacher alone, for he believed that if they should fight, and Thacher were killed, he would, in some way or the other, contrive to get a laugh upon his opponent that he would never get over. The point of honor was abandoned.

> FOFTLY! She is lying With her lips apart, Softly ! She is dying Of a broken heart

Whisperl She is going To her final rest Whisper! Life is growing Dim within her breast,

Gently! She is sleeping; She has breathed her last. Gently! While you're weeping She to Heaven has passed!

THE Rev. Jacob G---- (we regret that our correspondent does not give us his name in full) was the pastor of a church in Philadelphia many years ago, the leading members of it being loyal subjects of King George, for whom they had great reverence. The minister was a German, and a stanch republican. The custom of praying for the King had always been maintained in that church; but the Rev. Jacob G-, when he was settled there, neglected to remember his Majesty in his public prayers. The leading parishioners met and remonstrated with him on his oversight, and desired him to pray for the King on the following Sunday, which he promised very readily to do. The next Sunday morning he introduced the following petition into his service:

"O Lord, hear us vile ve pray for de King George, and all de kings of de earth. Grant dem all keen conviction, sound conversion, and give dem all short lives and happy deaths, and take dem all home to heaven, and let us never have any more kings vile the vorld stands."

He was excused from praying for the King after that comprehensive prayer.

"WHAT do you think will become of you?" said Mrs. Partington to Ike, as they were going from church.

The question related to the young gentleman's conduct in church, where he had tipped over the cricket, peeped over the gallery, attracting the attention of a boy in the pew below, by dropping a pencil tied to a string upon his head, and had drawn a hideous picture of a dog upon the snowwhite cover of the best hymn book.

Where do you expect to go to?"

It was a question that the youngster had never before had put to him quite so closely; and he said he didn't know, but thought he'd like to go up in Monsieur Godard's balloon.

"I'm afraid you'll go down, if you don't mend



ing very bad in meeting," continued she, "and I declare I could hardly keep from boxing your ears right in the midst of the Lethargy. You didn't pay no interest, and I lost all the thread of the sermon through your tricks."

"I didn't take your thread," said Ike, who thought she alluded to the string by which the pencil was lowered upon the boy; "that was a

"Oh, Isaac," continued she, earnestly, "what do you want to act so like the Probable Son for? Why don't you try and be like David and Deuteronomy, that we read about, and act in a reprehensible manner?"

The appeal was touching, and Ike was silent, thinking of the sling that David killed Goliah with, and wondering if he couldn't make one.

"IT would have been quite apropos of your humorous correspondent, Porte Crayon, to have added" (writes another entertaining correspondent) "the story of the old lady-there are no women in these refined days-who owned a cabin on the boundary-line between Virginia and North Carolina, but had always held herself as residing in the latter State. When told that the line had been run, and she lived in Virginia, she thanked the blessed Lord for his favored mercy, for she had always found North Carolina much troubled with the ague, and she knew she should have better health in the Old Dominion."

SELDOM does a live Dutchman get the credit of more smart things than are set down to him in this catechism that he puts to a journeyman printer:

A Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern, in the Far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward, on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.

" Vell, Misther Valking Shtick, vat you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

'Rest and refreshments," replied the printer.

"Supper and lotchin, I reckon?"

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mit chewelay in your pack, to sheat te gal?"

"No, Sir, I am no Yankee peddler."

"A singin'-master, too lazy to work?"

" No, Sir."

"A shenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure te gals' feet and hankles better tan to make te shoes?" "No, Sir; or I should have mended my own

"A book achent, vot bodders te school committees till they do vat you wish, choost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, Sir. I am no book agent."

"Te tyefels! a dentist, preaking the people's jaws at a dollar a shnag, and runnin off mit my

"No, Sir, I am no tooth-puller."

"Phrenologus, den, feeling te young folks' heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No, I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, ten, vat the tyefels can you be? Choost tell, and you shall have to best sassage for supper, and shtay all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whisky to start mit in te mornin.'

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."
"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, Sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsh nooshpapers! Oh, yaw! yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot printsh nooshpapers! Yaw! yaw! Valk up! a man vot printsh nooshpapers! I vish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyefel of a dishtrick school-master, who verks for nottin, and boards round. I tought you vas him."

WHEN we state that the correspondent who sends us the following, figures as one of the parties thereunto, it will be enjoyed the more. It is as good a turn as we recollect of reading:

In the Pennsylvania Legislature, at Harrisburg, in the session of 1829-'30, J. F. Craft, Esq., was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and advocated the charter of the Bank of Pennsylvania. He was earnestly opposed by Benjamin Martin, Esq., of Philadelphia, who reproached him with excessive zeal, and undertaking tasks beyond his powers; taunting him with the couplet:

Larger boats may venture more,

But smaller Craft should keep near shore."

In reply, Mr. Craft pounced upon Mr. Martin by answering his argument; and then reminded the House that the gentleman had quoted but two lines out of four, and he would beg leave to supply the remainder:

"The noble swallow soars to upper sky; The humble Martin can but-try.'

THE Drawer has no politics, but when it finds something so timely as this it must allow the outsiders to see it. It has no personal allusions to any of "our friends." Jake Denton told this story in the village tavern:

"A certain king-don't recollect his name-had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he called his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

"While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted upon a donkey. He advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not. 'I met a countryman,' says he, ' and he knows a great deal more than you, for he said it would rain, whereas you said it would not.

"The king then gave the philosopher his walking-papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon

made his appearance.

tell you so?' 'By pricking his ears, your majesty.

"The king now sent the countryman away. Procuring the donkey, he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled. And here," observed Jake, "is where he made a great mistake." "How so?" inquired his auditors. "Why, ever since that time," said Jake, "every donkey wants an office."



COMFORT.

BOATMAN, boatman! my brain is wild, As wild as the rainy seas : My poor little child, my sweet little child, Is a corpse upon my knees. No holy choir to sing so low-No priest to kneel in prayer, No tire-women to help me sew A cap for his golden hair. Dropping his oars in the rainy sea, The pious boatman cried. Not without Him who is life to thee, Could the little child have died! His grace the same, and the same His power, Demanding our love and trust, Whether lie makes of the dust a flower, Or changes a flower to dust. On the land and the water, all in all, The strength to be still, or pray, To blight the leaves in their time to fall, Or light up the hills with May.

A Boston gentleman writes to the Drawer: "I had observed our Irish help, a very intelligent girl, and, of course, with an inquiring mind, listening attentively whenever the Hiawatha poem was the subject of remark at table where she was waiting. At last, when she could contain no longer, she burst with the inquiry,

"'Mr. Weatherby, what is it about the Hia-

"My first impulse was to strike an attitude and repeat, 'Should you ask me whence these stories, whence these legends and traditions?' but fearing she would not readily understand, I briefly explained that it was a fine poem just published.

plained that it was a fine poem just published.
"'Well now,' said she, 'ain't that very quare?
I thought, sure, it was some new kind of relation.'"

A VALENTINE.

On, lovely Miss Brocket,
Your eye, in its socket,
Is bright as a rocket
Just taking its start;
And when slyly you cock it
At me, what a shock it
Sends through my vest-pocket,
Right into my heart.

A PUNCTUAL landlord living in our neighborhood, is a very wealthy gentleman, remarkable for his urbanity of manners, and willingness to oblige every one who is up to the mark when payday comes. He has a large number of tenants, and never varies five minutes from a certain hour on each quarter day, to call in person to receive his due. One time, a very good tenant asked a little delay as the times had been bad, and he had a note to meet at the bank, and pleaded in addition that he had always been up to time before, and only wished a little extension now.

"Oh, certainly," said the gracious landlord, taking out his watch; "it is now twelve o'clock; I'll call around at two!"

A CORRESPONDENT in the interior of Ohio writes well when he writes such incidents of still life as these: "We live in a quiet way in the country, where the occasional visits of those much persecuted philanthropists, the organ-grinders, are the sources of more real pleasure to our children than those of any other visitor, always excepting the Monthly Happer with its Drawer. Esturning home one night from my usual daily occupation Clonmel.

in town, the children seemed unusually full of glue. and all crowded around to tell me that an organgrinder with a monkey had been there. The organist was one of those queer little specimens of humanity we often meet with one of these instruments, his face all covered with grins, dirt, and hair. Our Ben, a little white-headed, black-eyed fellow of four years, was all in ecstasies, and his eyes danced and tongue ran glibly, as he told me almost in one breath how the organ-grinder came into the yard, let his little monkey loose, and then turned the handle like a coffee-mill, making such nice music, while the monkey ran up a tree, jumped into Ma's window, Ma gave him two cents, and he ran right down and jumped up on the organ and gave them to his Pa.

A WITNESS was examined before a judge in a case, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the entire court upon him—then, fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began: "May it please your honor, you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing!" The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately said, "Turn to the jury, Sir!"

WE have the authority of a very respectable journal for the following incident in the life of a noted revivalist preacher. He was holding forth in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day, he came by a boatman who was swearing furiously. The preacher stopped, and abruptly demanded of him,

"Sir, do you know where you are geing?"

The boatman very innocently answered that he was going on board the Johnny Sands.

"No, Sir, you are not," said the preacher; "you are going to hell faster than the Johnny Sands can carry you."

The confounded boatman looked at him, and then recovering himself, returned the question,

"And do you know where you are going?"
"I trust I am going to the kingdom of heaven."

"No, you ain't a bit of it; you are going right into the canal," and, suiting the action to the word, he shoved him in, and left him to flounder ashore.

LITTLE GRAVES.

"Tirker's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light have fied.
For thick in every grave-yard
The little hillocks lie;
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky."

Tom Moore's amatoriness was admirably hit off at the time he was up for Parliament, in Limerick:

"When Limerick, in idle whim,
Moore as her member lately courted,
'The boys,' for form's sake, asked of him
To state what party he supported.
When thus his answer promptly ran
(Now give the wit his meed of glory),
'I'm of no party as a man,
But, as a poet, am-a-tory."

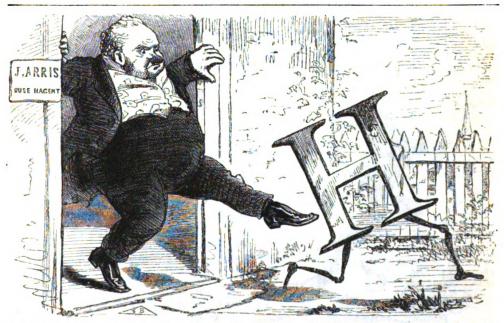
These clever verses have been attributed to the pen of the late witty Dominick Renayne, M.P. for Clonmel.



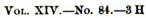
Original Comicalities.



8ally.—"I'll tell you what, Mary Jane, if I had a Figger like yourn, I wouldn't slave in any body's Kitchen. I'd go on the Stage. I'm sure you'd beat Charlotte Cushman."



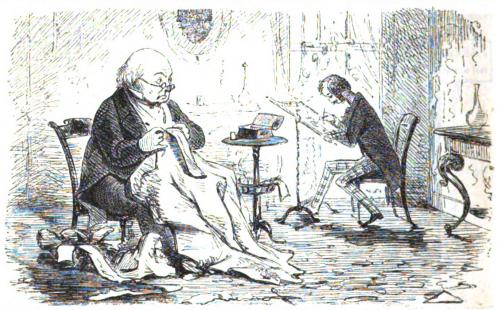
Indignant Britisher.—"Get out of my 'ouse, you 'orrid Hobject. Go to Hamerica, where they are so fond of you. You 'ave no business 'ere"





FRZD.—"Good-by, Charley, old Fellow. Come again soon, and spend the afternoon; and I will show you all my new Pantaloons."

CHARLEY.—"Oh, that will be so nice! I'll be sure to come."



ME Pogens.—"Augustus, darling, I with you would put up that silly Tambour Work, and help me mend your mother's and sister's dresses. You know they will want them this evening."

Fashions for Alay.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brode, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—EVENING COSTUME AND GIRL'S DRESS.



render the Evening Costume a favorite for the Watering Places.

The GIRL'S DRESS is of amber-colored glace taf- bon.

THE romantic effect of the lace envelope, which | feta, enriched by needle-work. The bretelles meet supplies the place of both vail and scarf, will | in a point behind; they are open, and laced on the in a point behind; they are open, and laced on the shoulders; and are edged with narrow fringe, and have in addition floating ends of white satin rib-

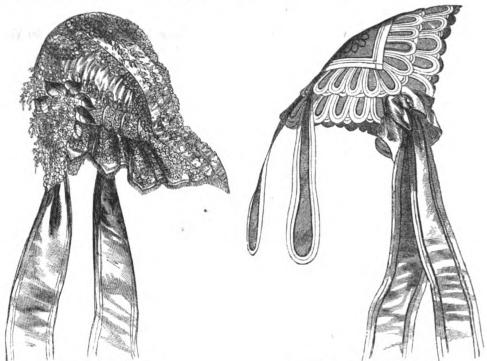


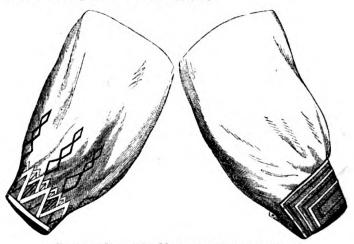
FIGURE 3.—BONNET.

FIGURE 4.-MOURNING CAP.

We illustrate a very pretty style of Bonner. | adorns the front. The face trimmings upon one The material is of white glace silk, gathered in rich folds, upon which is confined a broad ribbon of white satin, running the whole length from the front to the edge of the curtain. This is bordered upon either side with blonde, and is confined by white bugles, forming cluster buttons. Upon this ribbon are trailed sprays of the blue periwinkle or glossy-leaved myrtle. The curtain is vandyked, and covered with a lace duplicate. Immediately above the curtain are upright cords of white satin bordered with blonde. A deep fall of the same pipings.

side are blonde and myrtle; upon the other are English lilacs and green leaves of crape. A cluster of lilacs is placed upon the outside of the bon-

The CAP is en suite with the mourning articles figured last month. It will afford a hint for the construction of other articles of mourning costume. The closed Under-sleeves below need no other description than that given last month. If preferred, the black lines may be replaced with white



FIGURES 5 AND 6 .- MOURNING UNDER-SLEEVES.







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